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THE HOME:

A

Fireside Monthly Companion and Guide,

FOR

THE WIFE, THE MOTHER, THE SISTER, AND THE DAUGHTER.

— "The homes of true women are the nurseries of national virtue."

EDITED BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

VOL. III.

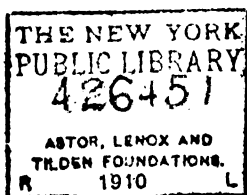
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THE HOME:

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FIRESIDE MONTHLY COMPANION AND GUIDE,

FOR

The Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

VOL. III.—JANUARY, 1857.—NO. I.



MRS. MADISON.

MISS Dolly Payne, afterward wife of the third president of the United States, was a Virginian by descent, although by the early removal of her parents to Philadelphia she received her education in that city. She was reared in the Quaker faith, and always retained the simplicity of dress and manners thus acquired. We have very few reminiscences of her youth,

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but can not doubt that she then displayed the same sweetness of disposition that distinguished her in mature life.

While still a girl she married Mr. Todd, a young lawyer of Philadelphia. She was soon left a widow with an infant son. Her marriage with James Madison took place in 1794. She immediately accompanied her husband

to his estate in Virginia, and resided there till his duties as Secretary of State under Mr. Jefferson called him to Washington in 1801.

Mrs. Madison was not accomplished in the European sense of the term, but her frank and cordial manners, and her lovely character, soon drew around her an admiring circle. The hospitalities of the White House were then presided over by Mr. Jefferson's niece, and whenever she was absent, Mrs. Madison stepped gracefully into her place.

In 1809 Mr. Madison became president of the United States. The excellent qualities of the new chief magistrate were unfortunately obscured by constitutional coldness and haughtiness of manners. The social prospects of the incoming administration would have been cheerless indeed, had it not been for Mrs. Madison. She received her guests with cordiality and gentle courtesy, and by her cheerfulness and urbanity removed the stiffness which her husband's reserve produced. Never was the presidential mansion more attractive than during the eight years she presided there. The guest who entered the brilliantly illuminated drawing-room with nervous dread, no sooner caught the beaming eye of its mistress than he read "welcome" there, and felt himself at home. It is said that she never forgot a name or lost her interest in those who had sat at her table. When she met them in subsequent years she would give them a quick recognition, and perhaps remind them of some pleasant incident of their former acquaintance, which they had themselves forgotten.

While Mrs. Madison was unusually plain in her dress and furniture, her board was spread in a style of profusion which honored her Virginian ancestry. Her table literally groaned with creature comforts. The wives of the foreign ministers, who thought their presence conferred great distinction on the Republican court, were disposed to ridicule any departure from European etiquette. One of them laughed at

the enormous size of the dishes on Mrs. Madison's table. That lady heard her raillery without any of the sensitiveness of a little mind, and replied with the true dignity of an American gentlewoman, "that she thought abundance was preferable to elegance; that circumstances formed customs, and customs formed taste; and as the profusion so repugnant to foreign customs arose from the happy circumstance of the superabundance and prosperity of our country, she did not hesitate to sacrifice the delicacy of European taste, for the less elegant but more liberal fashion of Virginia."

Retiring with her husband to private life in 1817, Mrs. Madison maintained the generous hospitality which had characterized her at Washington. Montpelier was always full of guests, drawn thither not more by the sage virtues of its host than the gentle manners of its hostess. There the character of Mrs. Madison had a new and still more beautiful development. The venerable mother of Mr. Madison occupied one wing of the family mansion, where she kept her separate establishment, and retained the tastes and customs of ante-revolutionary times. It was interesting to see these two admirable women together. The wife of Madison, watching over her aged and infirm mother, was more lovely and attractive than when she presided over the festivities of the capitol. She soothed the declining years of her excellent relative with the filial tenderness of a daughter, and the careful devotion of a mother.

To a guest at Montpelier the elder lady remarked, "My eyes, thanks be to God, have not failed me yet, and I read most part of the day. But in other respects I am feeble and helpless, and owe every thing to her," pointing to Mrs. Madison. "She is my mother now, and tenderly cares for all my wants."

After the death of her husband in 1836, Mrs. Madison removed to Washington, where she resided till her decease. Her house was, during all

this period, one of the chief social attractions of the City. Statesmen, cabinet ministers, and foreign ambassadors were accustomed to pay their frequent respects to this venerable relic of a past generation, and delighted in her sprightly conversation. She retained her vigor and freshness of mind to the last; while her memory was stored with reminiscences of the olden time, she was an animated and watchful observer of passing events. Her death occurred July 22, 1849. A very large concourse attended her remains to the grave, and thus paid the last tribute to her distinguished virtues.

NELLIE M' GRAW.

BY MRS. H. E. G. ARMY.

SHE sat stitching diligently by the window, while her husband Peleg, had taken her own sewing chair—the one that was her mother's before her—and placed himself between her and the little fire in the poor chimney, and there he had sat from dinner until now, spreading out his hands before the blaze, and toasting his shins comfortably on the hearth. Mrs. M' Graw was thinking as busily as she was sewing—thinking of the gate-hinge he had promised to nail on when he had time, of the loose clap-boards he had promised to replace, and more than all of the promised work in the shop which was not yet commenced. And then she thought of the words her brother had said before she married him, "Peleg M'Graw will never have spirit enough to keep body and soul together, you may be sure of that. Just look at the way he walks." But Nellie Burr thought as she looked out of the window that Peleg walked very gracefully; and as for his sauntering, it was only that he liked to linger near her. And so Nellie married him, having first made ready her fine store of bed linen and table linen, the fruit of her mother's labors and her own, and her soft woolen blankets, and

her quilts, and her teaspoons, and called home the four cows she had reared from the heifer her father gave her on her tenth birthday. Her father and mother were both dead, but she had lived with her brother Gideon on the old place; and though Gideon Burr looked growlingly upon the marriage, he gave her freely all that was her due. Peleg had nothing to offer against all this store of Nellie's—nothing except himself; but he rubbed his waistcoat in a congratulatory manner when he saw the fine store Nellie would bring him, and he went and rented a house far beyond his means, into which Nellie came with her home-made carpets and flowered china, and other household comforts. But they found it necessary to move into a smaller one next year, and the same necessity had followed them ever since, and they had moved from place to place, till she was now far from her native home, in a low, crumbling cottage, with one room and a bedroom, and the loft, to which the ladder beside the chimney led:

"What are you doing?" asked Peleg at last, looking round at his wife, and noticing the work upon which her fingers were so busily employed.

"I am making a coat for Charlie Ward," replied Mrs. M' Graw.

"Oh! you are. What will she give you for it?" he asked again, with a look of gratification.

"A dollar."

"Most done, ain't it?"

"Yes! I want to finish it to-night."

"Will she pay you right off?"

"She said she would."

Peleg turned back toward the fire and rubbed his hands upon his knees, and then he began an interested inspection of the old ragged shoes he wore.

"My shoes are most gone," he said, "I need some new ones. I saw a good pair at the store for a dollar yesterday. I guess I'd better get them when you get your pay."

"The children have had nothing to cover their feet all the fall," said Mrs.

M'Graw, with a smothered sigh. "They must have some shoes."

"They can wait," said Peleg; "they are young and stout, and then they don't have to go out in the cold to work as I do."

"Which do you think have been out to work most in the cold; you or the children, to-day, or any day this fall?"

"I don't know I'm sure. There's no need of their going out. They ought to stay in the house to keep warm."

"There would be nothing to keep any of us warm if they didn't go out. We have had no wood except what they gathered for nearly a year."

"What do you tell such a story as that for?"

"If you will think a moment you will see that I am right."

"Well, when I get this work done for Kendall I am going to get some wood."

"Have you begun it yet?" asked Nellie, suggestively.

"No; but I am going to now."

Peleg had been "going to" every day during the week, and Nellie knew that it was of little use to remonstrate, but still she could not help saying that it was getting late, and he would have to begin soon if he began that day.

"It's plaguety cold out there," said Peleg; "I guess if you had to do your work in a cold shop you'd know the difference."

"It's not very warm here," said Nellie, glancing at the way in which he had posted himself between her and the fire, and shrinking from the cold wind that came in all about the loose windows where she was sewing.

"Well, if you don't think it's warm here, I wonder how you'd like it out in that frozen shop."

"Why don't you have a fire in the shop?" said Nellie; "there is that little stove we used to have in the sitting-room. You might put that up there. It would be much better than to waste your time doing nothing."

"There's no chimney there," said

Peleg, still twirling his fingers for some moments over the thought of the stove.

"You could cut a hole in the side, and put in the tin thimble. If you were careful there would be no danger. Come, won't you do it now?" she added anxiously, seeing that he was about suffering a dangerous relapse into his rocking-chair. "The stove is in the loft, on the south side, and the pipe lies behind it."

"Well, in a minute," said Peleg, drawing nearer to the fire, and shivering at the thought of leaving it. He knew, however, that his wife was watching anxiously for his first movement, and after a while he made a very energetic start from his chair, and took two steps across the hearth and then stopped, and stretched his arms wearily above his head.

"Where did you say the stove was?"

"In the loft, south side, under the roof, and the pipe is just behind it,"

"S'pose it can be got down?"

"It went up easily enough. I don't see what should hinder it from coming down."

Peleg crawled awkwardly up the ladder, and after fumbling about a few minutes, he found the stove, and started with it toward the ladder.

"It's heavy, Nellie; come and help me," he called, after giving it the first lift.

Nellie M'Graw remembered the day when she carried it up the ladder, and into the loft alone, although her husband was sitting in his customary place on the hearth at the time; but she did it without help, because she could not wait his slow movements. She said nothing of this, however, but laying down her work, went into the loft, and helped him down with the stove.

"Shall I help you out to the shop with it?" she said, seeing that he had set it down at the foot of the ladder.

"Yes; pretty quick," he replied, walking to the fire.

"not wait; I must keep at it," said Nellie, a little impatiently.

"Yes; you're always in such an everlasting hurry, you never can let one rest a minute," growled Peleg, resuming his seat.

Mrs. M' Graw went back to her sewing, and pretty soon, when a barefooted ill-clad boy came in and stepped to the fire for a moment, she said to him:

"Gideon, you may wait and help your father take that stove out to the shop."

"That little thing," said the boy, looking at the stove-pipe of an affair. "Oh! I can carry that out alone," and he seized hold of it, and was about to carry it off.

"Set it down; it is heavy I tell you," said his father, rising from his seat; and taking hold of it with his son they soon set it down in the desired place.

Nellie now heard her husband moving about in the shop, and her fingers flew the more swiftly at the thought that he would at last set about his work.

Half an hour perhaps passed, and the sounds ceased; and after a few minutes Peleg entered the house, and taking up the chair in which he had been sitting all the afternoon, drew it with an angry clang toward the hearth, and sat down.

"Just like a *woman's* notion," he growled out; "any fool might have known better."

"What is the matter?" asked Nellie.

"Matter enough; I've been and cut a hole in the shop according to your wise notions, and now the stove won't go."

"What is the trouble with it?"

"Trouble! trouble enough I should think. The pipe comes smack up against the wall, it would set it afire in five minutes. Elbow ain't long enough."

"Oh! you've only got two lengths and an elbow. There's another length up there, that will set it out far enough."

"Where is it?"

"It must be near where the other was. It is a different kind, but then it will work well enough."

With much ado Peleg mounted again to the loft, and brought down a rusty length of pipe, and throwing it down pettishly upon the hearth, looked daggers at his wife.

"That's it, is it?" he said, with a concentration of spleen.

"Yes! that's the piece."

"You must be a great fool if you think that is going to work. I tell you it is a mile too big."

"It will work, for it has been put up so once already."

"I tell you it won't. It would tumble down the first five minutes, and set us all in a blaze;" and he sank back into his chair and commenced a slow, monotonous rocking.

"Peleg M' Graw," said Nellie, desperately, "if I will set up the stove and make you a fire, will you go to work?"

"You! I should like to see you set up a stove."

"I have set up many a stove since I lived with you, and can set up more."

"I should like to see you set up this."

"Well, come out to the shop and you shall have the privilege;" and taking up the pipe she proceeded to the shop.

"You hav n't got the thimble here," she said, looking about among the materials he had brought. "Gideon," she called, to the boy who was just approaching the house with an armful of broken wood, "go up where this stove was, and bring me the tin thimble that lies there."

The thimble was soon brought, and Nellie proceeded with her operations, until she had placed the small elbow inside the large length of pipe, when her husband broke in upon her with—

"There! I told you so. I should like to know how you think that is going to hold. And if it would throw down sparks among the shavings all the while. That's just as much as a *woman* knows."

"Gideon," said Nellie, without noticing her husband's delicate remarks, "go and bring me a hatful of pebbles from the road."

Gideon returned speedily with the pebbles, and selecting such sizes as suited her, she placed them carefully in the space between the pipes, bracing them as well as she could against the grooves, until the opening was pretty well filled.

"That's very nice," said Peleg sarcastically, when this was done. "The whole concern will tumble down the first time it's touched."

"Gideon," said the patient wife once more, "go to my red chest, and under the till, on the front side, you will find some wire. There are some papers over it. Don't disturb the clothing more than you can help."

"Now, will you drive a couple of nails for me up above the pipe each side?" said Nellie to her husband.

"What do you want of the nails?"

"I want them to wire up the pipe."

"The stove will come down the first blow I strike," said Peleg, approaching with nails and hammer.

"Give them to me," said Nellie; and driving up the nails herself she attached the wire closely to them and to the pipe, and then stepped down from the chair in which she had been standing.

"There," said she, trying the firmness of the stove, "it can not come down unless some one tries to throw it down. Gideon, make a fire for your father. He has some school-desks to make this week for Mr. Kendall, and it's Wednesday night, and they are not begun yet. School begins Monday."

"That's a fact," said Peleg, starting as if it was a fact which had entirely passed his mind until that moment.

Nellie M' Graw went back to her sewing, and was presently rejoiced to hear the plane moving backward and forward in the shop. "He can finish them yet if he hurries," she said to herself; and she began thinking how many comforts would come from the

money they would bring. One, two, three, four times across the board the plane was driven, and then the sound ceased.

"I wonder what he is doing now," she thought, as she laid down her work to go to the fire for the flat with which she did her pressing. In doing this she passed the window which opened upon one of those that lighted the shop, and there sat her husband with his chair tilted back, his feet on the top of the stove, and his hands clasped behind his head. The tears started involuntarily to Nellie's eyes.

"Oh, dear!" she said, "he never will do any thing. It grows worse and worse every year. I do believe he is *trying* to tip the stove over," she added, as she returned with her flat and press-board to her seat. But she wiped away the blinding tears that had sprung involuntarily to her eyes, for they would never do to sew with, on that dark cloth — never; so she strove to busy her mind with more cheerful things, and thought how happy the children would be with their new shoes on the morrow, and what comfortable stockings could be knit from the yarn with which Mrs. Ward was to pay her for making a smaller coat for James. While she was busy with these thoughts her little girl entered with her bare feet, red and swollen with the cold.

"My poor child, how cold you look," said Mrs. M' Graw.

"Oh! yes, mother, it's so cold," returned Maggie, shivering, and drawing nearer to the fire.

"You should not stay out so long at a time; you will get sick. I have been so busy I forgot, or I should have called you."

"But there's a great deal of wood fallen from the wind last night, and if we don't gather it soon it will be under the snow. Giddie says we must hurry."

The mother's brow grew more anxious, and her needle flew more swiftly as she thought of the dire necessity which urged her children forward in their hard tasks.

"It seems as if I never could get warm," said Maggie, after sitting awhile over the fire.

Her mother rose from her seat, and came and laid her hand upon the naked feet and ankles.

"This will never do," she said; "you must have something to cover them."

After a moment's thought she ascended the ladder and brought down a bag of well-patched stockings which had been left from last winter's wear.

"You must put on a pair of these if it does wear them out," she said, opening the bag. "For mercy's sake," she exclaimed, opening the first pair.

Maggie looked up at her mother's exclamation, and there were her stockings eaten through and through by the moths.

"This is very hard," said Mrs. M'Graw with a sigh. "I know I've been too busy all summer to see to any thing properly, but I had no thought the moths would have got to these. Well," she added, "it won't be so bad now if you do wear holes in the feet," and she drew them on, and fastened them warmly about the stiffened limbs. "There, Maggie, they will help you get warm, and you must not go out any more to-night."

"Oh, mother!" remonstrated Maggie; "there's just one more stump—a good one, and Giddie says he'll knock it out for me if I'll fetch it. It'll be all froze down to-morrow, so we can't get it. I must bring that first."

Mrs. M'Graw looked through the window sorrowfully at the clouds, and thought that Maggie was right. The wood would all be frozen down to-morrow, and there might be little chance to gather more during the winter.

"Well, if you must go," she said at length, "you must take my shoes."

"Oh, mother!" said Maggie, laughing, "they are so big."

"Yea, dear, I know; but you can tie them on tight with cord, and they will stay till you get through."

Thus arrayed, Maggie started off

briskly to the field where her brother was at work, but her mother who watched her from the door saw that the wearied limbs soon flagged, and she walked as if every step was an effort.

"It is too much for such children to do," she said, as she closed the door; and when she passed the window to her seat, she could not help casting an indignant glance at her husband, who still sat toasting his feet on the top of the stove.

Maggie finished her task in the field, and while her mother still sat by the window trying to catch for her, sewing the dim light of the brief November afternoon, Maggie moved wearily about the house to prepare their evening meal. This meal, when prepared, was scarcely tasted by Maggie, or Mrs. M'Graw, for the latter could hardly spare time to eat, but the husband and father sat long at the table, until the food provided was nearly swept away; and when his supper was finished, he reseatd himself on the hearth just where he would be most in Maggie's way as she cleared away the tea-things.

"Perhaps you might do a little in the shop by candle-light," suggested Mrs. M'Graw faintly. "There's another candle on the shelf."

"Shan't do it," snarled Peleg; "candle-light would cost more than it would come to."

Mrs. M'Graw thought that it would if he worked in his usual way, and did not urge the matter farther. Maggie finished her work, and sat down in a little chair upon the hearth, with her hand upon her knees.

"What is the matter, Maggie?" said her mother after awhile, hearing a low sobbing which the child was trying to smother in her lap.

"Oh, mother," said Maggie, "my limbs ache so."

"Gideon," said the mother, "fill the kettle with rain water, and swing it over the fire. Maggie must have her feet bathed and rubbed. You will rub them, won't you?"

"Yes, mother," said Gideon, promptly; and the swollen limbs were bathed and chafed, and Maggie, wrapped in one of the soft blankets which Mrs. M'Graw had woven long ago, was placed in bed, and Gideon creeping to his narrow bunk was soon buried in sleep. Then Peleg M'Graw, having warmed his feet through for the ninety-ninth time, rose up with a yawn and said:

"Well, if you are a mind to sit up all night you can; but I'm going to bed."

As Peleg had granted her this same privilege almost every night for a number of years, she did not think it necessary to make any reply to his remark, and planting himself in the middle of the bed, Peleg M'Graw reposed from the labors of the day, while his wife sat stitching by the dim light until the last stitch upon the coat was taken. Felding it neatly she laid it upon the table, and walking to the door looked out into the street. As she did so she heard the village clock strike eight.

"It's early yet," she said to herself; "they will be up these two hours at Mr. Ward's, for they are always busy. I may as well do it to-night and then it will be done;" and taking down her hood and shawl from the peg, she carried home the coat.

Having received her pay from Mrs. Ward, she went down into the village to the shoe store, among the jesting men, who expected no female customer that night, and selecting a pair of cheap shoes for each of her children, she returned home. Then taking the bag of moth-eaten stockings, she darned a pair carefully for each of them, and placing them beside their beds, she retired, comforted with the thought that they would be protected from the cold next day.

The next morning, however, Maggie was too ill to rise from her bed; and did not need her shoes; but when Peleg saw them he growled forth his discontent:

"So you've used that money for

the children hey? I thought I told you I wanted it for shoes."

"The children needed them more than any one," replied Mrs. M'Graw.

"Yes, I dare say," said Peleg, sharply; "every thing for the children, nothing for me; that's always the way with you. I hope you'll get paid some day for spoiling the children the way you do. I should have thought nothing of going barefoot at their age."

"I hope you never were without shoes in such weather as this," said Nellie.

"No! for our folks were better off than we are. But if either had been without, I guess my mother would have known who should have them first, and not put every thing on the children."

"Did your mother clothe the family?"

"No!" cried Peleg angrily, "no more do you. You need not think because you have earned a dollar that you are clothing the family. It's a great deal you do."

Nellie was thoroughly roused, and replied more tartly than she was wont to do.

"Peleg M'Graw," she said, "if I have not clothed the family for the last few years, I should like to know who has. The very shirt you have on was made of one of the sheets I wove when I was a girl, and your drawers are made of one of my blankets. Your coat and vest are cut from the pelisse I used to wear, and even your shoes were bought with money that was paid me for knitting. And if you look at the children you will not find an article that you have bought for them these five years."

The only reply to this was a sort of Indian guttural, with which Peleg flung angrily out of the house. Nellie saw that he went to the shop, and called Gideon to build a fire. But when this was done he was too angry — too much abused to work, and he sat down with his feet on the top of the stove, and rubbed his hands

through his hair, and darted fierce glances through the window toward the house. Thus he sat until the village clock told the hour of noon, when he seized his hat and directed his steps toward the house in pursuit of dinner. But the dinner was not on the table when he entered, and he sat moodily down upon the hearth. Nellie was in the bedroom bending over her sick child. She had covered a pillow with fresh linen, and laid it across a low chair by the fire to air, while she went in to give Maggie some simple medicine which she had prepared. But the child had started up in the strong delirium of fever, and struggled wildly in her mother's arms. She had succeeded in giving her the medicine, but she could not leave her to bring the pillow she wished to place under her head when she lay down, and she called to her husband who had entered in the meantime:

"Peleg, will you bring me that pillow?"

"What pillow?"

"The one on the chair beside you."

"What d'ye you want of it?"

"I want it for Maggie. *Will* you bring it?"

"Ye-es!" and he dropped his head back on his hands.

"Are you going to?" said Nellie, after waiting a little.

"A pillow is it?"

"Yes! that pillow."

"Where is it?"

"On the chair beside you."

"Oh, yes! Why don't you bring it yourself?"

"I can't leave Maggie. Gideon, will you hand me that pillow?" she called to her son, who just then entered.

The pillow was brought and placed under Maggie's head, while she was laid softly back, and her mother strove by careful chafing of her hands and temples to soothe her once more to sleep.

"Why don't you get dinner?" called Peleg roughly, after waiting a few minutes longer.

"There are some things in the cupboard. Won't you help yourself to-day Peleg? I am very busy with Maggie."

"What's the matter with Maggie?"

"She's very sick, Peleg."

"Oh, yes! I dare say. Any thing to get rid of work. You talk of providing for a family."

Nellie was silent. She felt too anxious about Maggie to reply even if she had been disposed to do so. Her husband and Gideon went to the cupboard and helped themselves to the food there, her husband moving things about in a way that did not assist at all in her efforts to quiet Maggie. The child soon started shrieking from her pillow.

"Don't let it! don't let it!" she cried. "The wood is all falling upon me."

"Peleg," said Nellie, holding the child fast in her arms, "you must go for the doctor."

"Must what?"

"Go for the doctor."

"Don't say *must* to me."

"*Will* you go for the doctor?"

"What for?"

"For Maggie."

"What's the matter with Maggie?"

"Come and see."

Peleg stepped into the bedroom, and looked at the flushed and struggling child, and turning softly, walked out of the room.

"Have you got any money to pay the doctor?" he asked, as he stepped into the kitchen.

"No! but he must come. Don't wait for any thing."

"He won't come without money."

"He will come. He knows he will be paid."

"Who'll pay him?"

"I will, Peleg. *Will* you go? I am very much alarmed about her."

"I do n't think I look hardly fit to go down into the village," said Peleg, walking to the small glass that hung against the wall. "I hav n't shaved this week."

"How can you think of waiting when Maggie is so sick?"

"Well, I'll go," said he, with a spasmodic start.

So, pulling up his collar, and pulling down his vest, and brushing his napless hat with slow and thoughtful care, he at last opened the door and went out. But walking through the yard he stopped and leaned against the gate, drumming with his fingers on the top, and looking thoughtfully up and down the street.

Meanwhile Maggie's delirium grew more and more violent, and Nellie, looking in great distress through the window at her dreaming husband, called Gideon and said:

"Run for the doctor, Giddie. Go across the fields for it's the shortest, and be quick. Maggie is very sick, and the doctor will be gone unless you hurry."

Gideon pulled his worn hat with a jerk down over his ears, and shot off over the frosty fields with a speed known only to himself. He arrived at the gate just as the doctor was stepping into his buggy for his afternoon calls.

"Will you come to my sister," said Gideon, pulling his rat-rim for a bow at the doctor. "She's dreadful sick, crazy as can be. Mother wants you should come, and just as quick as you can."

"M'Graw?" replied the doctor, doubtfully, looking at the boy.

"Yes! right up on the hill."

"Well, jump into the buggy, my lad, and we'll be there directly."

Peleg had at last opened the gate, and sauntered irresolutely half-way down the hill when he met the doctor and Gideon, driving rapidly toward his house. They were moving too fast to notice him, but opening his eyes to their utmost capacity, he stood with his hands in his pockets staring after them in blind astonishment for a few moments, and then turning back he retraced his steps with unusual rapidity.

* * * * *

For many days Nellie M'Graw watched anxiously over her sick child, and when at last the fever left her, and she began to recover, her weak stomach rejected the coarse food which was used by the family, and her mother was puzzled to provide for her such nourishment as she needed. After making several attempts to prepare food for her from her own scanty stores, she stepped from the door one morning, thinking to go again to her neighbor Mrs. Ward, for some delicacy. But she had been there so often for things which she could never repay, that she did not like to do this, and she walked irresolutely through the yard. As she reached the gate a boy passed with a string of quails in his hand, and she asked if they were to be sold.

"Yes," said the boy.

"How much are they?"

"A shilling apiece."

Nellie had one solitary shilling in her pocket, and drawing it out she selected one of the quails, and returned to the house. The quail was very small, but she thought by careful management she could make three, or four meals of it for Maggie, and by that time she hoped she would be able to eat more common food.

When the quail was nicely dressed she cut off a portion of the breast and a wing, and placed them in a porringer to boil, while the rest of the bird was put where it would remain frozen. Then taking down her last drawing of nice tea, she divided it in two parts, and made a cup of fragrant tea of one of them, and preparing a bit of toast to eat with the meat, she sat the whole upon a small tray, reserving the broth which still sat in the porringer on the hearth for Maggie's supper, while the dainty morsel she had prepared sufficed for her dinner. Setting the tray down upon a chair by the bedside, she raised Maggie up to arrange her pillows. While she was doing this, Peleg came in from the shop and followed her into the bedroom.

"What is this?" he said, taking up

in his fingers the piece of breast which lay upon the plate, and biting it in two.

"It is a piece of quail I have been cooking for Maggie," said his wife, looking indignantly at him.

"It's very good," said he, swallowing the remainder, and digging his fingers again into the plate for the meat of the wing, which had loosened partially from the bone.

"Don't, Peleg," said she, stretching out her hand to protect the remaining morsel.

"Don't what?" said he, thrusting it into his mouth.

"How can you eat up the food I have provided for her, when she has scarcely been able to eat a mouthful for so long?" said Mrs. M'Graw, with the tears coming into her eyes.

"It's a great fuss you're making over a little bite like that. I hav'n't eaten enough to feed a fly."

"But it is all there was."

"You need n't be so stingy, then. Why did n't you cook more? I'm sure I should like something nice once in a while;" and putting his fingers in the toast he broke off a large piece.

"There is nothing left for her dinner you see," said Mrs. M'Graw.

Peleg looked down blankly at the denuded plates.

"Well," said he, "you could cook more. It's your business to get me dinners as well as Maggie. I s'pose you do n't want this bone," he added, looking at Maggie, and taking the bone of the wing to which some meat was still attached.

"No; I do n't want any of it," said Maggie, turning away to hide the tears, and thinking that she could not eat it after it had been handled by her father's unwashed hands.

Peleg sucked the meat from the bone, and then taking up the cup of tea he drained it to the bottom at a draught.

"That's nice tea; why do n't you make such every day?" he asked, as he set down the cup.

"Have you drank her tea too?" said Mrs. M'Graw, whose back had been turned at the moment.

"Yes! she said she did n't want it."

"Oh, Peleg!" she said reproachfully. And she went into the kitchen to see if she could make her a dinner of the broth which she had saved for her evening meal.

She brought a bowl and set it on the hearth, and turned for the porringer, from which to pour the broth, but Peleg just then came from the bedroom to his place on the hearth, and setting his great foot square into the bowl he tipped it over.

"It's well the broth was not in it," said Nellie, in a vexed tone, taking up the bowl and going to the table, where she emptied the porringer into a clean one, and carried it carefully into the bedroom that it might be out of the way both of her husband's feet and hands.

* * * * *

Peleg M'Graw was a moral man. He never drank or gambled, and loved to go to church when his clothes were in good order, and no one could have persuaded him that he was not a good husband and father, but Nellie knew in her every day life that every heart hath its own sorrows.

One day Peleg had borrowed a cart to bring some lumber to his shop, and as he was driving down the hill toward the village, he forgot where he was, and letting go the stake to which he had held, folded his arms across his breast, and fell into one of those reveries of which he never could give any account to himself or any one, and the oxen went where they chose. Among these choosings they chose to go over a large stone, and the cart was jolted so that Peleg called out "Whoa," but it was too late. He was jolted out of the cart between the wheels; and the next day Nellie M'Graw was a widow.

* * * * *

In the first anguish of her bereavement she wrote to her brother Gideon, who was now a substantial and wealthy farmer in his native town. She

thought that even if he were not willing to render her any immediate assistance he might make the way smoother for her children. Gideon was now a stout active boy of fourteen, and she was anxious not only that he should be trained in habits of systematic industry, but that he should learn the best methods of doing whatever he undertook, and this she was sure he would be taught on her brother's farm.

But Gideon Burr had not forgotten the mortification of seeing his only sister go down step by step into those depths of poverty, which a shiftless husband had brought upon her, and he wrote back coarsely and unfeelingly that she "had made her own bed and she might lie down in it."

Nellie wept bitterly over the cold hard letter of her brother, but when the first gush of grief which it occasioned was over, she rose up from it with new strength.

Thrown thus entirely on her own resources, she felt a sudden increase of that strong self-reliance which rarely fails in the accomplishment of its objects. Indeed she had not known till now how far her own efforts had contributed to the support of her family, and when the spring opened upon the first winter of her widowhood, she found that the season had passed more comfortably, and she was better prepared for the coming summer than she had been for many years before.

One day Gideon brought in a parcel from the grocery, which was wrapped in a fragment torn from a late number of their county paper, and Nellie's eyes fell upon an advertisement it contained. For a long time she sat with her eyes fixed dreamily upon it, while her hands were folded, and her work lay untouched in her lap, and Maggie moved about softly, wondering at her mother's unwonted idleness.

"I can do it," said Nellie resolutely, at last; "at least I shall make the trial and see what opportunity there is for success."

The next morning found her up

long before the dawn, and moving in the darkness over the soft spongy roads which led to the county town. But she went on cheerfully and rapidly, in order that no want of promptness might interfere with the success of her application.

When she came in from the country roads upon the sidewalks of the thriving little village, she removed the coarse, travel-stained shoes which she had worn to protect her feet from the rough way, and putting on a clean dry pair, rolled up the soiled ones in a paper she had brought for the purpose, making a neat parcel, and thus proceeded to the law office which had been designated in the advertisement.

"I assure you, madam," said the lawyer respectfully, after a short conversation, "that this is not a farm of which a woman can take charge. The owner is more anxious that it should be well and tidily cared for during his absence than he is for the rent."

"And is it not possible for me to be tidy and careful because I am a woman?" asked Nellie with a smile.

"But who is to do the farm work?" persisted the lawyer; "it needs a strong prudent man to do the farm work. You can not go out of doors and attend to the broken fences and unruly cattle as a man would do."

"I have a son who can do almost as much as a man, and what we can not do ourselves we can hire. One steady farm-hand would suffice for the greater part of the year. I should expect to superintend every thing myself."

"All over the farm? In rain and shine?" queried the lawyer incredulously.

"Everywhere—in rain and shine," said Nellie. "I do not offer to undertake this without knowing what I have to do."

"Have you any capital?" asked the lawyer musingly.

"Only my head and hands," said Nellie.

"Then how are you to pay for farm hands?"

"You say that there are several cows on the farm," said Nellie. "I can easily make butter and cheese enough to pay one man."

"Can you *make* butter and cheese?" he asked doubtfully.

"Yes, sir!" said Nellie.

"It is only the best quality that will command a price. That which is inferior never pays for making."

"I have taken the prize for the best butter and cheese making in C. . . . county when I was a girl," said Nellie, bridleing a little. "I should be sorry if I could not make it as well now."

"You were brought up on a farm," said the lawyer, a little more cordially.

"Yes, sir! on the Burr farm in T. . . ."

"Oh! you were, were you? I've heard of the farm."

Nellie M' Graw's promptness and resolution did not fail of success. The lawyer, who was agent for a small farm of fifty acres which she had seen advertised to rent, was pleased with her readiness, and apparent understanding of what she wished to undertake, and she was soon installed with her family in the neat cottage which belonged to the place.

The farm was well stocked — the buildings were in good order. Her task was to keep them so, and to gain her support from the land around her, and pay the moderate rent that was required. She knew that to do this she must toil early and late, but she was ready to do this; and she was rewarded for her labor by seeing such objects of comfort about her as she had not known since her girlhood. And her children, Gideon and Maggie, was it not a delight to them to bring in the brimming pails of sweet milk which their own hands had drawn, and see that it was neatly strained into the churning pans? And then did not Maggie learn promptly where the pans should be placed in order to secure the greatest amount of cream? And did she ever forget the boiling

water with which the pans, and churn, and cream dishes were to be scalded, and allow herself in improvident haste to rinse them in water but half warmed? Not she! She loved neatness and order as much as her mother had ever done, she was too happy in the rare comfort with which she was surrounded to flag in her efforts. How carefully she sought the eggs among the hay, and counted them for the market, and how skillfully she trimmed and planted the fine vegetable beds in the large garden, according to her mother's direction. There were no weeds allowed to gain place among them; there was no soddening and baking of the soil for want of proper care, and there were no such vegetables raised in all the town, as those that grew under the eye of Nellie M' Graw that year. She was well informed in most matters pertaining to farm management, and in what she did not understand she sought information and found it; first from her own observation of nature, which she held to be the first and surest source of knowledge, and beyond this, from the observation and information of others.

* * * * *

Years passed away. The original owner of the farm, who had rented it that he might go south for his health, had died there, and been borne to his rest in a land of strangers. And the farm was sold, and Nellie was the purchaser. Little by little, and by close and prudent management was the purchase made, but it was done at last, and the farm was hers, and Nellie M' Graw was a happier woman than she had ever been before. A railroad had been opened near her since she took the farm, thus increasing her facilities for market; an opportunity of which Nellie knew well how to avail herself. By close watching and selection of seed, and careful management, she always produced the earliest and freshest vegetables, and secured the highest price. And so it was with her fruits. There was little in market of such good quality, or sent in such good

order as that which came from the farm of Nellie M' Graw.

Especially in the cultivation of strawberries was she successful, and she soon brought forward a new variety, so early and prolific as to create a demand for the plants in market. For two or three years she had struck such cuttings as she could spare, and sent the plants to an agricultural house in the neighboring town, but still the supply was not equal to the demand.

One day in the opening of the summer, Gideon Burr had some business in the town where he knew these early strawberry plants were to be procured, and though aware that it was late in the season for transplanting them, he rode to the warehouse where they had been sold, thinking that he might order some for fall planting, and thus secure the variety. But the proprietor had no authority to fill orders in this way, and told him that his only course would be to go to the farm where they were raised and leave his order there. This Gideon Burr was quite willing to do, for he thought it would be an advantage not only to procure the plants, but to see the manner in which they were cultivated. So he took a note from the horticulturalist to the proprietor, and soon drove up in front of the neat gothic cottage in which Nellie M' Graw had her abode. His eye ran admiringly over the well-kept walks, and fine flourishing borders and orchards, as he climbed out of his carriage; and he closed the gate with a respectful chuckle of approbation, and moved toward the house with increasing reverence, as he saw through the open hall a tidy servant girl washing bright pans in the white floored kitchen.

"This is just what a farm ought to be," he said to himself, looking from side to side. He bowed graciously to the fine, hale-looking woman who answered his knock, and inquired for the proprietor.

"I am the proprietor," said Nellie M' Graw, with no little embarrassment, for she knew her brother Gideon at a glance, notwithstanding the stout form

and gray hairs he had acquired since she saw him last.

"Oh! ah!" said he with evident surprise, and he handed her the note he had brought, and at which he had not taken the trouble to look.

Nellie took it and read it through, and handed it back to him, hardly knowing what she did. But it quieted her embarrassment to see as she did that he did not recognize her in the least.

She put on her sun-bonnet in compliance with his request, and went out to show him the strawberries. They grew upon terraces raised neatly one above another, so as to secure the best southern exposure, and the rich fruit was already ripening among the leaves.

Gideon Burr stepped up upon the soft moist mold between the beds, and stooped with an exclamation of wonder to examine the fruit. But the treacherous soil gave way beneath his feet, and he fell headlong and prostrate among the strawberries.

Nellie M' Graw looked back from the foot of the second terrace upon which she was stepping, and exclaimed with a look half comic and half serious:

"Well, brother Gideon, I have made my bed, but it appears to me that *you* have lain down it."

Gideon Burr was rising heavily from his prostrate position, with a mixture of mortification and regret at the mischief he had caused when these words fell upon his ear, and checking the apology which was upon his lips, he examined the speaker from head to foot with an expression of bewildered astonishment. Then he glanced down at the bed of crushed strawberries, and finally at the forgotten note which he had thus far been fumbling in his hand. There was the address written as clearly as need be, "Widow M' Graw."

"Is it possible that you are my sister Nellie?" he said at last, looking back into her face.

"I believe I claimed that relation-

ship to you once," she replied, a little haughtily. "I do not know what claims I have now. That was long ago."

"And is this your farm?"

"It is."

"Why! how did you obtain it?"

"I earned it with my own labor and that of my children. The strength God gave us was sufficient for us. We have needed no human help."

"Really, Nellie," said Gideon Burr, his cheek flushing with deeper shame than the crushed strawberry bed had power to cause, "really, I might have known that one of the Burr family would be able to get along."

"Perhaps you did," said Nellie; "at least you left us to do it. And I am not sorry that you did. I have never been so strong as since I knew that I must depend upon myself alone. We have toiled hard, but it has been no harm to myself or my children."

"Well, well," said he with no diminution of his embarrassment, stepping back upon a firmer footing than the soft mold between the beds, and wondering on what footing he was to stand henceforth with his newly discovered relation, the proprietor of the crushed strawberry beds.

"Here they are," said Nellie, willing to have the awkwardness relieved by the approach of her son and daughter, who came up bearing a basket of the earliest green peas between them. "These are my children, Gideon and Margaret. I named them for our parents," she added reverentially.

Gideon Burr was proud to welcome to his relationship the bright-eyed, active looking girl, who blushed beneath her broad-brimmed straw hat, and the handsome, self-possessed young man, who returned his cordial greeting. He was glad to honor his sister's household in their unexpected prosperity. And Nellie M'Graw, with the loving spirit which a true Christian always feels, was glad to be restored for any reason to terms of familiarity with the home and friends who had been so dear to her in her early days.

THAT DEAR OLD SOUL.

"There are three classes into which all the women past seventy that ever I knew were to be divided: 1. That dear old soul. 2. That old woman. 3. That old witch." — COLERIDGE.

"THAT dear old soul!" The very words bring up vividly to the mind's eye one long since gone to her rest, to whose name there were for years a sweet appendage. When first we saw her, her hair was blanched by many winters and many sorrows; but each of these winters had been succeeded by a balmy spring, each sorrow by a sanctified joy. Never till then did age seem beautiful. I had regarded one advanced in years like a tree in autumn, and standing only for the mad winds and the wild storms to whistle through and beat against. But in Mother Allen I saw the leaves only nipped and faded; the tree stood firm and strong, with its boughs still bending beneath the weight of golden fruit.

Her abundant hair was soft and silvery white — daubed with no vile dye, and hidden beneath no tress stolen from the brow of youth. It was combed plainly over that calm, pure brow, which even time had not the power to wrinkle. Beautiful she could never have been even in sunny girlhood, for her features were large and irregular; but lovely she was even to the eyes of strangers, who had yet to learn her worth. Her eyes were deeply set, giving an earnest, thoughtful expression to her face, while the calm smile on her lips told of the perfect peace which dwelt in her bosom. In her face one might have found a fulfillment of the promise, "He shall have perfect peace whose hand is stayed on thee."

Mother Allen was no lady of leisure, with nothing to disturb her mind or interfere with her tranquillity. In early life, while her children were with her, she was called to drink the cup of poverty and unrequited love to the very dregs. Many an hour of anguish did she pass, in comparing the happy days of her maidenhood, with her then

present cruel desolation. Many a night, while the tempest roared among the trees which surrounded her comfortless home, while he who had sworn to protect her was a wanderer in the haunts of vice, did she kneel beside her sleeping babes, and plead with her mother's God that He would shield the defenseless stranger and her darling little ones. How often in solemn midnight did her plaintive voice mingle with the murmuring of the pines, while she plead with Him who "heareth the young ravens when they cry," that he would send bread in the desert to those who were of more value than they. In her agony for her husband, she would sometimes almost forget the temporal wants of her family, and cry unto him who came to seek the lost, that he would restore the beloved, deluded wanderer back to purity, to home, and to duty. And she brought her case before the throne, as if she expected an answer of mercy. When the morning broke upon her sleepless eyes, she would gaze from the door of her unfinished dwelling on all the beauties God had spread out to cheer the heart of the weary. And for these she offered heartfelt praise. Some persons, when in anguish of spirit, almost reproach nature for its calm, joyous course. They feel as if it heightened their sorrow to see all things gay around them; they feel that nature should cast off her mantle of green and robe herself in sackcloth, that the flowers should wither, the stars fade, the sun hide its face, and the birds change their warbles into wailing dirges, all because one soul is in heaviness. But not so was it with the pure-hearted, the refined Ruth Allen. She thanked Heaven that when all was darkness and desolation within, she could look abroad upon a world of light and beauty; that when earthly love had deceived her, she could cast herself still on the bosom of One whose love and compassion are infinite. She saw the lily that without care or labor was so richly clothed; the wanton birds who were so tenderly sheltered

and sustained; the lowing herds trampling down their abundant provision in field and meadow, and raised her earnest eyes to heaven, whispering, in childlike faith, "Father, wilt thou not much more care for me and mine?" And think you that the young wife and mother plead in vain? Never. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things unto them that ask him?"

While Ruth Allen was yet speaking, her prayer was heard and answered. A solemn providence which deprived an evil associate of life in a moment, roused the sleeping conscience of her husband. God spoke, and he was reclaimed. As a humble penitent, he sought mercy of Heaven and forgiveness of her whose young hopes he had so cruelly blighted. Old things were passed away, and all things become new. God smiled abundantly on the labor of their hands. The showers fell freely, and the sun lay upon their meadows; their flocks multiplied in the pasture, and their cattle in the stall. They now had bread enough and to spare; and she whose eyes had faded by stitching wearily over the dull midnight lamp, patching the rags of her children, had now the joy of seeing them comfortably and decently clothed. Her grateful heart was full to overflowing. God had given her more of temporal good than her humble spirit had ever craved. He alone knoweth how much of this earthly good was given in approbation of her affectionate trust in Him.

"But shall a man receive good at the hand of the Lord, and not evil?" No; for "the day of prosperity and the day of adversity are set one over against the other." While the long-deserted home was beginning to bud and blossom like a rose, the angel of death sped thither, and overshadowed their dwelling with his dark wing. The first-born, who had been his mother's stay, who had sympathized in her anguish, kissed away her tears,

and whispered, "Wait awhile, mother; in thirteen short years I'll be a man, and then you shall never suffer any more," he, the child of her love and her sorrow, was taken away, and his place left vacant in the little bed, at the hearthstone. She had then no time for tears — her care was all for the other two, who, while their brother slept in peace, were tossing in burning fevers on their bed of pain. The second, and then the third, in one short week, were laid beside him in the little graveyard of the new settlement; and the home of Ruth Allen, which so lately had rung with the merry laughter of these noble boys, was left unto her desolate. How desolate, bereaved mothers only can know. Did she wrap herself in deep gloom, and weep as one who would not be comforted, when this worst of all evils befell her? No; she gave her sons to God — they were not *torn* from her. So far from charging God foolishly, she even thanked him, that while many wretched mothers were weeping over ruined sons, she had the assurance that her whole family were folded forever in the bosom of Infinite Love, secure from hunger, neglect, temptation, and pain. Then, when this free-will offering had been made to Heaven, did she with a chastened mien go abroad among the poor and vicious, seeking for children to fill the places thus made vacant!

During the ten years that followed, four nameless little ones were received into her family and her heart. What had once been a forest settlement, was fast changing into the metropolis of a growing state. Wealth poured in upon farmer Allen, by the sale of his rich land. Servants and laborers filled their house and ground, and to them all his wife was a mother. She addressed each dependant as "child," and they were constrained to believe that in all her dealings she had their interest at heart. Then she began to be called "Our mistress, dear soul," and then neighbors and friends, and finally everybody called her "Mother

Allen, dear soul." A rude emigrant, unused to such tones, exclaimed, after being a week or two beneath her roof, "Sure, I thought afore I coom to this hoose that Protestants were all like wild bastes. I was taught by my mother — rest her sowl — that not a fut of thim hiritics could iver inter hiven, unless they first coom into the hooly moothor choorch. But, faith, if the same is thrue, it's meself would rather be after living forever with the likes of my mistress, dear sowl, than in hiven itself among my own coontry folk; for it's drinking and fighting they be forever, when there be so many of them together, and not a Protestant at all there to separate thim and make pace. Och! och! but there's hiven in her eyes — my mistress, dear sowl."

Mother Allen had her trials among the many working people her husband employed. Her confidence was often abused, and her disinterested love repaid with black ingratitude. But through all she remained the same. No ear ever heard her taunt those rude children of oppression with their foreign birth, their early poverty, their false religion. She reasoned with them as human beings, she entreated them for their own sakes, and wooed them back to duty by her patient efforts. Many a lady, reared in a home of elegance, might have learned lessons of dignity and propriety from Mother Allen in her intercourse with, and her treatment of her servants. In no way is the true lady more readily distinguished from the counterfeit, than in her manner and dealings with these humble members of her family.

The love of this dear woman began at home, but it did not end there. The sufferer everywhere found in her a friend, the erring and fallen child a mother, and an encouraging counselor. In her closet, at her fireside, over her work, among her neighbors, in the church of God, everywhere, it was evident that she lived not unto herself. The most hardened scoffer was forced to admit that she was a bright and

shining light—a beautiful example for the wives, mothers, and mistresses around her. The law of kindness was ever on her tongue, and the gentlest and tenderest rebuke on her lips. Many a youth who had scorned a father's counsel, and despised a mother's entreaties, won by the sweet tones and affectionate interest of Mother Allen, has listened respectfully to her earnest warning, and been drawn by her efforts to forsake the seat of the scorner, and seek God's house.

But the place where this good woman's influence was most deeply felt—and it was a place she coveted—was at the bed of pain. The young, who, having been often reproved, had hardened their hearts, when they found sudden destruction coming upon them, would call for her in the hour of their soul's extremity. "Oh," cried one such, "I can not look upon my afflicted father, I can not see the pastor—his face would only remind me of the many warnings I have received unheeded from his lips; but bring Mother Allen to me; I can almost see 'hope' now in the memory of her dear face. Let her come and teach me; let her come, and with her faith pray for me."

But the frost of age fell upon her; its infirmities bound her fast, so that she could no longer go about doing good. But when she could not go out to her work, the work came in to her. The winter of her life had no long, dark days, no listless melancholy, no fretful murmurings. She moved around her house in a wheel-chair, demanding little care, but receiving much; the object of a thousand little acts of delicate love, which money could never purchase. A domestic being asked if she were not weary, replied, "No, I'm never weary in waiting upon her, for her patience would shame me if I were."

Mother Allen had learned that most beautiful of lessons for women, how to "grow old gracefully." She was not only borne with, but she was really admired for her age, and the charms

that clustered around it. Life's sun, which had been so often concealed by clouds, had its setting in a calm bright sky. We may almost say of her that she never died, her going was so like sinking into a quiet sleep. It was one cold bright day in winter, that she entered into her rest. Her chair had been drawn to the western window, that she might use the last of daylight in finishing one of several little garments for a suffering family. The last stitch was set, the last button sewed on, her thimble was placed on the window-seat, and the spectacles lay in her hand. She was noticed gazing at the gorgeous sunset, reflecting its splendor upon snow and ice-clothed trees, making the whole scene like a world of diamonds. The cheerful bell rang for tea; her aged companion and her attendant came to draw her chair into the dining-room. Each took an arm of it, when her husband said, "She is asleep, dear soul." She was not, for God had taken her.

Four strong men, whom she had saved in childhood from miserable poverty, gathered around her bier. They were not ashamed to weep for one so dear to their hearts. A bereaved community mourned her loss, while many poor and friendless, turned from her grave to trust in God. Whenever her name is mentioned, or her words quoted, it is as, "Mother Allen, that dear old soul." She was a most beautiful example of the first class of women referred to by the poet.—*Examiner*.

SHADES OF TWILIGHT.

SHADES of twilight, softly stealing

O'er the somber face of day,

Half concealing, half revealing

Each successive fading ray,

Ye awake to lonely musing

My tried spirit clogged with clay,

O'er my senses joy diffusing,

While ye veil the face of day.

When on earth my mission ending,

I shall calmly sink to rest,

May Heaven's twilight soft descending,

Guide me to mansions of the blest!

THE SIEGE OF ANTWERP.

BY MRS. C. A. HALBERT.

MEMORABLE in the annals of the sixteenth century is the renowned siege of Antwerp, for the bravery, wise conduct, and inflexible determination of its assailants, the ingenious contrivances employed by the besieged, and the infatuation which prevented them from profiting by their successes.

Antwerp, for a long time previous to our narrative, had been the great emporium of the commercial world. Thither the broad waters of the Scheldt brought the wealth of every clime. Upon that noble highway of the nations the golden argosies of Peru floated side by side with the spice laden vessels of Ceylon, and the delicate fabrics of Italy met the substantial wares of Northern Europe. Several hundred vessels often loaded at the same time in the harbor of Antwerp, and thousands of loaded wagons, many of them from the remote interior, passed in weekly at her gates. So great was the bustle and animation in this mart of the world, that its streets daily resembled those of eastern cities on the occasion of their semi-annual fairs.

In the year 1531 the population of Antwerp was one hundred thousand, and its income from taxes, tolls, and other sources was greater than that of many kingdoms. Wealth flowed in upon this prosperous city with such a liberal hand, that every burgher seemed a prince, and the enormous taxes which Charles V. imposed to carry on his numerous wars, were scarcely felt by the people. Antwerp had reached that point when gold is diverted from the channels of trade to the cultivation of art. The dwellings of its citizens were beginning to be hung with the studies of the artist, and a national school of painting had sprung up, encouraged by the newly awakened popular taste.

The idea of liberty too, always dominant in the mind of a commercial people like the Netherlands, had

grown peculiarly strong in this great emporium. In that momentous struggle for constitutional and religious freedom, which the low countries waged for forty years against the stern and intolerant Philip II. of Spain, and brought at last to such glorious issue, Antwerp took a leading part. She had always been foremost in the expression of free sentiments, and boldest in encroachment on Spanish prerogative. It was therefore determined in imperial councils to humble the arrogance of this proud nurse of sedition and heresy, who, sitting as a queen on her broad waters, had dared defy the greatest monarch in Christendom. Accordingly the Duke of Parma, then commander-in-chief of the Spanish forces in the Netherlands, drew up his army before the rebellious city in July, 1584, and prepared to invest it.

The struggle inevitable upon this movement was most momentous. Upon the side of Antwerp religious toleration, ancient and great immunities, commercial prosperity, nay, its very existence depended. On the side of Spain, also, the question was one of vital importance. Defeated here, the door to the rich province of Brabant was effectually closed. The great cities of Flanders animated by so notable an example of successful rebellion, would take fresh courage and make stouter resistance. Thus great issues hung on this struggle.

While debating the siege of Antwerp, the Duke of Parma encountered the opposition of his most experienced generals. It seemed impossible to them, with any force at their command, fully to invest a town whose walls were covered on the land side by fortifications of immense strength and extent, and washed seaward by a stream whose deep current ebbed and flowed with the ocean. Moreover, large cities lay around Antwerp at such near distances, that they might be regarded as suburban. These were all embarked in the same warfare, all bound by the strongest motives of self-interest, to bring relief to a distressed confederate. But

supposing a complete investment on the land side could be effected, who would bind the waters of the Scheldt that they should no longer bring thither the corn of Zeeland.

All these difficulties and many more were urged upon the Duke by his generals. But that renowned chieftain listened to the voice of his own genius rather than to the timid counsels of his advisers. Through difficulties which would have seemed insurmountable to any other man, his sagacious eye descried victory in the distance. He did not, like Napoleon, depend on sudden and overpowering assaults for success. He laid his plans for months, perhaps for years. What the rapid evolutions of genius could not do, the slower and surer operations of famine should accomplish. Hunger should be the engine with which he would battle down the walls of Antwerp. All his plans looked far into the future.

Antwerp was surrounded by a network of rivers, canals, and dykes, by which, in her prosperous days, she had reached forth a thousand hands to the busy towns that lay around her. These channels of intercommunication must first be cut off. Numerous garrisons were at once stationed along the water courses, and in every town and village for many miles around the city, that, by constant sorties upon the adjacent country, destroyed the harvest, murdered the peaceful husbandmen at their labors, and carried slaughter and desolation into the fertile fields of Brabant. A system of secret espionage over the whole neighborhood was established by means of the Roman Catholic population, to whom the cause of Antwerp and Protestantism were one.

Meanwhile the Duke of Parma drew up his main force, and established his camp a few miles from the city. The inhabitants looked on his movements at first with scornful indifference. His slow and cautious approaches were the jest of the idle. Bread was still plenty, and courage high. Why should they lay up corn for the years to come?

As long as the Scheldt ran by their doors, there would be food within. Thus the golden moment when they might have filled their granaries, when ships laden with every kind of provision might sail unmolested into their harbor, passed forever away. Zeeland willingly offered them of her abundance, but a strange and fatal infatuation possessed them.

The Duke of Parma moved steadily onward. One after another his forts arose, commanding the main channels between Antwerp and adjacent towns. No more corvans laden with the fruits of the harvest passed through the gates of the city. No more pleasure-boats with gay decorations enlivened the canals. All was silence and desolation, where a few months before the voices of happy industry arose on every side. Armed bands now traversed the dykes and plundered the fields where in former years a peaceful peasantry had shouted the harvest home.

While the prince took all his measures with the utmost caution, and secured his rear by garrisons, he did not decline enterprises of a more stirring and perilous nature. By a sudden assault he made himself master of Dendermonde, an important town between Antwerp and Ghent. This latter city, inferior to Antwerp only in commercial importance, now lay at the mercy of the Spaniard. The terrified citizens did not even attempt a defense, but hastened off their messengers to sue for mercy. Very humiliating conditions were imposed, and a strong garrison marched in to exact obedience. Thus one of the great confederates fell without a blow.

Gradually the prince drew his cords tighter and tighter around the city, till the people found themselves shut up to their river. Hitherto they had taken no effective steps for their own relief. When the enemy threatened to bridge the stream, they regarded it an idle bravado. "A river that is two thousand four hundred feet broad, and, with its own waters alone, above sixty feet deep, but which, with the tide, rose

twelve feet more, would such a stream," it was asked, submit to be spanned by a miserable piece of paling?"

From the first the Duke had seen the necessity of controlling the Scheldt. He found it guarded by two strong forts a few miles below the city. He gained early possession of one of these, but the other made such valiant resistance that the siege was abandoned, after two thousand men had fallen before it. It was then that the Prince, always fertile in expedients, conceived the idea of bridging the stream. At the present day, when the science of engineering has been brought to such perfection, that broad arms of the sea are spanned by iron bands, and bridges are projected two or three miles in length, this enterprise would not be so formidable. But in the sixteenth century, when the mechanical arts had made little advance, and skill had not supplanted rude strength, a stream not quite half a mile broad, and sixty feet deep, with a very rapid current, offered formidable obstacles to the engineer.

The Prince first built two forts, one on each bank of the river, named respectively St. Maria and St. Philip. From these, two piers projected far into the stream, the main timbers being formed from the heavy masts of vessels, and covered at the top with a plank flooring. Two batteries were erected at the extremities of the piers, upon which large cannon were mounted. By these means the width of the stream was contracted about one-half, and the passage of vessels, under the fire of the enemy, was rendered very difficult. That portion of the river which still remained open, the Prince designed ultimately to close with a bridge of boats.

The confederates looked on these proceedings with anxious interest. They did not yet believe that their mighty river could be tamed, or that its proud tide would wear a foreign yoke. Still there was something in the calm and quiet determination of the Duke, and the cheerful courage with which he met and overcame dif-

ficulties, that puzzled and alarmed them.

But they were not long idle spectators. The capture of Ghent furnished the Spaniards with the material for their bridge of boats. The next difficulty was to bring them to the camp. It was found impossible to transport them by the ordinary route without serious annoyance from a fort which the Flemings had suddenly thrown up to cover a narrow passage in the Scheldt. To avoid this new difficulty, a second work was undertaken, inferior in magnitude only to the original enterprise.

By cutting the dykes in the Scheldt, the Flemings had managed to lay a considerable part of the country between Ghent and Antwerp under water. Their labor, however, instead of proving an annoyance to the enemy, was a most valuable aid. The Prince, eagerly searching for some new route for his boats, discovered a small stream called Meer, which fell into the Scheldt at a convenient point, and approached the deluged fields within five thousand paces. It at once occurred to him to connect these points by a canal. The idea was no sooner conceived than executed. The stagnant camp immediately became a hive of industry. Scarred veterans who had served in the wars of Charles V., laid aside the sword to handle the spade. The Prince himself took off his decorations to descend into the trenches with the common soldier. Animated by such high example, the work went bravely on. In an incredible short time a canal fourteen thousand paces long, and of sufficient width and depth to float ships of large burden, was completed. It was a gala day in the Spanish camp when the soldiers resumed their swords, and beheld the boats so long waited for, laden with food, floating past them on the new canal.

The bridge of boats was speedily completed, and one bright spring morning in 1585, spies from Antwerp who came down to reconnoiter the enemy, carried back the tidings that the gap was at last filled, and a beautiful

bridge stretched from shore to shore. Yes, there was no mistake now ; there lay that miracle of perseverance — the magical bridge of boats, lazily rising and falling with the tide, swaying to and fro with the wind, but always returning sound and unharmed to its moorings.

Quickly the startling news spread through all the streets of Antwerp — the gap — the gap is closed ! All was confusion and dismay. The affrighted citizens seemed to see the enemy already within their walls. Evil was the day when their proud river had bent beneath a master's yoke. Stout old burghers who sat smoking in their counting-rooms when they should have been filling their granaries, grew pale with fear. Nor came these evil tidings alone. Brussels had fallen, and now Antwerp stood alone among the great cities of the Netherlands, without one friendly hand to clasp in her hour of need. For many months they had seen the Prince drawing his net closer and closer around them, but while that one little gap remained they rested in peace. Now all communication with the world was effectually cut off, and they began to look into their barns and store-houses. There emptiness stared them in the face. Earnestly they looked around for some way of escape.

To the supineness which had seized the Antwerpers in the hour of peril, there was one notable exception. It was to a foreigner, bound to them by no ties of blood or nation, that they were to owe their last hope of deliverance.

Frederic Gianibelli, an Italian by birth, and an engineer by profession, having waited in vain in the ante-chambers of Philip II. for employment, now joined his fortunes to those of Antwerp. Long before the design of the Prince to bridge the Scheldt had become obvious to the stolid Netherlanders, Gianibelli had contrived means for destroying all his works. But when he laid his maps and plans before the magistrates of the city, and

demanded three large ships and sixty boats, and various implements to work with, those sage counselors laughed his wild and costly schemes to scorn. Famine and the imminency of the danger had not yet opened the purse-strings of the calculating Dutch. Well was it for them, that, stung by repulse, he did not retire from the ungrateful town, and leave a people so little able to comprehend a great idea to their fate. But the generous Italian was more intent on saving the town than revenging his insults. After repeated attempts he obtained the grant of two small vessels and a few flat boats, which he proceeded at once to fit up in the following manner: "In the hold of each he built a hollow chamber of freestone, five feet broad, three and a half high, and forty long. This magazine he filled with sixty hundred weight of the finest priming powder, of his own compounding, and covered it with as heavy a weight of large slabs and millstones as the vessel could carry. Over these he further added a roof of similar stones, which ran up to a point, and projected six feet above the ship's side. The deck itself was crammed with iron chains and hooks, knives, nails, and other destructive missiles; the remaining space, which was not occupied by the magazines, was likewise filled with planks. Several small apertures were left in the chamber for the matches which were to set fire to the mine. For greater certainty he had also contrived a piece of mechanism which, after the lapse of a given time, would strike out sparks; and even if the matches failed, would set the ship on fire. To delude the enemy into the belief that these machines were only intended to set the bridge on fire, a composition of brimstone and pitch was placed in the top, which could burn a whole hour; and still further to divert the enemy's attention from the proper seat of danger, he also prepared thirty-two small flat-boats, upon which there were only fireworks burning, and whose sole object was to deceive the enemy."

All things being in readiness, the 4th of April was selected for sending down these formidable engines on the enemy's works. It was a night long to be remembered both by Spanish and Netherlander. An indistinct rumor of an attack had reached the Prince, and caused him to draw out his forces in unusual numbers upon the bridge, and to station his main army close by, to strengthen them if needed. Thus by a cruel fatality the Spaniards were made to conspire with their enemies for their own destruction.

As soon as twilight began to thicken into darkness, the momentous night's work commenced. One after another the blazing fire-ships followed each other down the rapid current. The spectacle was most grand and imposing. The dark waters of the Scheldt were lit up with an awful splendor, and the winding banks for many miles, with their dark crest of verdure, shone in the ghastly light. Thousands of spectators stood on the city walls, or lined the shore, while below, the superstitious Spaniards watched the approach of the mysterious messengers with an indefinable dread. An eloquent historian has thus described the scene:

"The array of vessels kept approaching, and the darkness of night still further heightened the extraordinary spectacle. As far as the eye could fathom the course of the stream, all was fire; the fire-ships burning as brilliantly as if they were themselves in the flames! the surface of the water glittered with light; the dykes and batteries along the shore, the flags, arms, and accouterments of the soldiers who lined the river as well as the bridge, were clearly distinguishable in the glare. With a mingled sensation of awe and pleasure the soldiers watched the unusual sight, which rather resembled a fête than a hostile preparation; but from the very strangeness of the contrast filled the mind with a mysterious awe."

The false fire-ships being destitute

of steersmen, followed the course of the wind and current, and met with various fates; some were dashed on the river banks, and others were extinguished by the enemy without damage. Finding that these advance ships bore such harmless weapons, the Spaniards began to ridicule the whole affair. "Is this the end of these mighty preparations?" they cried, as with the glee of boys they sprang into the boats and extinguished the blaze.

While they thus amused themselves, the decisive moment arrived. The first of the real fire-ships, called the *Fortune*, was stranded on its passage and exploded, doing little mischief. The fate of the whole enterprise now hung on a single vessel, the *Hope*. As it sailed grandly down the river, many anxious eyes followed it, and many hearts were lifted in fervent prayer. Slowly and majestically the stately ship approached the breastworks, dividing itself a path like a king among the smaller craft. For a moment it hung at the floating outworks of the enemy, and then by its weight broke through and bore down with terrified force on the bridge. At that instant the explosion came. It was as if an earthquake had rent the earth, or a volcano had sprung up from the sea. For a few minutes there was death-like silence in the Spanish camp; and then what a scene presented itself. Again we quote:

"The waters of the Scheldt had been divided to its lowest depths, and driven with a surge which rose like a wall above the dam that confined it; so that all the fortifications on the banks were several feet under water. The earth shook for three miles round. Nearly the whole left pier, on which the fire-ships had been driven with a part of the bridge of boats, had been burst and shattered to atoms, with all that was upon it; spars, cannon and men blown into the air. Even the enormous blocks of stone which had covered the mine, had, by the force of the explosion, been hurled into the neighboring fields, so that many of

them were afterward dug out of the ground at the distance of a thousand paces from the bridge. Six vessels were buried, several had gone to pieces. But still more terrible was the carnage which the murderous machine had dealt among the soldiers. Five hundred—according to other reports, even eight hundred were sacrificed to its fury, without reckoning those who escaped with mutilated or injured bodies. The most opposite kinds of death were combined in this frightful moment. Some were consumed by the flames of the explosion, others scalded to death by the boiling water of the river, others stifled by the poisonous vapor of the brimstone; some were drowned in the stream, some buried under the hail of falling masses of rocks, many cut to pieces by the knives and hooks, or shattered by the balls which were poured from the bowels of the machine."

There were many marvellous preservations that night, and the Prince himself narrowly escaped, having, at the urgent entreaties of a soldier, removed from the fatal pier but a moment before the explosion.

This renowned exploit might have been the salvation of Antwerp. A large convoy of provisions was waiting a few miles below the bridge, ready to sail to the city the moment a passage was broken for it. These supplies would have so revived the strength and courage of the famished inhabitants that they might have offered effectual resistance to the further approaches of the enemy. But incredible as it may seem, nothing was known of the great victory at Antwerp till the bridge had been repaired. Some plans had been previously laid for taking advantage of a successful issue, but all failed for want of concerted action. A reconnoitering party who followed the course of the fire-ships on that terrible night, returned with tidings of the entire failure of the enterprise, when in truth their consternation was so great that they did not venture near the enemy.

The populace now turned upon Gianibelli as the cause of their misfortunes, and could scarcely be restrained from tearing him in pieces. A few days after, when they learned the true state of affairs, they were ready to worship him as a god. They immediately employed his genius in constructing new machines, and no longer doled out the guilders with penurious hand.

But a fatality seemed to rest on the city. Nothing which they undertook prospered. New ships were constructed which again blew up the bridge, but before the fleet could be brought up from below, the vigor of the Prince had closed the rent. Another and last project for saving themselves now occurred to the starving citizens.

The country adjacent to the east Scheldt was protected from its irruptions by a high embankment, counter to which the industry of the plodding Hollander had raised another dyke, called the Cowenstein Dam. This latter work was three miles in length, and of great strength, and defended from the sea the fertile fields which stretched from thence to Antwerp. By cutting through these dykes the waters of the ocean would be made to roll back to the very walls of the city. This it was now proposed to do; and as these works were at a point nearer the sea than the Spanish fortifications, vessels could be floated through, and thence to the city without molestation. A proposition to relieve the city by this means had been made early in the siege, but was defeated by the avarice of the butchers, whose cattle grazed that fertile plain.

The Duke of Parma, whose instinctive genius had foreseen this very emergency, had erected batteries, and stationed garrisons at certain points along the dam. To this point the seat of war was now changed.

The inhabitants of Antwerp, aroused by desperation from their insane stupor, began at last to bestir themselves like men. Since the Scheldt refused to do their bidding, or bring their ships

from the sea, they would cause the sea itself to wash their very walls. The butchers no longer opposed, for their fields were as empty as their stalls. The great dam of the Scheldt had been cut at several points, and it only remained to pierce the Cowensteindyke. The Zealanders, who made the cause of Antwerp their own, had attacked it several times from the seaward side, but, being unsupported by their allies, were repulsed, and obliged to retire.

On the 16th of May the great battle was fought which decided the fate of Antwerp. The allies drew together their whole strength, and staked their all on a struggle which, they felt, must be decisive. Messengers were sent to all the large towns in the Netherlands to solicit men and ships. On the morning of the battle more than two hundred ships sailed through the gap in the Scheldt, and over fields where lately the golden harvest waved, and husbandmen went forth to peaceful labors.

Before approaching the dam, the Zealand fleet sent out four fire-ships to clear a foothold. No sooner were they seen than the Spanish garrisons in the nearest forts, remembering their former terrible lesson, hastily abandoned their posts and retreated to the more remote batteries. This was just what the confederates hoped, and they hastened to profit by their good fortune. The fire-ships were so only in appearance, and bore men instead of infernal machines. Hastily leaping on the dam, they signaled their success to their companions. In a few minutes the dyke swarmed with soldiers, while, for some distance, the water was darkened with the forms of men, half wading, half swimming; some bearing their weapons high above their heads, and others dragging huge sacks filled with wood or earth for the construction of breastworks. And now the Spaniards, maddened to find themselves the second time duped by the same device, rushed headlong from their covert and attacked the defenses

which the allies were hastily throwing up.

Strange and stirring was the scene upon which the sun looked down that morning. Upon a narrow ridge of earth, not nine paces in width, and between two seas, five thousand combatants stood. In the midst were the pioneers plying their spades with the strength of desperation, pushing steadily on without casting up a glance at the thickening fight, and stopping only to thrust aside a dead companion, or wrench out a pile which the Spaniard had driven in. On either hand stood the soldiers bravely defending their rude breastwork from the enemy, who rushed upon it with a tiger-like ferocity. Both parties fought with frantic courage, for they felt that that day must decide the fate of the war.

At length the Spaniards, discouraged by the sight of the multitudes who swarmed from the ships to fill the ranks of the slain, lost heart and retreated to their works.

"The allies had won—the day was theirs—Antwerp was saved—the war was ended!" Such glad tidings every man read in the face of his brave companion in arms, as he embraced him on that narrow ridge. Soldiers sheathed their swords, and laborers threw down their spades, and all gave themselves up to a general burst of joy. Quickly the glad news flew over the waters, and a large ship laden with provisions was brought up to the dam. But as that was but half cut through, and no one thought now of work, the cargo was lifted across by willing hands, reloaded in smaller vessels, and borne victorious to the city. With it sailed the chief commanders of the allies, who, having led the battle, wished now to shine in the triumph. All was disorder on the dyke, and every man did as he listed.

Meanwhile the Prince, who had remained at the bridge to watch some demonstrations of the enemy in that quarter, learning the adverse state of affairs, hastened to rally his troops.

His presence so revived their courage that they who so lately cowered beneath their defenses, now clamored to be led to the assault. The Prince seized the auspicious moment. Again the dun cloud of war hung over that narrow battle-field.

The allies, seizing their swords, and forming their disordered ranks as well as they were able, received the advancing columns with a dauntless front. The scenes of the morning were renewed with even greater fury. On either side such feats of daring were performed as only despair could inspire. But the contest was not long doubtful. The disorganized bands of the allies, without concert or commanders, could not long withstand the fierce onset of men, maddened by recent defeat, and inspired by the beloved voice of their chief. The allies were completely routed, and retreated in the greatest disorder to their boats, leaving the Spanish colors floating over the dyke.

The issue of that day's conflict was the fall of Antwerp. Some feeble attempts were still made in her defense, but they only served to delay her humiliation for a few months.

In the month of August, 1585, the keys of the city were delivered to the Duke of Parma, and his heroic troops garrisoned its walls.

HOME.

BY ELLEN WILLIAMS.

THERE is one spot upon the earth

Far sweeter than the rest;
There is one spot, we all must own —
The brightest, and the best.

That spot for aye will memory keep,
With all life's earliest scenes;
And when our eyes are closed in sleep,
'T is rising in our dreams.

'T was there our infant feet were taught
Their first grand march to make;
There first our ears life's music caught,
When love's charmed voices spake.

Our childhood's home with all its charms
How dearly must we prize;

And many a gentle sigh will at
Its well loved name arise.

Its smooth green vales, its rippling brooks,
Its trees, its fragrant bowers;
How fondly unto each is linked
This future life of ours.

Should gladness crown the present day,
And ever be our lot;
Affliction come, or sorrow reign,
That name is ne'er forgot.

Our early friends may droop and die,
And slumber in the tomb;
We blend no more our thoughts with theirs,
As o'er the world we roam.

Our eyes may never gaze again
Upon that cherished spot;
Yet wander where we may that name
Will never be forgot.

DE KALB CENTER, ILL.

LAST NIGHT I DREAMED.

BY WILLIAM DONALD.

LAST night I dreamed I was again a child,
Gay as the brook that bubbled past the
door
Of the fair cot where I the hours beguiled,
And laughed away bright days that are no
more.

And gathered round me were my youthful
friends,
Whose mirth was ready, as mine used to be
In cheering on our sports. But my dream
ends,
And I awake to stern reality.

In contemplation of my younger days
That now are fled, I would have lived them
o'er
Again, to much improve their careless ways:
My dream showed me the child I was be-
fore.

'T is thus in all the varied paths of life,
Our frolics, though they brand and stain
our name,
We justify and sanction in the strife
With brother man, and live on still the
same.

BUFFALO, Nov., 1856.

FINE gold will change, and diamonds fade,
Swift wings to wealth are given;
All-varying time our forms invade,
The seasons roll, light sinks in shade,
There's nothing lasts but heaven

BESSIE LEE'S DIARY.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

But ever and anon, of grief subdued,
There comes a token, like a serpent's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued.
CHILD HAROLD.

I can not think of sorrow now, and doubt
If e'er I felt it; 't is so dazzled from
My memory by present happiness.
WERNER.

THERE was a great stone on the green slope leading down to the gate by the roadside, and a little thorny berry vine crept over it. The road passed by the old house, and then abruptly turned an angle made by a projecting wall, which hid entirely the approach of any travelers, who might at long intervals pass the grove. This stone, with its creeping drapery, was my place of resort during the wicked period of my life, sometimes called innocent childhood. Why so called, I can not yet determine. My first sin was that I was motherless. Had I died and been buried in the same grove with her, I should have received a flattering obituary, somewhat after this wise:

"Little loving creature! Her gentle heart's tendrils clung so closely to the one who gave her birth, that life went out on earth—to be relit in a better world—when her mother's soul winged its way to Heaven. Peace to thy soul, sweet Bessie Lee."

How I wish such an article had been written, and how I always wished it, the old stone could attest, as I moaned out the desire to it many and many a time. My next sin was, that my poor father was always unfortunate in pecuniary matters. Perhaps this sin should have ranked first; I can not determine its exact place now. No doubt the aggravation of one heightened the heinousness of the other. The third sin was, that I grew plainer and plainer every day, which was quite needless, as I had but a small stock of beauty with which to begin life. Then there were many more evils about me for which I was considered answerable, such as not being happy,

getting ill sometimes, etc., etc. I had relatives, but as I before hinted, I was troublesome—very. I had a miserable way of not being grateful when I had nothing for which to show my gratitude. Even now when I am called a young lady, I find myself unable to get rid of the unhappy trait, though I have tried, but illy succeeded. For this and sundry other failings, I was sent to a distance to board with a very shrewd personage, who was, if possible, to eradicate these great evils mentioned last, and to grow sufficiently useful to counteract the two first and most important of all. Then I should be welcomed back, a worthy member of the households of my relatives. My mentor did not fail from any lack of experiments, but from an entire want of capital in the way of original goodness in myself. If the poor woman had any lingering doubts of the correctness of the doctrine of total depravity, she must have been confirmed in the belief through my instrumentality. My father was far away from me, trying in a useless kind of way to gather for his child a little gold, that she might be more precious in the eyes of her kindred, but some sinful persons—sinful because needy—enticed him, by sundry griefs and misfortunes of their own, to share with them his gains, and he believed that the benediction was meant for him, "Blessed are ye who sow by many waters;" and that it was a *fact*, that giving to the poor really was lending to the Lord; but whether there was a percentage connected with this belief in his mind, I am entirely unable to say. I think not. He found those insubstantial things called the blessings of the poor and suffering, a pleasure, a very great pleasure. I am not sure but some would call its excess a sort of dissipation. Of one thing I was made *miserably* certain, though, thank God, he never knew it, that he showered no rich gifts upon those who cared for the wants of his little daughter. Simply defraying my expenses was all he thought necessary. His great heart

full of the richest fatherly affection he gave to me, and could I pain him by telling how miserable I was when he was gone? His visits which were seldom — oh, too seldom — seemed the bright eras in my poor loveless life. How many days I sat on that thorny covered stone and strained my little eager, gray eyes to catch an early glimpse of the coming carriage, whose rattling wheels echoed over the rock at the road, wondering for the thousandth time if *this* one could be my father's. I would not dare to tell, even if I could. Then when a strange face looked out from it, how my little aching heart throbbed, and the great lump gathered in my throat, which I tried and tried in vain to swallow, till the tears came trickling down my bowed face, and on the green vines about me, glistening in the sunshine, as if to mock the poor little girl above them. Then a ray of hope would creep into my sad thoughts, and I would listen and look, and look and listen again, to be again disappointed. How I longed to go down the road and climb to the top of the high rock, and look farther on; but I was too wicked to be trusted up so far, lest such great sinfulness should be punished by a fall. I was too ignorant then, to understand my father's faults, and loved him with an idolatry which was considered quite heathenish. His last visit, the hope of another, and my books, were the only happiness I had; and this was more than I deserved. I struggled with my whole soul for precedence in my classes, not with a child's laudable ambition, to receive the honors, but to please my father in part, but more to be revenged on my mentor for calling me an "idle little thing," when I sat upon the great stone.

Childhood at length wore away, and I was sixteen. I began to dream that there was in this world some atonement for poverty and plain looks, for in my classical tutor I found one who understood and could appreciate the dormant qualities of my soul. He was

my senior by some twelve or thirteen years. I began to look upon the world from a different point, or at least through a finer medium, when my beloved father went up with the death-angel to join my mother. The rich diapasons of grateful hearts, was the music which wafted him to that better world, where I fully believe he found riches which all may share, and that he received an inheritance prepared for all faithful stewards. I was alone then.

"Alone! alone! no sadder word
By mortal ear is ever heard!"

It was a cold, stormy Christmas day when the ice closed over him, amid the still waters of a northern lake, and left my heart colder and darker than the waves about him, and harder than the ice above. I did not weep, for I knew that he had not gone to the land of unrest. Light sorrows spring to the lips in words, and to the eyes in tears; but for mine there was no expression. The rites of religion were not performed over his lifeless remains, neither were they gathered to the graves of his fathers, or slept by the little mound of one, the memory of whose love he cherished forever. The church raised no tablet to his name, for he professed no outward religion, and sat not at every stated time in the sanctuary of — Mammon.

Little by little, I grew to be glad that he was gone. I was sure that no one would remember his faults. I had hoarded my heart full of his good deeds, and this was all the wealth I had, or desired. Perhaps that word wealth is a misnomer in this case, to most people; but it is not one to me; and as I write this prelude to my diary for my own especial pleasure, I can believe what I like. It is a part of my creed that the memory of noble self-denying acts, and high, pure motives, soothes a sorrowing heart sooner than gold.

So much for my childhood; yet it is more than it deserves of notice. It seems like looking far, very far, into a thick vista of pines, whose closely

clinging branches hide the sunlight, except at long intervals; but when the bright beams do find a little place through which to gladden the deep shadows beneath, the sad unceasing music, with its almost human moaning, makes us forget that we can see heaven up through the openings.

To-day I am seventeen; and, though the records of a diary may never be read by tearful eyes when I am gone, yet it will serve to occupy a little space in the vacuum of my existence. My teacher desired it also, and he is the only one I care to oblige. I wish he were my elder brother, I should have nothing left to desire. My cousins do not love me, for I am too unloveable. They could not if they would, and I would not if I could love them.

There will be little of note; and many days, perhaps weeks, when all the days will be filled with aughts.

Jan. 1. Cousin Weston told me that my father left me nothing, absolutely nothing. My heart gave the assertion the lie, but my lips uttered not a syllable. I must begin to exert myself. The family record says I am young, but I do not feel so. A worn-out heart beats slowly in my bosom. Not a human being can make its pulse throb faster. Sometimes it used to bound to the poetic sympathy of my silent friends — my books. Not now. Cousin Weston and Lillie seem proud of my wit, and enjoy my retorts and sarcasm, but nothing more. I don't wish to please them — to please any one. I can laugh so merrily, that it is contagious to all, even if they do not know the reason, except Harry Lane. He never laughs when I do. During my recitations he does not look at me, and when obliged to address me, it is in a sad earnest voice, and a dreamy forgetfulness of the topic under discussion. He has some deeply hidden grief, which I believe my black costume brings to his mind. Cousin Weston likes him, but hates his profession. Why? Cousin Weston asked him to-night why he did not choose some other path in life, where his

great talents would not be hidden in a napkin. Mr. Lane looked steadfastly at his questioner a moment as though listening to some inner prompter, and then replied, "There's a still small voice which leads me in all my ways. I think it is my Master, and I obey. Where He leads, I follow." There was something so unanswerable in this, that Weston only said in a half thoughtful, half sneering way, "You have idealism largely developed." "Perhaps so," Lane replied, and was off in a long deep reverie.

How strangely he hoards his great energies for the time of necessity. I often wish he were my brother, for then how complete my life would be! I like him — I don't know why. Perhaps because he does not praise my genius, or laugh at my sarcasms. He crosses from my pen sketches all the bitter things. To-day he wrote, under a crossed out page of my manuscript essays on *The World*: "Charity, my child, charity, every heart hath its own bitterness. Add not a drop, lest the cup runs over." What did he mean? If he were always near me, I should think better of this life of mine, and yet those lines on his brow, those deepening curves about his mouth were never in any face except a sorrowful heart gazed through it. And yet he never complains; never says a harsh word of the world, or his own surroundings. I wonder if anybody loves him, or is he alone, like poor Bessie Lee.

Jan. 2. Nothing.

Jan. 3. Mary Timon is no better. How quickly the day passes when one is every moment employed. She will go soon, and to a better world, if suffering both mortal and spiritual could purify her. Her face looks up from her straw pillow, as brilliant as an angel's.

I wish Mr. Lane would not call so often, or if he does, he need not ask for me. Why is it? He is scarcely civil to me of late. He never talks to me, but chats to Lillie all the evening. Jane just come in to say he was here,

and wished to see me. I believe that poor patient girl loves me more than any other human being does, now that father is gone. She brushed my tumbled curls, kissed the crown of my head, and said, "Poor girl! poor girl! I wish I was rich." I don't know whether she meant me, or herself, with her "poor girl." "Let Mr. Lane wait till I have finished this note in the record of nothing." Finished reading some of Mrs. Norton's poems. Mr. Lane's reasoning could not convert her to a belief in earthly happiness. How I wish I could express the poetry which is aching for word-life in my heart. It would be a wail of—nothing.

Jan. 3. 0 0 0.

Jan. 4. 0 0 0.

Jan. 5. What did he mean? He talked to cousin Lillie all the evening, and spoke to me but once, after having me called from a quiet reading of Goethe in the original, as though I wished to listen to him. He spoke once, and that once! Cousin Weston remarked that I reminded him of a blue-gray granite tombstone, over a young lady embalmed in imperfect sheets of Miss Landon's poetry. Lane rose, and came to the table on pretense of getting a print, and I looked up laughing to see if he too was amused at the odd idea, and found his eyes gazing down into mine with a mournful, earnest expression, and added, "Your laugh is as false as the inscription, and as mournful to me as the tolling of the bell, but your heart is not hollow." He did not intend Weston should hear this remark, but he did, and added jestingly, "Wouldn't she make a capital sign for an undertaker?"

Lane turned upon him a flashing indignant look, took his hat, and said "Good-night" immediately. Cousin Weston said Mr. Lane was a little capricious in his temper. What an absurd notion about the density of my heart! It is hollow, a perfect vacuum. Why should not it be? My

life looks in review like one long dull, dark line.

Jan. 5. Last night after a moment given to my journal, I put on my warm shawl and crept softly out before the keys were turned for the night, and stayed with Mary Timon. She can not live long, poor thing! Why did I add that last sentence of commiseration? She will be happy when her worn-out body is laid aside for an angel's form. How like one she seems already, while she talks to me at midnight. Her voice alone breaks the stillness, and even that will soon cease forever. She told me of her own sad life, sad because death came, wearied in toil, yet strong in endurance, patient in hardships, for Love sat with folded wings by her fireless hearthstone. When this brightener of life plumed its wings for the Paradise to which she was hastening, hope grew strong, but life waned. Her husband had loved her truly, tenderly, but disease came upon him ere the first moon of married life had spent its light, and the little one which lay but a few hours on her bosom, to teach her how strong, how beautiful a mother's love might be, went back to heaven, and yet for all this no murmur escaped the lips of Mary Timon. If she had seen sorrow, it had always been gilded by some beautiful hope. She told me that my face wore a look which came from the bitterness of my own heart, that it bubbled up and up, and over and over, until there was but one sweet thing there, and that was the ever-abiding love I cherished for the memory of my father. She said if spirits bore any tidings to the Great Beyond, she could tell but a sad story of Bessie Lee. "Poor Bessie! poor Bessie Lee! she will lay aside her own comfort, her own strength, for a worn-out creature like me, but gathers no happiness for her own heart, because she scorns the little things of life, and does not know that a true woman finds her highest enjoyment in the sacrifices she makes every day of her life."

She looked with pity at me for a moment, and then turned to the wall and was silent till the daylight came in through the window. I began to understand why she said "*Poor Bessie Lee.*" It is because I carry within my own bosom the elements of misery, and it comes not by surroundings. I am cold and haughty to my equals, or superiors, but my heart is all tenderness to my inferiors. I love Jane the seamstress better than Lillie, proud cousin Lillie. I could kiss the lips of a beggar, but never an equal.

To go back to the time Mary turned her face from me. It was still, very still in the room. I could hear my own heart beat, when a light noise at the old rickety casement attracted my eyes quickly, and there was a face precisely like Harry Lane's pressed close to the glass. It can not be that he was there at that hour. I rose and put the blade of my knife over the door-latch, and seated myself again. I did not do this because I was afraid, for I never knew what fear meant, but lest poor Mary should be awakened by some one stepping in. I spent the night in devising some plan by which I might live a new life among strangers. I have not yet strength of character, or firmness of purpose to change my outward seeming before those who do not understand me, who do not know that I have a world within my own heart, and can

"Spider-like spin my plan out anywhere."

With the morning sunshine upon my head, I resolved that no murmur, no mocking merriment should escape me this day, and I am happier to-night than I ever felt before. How strongly like Harry Lane that face looked last night.

To be continued.

FREQUENTLY ask yourself *what* you have done, *why* you have done it, and *how* you have done it. This will teach you to inspect your actions, your motives, and the manner in which you discharge your duty.

WHERE ARE THE FLOWERS?

ANSWER TO THE QUESTIONING OF A CHILD.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

No world of joyous life appears,
As when, the summer long,
The birds poured out for thy glad ears
Their jubilee of song.
The trees have bared their leaf-crowned heads,
At Autumn's wailings deep,
And sweetly in their silent beds
The flowers have gone to sleep.
Fast bound by winter's icy thrall,
The brook hath ceased its flow;
And all around us softly fall
The crystals of the snow,
My love,
The crystals of the snow.

See, here upon your muffler caught,
How fine these crystals are —
No jewel for a princess wrought
Is carved with half the care.
Now melted 'neath the fur it lurks,
A drop, whose light hath shown
How lavish are the perfect works
Our God hath round us strewn.
'Mid winter's chains the silent land
Doth still with beauty glow;
We welcome from a Father's hand
These crystals of the snow,
Sweet love,
These flowrets of the snow.

The songs of summer winds are changed
To anthems loud and deep,
And storms that have the icebergs ranged,
About our dwellings sweep.
If summer's singing winds rejoice,
These wild notes please as well;
As if we changed a maiden's voice
For the deep organ's swell.
The poor in wretched huts must prove
Stern winter's keenest woe,
But deeds of charity and love
Will blossom 'mid the snow,
Dear child,
Will blossom 'mid the snow.

The earth that hath our labor blest
With choicest fruits that grow,
Is laid, for winter's needed rest
Beneath the fleecy snow.
The bulbs we planted brown and sere
Before the autumn's close,
In spring with gorgeous flowers will peer
Glorious from their repose.
So we, from summer's life apart
Will well the hours improve,
And in the garden of the heart
We'll rear sweet flowers of love,
My child,
Life's holiest flowers of love.

WOMAN.

BY PEGGY NIFFIN.

"Women are the poetry of the world in the same sense as the stars are the poetry of Heaven. Clear, light-giving, harmonious, they are the terrestrial planets that rule the destinies of mankind."

THAT sounds exquisitely! The author of that idea must have had a soft poetical heart, a much softer head. I wonder if the tender parent of it ever saw a woman playing at quadruped with a scrubbing brush? Poetry! Umph! The stars are no farther from the writer of that sentiment than I would like to be from him. "Clear, light-giving, and harmonious." Say laughing, pastry-rolling, clear starchers, and it would seem quite sensible. The female represented may be clear, very clear, and you can see through the shallow fool too. She may be light-giving, and so is phosphorus; but 'tis neither warm nor pleasant: and harmonious too; so is the twitter of a bird like her, and about as sensible. She may rule the destinies of man, but destiny may be fixed in a very disagreeable spot. Say that I am a *true woman*, and you have paid the highest compliment I can receive, and stop your nonsense if you please. I would as soon be put up on a pole over the garret scuttle, as to be raised to such a place in any man's imagination, and would as surely come down most ingloriously from one, as the other. Let that man marry his angel if he likes, and he would most certainly wish her to return to heaven very soon after marriage. A real substantial wife, and no poetry at all about it, is all that will long retain the regard of any man whose love is worth keeping. One who can say a sensible thing occasionally, and who thinks as much of her husband's comfort as she does of what her neighbors say. She must bake, brew, sew, dust, and even share his labors if necessary, and not feel ashamed of it either; a woman who is mistress in the kitchen, in the parlor, in the sick room, and, above all, possessor of her husband's respect and love as well as admiration, is the only real woman.

The stars, poetry, and the clear-light-giving ones are bogus. If you don't believe it, try one, and you will find that one poetical sentiment is true, that "Distance lends enchantment to the view;" and in your peculiar case, the greater the distance, the greater the enchantment.

ADVICE TO THE GIRLS.

BUT how are we to learn to be good wives, you may ask, while we are yet scarcely more than children? We answer, begin now to keep your boxes, drawers, desk, etc., in perfect order; never put on a garment with a hole in it when possible to prevent it, and never descend to family prayers and the breakfast table until your whole person, from your glossy hair to your little feet, is perfectly neat and clean. We would also advise every young girl to take care of her own bedroom, for if you learn how to arrange one department well in every respect, you can at once know how to overlook a whole house, however large.

You must take care to abhor with all your might, dust under your bed and bureau, as well as upon them. Always hang up your dresses and skirts on hooks, instead of leaving them on backs of chairs, and pray do not have a battalion of shoes kicking about under your bed, but put them in any bag or band-box that you can get for that purpose, properly paired, and not with "one mate, and one odd one."

Perhaps an additional inducement for taking care of your own rooms will be the last, that to throw up your windows and make your bed, dust, sweep your apartment, will give you a healthy bloom upon your cheek, which all the cosmetics in the world could not impart. If, our dear young lady readers, you will take our advice, and begin at once to overcome whatever disorderly habits you have, you will in the end grow to be women who have the will and ability to impart an

immense deal of comfort and happiness to whoever may have the good fortune to marry you; and we are sure that you can not imagine, in this world, a more gratifying destiny, unless, indeed, you are horrible, gorgonized, strong-minded females, or heartless, fashionable flirts, who, not knowing what real love is, spend their empty lives in making pretense of affection, and degrade the highest attribute of their natures into a foot-ball, to be kicked about from one to another.

PARTING.

FAREWELL!

Yet in the zenith thy star may shine,
Fame with her wreath thy brow may twine,
Each fond wish of thy heart be thine,
Farewell!

Yet stay!

The soul will waste in ambition's flame,
There's a brighter wreath than that of fame,
Seek not to win the poet's name —
Oh stay!

Adieu!

May friendship strew thy path with flowers,
Whose hues shall brighten in darkest hours,
Such as shall bloom in heavenly bowers,
Adieu!

LEROY.

CORNELIA.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

"Must I ever be called the daughter of Scipio,
rather than mother of the Gracchi?"

THOUGH centuries have rolled away,
And darkness once again held sway,

When died the "Son of man;"
Yet on th' historic page still lives,
The brightness that thy memory gives
To gild life's little span.

"Daughter of Scipio!" yet would'st claim
A richer boon, a prouder name.

"Mother of Gracchi!"
A joyful fountain bursts its seal —
With life is linked a higher weal,
To fame a stronger tie.

Romans with pride her praises taught,
Admiring Greeks the echoes caught,
And told them o'er and o'er;
While gifts from foreign princes came
To her who left the Scipio's name
More radiant than before.

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Some golden link from love's bright chain
The angel Death once and again
Claimed with relentless power;
But brighter through the earth-clouds beamed
Those gems of soul, which God-like seemed,
Her true and native dower.

And long shall Lethe's waters roll,
Ere they shall blot from fame's proud scroll,
Cornelia's shining light;
Not till the voice of history's hushed,—
Not till the footprints of the just
Are lost in error's night.

FIRESIDE EDUCATION.

HUMAN society is composed of families. A family consists of husband, wife, children. This is not an accidental or arbitrary arrangement. The family compact originates in the necessities of our nature; has existed from the creation; and, by the good providence of God, will continue till the end of time. Accordingly, all attempts to encroach on the obligations, as well as the privileges, of the family relationship, have proved less or more nugatory, and must ever inevitably do so. It may be a matter for consideration whether the government of a nation should be a monarchy or a democracy; or, as in England, a mixture of both; but there is no need for considering on what principles human beings shall be cared for in the domestic government; these principles have been settled long ago by the Creator, when he made man, and any cavil on the subject would be altogether worthless. What is the fundamental object of the family compact, is extremely evident: a due proportion for the affections, and for the nurture and education of children—the latter insured by the permanence of the matrimonial engagement. Thus, by what we must call a primary ordination, father, mother, children, compose a community distinct in its character, and which all must recognize as essential to the subsistence and well-being of civil society. We have considered it necessary to state thus broadly at the outset what appears to be the primary principles

of human relationship; for there are not wanting parties who would endeavor to rear systems of society in which the family compact is to have no place, and parental care is to be absolved from its duties — a dream of the imagination, which the common sense of mankind will ever reject as visionary, and consider, for all good purposes, to be impracticable.

Whatever be the benevolence of plans propounded for the rearing of children apart from the parental roof, it can not escape notice that they proceed on a misconception of what education really is. In the treatment which nature dictates, the child is to be cared for in various ways, and for these various ways education to a certain extent, under the immediate direction of parents, is indispensable; in a word, FIRESIDE EDUCATION is necessary to form the perfect being.

Fireside education is thus a wide and comprehensive thing: its enlightened object is to transform a weak, uninstructed child into a healthy and accomplished man or woman. What a variety of considerations are necessarily engaged in this onerous duty! The child is to be cared for physically; that is, as regards food, warmth, clothing, exercise, and, it may be, medical attendance. He is to be cared for morally; in which is involved the suppression of evil passions, the cultivation of the affections, kindness to animals, love of honesty and truth, and worship of the Divine Being. He is to be cared for intellectually; that is, he is to be instructed in all useful knowledge, in order that he may with advantage perform his part in society.

Any routine of education which does not embrace all these particulars, is of course imperfect. Education, as respects mere physical training, may produce a man healthful in constitution, and handsome in appearance, accomplished, possibly, in walking, riding, or in the performance of manual operations; but he who possesses no more education than this, is at best

only an elegant savage. Gladiators, the knights of old, boxers, rope-dancers, and similar personages, furnished examples of this proficiency. Physical, united with intellectual education, but without moral training, produces a still more dangerous character; it is persons so educated who compose a large section of clever and designing criminals, also ambitious and unprincipled men, in different ranks of society. Physical, with intellectual education, is pretty nearly the entire amount of culture imparted at hospital seminaries. No doubt at these institutions the pupils listen to moral admonitions, and repeat answers to questions on religious subjects; but that is not moral education, in the proper sense of the term, and therefore they necessarily are deprived of one of the most important elements of youthful culture.

Moral education may be guided by books and verbal admonitions; precept and persuasion are of undeniable utility; but, strictly speaking, moral culture is valueless unless principle is confirmed into habit. A child, for example, may be taught to commit to memory answers to an immense variety of questions, psalms, hymns, and passages of Scripture; and he may be made to know at the same time that it is sinful to steal, lie, or injure his neighbor; yet, with all this, and apparently a paragon of learning, he may be little better than a heathen, and have no proper sense of applying his knowledge to the regulation of his own conduct. The true explanation of the phenomenon is, that the whole course of moral instruction has been a deceptive make-believe. The power of memory was evoked; but memory is not principle.

In infant schools, which are a species of enlarged and well-conducted family circles, the feelings and propensities are subjected to a systematic training greatly to the advantage of children; and where parents are incapable of properly conducting home education, infant schools are indispensable. Independently of these valuable institutions,

however, there is a lesser or greater necessity for family intercourse, and lamentable is the fate of that child for whom no domestic hearth offers its cheering influence. The fireside may be homely, or it may be dignified; but whether it belongs to poor or rich, it may be equally a shrine of the affections, a scene of happiness, a school of the heart.

A school of the heart! In these words we arrive at the true operation of moral principle. The heart must be touched; the baser propensities subdued; the higher emotions quickened; and all made love and joy within. And how can this be done? Only by moral and religious principle being confirmed by training and exercise, in reference to companions, parents, brothers, sisters, and other relations, as well as the general circumstances by which we are surrounded. The very act of loving and of consulting the feelings of those with whom we are domesticated, strengthens the tendency to well-doing. Nor are the incidents which occur in a family without their value. Births, deaths, meetings of relations, misfortunes, things joyful and things sorrowful, are all means of moral culture. So, likewise, within the domestic circle, are acquired habits of order and perseverance, ideas of personal intercourse and courtesy, along with much familiar but useful knowledge. Recollections of a youthful and well-regulated home form also a source of refined gratification in after-life. How frequently has it been confessed that the remembrance of a father's solicitude and affection has acted like a perpetual beacon in warning from vice! Old remembrances, however, center chiefly round the mother. She is the divinity of the child, and was all in all to him before he knew of any other object of veneration. What hosts of remembrances of this dear departed shade! Her early attention to all his little wants; her anxiety about his personal appearance and behavior, as she used to send him forth every morning to school; her attempts

to shelter him from rebuke and punishment; perhaps her privations, her sufferings, in widowhood; her heroic struggles to maintain appearances, and get her boy forward in the world; her delight, finally, in living to see him in that position of respectability which for years had been the object of her most fondly-cherished hopes; the tranquil close of her existence and dying blessing — all this, and much more, may be said to form an inextinguishable inheritance of pleasurable recollection — a fountain of feeling perpetually welling out, and irrigating those dreary wastes of hard every-day toil and thought which lie irksomely in the path of life.

Nor are the benefits of family intercourse in their immediate or remote consequences confined to the children. "We are very apt to imagine that the family arrangement is entirely for the sake of the young — that the children are exclusively benefited; and that, if it is disturbed or set aside, the children are the only persons who suffer. On the contrary, it appears to us that the old are as much interested in this divine institution as the young; that it is as beneficial to parents as to children; and that any departure from it must bring a penalty upon the parents equal to any which the children can suffer. We are accustomed to hear much, and very justly, of the obligations which children owe to their parents. But while they very wisely impress this on their children, people are very ready to forget, or not remark, that as the child owes much to the parent, so the parent owes much to the child; that while he has been the object and receiver of good, he has also been the minister of good: and every loving thought, every toil, every sacrifice on the part of the parent, has received from day to day a return — a real and most precious reward. Surely those persons judge very erroneously who imagine that all the care, trouble, and expense they lay out upon their children is so much capital sunk, and from which no return is to be expected till the child has grown to maturity,

or at least till he has reached the years of discretion. We are very apt to reckon nothing a blessing which does not come to us in a material form; and so we sometimes undervalue or overlook our highest privileges, because they do not address themselves to our eyes, and can not be felt or handled by us. To any one who observes and reflects, it will, I think, be evident that the parent is as much the better for the child as the child is for the parent; that infancy, childhood, youth, bestow as much on manhood, womanhood, old age, as they derive from them; that this is an instance of that general law, that we can not do good to others without getting good from them. In this field it is impossible to sow without reaping; for the same soil which receives the seed from the bountiful hand, returns it with increase. What blessings, then, are children the means of conveying to their parents! In other words, how is it needful, for the sake of the father and mother, as well as of their offspring, that the family life should be jealously guarded?

"The celebrated Lord Erskine has told us that he never robbed himself to plead at the bar, but he thought he felt his children pulling at his gown; and if the history of human thoughts were legible to us as it is to the eye of God, we should doubtless find that multitudes of the greatest men — men who were great in the good that they were enabled to achieve, which is the truest greatness — drew their strongest stimulants from the families God had given them; and that, on the other hand, myriads who have lived usefully and well, had been saved from vices to which they were prone, by the consideration that these would involve in ruin those who were dearer to them than their own life. I might add a great deal more to show that those persons are in a grievous mistake who fancy that, however necessary the parent may be to the child, the child is not necessary or beneficial to the parent. It appears to me on the contrary, that parents who do their duty,

and keep their eyes open, will acknowledge that they have been amply repaid, day by day, for all their anxiety, labor, and pains; that the pleasures and instruction, the incitements to good, the salutary restraints which their children have supplied, the thoughts they have suggested, the feelings they have inspired, were cheaply purchased even with the cost and care of a family, and that children are not, as men buried in selfishness esteem, a mere tax and burden, but truly a promise and a blessing, as they have pronounced them who lived in the ages of faith."

So much we have thought it desirable to say on the general advantages of fireside in preference to any other species of management for the young; and we now proceed to the more special object of the present sheet.

We take it for granted at the outset that parents desire to see their children grow up healthful, intelligent, honest, orderly, good-hearted — beings able to perform their part creditably in society, and a comfort to all connected with them. Attention to them from birth can not insure these good results; but it will go far toward doing so. It is, at all events, the duty of every parent to do the utmost in his power to rear his children properly, if only to avoid future self-reproaches for his neglect.

MORAL TRAINING.

That which we would here most emphatically insist on is, that in youth, as well as in infancy, the child should, as far as reason or convenience will allow, be suffered to associate with his parents. Socially, the child is the equal of his father and mother. He is younger, but in other respects he is an equal, and should be treated as such. It may seem strange that we should speak of what seems to be an evident truth; but this, like many other truths, is unfortunately apt to be lost sight of. We almost everywhere see children treated as if they were inferior beings, and kept systematically out of sight, like toys, only to be shown

and fondled on certain occasions. In a right domestic management, however, the children are to be viewed as only younger men and women, and respected accordingly. Much practical advantage will arise from this consideration, as will be immediately explained.

A child has every thing to learn, and he learns best by having good examples for imitation. If you, therefore, desire to see your children well-behaved, do not leave them in the charge of servants, who are for the most part ignorant, and otherwise not well adapted to train the minds of young persons. Rear and superintend your children yourself, at least in all matters of general intercourse. They may be dressed and cleaned by domestics, and domestics may also walk out with them; but let them spend a considerable part of their time with you daily in the parlor. In short, you, the parents, are to be the model to be imitated, not the girl who is hired to sweep out the rooms, or to do any other humble office in the household. Being thus the companions of your children, and conscious that every word you utter, and every thing you do, will be imitated, you will of course take care to say and do nothing which can lead to improper habits.

Temper. In all families there are differences of character: one child will be lively, another dull; some will have good, others bad tempers. It is of first importance to cultivate a cheerful temper in children, and therefore the greater care will be required in this respect when there appears to be any deficiency in the natural disposition. Much will depend on how you treat the child. If it be peevish, do not scold or threaten it; and, we may add, in no circumstances get out of temper with it.

The mother of a family with whom we are acquainted pursues the following excellent plan with her children. When one of them cries, or is otherwise in bad humor, she says, "Oh, I see you are not well, my dear; I think you had better go to bed, and I will give you a little medicine." This kind of sympathy usually sets all to rights. The

disinclination to be put to bed and take medicine acts as a sovereign remedy.

Some parents are constantly telling their children not to do this, and not to do that. This is not treating them as equals, and too prominently establishes the principle of inferiority. Children should not be talked to as if they were dogs. They should be requested, not ordered; at least in all ordinary matters, and when they commit no act of insubordination. "I should think you had better not meddle with that knife; it is rather sharp." "I would let alone that piece of broken glass; it is dangerous." "Do n't you think this would be a pleasant day for a walk?" "I thought you would not have done so foolish a thing." "I am sorry we can not bear that noise; and I think you had better go to the nursery." By accustoming children to such mild language, they learn to be mild themselves. A soft word will do more with such children than a torrent of reproof.

Firmness, however, is as requisite as mildness in family management. On this point we beg to extract the following observations from the work of Mr. Goodrich on "Fireside Education:" "Some children are easily managed, but there are few who will not sometimes try to have their own way. At one time they will attempt to evade, at another they will brave, authority. In this species of strife they are often sharp-witted and dextrous, and sometimes intrepid, pertinacious, and headstrong. If they succeed once, they gather courage; if twice, they feel assured; if thrice, they triumph. The only safe method is for the parent to meet the first resistance of the child with firmness, and by no means to permit himself to be baffled either by evasion or defiance. But great caution is to be used. The object should be, not merely to make the child obey externally, but internally; to make the obedience sincere and hearty, and to make it flow alike from affection, a sense of duty, and a conviction that he consults his true interest in

so doing. All these motives should be brought to concur in the act; if any one of them is wanting, the obedience is imperfect. To accomplish this thorough subjection of the child to parental authority, it is obvious that great prudence is necessary. There must be no violence, no display of temper, no angry looks, no hasty words. Before he can expect to govern a child, a parent must first learn to govern himself. His own passions being under control, his heart chastened, and the traces of vexation swept from his countenance, he may meet the rebellious child, assured of triumph. That child might resist threats, and be hardened by force; but it will not long resist patient kindness, tender remonstrance, affectionate counsel.

Truth. Accustom your children, from the earliest infancy, to speak the truth; and this they will do, if not prevented by servants, or by their parents. How lamentable is it to find persons so lost to all sense of obligation as to encourage deceit in their children! A mother will be heard admonishing them to conceal such a thing from the knowledge of their father—to say they did not see so and so, etc. Such deceits are ruinous to the moral character of children, and, we need not say here, that they are grossly wicked.

Children should never hear a falsehood uttered. The very idea of there being such a thing as untruth ought not to come across their mind, unless indeed, when the criminality and fruits of falsehood require explanation and reproof. Every encouragement, even to the pardoning of offenses, should be given to truth. Cultivate in the child's mind a love of candor, straightforwardness, honor, and integrity, along with a corresponding hatred of falsehood, equivocation, dishonesty, and meanness. Lessons in these things, however, will be of little use. The cultivation must be by the training of motives and principles into confirmed habits, and that can be realized only within the family circle.

Religious impressions, in the same manner, require to be made in the first place by parents as much as possible by means of practical habits and personal explanations. As the mind expands, the leading characteristics of creation and Providence, the nature of God, and the reasons for his being an object of veneration and worship, may be explained. And from these as starting points, all proper explanations as to religious doctrine and duties will naturally diverge.

Some parents, either because they are themselves ignorant, or because they will not take the trouble, leave their children to pick up religious knowledge from catechisms, the learning of which they rigorously enforce. We fear no little mischief arises from this practice. Few young people can understand the meaning of catechisms, and the obligation to learn them, as a task, is apt to disgust them with what ought to be the grandest of all subjects of meditation. We advise great caution in the way of enforcing catechetical instruction.

PERSONAL HABITS — HEALTH.

Speaking. Speak to and in the presence of children in correct phraseology and grammar. Never employ a single slang or loose expression. Let the sounds, the emphasis, the diction, be all as they ought to be. This may be troublesome—not, however, to people of good education—but remember the reward which will ensue. Accustomed to speak correctly from infancy, the child, as a matter of habit, will avoid errors of expression, and scarcely require any instruction in the dry rules of grammar.

One of the most serious errors in education is habituating children to speak ungrammatically; not from any deliberate intention, but from mere carelessness, and more particularly from leaving them almost exclusively in the hands of servants. By this sort of tuition, children are compelled to learn two dialects instead of one—the ungrammatical form of speech in

use among the lowest of the population, and that which is seen in books. Unfortunately, the former becomes their vernacular; and so little do they acquire of correct speech, that schoolmasters spend years in trying to impart to them a proper knowledge of grammar. We repeat, that if children be taught to speak correctly from the first, they will be saved the drudgery of learning grammar by rule. The practice of requiring children to be instructed to speak and write correctly by schoolmasters, is by no means creditable to intelligent parents, and affords too strong grounds for the belief that this branch of culture is generally neglected.

Manners. If parents possess good manners, so also will their children, if they be allowed to associate with them. Thus, a child, as his perceptions become more vigorous, will instinctively, and with very little verbal instruction, learn to come into and go out of a room, speak to and shake hands with visitors, sit at table, and so on, all according to what is usually considered good manners. Sedateness in children is of course out of the question, and ought neither to be expected nor insisted on. All that is wanted is a reasonable attention to decorum, along with a happy buoyancy of disposition.

Manners can not be taught by rule. Some parents, not aware of this fact, pursue the following practice: To suit their own immediate convenience, they keep their children aloof in nurseries, or in the hands of servants, and only permit them to enter the parlor as a special indulgence. Finding that this creates bashfulness, they endeavor to school their children into certain forms of behavior. Thus they will be heard giving them the following directions: "When you come into the room, you will be sure to go and shake hands with all the gentlemen; and remember not to hang down your head, but look everybody in the face, as if you were not ashamed. And remember not to slip behind the chairs, or go below the table, for nobody wishes to

do you any harm; and remember to say, 'Yes, sir,' or 'No, sir,' when a gentleman speaks to you; and remember to speak prettily, and do n't suck, or put your finger in your mouth; and above all things, remember not to make a noise, for if you do, I shall have you turned out of the room. Now, therefore, remember to behave yourself; and if you do n't, it will be the worse for you."

And this is called teaching manners! We would not speak harshly on the subject; for mothers who address themselves in this form to their children, only err from ignorance of their duties. All telling about behavior to children is the next thing to useless. The true method of teaching manners is to let them be fixed by habit; and this, as already stated, is done by the simple process of bringing up children in the society of their parents, for by this means they have to behave well as a mere matter of imitation. The companionship, however, requires to be general, not at particular occasions.

We would hold it to be an impossibility to impart agreeable manners to children, if they are turned out of the parlor in the objurgatory strain which is sometimes employed. Becoming tired of them, or wishing to be private, the father or mother will occasionally be heard telling them, in an angry tone of voice, "to go out of the room this moment, or they will beat them if they do n't." How can children, who are thus scolded and tyrannized over, be expected to come forward cheerfully in company? Oppressed with apprehensions, and positively ignorant of modes of behavior from want of training, they are alternately timid and restless; and feeling themselves under a restraint in company, they gladly rush into the society of servants, or of any companions they can pick up.

Health and cleanliness. To insure, as far as possible, bodily health in your children, let them enjoy the open air daily; accustom them to walk, and to take pleasure in out-door excursions.

sions. Let them sleep in airy apartments, and cause them to attend strictly to personal cleanliness. Do not leave it to chance, but instruct them how they should wash their face and hands, clean their teeth every morning, and comb and brush their hair.

As they grow up, make them fully aware of the necessity for attending to various matters connected with their own health. Among other things, the operation of various kinds of food on the system, and the danger of excessive indulgence, should be explained as opportunities occur. Some knowledge of the administration and operation of medicines — not the trash of quack advertisers — should likewise be communicated.

By precept, as well as by example, children should be warned against intemperance. Unfortunately, many parents, influenced by no bad intentions, but only from heedlessness, or misapplied affection, are seen giving their children drops of wine, or other kinds of intoxicating liquor, and so commencing bad habits. When the children are constitutionally tender, these indulgences will seriously damage health, besides being perhaps morally ruinous.

Many persons, men and women, are seen to have irregularly set or bad teeth. In almost every instance this has been caused by the carelessness of parents. It is the duty of every mother to watch the growth of her children's teeth; and if any of them appear to be growing in an irregular manner, she should cause them to be put in proper order by a dentist. Some American mothers are scrupulously careful on this point, and they have, accordingly, the satisfaction of seeing their children grow up with rows of fine teeth.

Self-service. Accustom your children to use their hands as well as their heads. Teach them that they must learn to serve themselves; that they can not expect always to be ministered to by servants or by their mothers.

All boys and girls should acquire a habit of keeping their clothes as neat

and clean as possible, and of laying them by for future use. Girls, in particular, can not too early learn to fold up and put away their clothes, and to acquire other habits of neatness and order.

At the proper age, girls should be taught to knit, darn, and sew. The ability to make and mend their own garments will to many prove little less than a fortune. The art of mending is at least indispensable; and no mother performs her duty who does not insist on her daughters acquiring this accomplishment. Every girl should be made to understand that a hole in her stockings or gloves, or any similar defect in her dress, is a mark of personal indolence.

Boys and girls as they grow up, should equally acquire the power of doing many little things which will prove useful in life. We know the father of a family who insists on each of his children learning how to tie different kinds of knots, to tie up parcels with cord, to draw a cork, to light a fire, to cut the leaves of a book, to deliver a message, to arrange books on shelves, to brush their clothes, to pack a trunk, etc. Each of his boys is taught how to fold a coat for traveling. There is much practical wisdom in these instructions.

Money. Young people should be accustomed to the use and value of money. Where it can be at all afforded, they should be given a trifle of pocket-money weekly, the amount perhaps being regulated by good conduct. By this means they will generally learn by experience that money is easily spent and lost, and that it needs to be husbanded if any thing important is to be bought. If deprived of money altogether, they will covet that belonging to others; and when at length they enter the world, and are intrusted with funds, they will in all probability become heedless spend-thrifts. That money is a representative of the savings of labor, and not got without patient industry, is one of the lessons which a parent will not fail to impart to his children.

OBEDIENCE, DILIGENCE, AND TRUTH.

IT is said that when the mother of Washington was asked how she had formed the character of her son, she replied that she had early endeavored to teach him three things: obedience, diligence and truth. No better advice can be given by any parent.

Teach your children to obey. Let it be the first lesson. You can hardly begin too soon. It requires constant care to keep up the habit of obedience, and especially to do it in such a way as not to break down the strength of the child's character.

Teach your children to be diligent. The habit of being always employed is a great safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of almost every virtue. Nothing can be more foolish than an idea which parents have, that it is not respectable to set their children to work. Playing is a good thing, innocent recreation is an employment, and a child may learn to be diligent in that as in other things; but let them learn to be useful. As to truth, it is the one essential thing. Let every thing else be sacrificed rather than that. Without it, what dependence can you place on your child? And be sure to do nothing yourself to give the lie to your own precepts.

Learning is not wisdom: we may master all the lore of antiquity, be conversant with all the writings, the sayings and the actions of the mighty dead—we may fathom science, read the heavens, understand their laws and their revolutions, dive into mysteries of matter, and explain the phenomena of earth and air; yet if we are not able to weigh our own actions and requirements with the action of others in the balance of even-handed, impartial justice, and repine not at the verdict; if we have not yet obtained the perfect knowledge and perfect government of ourselves, and strictly and faithfully maintained the secret spring of minds, the fountain of our opinions and motives of our action, if we have not yet

learned that "love is the fulfilling of the law"—*we are not wise*—we are as yet only on the threshold of knowledge.

FASHIONABLE WOMEN.

FASHION kills more women than toil and sorrow. Obedience to fashion is a greater transgression of the laws of woman's nature, a greater injury to her physical and mental constitution, than the hardships of poverty and neglect.

The slave-woman at her tasks will live and grow old, and see two or three generations of her mistresses pass away. The washerwoman, with scarce a ray of hope to cheer her in her toils, will live to see her fashionable sisters all die around her. The kitchen maid is hearty and strong, when her lady has to be nursed like a sick baby. It is a sad truth that fashion-pampered women are almost worthless for all the great ends of human life. They have not force of character; they have still less power of moral will, and quite as little physical energy. They live for no great purpose in life, they accomplish no worthy ends; are only doll-forms in the hands of milliners and servants, to be dressed and fed to order. They dress nobody; they feed nobody; they instruct nobody; they bless nobody; and save nobody. They write no books; they set no rich examples of virtue, and womanly life. If they rear children, servants and nurses do it all, save to conceive and give them birth. And when reared, what are they? What do they ever amount to, but weaker actions of the old stock? Who ever heard of a fashionable woman's child exhibiting any virtue or power of mind for which it became eminent? Read the biographies of our great and good men and woman. Not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprang from plain, strong minded woman, who had about as little to do with fashion as with the changing clouds.

MONTHLY DIGEST OF NEWS.

CONGRESS re-assembled on Monday the 1st December, at noon. Of the three hundred and two members comprising both houses, but thirty-nine were absent. Mr. Phelps presented the credentials of Mr. Whitfield, delegate from Kansas. A debate arose concerning Mr. Whitfield's right to a seat, which resulted in a refusal to admit him by a majority of fifty-seven.

The President's message was sent in the next day at noon. After a due consideration of his own and other peoples' politics, Mr. Pierce treats of the condition of the country clearly and concisely. The fiscal receipts of the year sum up as follows: From Customs, \$84,000,000; other sources, \$9,918,141; balance on hand, July 1, 1855, \$18,931,976. Total receipts of the year, \$92,850,117. The expenditures are: Ordinary expenses, \$37,172,402; Mexican debt, \$3,000,000; public debt, \$12,776,300. Total expenditures, \$72,948,792.

The average expenditures of the past five years, deducting payments upon the Mexican public debt, have been but about \$48,000,000. A reduction of the revenue from customs is thus justified and recommended. Changes in the distribution of the troops, and an increase of the naval force are urged. The sales of public lands for the year have been 9,227,878 acres, for which \$3,821,414 has been received. There have been located with military scrip and land warrants 30,100,230 acres; and 16,878,699 acres have been surveyed and are now ready for market. The expenditures of the Post-Office Department were \$10,407,868; receipts, \$7,620,801, showing a deficiency of \$2,787,046, an increase of \$774,000 over last year.

With regard to our foreign relations we are informed that, as to Great Britain, the Central American difficulty is in process of adjustment, and the Fishery Treaty works well. Nothing has yet come of our efforts to escape payment of the Sound Dues. With Spain little progress has been made in settling old difficulties, and, what is still more remarkable, no new ones have arisen. The proceedings of our government and those of Europe concerning privateering, blockade and immunity of private property in time of war are rehearsed. From Mexico our citizens continue to suffer wrongs. Though a temporary necessity existed for the temporary recognition of Walker's government, its prospects are now too unsettled to allow of any decisive action.

The Report of the Secretary of the Navy is an interesting one. The estimates for the support of the Navy and Marine Corps for the next year amount to \$3,912,979. The Naval Academy and Observatory both con-

tinue to prosper. Better provision and higher wages are recommended for sailors, to promote enlistment. The feasibility of a sub-Atlantic telegraph is considered established. Our new steam-frigates are all afloat, and the most sanguine expectations of the department have been realized.

ASIDE from the discussion of the President's Message, the business of Congress may be summed up pretty much as follows: In the Senate, the election of the Rev. Mr. Hill, a Baptist minister of Washington, as Chaplain, and the appointment by the President of J. G. Harrison, of Kentucky, as Judge for Kansas, in the place of Judge Lecompte, removed. On the 9th December Mr. Whitfield's claims to a seat, were again urged upon the House. The former vote was reconsidered and Mr. Whitfield was admitted by a majority of four. A bill was introduced authorizing the Postmaster General to make a contract with Cornelius Vanderbilt to carry the mails between New York and Liverpool for the sum of \$16,608 for the round trip. In case the steamers employed by Mr. Vanderbilt are unable to make as good time as the Cunarders, then one thousand dollars to be deducted for every twelve hours deficiency. Some private bills were also attended to. The agitation of the expediency of opening the slave trade resulted in the adoption of the following resolution, offered by Mr. Etheridge, of Tenn., by 95 majority. *Resolved*, That this House regard all suggestions or propositions of every kind, by whomsoever made, for the revival of the slave trade, as shocking to the moral sentiments of the enlightened portion of mankind; any act on part of Congress or legislature, conniving at or legalizing that horrid and inhuman traffic, would justly subject the United States to the reproach and execration of all civilized and Christian people throughout the world. Mr. Orr's resolution, simply declaring it inexpedient, unwise, and contrary to the policy of the United States to repeal laws prohibiting the African slave trade, was agreed to, only eight voting in the negative.

A TREATY has recently been negotiated between the United States and Venezuela, and it is considered by Secretary Marcy as one of great importance to the United States, as it adjusts all the difficulties which have existed between the governments.

PRIVATE advices from London state that the cable of the New York, New Foundland and London Telegraph Company is being manufactured at the rate of ten or twelve miles per day, and that there is no doubt that the whole will be completed before next June.

MINNESOTA is about to take the initiatory steps for admission into the Union as a state, through its delegate, Mr. Rice. It is estimated that a census to determine the number of representatives to which she would be entitled, if taken now, would show a population of nearly or quite two hundred thousand, and that, by the time it shall be taken, it will amount to a number sufficient to give this flourishing territory a right to at least three representatives. In 1860 it is estimated that her population will have become half a million, and that, even with the highest probable ratio of representation, she will be entitled to four representatives.

THE Canadian Parliament is called *pro forma* for the 13th of January next. . . The Board of Trade of Toronto have expressed the opinion that the Hudson's Bay Co.'s territories should be thrown open to commercial enterprise. This question in Canada has assumed the form of a regular agitation. . . A meeting in favor of establishing a line of propellers between Chicago and Montreal was held during the week, and resolutions were adopted in favor of the project. . . Public feeling is strong in favor of a reciprocity treaty between Canada and the West Indies.

CALIFORNIA NEWS.—The election for President in California had resulted in favor of the democracy. The vote polled was: Buchanan, 60,000; Fillmore, 35,000; Fremont, 19,000. The Legislature is also democratic. Further advices give bad accounts of Walker. It is stated that he had been driven from every place where he had obtained a footing, with the exception of the transit routes. The last accounts report that four hundred of his force, after fighting for nine days, were at Grenada surrounded by the Costa Rican, Salvador and Guatamala forces. Gen. Walker was on board a steamer on the lake, without communication with his army, and his men were suffering for the want of provisions and clothing, and were dying off by disease.

GEN. HARNEY and suite had arrived at Key West on a tour of inspection to the different posts there. Flags of truce were hoisted at all the posts through the country, for the purpose of calling in the Indians for a talk, and if possible to bring them into terms of peace.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THERE was little actual change in the aspect of political affairs, but it was evident that the diplomatic complications which have resulted from the treaty of Paris were tending toward serious consequences if not speedily solved in a friendly manner. The Czar had not receded from his position on the Bolgrad boundary question, nor given up his claim to the Isle of Serpents, and demanded the assembling of another Conference before he

would do so. France was in accord with Russia in this view of the case. The Neapolitan minister left Paris on the 27th ult., and went to Brussels to which court he was also accredited.

FROM the accounts received from the wine growing districts in France and Germany, it seems probable that unless the vintage of 1857 should prove more than usually abundant, we shall have wines at higher prices than for many years past. The total yield of the French vineyards this year has not been more than one-fifth of an average crop, whilst the yield of the German vineyards is little more favorable.

FROM England the report is, that business has greatly improved, and the financial crisis is thought to be over. The bank, however, has not yet reduced the rate of discount. The French government is said to be considering the propriety of making gold the standard of the circulation.

THE United States Corvette Constellation had arrived in the Golden Horn, and exchanged her salute with the batteries of Topkhane. The appearance of a man-of-war not belonging to the Allies caused rather an excitement, especially as the first report had enlarged her into a sixty gun frigate.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL details are given of the origin of the insurrection at Malaga, on the 12th of last month, which show that it was a formidable political revolt, and not a mere smuggling transaction, as was originally asserted.

MR. JAMES MANSFIELD, a gentleman who though not very tall was of the most remarkable diameter, died Nov. 9, at Debden, England, in his 82d year. His circumference is stated at nine feet, and his weight 462 lbs.

THE Anglo-Saxon alliance was still in a precarious state, and a political and national war of words was waged daily between the newspapers of London and Paris.

THE news of Mr. Buchanan's election created considerable sensation in Madrid, where he is looked upon as the candidate of the Cuban filibusters.

AN explosion recently took place on board the West India Mail steamer Parana, at Southampton, killing three men and wounding nine others.

IN Turkey, Ali Pacha, the new minister of foreign affairs and the chief supporter at Court of the English interest, had resigned his office.

SWITZERLAND holds good her determination to assert the independence of the Canton of Neuchâtel from Prussian control.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

WHAT WE BREATHE.

BREATHING is the primary condition of life, and depending upon it momentarily as we do for our existence, we are certainly far less particular about the quality of what we breathe than we are about other less important necessities of our lives. Many persons will smother in a foul atmosphere, and wonder why their physical systems become so prostrate, without in the least suspecting that they are robbing themselves of nature's first demand for existence. People of sedentary habits, whose time is spent in close, heated rooms, where the blood becomes vitiated and cold for the want of its proper air-bath in the lungs; and the limbs benumbed and chilled for want of proper exercise, will heap on more fire in order to secure the desired warmth, thus burning out more completely that very element in the air which they needed most to keep them warm. This they do instead of taking a few rapid turns across the room by way of exercise, or throwing open the windows in order to let in fresh, oxygenated air, which the lungs and blood would gather as fuel for producing the most wholesome warmth in the world. Such people require continually an increase of heat, and become so accustomed to overheated, and consequently thin-aired apartments, that the uncleansed blood becomes every day thinner and paler, and the extremities more numb and cold, until there is not internal fire enough left to support life, and they die, not from a sudden deprivation of breath, as nature intended they should, but from a long continued want of it.

Persons who are occupied with hurrying, absorbing labor during the day, will often forget the air they are breathing until it becomes too oppressive to endure, and as day after day they become more accustomed to this oppression, they seem to grow wholly oblivious of its consequences, and live on repining at their physical wretchedness; as if the broad world did not contain air enough for them to breathe.

But while many persons thus voluntarily deprive themselves of that which nature has

provided to supply the first requirement of existence, there are many who are deprived of pure air by circumstances over which they have little or no control.

Those who live in the crowded quarters of large cities, belong to this class, especially those of the poor whom necessity drives in large numbers to inhabit small and ill-ventilated apartments, and where the quarter in which they live, can not, with its constant vitiation, supply pure air enough for its teeming inhabitants to breathe.

Such people, either from personal uncleanness, or from employment in uncleanly occupations, will each of them vitiate an undue proportion of the atmosphere, and, indeed, families thus crowded, usually know little about cleanliness in their mode of life, and have little encouragement to practice it if they do. Many such persons, it is true, are obliged for a portion of the day to labor in the open air, and are thus in a measure saved from the baneful effects of the foul dens in which they live; but there are yet many who are forced to remain in them day after day, and the results in vitiating the blood and vitiating the health, in vitiating the appetites, and vitiating the morals, are incalculably bad. A person used to a pure atmosphere can scarcely draw a breath in one of these crowded dwellings without a sense of suffocation. If such persons understand—as they rarely do—their want of pure air, and throw up their windows to obtain it, they will usually be greeted by a flood of coal smoke from the surrounding chimneys, or the foul effluvia from some ill-kept yard or cess-pool near.

Many a little grave in the potter's field will attest the fearful results of this wholesale poisoning; for we believe that as many children perish in the verge of life for want of pure air, which is nature's first demand, as from any one cause whatever. In many cases this poisoning of young children is wholly unnecessary, and proceeds from a blind watchfulness on the part of its mother or nurse. Many a child has perished or grown rickety from the multitude of its blankets, the undue heat of its apartments, or the

anxiety with which the mother cried, "Don't open that door," whenever an attempt of the kind was made.

We all know the ill-effects which an infant or an invalid may experience from a direct and continued draft of air, but this evil seems to be much better understood than that which comes from a want of pure air for the lungs. And there are many apartments where the opening and shutting the doors in winter is really almost their only mode of ventilation. Where this is the case, and a room can only be ventilated by the raising of windows, or the opening, or *fanning* of the doors, it can easily be done in such a way that the most delicate person need not suffer from the draft, if only a little thought is used in the operation.

The following statistics with regard to the contamination of air in crowded quarters of cities, will have much interest to all who care what we breathe : *

"Let us suppose a family — one of which there are hundreds of examples, consisting of ten adult persons, dwelling in a small, ill-ventilated house, and negligent of personal and domestic cleanliness, and further, that the time severally passed within-doors by the ten individuals, some of whom are constantly at home, while others are temporarily absent, amounts in the aggregate to twelve hours out of every twenty-four. The amount of effete matters thrown out by the lungs and skin, by such a family, within their dwellings in one month, is five hundred pounds; in six months, 3033 pounds, four ounces; and in one year, 6083 pounds, four ounces. Though by far the greater part of these secretions consist of carbonic acid, water, and salts, yet the *quantity of ejected animal matter* is not inconsiderable. It amounts in one month to six pounds, three ounces, and in one year to seventy-six pounds, ten pennyweights." Taking the people of a city in mass, the following statistics are given :

"If we assume as a numeral basis a population equal to 200,000 adults, it will be found, if calculated as in former examples,

that the entire pulmonary and cutaneous egesta amount in one month to 20,000,000 pounds; in six months to 121,333,333 pounds; and in one year to 293,832,233 pounds; and that the *exhaled animal matter alone*, amounts in the first of these periods to 250,000 pounds; in the second, 1,516,666; and in the last to 3,041,665."

Now, if this matter, as a large portion of it does, must rankle in the air, what must the inhabitants of cities breathe? The compiler of these statistics goes on to say: "Populate a city as densely as are the alleys and courts of many cities, and the consequence will be that the whole population will feel the influence of an *idio miasmatic* atmosphere, and disease be extensively produced." It is computed that in London one in thirty-nine die annually.

"But if the rate of mortality were one in fifty, in place of one in thirty-nine, as it is in several large towns of England, and in the healthier parts of the metropolis itself, there would be an annual saving of 10,278 lives. In the metropolis there are about two hundred and sixty-six deaths every week, nearly thirty-eight deaths a day, or considerably more than one every hour, *over and above* what ought to happen in the common course of nature. Now it has been calculated that for every death which takes place, there are twenty-eight cases which do not end fatally. We have therefore 388,296 cases of sickness occurring in the metropolis every year which are unnecessary and preventable: 13,832 lives could be saved — more than a third of a million of cases could be prevented!"

Those persons who, by their uncleanly habits, or a selfish disregard of the well-being of others, fail to remove as far as possible these causes of disease, are contributing largely to the wholesale murder consequent upon the dense population of cities. Indeed, there are many ways in which the selfish and indifferent can contrive to rob those who are really fainting for the pure air of heaven, of the due share that was ordained for them. Go into a close railroad car in the winter and notice the crowd about the over-heated stove, throwing their apple-parings, and peanuts, and bits of cheese upon the already steaming and poisonous surface, and tell us if they are not robbing every respectable

* These statistics are gathered from a "Report of the Sanitary Police of Cities," by our townsman, JAMES M. NEWMAN, M., D. which comes opportunely to hand while we are writing, and which all writers in cities will do well to read."

person in the car of that approach to purity of atmosphere, which might otherwise have been obtained, and consequently of a portion of life: See the smoker on the platform, whiffing away with the greatest self-gratulation, in the enjoyment of his cigar, while the foul effluvia of his tobacco-smoke penetrates every crevice of the swift-rushing car, and pours through the ever-opening door, causing ladies and children, already exhausted with long travel, to bow their heads in an agony of nausea and pain, from which they will not recover for days after the cigar which caused their misery has been enjoyed (?) and forgotten; and tell us if he is not for his own momentary gratification robbing others of their rightful portion of comfort and life?

The tired sewing-girl, or the weary invalid, snatches a rare moment of time or strength, and goes out into the street, hoping to find there the pure atmosphere of which the lungs are so much in need, but just in front of her she finds some laborer with his pipe, pouring out its nauseous cloud, and poisoning every breath which she might otherwise obtain. She crosses the street, hoping to breathe freely there, but a gentleman with his cigar is just enough in advance to give her the full benefit of the poison he deals out, and sick and exhausted she turns homeward, to find in her own close apartment a purer atmosphere than the streets can afford. Of the use of tobacco by those who choose to use it we have nothing to say. It is a kind of suicide not forbidden by law; but the right of a gentleman thus to rob others of air and comfort, and life, we can not fail to question. And yet many would wonder that its propriety should be doubted, because, indeed, *it is sanctioned by custom*. We all know that a hatred of tobacco is indigenous to the soil of human nature, and can only be eradicated by the most persevering efforts. To be sure when a child has been reared from its cradle under a canopy of tobacco smoke, it may come to regard it as its native air. But with those who have grown up in a pure atmosphere, a love of the weed can only be acquired after crushing out a most serious revolt of nature.

However, we had not thought of taking up arms against the overwhelming army of

smokers, but only of giving tobacco-smoke its due place among the list of poisons we must breathe, and of questioning whether this peculiar kind of gratification might not be enjoyed in places where it would not rob the already gasping denizens of cities of such a portion of pure air as they might otherwise appropriate.

The subject of ventilation is one which has attracted much attention for some years past, and yet the most approved modes of ventilation are now to be found only in our public buildings, and in the dwellings of the rich. Public buildings in which crowds are apt to assemble are of course the places which require most thorough ventilation, for with all the means that ingenuity can invent, it can not fail to be injurious to remain long in the seething atmosphere of these crowded apartments. This should be an additional inducement to public lecturers and all others who entertain people in large masses to be pithy and brief, for, aside from a regard to the health of their audience, they should remember that wit and wisdom, however brilliant, will appear dull and heavy to those who are breathing the dull and heavy atmosphere which has become poisoned by the noxious vapors from so many lungs.

It is an obvious duty with parents to see that the apartments in which their children are sent to school are sufficiently *ventilated*, and no amount of taxation necessary to secure this end should be regarded, for it is far better to tax the property than the health which children are to inherit. Almost all young children are taught in masses so large that the individual comfort of each one can not be *very* closely attended to by those employed to instruct them. In order to secure the quiet necessary for imparting instruction, the children must be placed and kept in ranges of seats, some of which are near to, and some remote from the warming apparatus, which is usually one of those red hot stoves that Downing has called "*the favorite poison of America*." In securing requisite warmth for all, the room is apt to become overheated; and though the teacher may be fully aware that the air of the apartment is unfit to breathe, yet, where the only mode of cleansing it is by the opening of a window or a door, it can rarely be done in these crowded

rooms without a direct draft being thrown upon some little child who is too young to know whether he is taking cold from it or not. In schools for older children the difficulty is not so great, for they can understand and explain their wants better, and have usually more space allotted them; but there are no rooms in the world which want more careful ventilation than the primary apartments of our public schools.

HOUSEKEEPER'S HOME.

FOOD FOR THE NURSERY.—M. Soyer, in one of the letters in his "Modern Housewife," says: "I must call your special attention to the manner in which many people treat this department of domestic comfort, which is often very slight and irregular. Now for my part I have made quite a study of it, and could prove that health is *always* dependant on the state of the digestive organs; and that if you should improperly treat young stomachs, by over or under-supplying their wants, or using them to ill-cooked food, you not only destroy the functionary coating of the stomach, but also impede the development of the intellect. It is then as much a science to manage the food of children as to cater for the palate of the gourmet; and I shall always consider that good food is to the body what education is to the mind."

For "preparing that glutinous food upon which our ancestors and race were first reared, rather unclassically denominated *pap*," he gives the following recipes:

"Put two ounces of rusk in a small saucepan, with just water enough to moisten them; set the saucepan upon the fire until its contents are thoroughly warmed through; pour a little of the water away if too thin, pressing the rusk with a spoon; then add a teaspoonful of brown sugar, and beat the whole to a pulp; it is then ready for use."

French mode: "Put a tablespoonful of flour in a *pap* saucepan, to which add by degrees two gills of milk, mixing it into a very smooth batter. Place the saucepan upon the fire, and let it boil for ten minutes, keeping it stirred the whole time, or it is liable to burn or become brown; then add about half an ounce of sugar and a little salt; put it into a basin and it is ready for use."

For bread and milk which is given as "the

proper diet of children of twelve months old," we have the following rule:

"Cut about two ounces of any white bread into small thin slices, which put into a small basin, or a large breakfast cup. In a little saucepan have half a pint of milk, which when upon the point of boiling, pour over the bread; cover the cup over five minutes and it is ready for use."

"I much prefer this method to that of boiling the bread and milk together. In first commencing to feed a child upon the above, I always added a little sugar, which I withdrew by degrees, as I do not like to accustom children to too much sweets, as it inclines them when a little older to be always wanting sweet stuff, which often spoils the best set of teeth. And here let me remark that the finest fortune you can give to your children is health, and as loving mothers, while we have them under our control, it is our duty to study their little comforts, and direct their first steps in life in the road of happiness. * * * When my children were about eighteen months or two years old, I used to give them a little tender meat, such as boiled mutton, and broth, but in very small quantities, keeping still for the general food the bread and milk and porridge."

We could not avoid giving these simple rules of diet for the nursery; they differ so widely from that adopted by many people in this country, whose little children before they are fairly able to sit alone on the floor, may be seen with bits of cake, or doughnuts, or even pieces of meat in their hands, regaling themselves satisfactorily, in order that they may be quiet for the moment, and groan out years of dyspeptic misery in consequence, thereafter.

Dyspepsia has been called a disease peculiar to this country, and we have no doubt but a large proportion of it is thus fostered by improper diet in infancy.

For children between two years of age and eight or ten, M. Soyer gives bread and milk for breakfast; dinner of plain roast or boiled mutton or beef, with plain bread, rice or pease puddings, baked apples, etc., and bread and milk again for supper.

If the trouble and expense of a separate nursery table can be afforded, it would undoubtedly be better, for young children

would not then have their appetites tempted by the richer food upon which older people usually regale themselves, and with a proper person who has nothing to do but wait upon them during the meal, their manners at table would be better attended to; and this proper person had better be the mother. But most people among us cannot afford this addition to the household machinery, and in this case it would be benevolence and wisdom on the part of the parents to bring their own diet as far as consistent within the limits of that which it is proper for their children to eat. They would lose nothing in health, comfort, or income by this procedure.

PROPER HOURS FOR TAKING FOOD.—There is probably as much harm done by allowing children to eat at all kinds of improper hours, as by giving them improper food. Children should from their birth be accustomed to take food at regular intervals, and though these periods occur more frequently in infancy, every child should, as early as possible, accustom himself to take all the food that nature requires, at the regular periods in which his meals are prepared. Where children are allowed to eat at all hours of the day, whenever it may occur to them to do so they will mix the taking of food in with their amusements, and eat to surfeiting because they are tired of their toys and do not know what else to do. And parents who permit this are just as sure to have sickly children as they are to allow the unwise indulgence.

Chambers says on this subject: The selfish or lower feelings are first in the individual to call for attention, and they may therefore be first treated in this place.

That early developed instinct which regards food, is so liable to be over-indulged by a mistaken kindness, that we feel particularly called upon to give a warning with regard to it.

The unavoidable effect of such over-indulgence is to produce pampering and fastidious habits, equally degrading to the moral as they are dangerous to the physical system. The food of the young should never be otherwise than simple, if we were merely to regard their health; still more should it be so, if we would preserve in them manly and hardy habits. On the rare occasions when a little treat is afforded, care should of course be ta-

ken that it is of a nature in all respects harmless. Comfits should be few and far between, if ever given at all; and rewards and punishments should never have reference to edible things. As to liquor of any kind, such as men are themselves but too much accustomed to indulge in, certainly one drop should never enter the lips of a young person on any pretext whatever. There are few sights more distressing to a reflecting mind than that of parents handing the so fatal wine-cup to their children.

The quantity of food given to the young should never be stinted from penurious or ascetic motives; but it is very certain that great errors are committed in giving too much and too frequently. Eating is altogether too much a matter of habit, and that with regard to quantity as well as quality. The amount actually required for the efficient support of the system is, under natural circumstances, not great; it is generally much exceeded.

There is therefore, room for a judicious restriction, within the range of common practice. It is but a result of the general law that a systematic moderation at this period of life will lead to easily maintained temperance in future days, and thus be productive of the greatest blessings.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. P. A. C. Our premiums are awarded to those procuring subscribers at club prices, and it is not necessary that the *Magazines* should be sent to one address, or to one post office. The *HOME* and *CASKET* are *not* sent to one address for \$1.50 except in clubs. You are already entitled, by our rates, to a copy of each for the ensuing year.

Mrs. N. K. P. Our recent illness has accumulated so much work upon our hands that we cannot reply individually to our numerous correspondents, as we would in many cases be glad to do. Our rules entitle you to copies of *HOME* and *CASKET* for the ensuing year.

Mrs. SIGOURNEY sends us a charming letter from New York, and furnishes again for our pages the useful and valued efforts of her writing genius. Some welcome contributions were received too late to appear in this number, and will find a place in our next.

THE HOME:

A Monthly for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

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CAROLINE DOROTHEA HERSCHEL.

BY MRS. C. A. HALBERT.

MISS CAROLINE HERSCHEL has always seemed to us a beautiful example of that wise arrangement of Providence, by which, scattered here and there through all the ranks of life, we find females of superior endowments left free from domestic and maternal cares, to fill various untitled but most necessary posts in society. Although the avocations of science belong more properly to the province of man, there are some departments for which woman, by her tact and quickness of conception, and her habits of minute investigation, is even better fitted. At the present day, when la-

dies have become so exceedingly tenacious of their civil and political rights, and so intent on enlarging the sphere of their activities, might not some with profit turn their attention to the great and healthful pursuits of science? There is in our country a very large class of females upon whom life *forces* no claims. Raised by wealth far above the necessity of daily toil, moving in a circle which spurns the dignified and peculiarly feminine employment of teaching, because it wears the stamp of *labor*, willing to delegate all their family duties to servants and hirelings, they pass their days without one fixed

and continuous purpose, or one real effort to evolve the rich and profound meaning of life. To such, fitted as they are or may be by culture for study, scientific pursuits offer a radical cure for the ennui of existence. They may not with Humbolt or Audubon explore the unbroken solitudes of distant and savage lands, ford unbridged streams, or follow the tangled paths of the forest, but they may, with our admirable countrywoman, Miss Cooper, trace the windings of their own sunny streams, mark the bountiful order of the seasons, in the unfolding of bud and blossom, and notice with care the habits of bird, insect, and plant. If they do not aspire to write a book, (and Heaven forbid that they should,) let them at least keep a record of their daily observations, which shall prove in after years a sweet "*In Memorium*" of past enjoyments. Let them leave subtle speculations and learned theories to man if they will, but let them not fail to receive those gentle lessons of wisdom which Nature drops silently into the hearts of all her meek and docile disciples. And let not her who dwells in crowded streets, and far from meadows and pebbly brooks, say, this wisdom is not for me. Are not the heavens above her, and is not cloud-land hers? Do not the stars lead out their hosts, and the winds marshal themselves above the town as well as the country? Blessed be the hand that stretched out the heavens, upon which nightly the wanderer on the desert, the mariner on the ocean, and the dweller in "fenced cities" may gaze with an equal joy.

Prominent in the small list of those who have dedicated themselves to scientific pursuits, stands the name of Caroline Herschel. She was born at Hanover, March 16th, 1750. Although intimately associated through a long life with the first astronomers of her times, and widely known for her own scientific labors, she led a life of such singular seclusion and beautiful propriety, that very little of her private history has escaped the circle of her

immediate friends. We should like to know more of her early days, to look into her young heart and see if there were no follies and youthful levities there, no disappointments which weaned her from the world, and led her into a retirement as complete as that of the cloistered nun. It is probable that she was led into her grave and isolated habits, not only by sisterly affection, but from the natural bent of a singularly serious and thoughtful mind. She became so habituated to the laborious and abstract researches of the observatory, that to her the severest studies of other ladies must have seemed a light pastime.

However we view the character of Miss Herschel, it was entirely feminine. She undertook astronomy in the first instance, not to make herself a name, but that she might lighten the labors and share the vigils of her favorite brother, Sir William Herschel. Afterward when she began to fill up the small intervals of time which his occasional absence or other occupation gave her, with her own independent researches, it was because, from long habit, as well as native taste, she found the solitude of the study more congenial than the polite frivolity of the drawing-room. Probably we shall never know how essentially she contributed to those great discoveries which have made her eminent brother a patriarch in science, or how many of his sublime *results* were reached by her noiseless and patient labors. Certainly by relieving him of the tedious and plodding part of his calculations, she kept his mind fresh for new and expansive speculations.

She was his constant companion throughout his whole career, as inseparable as his telescope — nearly as indispensable. When he removed she accompanied him. She read the astronomical clock for him, noted his observations, and afterward reduced them from the rough draft, to a neat and available form. For his sake she cheerfully consented to change all the natural habits of her life, to begin her

day with the stars, and seek brief repose under the garish light of noon-day.

When every aspect of nature invited to rest, when curtains were drawn, and the fireside and pleasant book looked attractive, when the house-dog lay on the soft rug, and winter winds whistled without, then Miss Herschel was accustomed to leave her quiet corner, wrap herself in warm garments, and join her brother in his studies. Often in the severest weather she would watch patiently in the cold observatory for hours, while some obscuring cloud passed away, or some lagging star mounted slowly to its meridian. From the dreary height she could look down on pleasant homes, from which cheerful lights gleamed, and brilliant halls where the daughters of fashion danced to softest music. One by one the lights faded, the weary cottagers sought their beds, and even the revelers no longer tired the ear of night with their unharmonious strains. The last footsteps died from the frozen street, and the world slept — all but the watchers in the tower.

Besides what is incorporated in the works of her brother, Miss Herschel found time to make valuable contributions to science in her own name. Her observations were carried on with a small Newtonian sweeper, which her brother constructed for her especial use. This beautiful little telescope was her favorite companion, and if not so fashionable a pet as a poodle, was at least as rational. Her principal works were "A Catalogue of Stars," supplemental to the "British Catalogue," "A General Index of Reference to every Observation of every Star inserted in the British Catalogue," and also a "Zone Catalogue." These were all works of great utility, as well as most careful research.

It is not to be supposed that a life so singularly useful to science escaped the notice and plaudits of the learned. The Astronomical Society of London voted her a gold medal in 1828, and elected her an honorary member.

She was also a member of the Royal Irish Academy, and received testimonials from many other learned bodies. George III. marked his esteem by a pension, which supplied her modest wants. Her last days were not disturbed by those anxieties which so often embitter the old age of those who have spent their prime in literary labors.

She returned to Germany on the death of her brother in 1822, and spent the last twenty-six years of her life in her native Hanover. So far from feeling that painful vacancy sometimes experienced by those who drop the fixed habits and activities of life in old age, and seek repose in indolence, she retained her vigor and strength of mind to the last. Having buried all her early cotemporaries, and seen the second generation tottering to their graves, she had still power and will for executing the work of an ordinary lifetime. Her memory was very acute, and she dwelt with great delight on the scenes of former days. She gave the world a noble exemplification of the serene old age which may be expected to follow a life spent in harmony with the laws of health and virtue, in tranquil and active pursuits. We can scarcely represent to ourselves a more interesting object than this venerable matron, standing on the brink of her second century, holding in her capacious mind the whole progress of science for more than four score years, watching the successful conclusion of investigations which had been commenced in the solitude of her brother's study, blessed with the affectionate care of relatives, and the benedictions of the wise, and yet retaining the beautiful humility and simple habits of her youth. We notice in her, what we have always remarked in the highest disciples of science, a child-likeness of nature, and a capacity for simple and solitary enjoyment. She had, too, that genuine enthusiasm which, unlike the excitements of business life, leaves its possessor unworn as years pass on, or

rather seems to endow him with a perpetual youth.

In 1847 Miss Herschel celebrated her ninety-seventh birthday. On that remarkable anniversary she received the gratulations of her numerous friends, among whom she reckoned some of illustrious rank. "The king of Hanover sent to compliment her; the Prince and Princess Royal visited her; and the latter presented her with a magnificent arm-chair embroidered by herself; and the king of Prussia sent her a gold medal awarded for the extension of the sciences."

She did not live to see another birthday, but died full of years and honors, January 9th, 1848. She finished her long and useful life with the same tranquillity in which she had passed it, and rejoined, may we not hope, her beloved brother in the elevated pursuits of the heavenly state.

We subjoin the following eulogium of Miss Herschel, taken from Dr. Nichol's "Views of the Architecture of the Heavens:"

"The astronomer, Sir William Herschel, during these engrossing nights, was constantly assisted in his labors by a devoted maiden sister, who braved with him the inclemency of the weather, who heroically shared his privations, that she might participate in his delights, whose pen, we are told, committed to paper his notes of observations as they issued from his lips. She it was," says the best of authorities, "who, having passed the nights near the telescope, took the rough manuscripts to her cottage at the dawn of day, and produced a fair copy of the night's work on the ensuing morning. She it was who planned the labor of each succeeding night, who reduced every observation, made every calculation, and kept every thing in systematic order. She it was—Miss Caroline Herschel—who helped our astronomer to gather an imperishable name. This venerable lady has in one respect been more fortunate than her brother: she has lived to reap the full benefit of their joint glory.

"Some years ago the gold medal of our astronomical society was transmitted to her, to her native Hanover, whither she removed after Sir William's death; and the same learned society has recently inscribed her name on its roll. But she has been rewarded by yet more, by what she will value beyond all earthly pleasures: she has lived to see her favorite nephew, him who grew up under her eye unto an astronomer, gather around him the highest hopes of scientific Europe, and prove himself fully equal to tread in the footsteps of his father."

HOME LESSONS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Sing me a song," said the little girl,
As she sat on her mother's knee,
"For it makes me glad when you kindly smile,
And softly sing to me."
"Tell me a tale," said the merry boy,
As he stood by his mother's side,
But she turned away to the cradle bed,
For her waking infant cried.
"Wait, my darlings," she tenderly said,
Kissing the babe, as it clung to her breast,
So the children quietly bow'd the head,
Believing the mother's time was best:—
And the blessed seed of patience fell
Into their hearts and rooted well.

At the door, an aged man appeared,
With locks all silvery white,
And the mother rose up, when she saw her sire,
With a smile of love and light,—
She placed for him the great arm-chair,
While her voice like silver clear,
Pour'd a gentle tide of cheering thought
Into his deafen'd ear,—
Till he forgot that his blood was cold,
And talked with glee as in days of old;
So, the children learned from that household
page
The holy text of respect for age,—
And the blessing of God, is the fruit, 't is said,
Of reverence shown to the hoary head.

Rosks bloom—then they wither;
Cheeks are bright—then fade and die;
Shapes of light are wafted hither—
Then like visions hurry by.

SCOLDING MOTHERS.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROKIER.

"I DECLARE, I never did see such a young-one in all the days of my life," ejaculated Mrs. . . . to her son Johnnie, who had made himself happy for the last half hour, in making rail-roads of the parlor chairs. "You're always in mischief! there, take that and clear out," says she, violently boxing his ears.

An observer would not wonder that Johnnie is a troublesome boy—indeed, the only marvel would be that all goodness is not crushed out of his soul. But little does that passionate mother realize that she is sowing in that young heart, seed which shall spring up and yield a hundred fold of bitterness and sorrow. Little does she imagine that the lineaments of her own dark countenance are becoming impressed on that pretty child's face, which she has thus summarily banished. She thinks not that she is painting a blotted picture for that boy's memory; a picture in which the mother will appear only as a cruel, unloving monster.

Reader, do you turn away, feeling that it is not possible that woman should thus degenerate herself, that she should thus ignore her maternal nature? Alas, that it should be so true.

It has been my misfortune more than once, to occupy the same dwelling with a scolding woman, and truly I can say with the wise man, "It is better to dwell in the wilderness, than with a contentious and angry woman." If ever my soul's depths were stirred, it has been when listening to the raging storm of woman's passions, bursting, perhaps, on the defenseless head of some shrinking child. Sadly darkened must be the soul of that mother, who can, day after day, and year after year, pour out, without remorse, a torrent of harsh words upon the ears of those she really loves, wounding and crushing the hearts of the sensitive, till hatred takes the place of love, and

the evil Genius presides, where once the heavenly angel loved to linger.

O woman, woman! How great an influence thy words, thy tones of voice possess. Soft and silvery as the music of the streamlet, rich and melodious as the chime of bells, they may melt the heart's hardness, warm the affections, and kindle up the latent spark of goodness to a generous glow. Harsh and vituperative, they may kill the tender growth of hope and love, as the late frosts the buds of spring.

Mother, the echoes of your voice may linger for long years in the hearts of your children. Shall they be soft, sweet echoes, that shall seem like angel music to them, winning them to the love of God and earth, or shall they be a rough, cold clamor, driving them on to darkness and despair?

GRANDVILLE, MICH., Dec. 3, 1856.

YOUNG AMERICA.

BY TALBOT GREENE.

THE present is an age of progress. Onward is the watch-cry, and energy the pass-word. The mind has not now time to linger over the past, but to grapple with the present, and anticipate the future. More particularly is this so, here in America. Improvement follows improvement, and discovery succeeds discovery. The American is ever planning, ever scheming. No sooner does he by steam make a great and wonderful improvement on the slow paced vehicle, by fifty miles per hour, than he "casts his mind about" for something that will travel twice as fast in a second, and actually accomplishes it. Young America never fails in an undertaking, but accomplishes everything, no matter the magnitude.

We have no boys and girls in this age of progress, for Young America with one stride steps from the nursery to the dignity of manhood. You may see him at any time, upon the street, at the mature age of fifteen, with his snow white collar, his cigar, his rattan, his gentlemanly gait and his manly

airs. What are his thoughts? Thinks he about the kite, the marble, the top? No! he spurns the idea. His thoughts are on the ladies, railroads, cotton speculations, filibustering, etcetera.

Behold the children, I beg pardon — the ladies and gentlemen, at an evening party.

The lady is twelve and the gentleman fifteen years of age.

"Pray, Miss Lizzie," remarks the gentleman, "how do you enjoy the evening?"

"Oh! sadly enough, Mr. Gallagher; parties now-a-days are so tiresome, so insipid."

"I've been looking for you, dear Lizzie, all evening, for,

"I feel like one who treads alone,
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose hopes have fled, whose heart is dead,
And all but him departed."

"Why, la! Mr. Gallagher, what can be the matter? you gentlemen are always pining."

"Yes, cruel girl, and 'under some pine I'll pine away,' for

"My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers of hope and love are gone,
The worm, the canker and the grief,
Are mine alone!"

"You shock my nerves dreadfully, Mr. Gallagher, by keeping me thus in suspense. Do tell me what is the matter?"

"Why, then,

"Thou lovest another, Lizzie,
Thou lovest him alone,
Thine eyes confess it, Lizzie,
Thy look, thy word, thy tone."

"I'm sure, I don't love any one. Love may do for young shepherdesses and peasant girls, but as for me, Mr. Jacob B. Gallagher, I believe it all a fairy tale."

This, then, is a fair specimen of Young America in the ball-room. Equally forward is he in the forum, the mart, the 'change and the battle-field. He is now undermining despotism in South America. We behold him at Nicaragua, in the far south-west, and indeed, wherever a man can find a spot to rest his foot. Young America has made us what we are, a great, a happy, a free people. We love him with all

his faults. His destiny is upward and onward. He fights our battles, he preserves our dignity, he secures us privileges—he makes our Union a home for the oppressed of the world at large.

JONESBORO, TENN.

WOMAN.

BY MRS. A. C. JUDSON.

Call her not angel—say not she's divine,
A "household god," to be adored by man;
Nor yet by action, if not word, declare
She's but a toy, painted and deck'd so gay,
The tulip stands abash'd when by her side,
While bright-winged butterflies outvied, away
To be appeas'd 'mid nature's milder hues.
Nor make her yet man's toiling, drudging slave
That but to do his bidding—to prepare
Viands of luxury which he demands,
And minister to appetites depraved,
Was the great end in forming this, the last,
The crowning work of God!

Alas! full long
Hath woman been thus treated, deified,
Flattered, caressed, or trampled in the earth.
Full long hath she perverted noble powers,
Which ought to aid, instruct, and bless man-kind:

'Tis time she should arise from Lethæan sleep,
And take her true position, as the friend
Of human-kind, on life's arena broad,
Man's heaven appointed help-mate, sending
forth
A healthful influence; raising from their low
And fallen state to one of dignity,
The human brotherhood.

Let woman rouse
And act indeed, as one accountable:
A living, rational, free agent, made
In God's own image, to perform His will—
To be his helper in the great earth work
Of renovation. Thus will she stand forth
A finished model of the first design,
Worthy the noble name imparted her,
But which for those inferior has been changed,
The name of woman.

DIVINE PROTECTION.

Is thy path lonely? fear it not, for He
Who marks the sparrow fall, is guarding thee:
And not a star shines o'er thine head at night,
But he hath known that it will reach thy sight.
And not a joy can beautify thy lot,
But tells thee still, that thou art not forgot;
Nay, not a grief can darken or surprise,—
Swell in thy heart, or dim with tears thine eyes,
But it is sent in mercy and in love,
To bid thy helplessness seek strength above.

THE CAVE AT MILLS FALLS.

BY MRS. H. E. G. ARRY.

I WAS seated by a comfortable fire in the parlor of one of the hotels in a flourishing village at the west—the west of twenty years ago—not Kansas or Nebraska.

The night without was clear and cold, and the crackling of the snow under the feet of the passers-by, had a biting sound, that made me draw closer to the ruddy blaze that was roaring up the chimney. There seemed to be no other guests present to enjoy the favors of mine host, or to disturb the tranquillity of my rest after a long, cold day of travel, and, having done chivalrous duty to a hot supper, I had drawn a rocking-chair and a small table to a corner of the fire-place, and sat dividing my time between a sleepy reverie of somebody, or something, and a sleeper book that had been written by somebody, somewhere.

I felt exceedingly comfortable, and quite in a humor to be satisfied with the world in general, and myself in particular, and, indulging in the humane opinion that my own convenience was the thing of prime importance in the universe, I was fain to congratulate myself from time to time on the undisturbed possession of my quarters, and the probability that the coldness of the night would prevent the appearance of other travelers. In these congratulations, however, I was suddenly interrupted by a triumphant rattling of sleigh bells up to the door, and a sound of boisterous merriment bursting unceremoniously into the hall, and quite as unceremoniously into the parlor which I had considered so exclusively my own. They were a party of young people, numbering some ten or twelve, and evidently belonging to the country near, for they seemed quite as much at home under the roof, as I could claim to be myself, the gentlemen calling about them lustily for such good things as the house afforded, and the ladies helping themselves unhesitatingly to the comforts of the parlor.

One of the latter showed herself at once to be a beauty and a pet, from the peremptory manner in which she treated her companions, and when a devoted admirer had provided her a warm seat by the fire, she tossed her head contemptuously, and throwing down her hood upon the table, and shaking a free mass of shining ringlets over her mantle, commenced a graceful pirouette around the room. She was petit, and pert, with a foot like a gazelle, a laugh like the sound of a mimic waterfall, and a skin like the leaf of a water lily in its first bloom. She paid not the least attention to the questions or remarks of the party, until, breathless with her waltzing, she danced up to a tall, dark-eyed girl who occupied the only other rocking-chair, besides her own, which the parlor afforded, and with a series of bows and curtsies, exclaimed, "I'm tired, Lucy Ghellis—if you please ma'am, I'm tired."

"I presume so," replied the person addressed, settling back significantly into her rocking-chair. "I think any one would have a right to be tired after the performance you have just finished."

"Yes, ma'am," continued Alice, for so they called the little maiden, "and it was all for your particular benefit, ma'am, and I would like to rest, ma'am."

"Ah!" said Lucy, laughing, "then I beg you will proceed to rest."

Alice turned round, as if despairing of success in that quarter, and folding her little round arms upon her bosom, exclaimed with her mouth drawn quaintly up, "I'll be so good as to ride home with any gentleman as will procure me the possession of that same rocking-chair that Miss Ghellis monopolizes."

This brought several at once to their feet, and various and laughable were the expedients resorted to, to drive Miss Lucy from her seat.

She retained it, however, with decided composure, and a pretended ignorance of what was demanded of her, until, in the midst of their merriment on the subject, supper was announced.

I had been sufficiently amused by the party to wait with some interest for their return, but before the rattling of knives had ceased across the hall, the parlor door opened, and Alice Lyn slid quietly into the rocking-chair. When the party returned, however, the former occupant took no notice of her presence, somewhat to the chagrin of Alice, as I fancied, but, after a few moments, when the restless beauty had darted from her seat, Miss Ghellis resumed her former position with the utmost nonchalance, and the contest for the disputed chair was commenced with renewed vigor, very much in the manner of noisy child's play.

I now rose from the comfortable seat in which I had hitherto indulged, and passing it over to the party, offered it to Miss Lyn. She turned upon me with a frightened look, exclaiming, "Oh no, sir, thank you, thank you, I don't *want* a rocking-chair," and perching herself with astute dignity on the corner of a little lounge, she seemed to strive assiduously for the space of five minutes to look grave.

Miss Ghellis, however, with a dignity and politeness I had by no means expected in a party of hoydenish school girls, as I had decided them to be, apologized for having disturbed me with their noisy child's play; and I was just debating in my own mind whether I could take advantage of the opening, and continue the conversation — for there was something in her looks and manner that pleased me — when Alice Lyn once more started to her feet, and declared that she was going to Mills Falls. Some of the party remonstrated that it was quite too cold for such an expedition, but Miss Lyn, with native pertinacity, asserted that it was not cold at all, but, on the contrary, we were going to have a thaw, she had no doubt it would rain before morning. This assertion drew forth much merriment, and various proofs of the severity of the weather were adduced, but to all this Alice replied —

"I don't care for that, I know it is going to thaw, for our yellow hen

crowed to-night, and she never crows except it's going to thaw."

In the midst of the laughter which this occasioned, a young man, who had that day traveled some twenty miles from the southward, asserted that it was raining in B that morning, when he left.

"I told you so!" exclaimed Alice. "This is the last snow we shall have this winter, and I wish to see Mills Falls in the ice, before I die. Who knows but I shall be under the snow myself before another winter?"

Alice Lyn's plea prevailed, and the party were soon equipped, and set off gaily to the Falls. For myself, I sat listening till the sound of their voices died away, and then, possessed by a singular curiosity to know more of the party, and the place they were so anxious to visit, I looked for the landlord that I might inquire the direction and follow them.

I had recently finished my medical studies at an eastern university, and had been, for two or three months, traveling through the Western States in search of a location where I might win a comfortable way in the world. This was the first party of sociable young people I had seen during the winter, and, as they were the kind of people with whom I expected to pass my future life, I felt an unusual degree of interest in them.

"They have gone round by the road," said the clerk at the bar, in answer to my inquiries. "But if you don't mind the snow, you will find it much shorter to strike off right through the woods east from the village. The noise of the Falls will direct you — it is not far, in that direction."

I hesitated a moment about taking this advice, as I saw it would bring me on the opposite side of the river from the party whose steps I was following, but a second thought convinced me that this would give me all I had a right to desire — a good view of the Falls, and would lay me open to no charge of intrusion; so I took the path which had been recommended.

Once out of doors I perceived that the snow no longer crackled under the feet as it had done at nightfall, and other signs of a sudden and decisive change in the weather were so evident as to surprise me. "I should not wonder if it rained here before morning," I said to myself, as I wended my way among the tall trees that stand so grimly in a Western forest.

The black branches were now laden with their picturesque foliage of snow, and the moon, wading through thick masses of floating clouds that were gathering in the sky, left the night just dark enough to give free scope to the fancy, in the images with which it peopled the dim wood. Occasionally an owl, from some quaint niche amid the branches, would send out its shrill "tu whoo" in acknowledgment of my approach; but there was nothing else to break in upon the monotonous sound with which the rumbling Falls filled the air. The wood through which I was passing, skirted the village at no great distance from the hotel I had left; and I had not gone over three quarters of a mile, when I found myself standing on the banks of the river, at the foot of a waterfall of unusual beauty. The river leaped suddenly over a precipice of some thirty feet, and the volume of water had worn its way in the center, so as to give a crescent shape to the fall, while the ragged points of the rocks jutted far out on either side, fringed with dropping cedars — heaped with snow, and adorned with icicles of such various and beautiful forms, that a less enthusiastic person than Alice Lyn might well have wished to see Mills Falls in the ice before he died. The dance and turmoil of the water was sufficient to keep the river clear from ice for some little distance below the Falls; and tempted by the white spray that was rolling up at my feet, I stooped and dipped my hand in the water, and was surprised to find how much warmer it was than the atmosphere. The stream was one of those that take their rise in the high ridge between the lakes and the Ohio,

so that its source was many miles away to the south. While I was still wondering about the warmth of the water, my attention was arrested by the appearance of the party that I had followed from the hotel, but who, having taken a longer road than I, had only just arrived. I could hear their voices calling gaily to each other, and could distinguish the form of Alice Lyn as she danced about, and clapped her hands with bursts of unbounded admiration. Presently, a tall, dark figure advanced to the very verge of the rocks, and stood, with folded arms, gazing with silent and absorbing interest on the scene.

"Don't stand there, Lucy Ghellis — don't stand there," shouted a voice behind her, but the warning came too late. There was a crackling of the ice — a sudden shriek — and the poor girl was struggling in the mad waves below. It was no time for thought. I knew no more, until, plunging myself in the stream, I had rescued her from the turmoil of the water, and was bearing her insensible form up the bank to a naked ledge of rock that attracted my attention. On — on — I bore my fainting burden. I did not notice how or where until I laid her down upon some withered hemlock wreaths that lay heaped up in a sheltered place among the rocks.

I set myself at once about the task of resuscitation, but it was long ere I succeeded in rousing the feeble signs of life which she exhibited, and when, at last, she opened her eyes, it was only to fall off into a succession of fainting fits which must have lasted for two or three hours. I threw together some of the broken branches about me, and kindled a fire, both for the purpose of imparting warmth to the figure of my charge, and of relieving the increased darkness of the night. I was too much confused by what had occurred, to think clearly on any subject, but still I did not forget occasionally to send out my voice in a prolonged shout, in hopes of attracting the party who, I thought, must be searching for their

companion. I did not then observe, though I afterwards remembered distinctly, that the rumbling of the Falls had so much increased as to render it impossible for any human voice to be heard above the tumult.

It must have been near midnight before she was sufficiently recovered for me to attempt to leave her in search of help, and when I did so, I had proceeded but a few steps, when, horror of horrors! my feet plunged suddenly in the water of the river, and, glancing about, I saw the arch of rock that spread above us stooping darkly down unto within a few inches of the water. I had not before observed that the spot we occupied formed a wide-mouthed cave, somewhat in the form of a horse-shoe, except that the floor was an inclined plane, the upper part of which was higher than the roof of the arch that formed its mouth. This mouth was now almost concealed by water which was rapidly approaching us, and from which I could see no way of escape.

"Do you know where we are?" I cried, rushing hastily back to the spot where I had left my companion.

She half rose from her seat, and with a rapid glance about her, replied:

"Certainly; we are in the cave at Mills Falls. I know the way perfectly well. Shall we go?"

"And is this the whole of the cave?" I asked breathlessly, casting my eye back at the water upon which the fire was now throwing a fearful glare of light.

Lucy sprang to her feet with a sharp cry of alarm.

"Overtaken by a freshet in the cave," she shrieked. "The Grotto—quick! we have scarcely time to reach it;" and, gathering her shawl about her, she rushed towards a distant corner of the cave. Seizing a blazing pine-knot from the fire, I followed her steps, and leaping over the water, where it crossed my path, ascended a few steps cut in the stone, and entered, through a small aperture, into the apartment she had designated as the Grotto. The

floor of this room was several feet higher than that from which we had come; it was, indeed, a lofty, spacious apartment, with ragged arches of rock hanging dismally from the thick gloom overhead. Unconscious as I had hitherto been, I became, in a moment, painfully alive to the horrors of our situation. I could hear the crackling and crashing of the ice above us, and the swelling and roaring of the infuriated waters, as they howled madly through the cavern we had left.

"Is there no escape from this?" I asked my companion, after holding my torch aloft, and ascertaining the capabilities of the apartment.

Lucy shook her head hopelessly, with her white lips pressed tightly together.

"I must go back for wood," I said, "we must have a fire;" and I was about to return for some of the drift wood with which the lower cavern was thickly strewn, but a quick motion of her hand arrested me.

"Here is wood," she said, pointing to a place well stocked with broken branches; "we always have an illumination when we come here, and we were ready for a picnic last fall when Emma Martin died." She spoke with an effort, as if her faculties were becoming more and more benumbed with a consciousness of her situation.

"Does the water ever rise to this apartment?" I asked anxiously.

"Yes—no. I don't know," answered she confusedly, "I beg pardon; yes, I remember they were talking about the water-marks here, but the gallery yonder is higher than the summit of the Falls."

I went with my torch, and examined the place she designated. It was somewhat in the shape of a huge, old-fashioned pulpit, very high, but perfectly accessible, and could hardly fail to form a safe retreat in case the water should rise to the apartment we occupied.

"We are secure from the water, at least," said I, returning, while my hands instinctively sought the pockets

of my hunting coat, for I had made a pleasure as well as a business of this tour of discovery, and had frequently carried to the primitive taverns where I lodged a sufficient supply of game to furnish my supper and breakfast. On the evening in question, however, I had been more fortunate in the choice of a landlord, and my little stock of game remained untouched. Little enough it was, but it was all we had, dear reader, to sustain life during those long days that we remained water-bound in the cave at Mills Falls.

My examination of the cave lasted but a moment, and I sat hastily about kindling a fire, for I was young and active then, besides being prompted to activity by the wet and cold state in which we were. The dense smoke, which at first rewarded my efforts, was quickly succeeded by a rapid, crackling blaze, which threw its light over the centre of the grotto, and brought out in strong relief the marble figure of my companion, who still stood where she had first paused, watching my movements with a wistful, frozen look. A cloth pelisse fitted closely to her slight, graceful figure, and the unbound masses of her raven hair fell dripping over her bloodless cheeks, and swept like a mantle of night about her shoulders.

That statue-like figure has remained faithfully daguerretyped upon my memory ever since. I think I made some drawings of it subsequently, but when Lucy came at last to be "endowed with all my worldly goods," I suspect she destroyed this portion of them. Would you believe, dear reader, that, amid the many causes of terror around us at that moment, she was most afraid of me?—of me!—who would not only then, but at any and every subsequent moment of my life, have sacrificed everything for her comfort!

I have never fully believed it myself, though she continues to assert it, as a fact, to this day.

Her raven hair is streaked with silver now, and its heavy folds combed soberly away beneath a matron's cap,

I see her, as I raise my eyes from my paper, and peer at her through my spectacles. She sits there knitting warm stockings for our youngest pet—our Alice—asleep in her cot. Years have passed away since then, but she is still to me the same Lucy that I have loved from that moment until now.

Reader, do you wish to know how we escaped? how we appeared at last among the startled villagers, who had worn themselves out in a vain search for our remains?

For me it is enough to know that we did escape, and have been blessed with a long life of happiness since as a reward for our frozen courtship in the Cave at Mills Falls.

BLESSINGS OF POVERTY.

WE give the following remarks of a very distinguished writer on this subject, which are worthy of serious consideration: "Poverty is the nurse of manly energy and heaven climbing thoughts, attended by love, and faith, and hope, around whose steps all the breezes blow, and from whose countenance all the virtues gather strength. Look around you upon the distinguished men that in every department of life guide and control the times, and inquire what was their origin, and what their early fortunes. Were they, as a general rule, rocked and dandled in the lap of wealth? No; such men emerge from the homes of decent competence or struggling poverty. Necessity sharpens their faculties, and privation and sacrifice brace their moral natures. They learn the great art of renunciation, and enjoy the happiness of having few wants. There is not an idle fibre in their frames. They put the vigor of a resolute purpose in every act. The edge of their mind is always kept sharp. In the schools of life, men like these meet the softly-nurtured darlings of prosperity as the vessels of iron meet vessels of porcelain."

BALANCING THE BOOKS.

BY CLAUDIUS.

AN old gray-headed merchant was seated in his counting-room, looking over his day-book and ledger, and expressed some surprise to his confidential clerk, as well as the highest gratification, that he had found the books of the concern in such excellent order. He had done business there, in that same house, for over half a century; and while many of his neighbors had been obliged to make an assignment, his affairs had gone on prosperously, without being sensibly affected by those periodical commercial revulsions that had swept away like cobwebs the fortunes of so many of our best business men.

He scarcely knew himself why he had never been compelled to apply for bank accommodations, or ask a friend to endorse his paper, while so many others seemed to depend wholly upon this practice for their success. While cursorily inspecting the accounts on the morning above alluded to, he noticed that the faithful Mr. Barlow, his head clerk, had politely invited no less than eight of his best customers to walk into the counting-room and attend to balancing books. Not a word of disagreement dropped from the lips of either party as they looked over the catalogue of items, and they each cheerfully paid the amount of their indebtedness in cash, or embodied it in a promissory note, payable in sixty or ninety days, as might be most convenient to the debtor. This was the uniform practice of this mercantile establishment, for which its prosperous proprietor was indebted to the rigid, methodical business habits of Mr. Barlow. Once a quarter the books must be balanced.

Mr. Graham now realized more than ever how much he was indebted to the industry and fidelity of Mr. Barlow for the almost princely fortune that had found its way into his hands. He found no long strings of old accounts running through half a dozen

day-books and half as many ledgers, reaching back over a period of five or six years. But every thing indicated frequent and recent settlements. He found, much to his surprise and satisfaction, that but few of his customers who had dealt with him for so many years, owed him any considerable amounts, while the bank-book showed that many thousands were safely deposited in bank. His clerk and himself had grown old together, for Mr. Barlow had been in his service now over forty years, and for more than thirty the former had been regarded as a *fixture* of the concern, without whose attentions its business would be seriously embarrassed. Every thing had been so prudently conducted, that but little time was necessary to prepare for retirement, and Mr. Graham now testified his appreciation of the valuable services of Mr. Barlow, by bestowing upon him a liberal fraction of the accumulations of so many long years of toil.

As with Mr. Graham's, so with every well-regulated business establishment, whatever its character, frequent settlements must be among the established order of things. But, whether frequent or infrequent, the day of reckoning is sure to come. Some short-sighted patrons and customers are weak enough to flatter themselves that because they are not often summoned to final settlement, they will be allowed to trade on credit *ad infinitum*. They presume upon the liberality of their chief creditors, trade on carelessly and recklessly, running deeper and deeper into debt, until finally, and unexpectedly, the day of reckoning dawns, and they are by no means prepared to meet its imperious demands. Often the results in such cases are bankruptcy and ruin! They reap the bitter fruits of their own negligence and folly.

The summons, "Walk into the counting-room and settle," will sooner or later come to all. The mother who imprudently feeds to her darling child sweetmeats, sugar candies, rich gravies,

hot teas and coffee, and dresses it to show off, instead of to promote its health, with heavy sighs and scalding tears will follow that little one to its infant tomb! Or, it may be, the child will grow up to be a man or woman, all mantled with infirmities, that convert life into one perpetual curse — no blessing to society, no consolation to friends. The summons to that inconsiderate parent is, "Please walk into the counting-room and settle up the books!"

The young lady sometimes spends all the long hours of the night in the dissipation of the ball-room; walks on the damp ground or cold pavement in thin slippers and stockings; suspends upon her hips day after day, and year after year, fifteen or twenty pounds of dangling skirts; laces herself up with a mechanical pressure equal to a burden of from sixty to one hundred pounds, and exposes her neck and arms to freezing cold. By-and-by she is invited into the counting-room to settle up, and balance the books, and lo! she is found bankrupt! — has overtraded! goes into a decline, and dies of consumption!

The inebriate goes on from year to year, rejoicing that he has sufficient self-control to govern himself, while thousands of others gradually sink below the reach of hope; he drinks with moderation, sips a little only, every hour of the day, looks down upon the poor besotted drunkard, despises the lost and wayward victim of appetite, "thanks God that he is not like (*some*) other men;" contends that a *little*, drank with regularity, injures no man — especially him. But the day of reckoning approaches; the books must be balanced; he is summoned into the counting-room for settlement. Poor bankrupt! he dies long years before his time, with all the frightful, tormenting horrors of delirium tremens!

The snuff-taker, tobacco-chewer, and smoker considers his departure from the laws of life and health so slight, that he can not regard it probable that he shall ever hear the rude summons,

to walk into the counting-room for settlement. He pays out his money in small sums, pollutes his breath, rots his teeth, poisons his blood and nerves, slowly puts out his eyes, destroys his hearing, palsies his organs of taste and smell, invites into his system every kind of disease known to the flesh, and fancies himself a very exemplarily temperate man, and perhaps a very devoted Christian! Yes, pious soul! mouth filthier than the sewers of the streets, and the Holy Spirit in his heart! Pious, prayerful saint! sending up his morning and evening oblations to the throne of his Maker, all besmeared and polluted with the smoke and juice of tobacco! breath so rank and offensive as to almost act like an emetic upon the stomachs of bystanders! this, the breath of prayer! Holy man! grieved into fits, perhaps, because a neighbor, or brother member of the church sometimes drinks a glass of brandy! Oh, ye tobacco mongers! your time will soon come — the summonses are being made out, that will call you into the counting-room of settlement!

The loathsome debauchee, the heartless libertine, the villainous seducer, seek to elude the gaze of mortal eyes, and transact their deeds of infamy under the cover of thick darkness, vainly and foolishly hoping to escape retribution. They secretly boast that payday will never come. But soon health is mined, constitution broken down, and the poor votary of lustful passion is marked from head to foot with more than leprous pollution. He is suddenly summoned into the counting-room for settlement — the books must be balanced — he stands before God a *bankrupt*!

The young lad just out of his teens thinks it will be a pleasant affair to get married. He fails in love with some slender, delicate, giddy-headed young damsel, quite too frail to take care of herself, saying nothing of the cares of a family, and he soon begins to feel quite like an old man. He is soon encumbered with a group of

sickly children, two or three nurses, and as many doctors, and he sensibly realizes that the world is indeed a vale of tears. He curses the marriage institution, curses the day he was born, wishes his wife and children were all in heaven, makes all sorts of reckless resolves, but has not the fortitude to put them in practice, and finally settles down into a kind of half stupid reconciliation, and regards his as the ordinary lot of suffering humanity. He is having a sober time in balancing the books—a long time in the counting-room!

Every mortal being, sooner or later, must be brought to a settlement. The accounts of life may sometimes run on for a long time, many years, but payday comes at last. A young man gets in the habit of eating late suppers, eating with rapidity, and eating many things that never ought to be put into a human stomach; and because he is not summoned, by the laws of nature, to a speedy settlement, he fancies his day of grace will be indefinitely extended. But by the time he reaches the meridian of life, he is afflicted with dyspepsia, and it holds him for the remainder of his days. For a quarter of a century or more he must sit quietly down on the stool of repentance, and own up that he has been a fool! Yes, the books *must be balanced*. When will mortals learn the lesson, that for every infraction of the laws of nature, from a tight shoe that generates a toe-corn, up to the reckless and criminal exposure that invites instant death or lingering consumption, they must be summoned to judgment! Reader, remember nature employs excellent bookkeepers.—*Life Illustrated*.

HARD STUDY vs. HARD EATING.

STUDENTS and dyspeptics, read this article from *Hall's Journal of Health*:

Hard study hurts nobody, but hard eating does. It is a very common thing to attribute the premature dis-

bility or death of students and eminent men to too close application to their studies. It has now come to be a generally admitted truth that hard study, as it is called, endangers life. It is a mischievous error that severe mental application undermines health. Unthinking people will dismiss this with the exclamation of "that's all stuff," or something equally conclusive. To those who search after truth, in the love of it, we wish to offer some suggestions.

Many German scholars have studied for a lifetime, for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, and a very large number from twelve to fifteen hours, lived in comparative health, and died beyond the sixties.

One of the most sterling living minds, Prof. Silliman, the elder, is now in mid winter, traveling through the country, at the age of nearly eighty years, and in good health, delivering geological lectures, living mentally on the hard food of rocks, iron, iridium, and the like. Another strong example of the truth that health and hard study are not incompatible, is found in the great Missourian, Thomas H. Benton, now past three score and ten, and in the enjoyment of vigorous health; a more severe student than he has been, and is now, the American public does not know. Dr. Charles Caldwell, our honorable preceptor, lived beyond the eighties, with high bodily health, remarkable physical vigor, and mental force scarcely abated, yet, for a great part of his life, he studied fifteen hours out of twenty-four, and at one time gave but four hours to sleep. John Quincy Adams, the old man eloquent, is another equally strong example of our position. All these men, with the venerable Dr. Nott, now more than eighty years old, made the preservation of health a scientific study, and by systematic temperance, neither blind nor spasmodic, secured the prize for which they labored, and with it years, usefulness, and honor. The inculcation of these important truths was precisely

more immediate practical application to the clergy of the country, whom we see daily disabled or dying, scores of years before their time; not as is uniformly benevolently stated, from their arduous labors, but by a persistent and inexcusable ignorance of the laws of life and health, and wicked neglect of them. We use this strong language purposely, for ignorance of duty to their own bodies is no more excusable than ignorance of duty to their own souls, for upon both classes of duty the lights brightly shine, full bright enough for all practical purposes; the lights of nature, of science, of experience, and of grace. How much of the hard, intolerable theology of the times was concocted and is perpetuated by dyspeptic stomachs, reflecting men can readily conjecture. We take it upon ourselves to guard and guide the shepherds. We would like to say much more on this subject, but long articles are neither read nor copied. For the present, therefore, we content ourselves with the enunciation of the gist of this article. Students and professional men are not injured so much by hard study as by hard eating; nor is severe study for a lifetime, of itself, incompatible with mental and bodily vigor to the full age of three score years and ten.

BESSIE LEE'S DIARY.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

(Continued.)

JAN. 7. Two days gone, and not a word in my diary. Harry Lane did not ask for me last evening, though he stayed two hours, but said "Poor Bessie is sleepy," which cousin Lillie remarked, being interpreted, meant *stupid*. How could he know, if it was not his face at Mary Timon's window, that I needed rest? I replied to an advertisement for a teacher to-day, and inclosed a recommendation from Mr. Lane. When I asked him if he could give me one, he replied by calling for writing materials, and never

made one remark; did not even ask where I intended to go, or was polite enough to say he regretted my anticipated departure. My most common acquaintance would have done that, but I do n't care, though I can't help thinking of it. I wonder why I do. The duties are to be so great in the new sphere I am about to enter, and I should like to have left him with friendship enough between us, to warrant the asking of a loan from his great stock of experience now and then; but, as I have before written, I do n't care — not I. Wonder if I can't coax my hair into a dignified formula, for every day use, as it would carry people's fancy farther back in their conjectures in regard to my longevity.

Jan. 8. Harry called to bring me Willis' Sacred Poems, and as no one was in for the minute, he said, looking sadly, "Like, love's like, and Bessie Lee is a poem, sacred —"

"Just leave off the last word, and substitute manuscript in its place, then add, about to be published for the use of schools, and substantially bound in calf, and you will have said one of the most sensible things," I added, though I must confess I was sorry I said it, for I pained him by my interruption, and at the time I gave the compliment, I grew quite choked, when thinking it over, and was glad Lillie came in, so that I might come up to my room. I had hardly composed myself, when Jane entered, to say that Mr. Lane wished to know if I was ready to walk to Mary Timon's. How did he know I intended to go, I wonder? Jane held the door for a moment, as if revolving in her mind how she could accomplish some desired object, and then her face brightened up, as if she saw through the darkness, and said, "I will come to you by 12 o'clock." When I passed by her, she kissed the top of my head, as she had done many a time before, but never left with me an impression of my littleness, of my tiny stature, and how like a child I was to go forth into the world alone. My the object we had in view, with the

heart was quailing as I ran down stairs, but it was strong again as I saw Mr. Lane, with hat in hand, waiting in the hall. I felt as if all I lacked in perfection, both physical and mental, he made up to me, when by my side I took his arm, and for some minutes neither said a word. My heart was asking if he would miss me when I was gone, and the answer came immediately from his own lips:

"Bessie, remember you leave one true friend here, one too true to ask you to shrink from your purpose. You know the world only from the worst point—that of your own misjudging heart. Your opinions of life, of the world, are all wrong; you are miserably selfish in your decisions of some things, and nobly generous in others. You are young in years, but strong in determination. You are physically weak, but mentally a very hero. You have no easy task before you in the life you have chosen, but the task of subduing your own self, of crushing down the prejudices you gathered in your childhood, is the hardest of all. But you can—you *shall* accomplish it. Then, not till then, will you be happy. God bless you, Bessie Lee. Our paths in life diverge from this point. Yours will brighten—mine will go into the shadows of remembrance. I shall always know your circumstances, and it matters not to you of mine."

He put his strong arms about me, kissed my forehead, and pushed me almost rudely into Mary Timon's door, and left me too bewildered to speak one word in reply.

Mary's eyes were closed, and she did not stir. I thought it best not to waken her. I did not know I could not, and sat down, with my head resting on the stand by her bedside. How wildly beat my hitherto quiet heart! I, who did not believe one pulse grew still, or quickened for me, was exultant that there was in the world one who cared for me, even though we might never meet again, who could even reprove me, when about to separate, as he told me, forever. How his

voice trembled, and his arm quivered, as he said that our ways were no more together. How long these thoughts were hurrying through and through my mind I can not tell, but my heart was calling him to come back that I might thank him for wakening better hopes and brighter ambitions within me, when a step came on the old creaking threshold. Was it his? I could not tell why I did not raise my head—perhaps I could not. Presently Jane exclaimed, "She's gone!" and Mr. Lane's voice added reverently, "Thank God!" I knew from this that Mary Timon was in Heaven, and yet it did not waken one emotion, or stir a muscle. They thought I was weeping, until I did not reply to some inquiry, when those strong arms were once more about me, and I knew that I lay beside the worn-out tenement which once held Mary's soul. Jane bathed my face, and Mr. Lane chafed my hands. I was perfectly conscious all the time, but unable to utter a syllable.

"God help me if she dies," he said over and over again, and then added, "better go than look so long through a glass darkly." While Jane was preparing a restorative, he put his lips close to my ear, and whispered, "Bessie Lee, speak to me. I command you." My spirit must have answered his, for he sat down immediately, and his voice was calm and sweet as ever. When my eyelids began to feel more flexible, he rose, and said as there was nothing to be done till morning, he would remain no longer. He went out into the darkness and left us alone. "He is an iron man," I heard Jane say as the door closed. She would not have said that, if she had not been oblivious to his passionate exclamations of "God help me if she dies," which has been like a sad sweet hymn memory has not ceased for one moment since to chant. I recovered shortly, and we sat by the dead body till morning.

Jan. 14. Mary was buried yesterday, but it did not seem a sad funeral. Six persons followed her remains to their last resting-place, and not one

tear fell at the solemn sound of "Dust to dust." The village bell rang out its tale of the soul's departure, and it would have seemed, but for its measured tones, a jubilant anthem of some freed spirit. Like the pealing chimes of sunset bells, which call the world-weary to bring their burdens to Him who has promised to bind up the broken-hearted, and give the heavy-laden peace, seemed those tolling village chimes. Weston and Lillie, Mr. Lane, the clergyman and wife, and myself, were all who cared to know where the faithful creature slept. Harry never looked at me, and seemed entirely unconscious of my presence. He was much paler and thinner than I ever saw him.

Jan. 15. 0 0 0.

Jan. 16. 0 0 0.

Jan. 17. 0 0 0.

Jan. 18. A letter accepting my offer came to-day. I am partly glad and partly sorry. The letter read like a stereotyped one which had served for a similar occasion at the beginning of every quarter for at least a dozen years. The writer, Mrs. Nighton, expects much from my recommendations in the way of book-knowledge, but infers from my chirography that I do not include penmanship in the list of my accomplishments. She is a *tartar* I am sure. Then, as it is an *honor* to belong to the institution, the pay will not be as large as if it was all drudgery and nothing more. Nothing was said of my age — supposes it one of the things which ladies cease to mention, which she is glad to know, as it is a very uninteresting thing to converse upon. Well, I have nothing to hope for in the way of womanly friendships from Mrs. Nighton; but there will be young warm hearts, and I will open the closed portals of my own to them.

Jan. 19. Weston don't like to have me go after all. I believe he would be glad to alter my resolution, though he knows me too well to try it. Lillie looks blue, and says for a week past I have been quite companionable, and have not said a spiteful

thing of any one; and now I must take away my newly gathered sweetness to distribute among school-girls. No matter how mildly they utter their wishes to have me remain, it is like oil upon troubled water, and calms down my dislike to them wonderfully. Yet I can not give up my desire to combat the spirit of Mrs. Nighton. I knew my penmanship was like myself, rather angular, but she began to assume the role of her position a little too soon.

Jan. 31. What a place! what a principal! and what a school! I found myself before her majesty last evening, and eyes in wonder, that there were no wrinkles on my forehead, that I was a *mite* of a teacher, and had large hands and not a bit pretty. She was evidently disappointed in my appearance, though after the first look I did not find her eyes. She is about fifty years of age, and straight as if she had kept up the old-fashioned courtesy, as a salutation, and had never made a bow in her life. Her hair bears the marks of Gen. Twiggs' dye, and wears above it the tastiest little cap imaginable. Her dress is unexceptionable, and but for her *unbendable* figure, and her half-shut, never-still eyes, would be quite fine looking. She seems like a cat who pretends she do n't care if the tortured mouse gets away, but is sure to spring in time to get it in her grasp, if it wanders too far off. Her sister, who is the music-teacher, and who is but twenty-five years of age — though her twin sister who is married is thirty-five — is very different. She looks uneasy, and keeps her eyes wide open, as if expecting that some time or other a twin brother of her twin sister's husband would relieve her from giving music-lessons, which science she knows very little about. This bit of gossip came to me from the full heart of a little girl whose fingers still ached from the explosive springs of the twin sister's fore finger and thumb on them, while trying to make her do what the sister could not accomplish herself. The house looks very pretty on the outside, and the

parlors, where the new teacher was received, are very pleasant. I find my room uncarpeted, with two tin wash-basins and a pail of water, for the daily ablutions of five girls who occupy the room with me, and myself. There is a stove in the room but no fire in it. All the comfort seems in the full sight of visitors, and the remainder of the house perfectly desolate. The girls are pleasant, and welcome me most cordially. How I hope they will love me. So much for the first day. My heart has wandered back again to cousin Weston's parlor. I wonder if there is any one who would be glad to see me. Mr. Lane never called on me after Mary Timon died, and cousin Weston jested about it, and said Mr. Lane was prudent, and kept away lest I should be in love with him. I own I should have been glad to see him before leaving.

April 12. Poor diary, how I have neglected you! The spring blossoms are peeping forth, and look gloriously beautiful in their freshness. The heart of Bessie Lee rejoices, as it never did before, over all earth's blessings. My pupils are busy over their lessons, happy in their anticipations of a visit home, but sorry to part with each other, and with me. So am I, for I have lived a real childhood in their sports and enjoyments, when the old "mouser" was not by to say it was not dignified for a young lady of my age to be happy. But 't is almost gone. The principal has been spending the term in preparing the young ladies for a brilliant rehearsal at the end of the quarter, and I, with my usual antagonistic notions, have tried to make them comprehend a few of the rudiments of education, much to the chagrin of Mrs. Nighton, who did not like to waste the *honor* of being a member of the institution on such an unprofitable person. Had it not been for dear Mr. and Mrs. Porter, I believe I should have fallen into her ways, and put them through a thorough course of "courtseys," "superlative adjectives," and "language elongated." They bid me "God speed in

the right," and I fear the splendid commencement will be a magnificent failure. I have learned many a lesson, for all it came hand in hand with care and toil. The holiest and best is, that "Love comes with loving." The children taught me this, and so did Dr. Eldred Mason. I think the teachings of the last made me forget my diary.

How strange that he should follow me so far when he was scarcely civil to me while at home. How wonderingly my gray eyes stared at him, when he was announced in the "mouser's" parlor. I asked him what brought him to it, and he replied quietly:

"Miss Bessie Lee."

"I'm not ill, doctor," I replied.

"I should be sorry if you were, though I am."

"You! Why are you here?"

"For you to prescribe for me."

"What can I give you, when I do not know the diagnosis?"

"Yourself in one dose, and it is no matter about the symptoms."

"If I were an M. D., I should order you to be kept in close confinement as a dangerous lunatic, with the propensities of a cannibal."

"To be serious. Bessie Lee, if I came, and in earnest told you why I was here, you would have derided me. I know how you laugh at the holier emotions of our nature, and call love a myth, and hope a shadow. I met you with your own badinage, but, Bessie, I have loved you more than a year, as I never did, or can love another woman. I did not come here to waste my hours in cooing out poetry and sentiment, and you would hate me if I did. I have too sacred a profession to do that, however pleasant it might be for me. You do not love me—you have never dreamed of it. You are to stay here two months longer. In that time, think of me. If I have good qualities, remember them. If you can gather any affection in your heart for me, tell me when I come again. God bless you! Good morning."

Dr. Mason closed the door, and had I been transfixed I could not have been

more immovable. The "mouser" came and broke the spell by asking who the gentleman was. "The doctor," I replied, and left her to conjecture that he had called to feel my pulse, while in fact he had been probing my heart. He is very handsome, very manly, and devoted to his profession. How could he think of such a little homely thing as I, when almost any lady would gladly become Mrs. Mason? Had I been at home I should not have thought him in earnest, but he would not come so far to plague poor Bessie Lee. Had he been a bit humble I should have hated him. Why should not I love him? no one else will care for me, I am certain. I respect him, and surely that is a good basis for affection. I wonder how my recitations were that morning. I do n't know I am sure.

A month after, Dr. Mason called, and Mrs. Nighton was present. He grew uneasy at the constant winking of her eyes, and diverted his mind by inquiring very minutely into the condition of my health, and in reply to a question of Mrs. Nighton's, said he thought by the appearance of the eyes, the affection had assumed a chronic form, and if she pleased, he would like to see his patient alone. She left the room in a very stately way, and the doctor bowed to the place where she made her exit, and then turning to me took out his watch, and said the cars returned in three-fourths of an hour.

"Bessie Lee, do you love me?"

"No."

"Not at all?"

"I begin to love everybody a little."

"I am included, of course?"

"Certainly."

"Would you marry me?"

"Yes! if I thought I could —"

"There is to be no contingencies — will you marry me? for by all that man holds sacred, you shall never be urged into a fulfillment of your promise, if within one year you should regret it."

"Yes."

"We will be very happy — you know I am eccentric. You will be satisfied with deeds of affection, but

word-love I do not understand. Good-by, dear little wife. In one year remember. Let me see your eyes once more. Good-by. No more teaching after this term, remember."

(To be continued.)

RAISING STARS.

BY EDWIN BAKER.

[A chopper's child on seeing the sun and moon set, a shooting star, and comet, formed the following opinion of the origin of stars.]

You told me, ma, the God in heaven
Made every twinkling star,
And flung them whirling from his hand
Into the empty air.

But when the sun went down to-night
And set among the trees,
It burned a place out of the woods,
And set the sky a-blaze.

The smoke went up like pretty clouds,
Where rainbows e'er might stay;
And till the day had all gone out,
I saw it float away.

The sharp, new moon went down, and God—
A cloud was round his hand—
Took hold of it, and with its horns
I guess the land he plowed.

A star then fell out of the sky
To seed the fallow down;
For raising stars, God's got the land
All cleared, and dragged, and sown.

Look out the window, mother! see,
A star is now all grown,
And going up into the sky,
Like thistle-down half-blown!

I wish we lived up in the sky,
God's works to see and hear;
But I must lay down now to sleep,—
"Good-night, good-night my dear."

MACHIAS, N. Y.

LOVE.

GIVE me the depth of love that springs
From friendship in misfortune grown,
As ivy to the ruin clings,
When every other hope has flown.

Give me that fond, confiding love,
That naught but death itself can blight;
A flame that slander can not move,
But burns in darkness doub' bright.

MY NIECE LIZZY.

MY little niece Lizzy is making me a long visit. Her witching smile and merry laugh are like sunshine and music in our dull old house. The first morning after her arrival she was up with the birds, and awoke me with the most cheerful of good mornings. During the next hour she had inspected the whole establishment from attic to cellar, peeped into every drawer and closet, displaced all the drawing room chairs, emptied my portfolio of choice engravings, ranging them in regular order on the carpet, and made such a revolution generally, that the very cat and dog seemed to be struck with wonder, and fell into a muse as to what these things might portend.

I was myself greatly annoyed at such lawless proceedings, but the little maiden seemed so brim full of innocent gaiety, and filled the sombre old rooms with such wild snatches of song, that I could not find it in my heart to chide her, but silently resolved that when the mischief was once repaired it should not occur again. So taking Lizzy by the hand, we went down to breakfast.

What droll mistakes she made at the table! What comical questions she asked! Even my stately maiden aunt, who has lived with me so many years, and is always so proper and dignified, even she relaxed almost into a smile at Lizzy's drollery, and became quite social over her toast and coffee. Altogether, it was the most cheerful breakfast we had eaten for many a day.

Having no nursery duties, and being a careful house-keeper, I generally spend part of my mornings in the kitchen. Thither I took Lizzy that I might have her under my own eye, but soon becoming absorbed in some very nice culinary operations, I entirely lost sight of my charge. Half an hour afterwards I bethought myself and went in search of her. And where, dear reader, do you think I found her? It being a very dewy morning the garden steps

were quite muddy. Upon the second of these steps, sat, or rather kneeled my little maiden, with a fine china bowl of water by her side, and the stove cloth in her hand. She was scrubbing away with the greatest vigor, now and then pausing to survey her labors with complacent delight. When I saw her clean white dress all dragged and bespattered with mud my impatience boiled over. "You naughty child you! What *are* you doing?" She started up at my chiding voice, with a frightened look, and exclaimed, "Don't, aunty, scold Lizzy." I could not have resisted that pleading look and quivering lip, even if she had broken my superb Christmas bowl, (though husband does say china is my hobby,) and so with soothing words I led her to my room.

Having washed and dressed her again, I took her to the parlor, and bidding her be very quiet, resumed my occupations. I was really annoyed. If there is anything that I detest, it is dirty children. How often have I recoiled in disgust from great lubberly babies, with soiled faces and stained pinafores, brought into the parlor to be kissed. But what could I do with Lizzy, the wild, romping little witch? I could not always keep her by my side, and to leave her to herself was the same thing as to invite her to mischief. A bright idea struck me, and I resolved to act upon it at once.

Softly opening the drawing room door, I stood for a moment unobserved. There sat my poor little Lizzy upon one of my carved antique chairs, so high from the floor that the wonder was how she had ever mounted it, (there were no children's chairs or toys in our house,) gazing with a sort of helpless awe upon my aunt. That excellent lady had graciously condescended to tell the child a story. Now my aunt's story was rigidly true, and very edifying, interspersed also with moral observations, but being delivered in a stately, formal manner, failed entirely to penetrate the silly little head of my pet. It being finished, I invited Lizzy,

whose face was every moment lengthening, to assist me about the work. Quickly she slid from her high seat and came dancing and prancing to my side.

Arrayed in a long sleeved apron, prepared by her careful mother, Lizzy soon led the way into the kitchen. I told her I was going to prepare some pastry, and she should make some tarts for herself. So, giving her some dough and a small roller, I pointed to a corner of the table which she might have all to herself.

In the first place Lizzy undertook to define her position more exactly. She insisted on the vast importance of adjusting our territorial bounds with precision. Considerable time was spent in marking her frontier with narrow strips of dough, and she then proceeded to business.

Into what a busy, bustling dame was my demure nun of the last half hour now changed! What feats of skill she performed! Soyer, and all the French *artistes de cuisine* were nothing to her. How despotically she rolled that little piece of dough! How she moulded it — rolled it out — gathered it up again — patted and coaxed it — with what a grand flourish she brought the rolling pin down on the table! What furtive glances she stole across the table to see how I was progressing — then, what strange fantastic shapes she moulded — what serpents and creeping things, what headless trunks and goblins dire she evoked from the plastic dough. To see the little creature stand breathless while she gave the finishing touch to some master-piece of skill, and then hold it before me in proud triumph, was enough to make one amiable for the rest of the day.

Since that morning Lizzy and I get along famously together. She has added the accomplishment of laundress to that of pastry cook, displaying upon her little line, every Monday, vast stores of doll linen, which is elaborately ironed the following day. She has become a great botanist, bringing

in daily baskets of leaves, which she assorts according to shape — detecting a minute shade of difference with the eye of a Linnæus. She is also inspector general of wood-boxes, apple-baskets, &c., making many toilsome journeys to replenish them, but when was ever a child afraid of work. Only give them a stimulus and what little Hercules they become.

I will not say that Lizzy is no trouble — that she never frets and annoys me. On the contrary, she is sometimes “under foot” in the very heat and bustle of that great climax of the day — dishing up dinner. Then she often plashes her clean apron, for a little girl takes to water like a duck, and longs for the time when, like Betty, she can rule the wash-tub and dabble all day in the sparkling foam. Her chief parlor amusement, suffered only on rare occasions, is the arrangement of the work box. With joyous eagerness she explores the wondrous treasure, and spreads out its hoarded wealth. Having duly inspected its contents, with various admiring comments, the work of reconstruction commences. Spools are ranged in due proportion, and skeins of shining silk are laid at length by their side; thimbles, scissors, and articles of frequent use are stored in secret cells, and at length everything, to Lizzy's eye, is in beautiful order. Mark with what rueful face she follows aunty's thoughtless hand as it demolishes the fair fabric in search of some stray tape or hidden ball.

Little Lizzy has taught me a useful lesson. Keep children employed. Do not immerse them in the bright morning hours in the dull nursery, but let them sometimes share your household tasks. A soiled apron is better than a chafed, fretted, spoilt temper. If the busy zeal of children does sometimes make mischief, check the hasty word that rises to your lips, till you look into their little faces so unconscious of wrong, and the harsh reproof will turn to words of gentleness. VIATOR.

SAMUEL AND ELI; OR, THE FIRST BLUSH.

THE boy Samuel ministered unto the Lord, at Shiloh, before Eli the priest, and found favor with God and men; for he served the Lord in singleness of heart, and was obedient, and increased in wisdom.

But the sons of Eli, Hophni and Phinehas, were wicked lads, who cared not for the lord, and their sins were very great. One day they stood before the house of their father Eli, and the boy Samuel was with them, girded with a linen ephod. Then Hophni and Phinehas spoke wicked, shameless words to each other, and Samuel heard them, and blushed deeply, so that his countenance glowed like the setting sun.

Thus the boy blushed for the first time, for he had never before heard a wicked word spoken by any one. But the wicked lads scoffed at him, and held him in derision, because he blushed at their words, and Samuel turned himself away and wept.

Eli, who had heard all that had happened, came to the boy and said:—"My son, why weepest thou?"

Then answered Samuel: "Thy sons Hophni and Phinehas spoke wickedly before me; then my heart was moved, and it came like fire over my face, and they derided me." Then Eli embraced the boy Samuel, and lifted up his voice saying: "Alas! my son, weep not, and let not their mockery move thee, thou art the chosen one of the Lord; but what delights me in thee, fills my soul with grief for my own children, for if they themselves destroy the flower, how can they ever bring forth fruit?" And Eli wept for his sons, until his eyes were darkened; however, they did not cease to grieve his soul. But Samuel gladdened the heart of Eli, the priest, and walked uprightly before the Lord.

KRUMMACHER.

A widow's child is generally spoiled by the love of its mother.

MELANCHOLY POETRY.

NOTHING in literature is more offensive than the melancholy, lackadaisical outpourings of grief and anguish with which our periodicals are filled. Almost every magazine and publication of every stamp has a corner occupied by some swain or damsel who pours from an overflowing fount a nauseating current of grief.

There is no sense in it. There is no truth in it. It is fictitious and sickly, and ought to be despised.

Real grief, true sorrow, always disciplines and chastens the heart, and a real sufferer, if he embodies his emotions in verse, will sound cheerful notes. The "joy of grief"—the pleasant melancholy which always characterizes the sorrow of the poet—this is not theirs. They see clouds, and where there are none, they shut their eyes and fancy them.

We always feel, when we meet with a poem by "Leonora Loneheart," entitled, "The Deserted," and commencing,

"Life has no light for me,
My soul is dark and sad;"

like asking her, What's the matter? and the immediate response is, You eat hot biscuit, or drink strong coffee, or have a dyspepsia of the stomach, or you never would be afflicted with a dyspeptic brain. Get up early in the morning. Go to bed early at night. Eat coarse bread, bathe daily, and become healthy; or, if your bodily organs are in a sound condition, do not consume any more intellectual condiments. Read healthy books—think healthily, and you will never perpetrate such mournful, melancholy stuff. You've got a dyspepsia of the stomach or brain, depend upon it. Get rid of it, and then you will write genially, healthily, and be read and admired—if you ever can be.

THE daily round—the common task
Will furnish all we ought to ask;—
Room to deny ourselves—a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

KANE'S ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

THIS work has doubtless been more extensively read and sought after, than any which has appeared for many months. That Dr. Kane, with his venturesome and danger scorning party, should have returned at all to tell his story to the world, after the many perils he endured, can not fail to be a matter of wonder. With his ship left among the northern icebergs, frozen hopelessly in, he comes back to us on foot and on sledges, through the blinding snows, to tell us the wonders of a life in that region of winter and night. He had already passed one winter with its many months of darkness, frozen among the Arctic ice, and two years ago he gave his account of "The Grinnell Expedition," a work of thrilling interest, and perhaps more explicit in its delineations of Arctic life than the one which has now made its appearance. In order the more fully to show what Dr. Kane's experience in the northern seas has been, we will give a brief glance at this first voyage before turning our attention to the work which he has recently issued.

In 1850 he sailed with the *Advance* and *Rescue*, which had been fitted out by the liberality of Mr. Grinnell, to aid in the search of Sir John Franklin. Dr. Kane went out as medical official to the expedition, Lieut. De Haven commanding. Of his first task on being fairly out at sea, he says:

"I now began, with an instinct of future exigencies, to fortify my retreat. The only spot I could call my own was the berth. It was a sort of *bunk*—a right-angled excavation, of six feet by two feet eight in horizontal dimensions, let into the side of the vessel, with a height of something less than a yard. My first care was to keep water out, my second to make it warm. A bundle of tacks, and a few yards of India-rubber cloth, soon made me an impenetrable casing over the entire wood-work. Upon this were laid my Mormon wolf-skin and a somewhat ostentatious fur cloak, a relic of

former travel. Two little wooden shelves held my scanty library; a third supported a reading lamp, or, upon some occasions, a Berzellus' argand, to be lighted when the dampness made an increase of heat necessary. My watch ticked from its particular nail, and a more noiseless monitor, my thermometer, occupied another. My ink-bottle was suspended, pendulum-fashion, from a hook, and to one long string was fastened, like the ladle of a street-pump, my entire toilet, a tooth-brush, a comb, and a hair-brush.

"Now, when all these distributions had been happily accomplished, and I crawled in from the wet, and cold, and disorder of without, through a slit in the India-rubber cloth, to the very center of my complicated resources, it would be hard for any one to realize the quantity of comfort which I felt I had manufactured. My lamp burned brightly; little or no water distilled from the roof; my furs warmed me into satisfaction; and I realized that I was sweating myself out of my preliminary cold, and could temper down at pleasure the abruptness of my acclimation."

On the 17th of June, when drawing near to Davis's Straits, he makes the following entry in his journal:

"We are just 'turning in,' that is, seeking our den for sleep. It has been a long day, but to me a God-send, so clear and fogless. My time-piece points to half-past nine, and yet the sunshine is streaming down the little hatchway.

"Our Arctic day has commenced. Last night we read the thermometer without a lantern, and the binnacle was not lighted up. To-day the sun sets after ten, to rise again before two; and during the bright twilight interval he will dip but a few degrees below the horizon. We have followed him for some time past in one scarcely varying stack of brightness. The words night and day begin to puzzle me, as I recognize the arbitrary character of the hour cycles that have borne these names. Indeed, I miss that soothing

tranquillizer, the dear old darkness, and can hardly, as I give way to sleep, bid the mental good-night which travelers like to send from their darkened pillows to friends at home."

At Sukkertoppen he makes his first acquaintance with the kayak of the Esquimaux, of which he gives the following description:

"While we were standing upon deck, waiting for the boat to be manned which was to take us to the shore, something like a large Newfoundland dog was seen moving rapidly through the water. As it approached, we could see a horn-like prolongation bulging from its chest, and every now and then a queer movement, as of two flapping wings, which, acting alternately on either side, seemed to urge it through the water. Almost immediately it was alongside of us, and then we realized what was the much talked-of kayak of the Greenlanders.

"It was a canoe-shaped frame-work, carefully and *entirely* covered with tensely-stretched seal-skins, beautiful in model, and graceful as the nautilus, to which it has been compared. With the exception of an elliptical hole, nearly in its center, to receive its occupant, it was both air and water tight. Into this hole was wedged its human freight, a black-locked Esquimaux, enveloped in an undressed seal-skin, drawn tightly around the head and wrists, and fastened, where it met the kayak, about an elevated rim made for the purpose, over which it slipped like a bladder over the lip of a jar.

"The length of the kayak was about eighteen feet, tapering fore and aft to an absolute point. The beam was but twenty-one inches. When laden, as we saw it, the top or deck was at its center but two inches by measurement above the water-line. The waves often broke completely over it. A double-bladed oar, grasped in the middle, was the sole propeller. It was wonderful to see how rapidly the will of the kayaker communicated itself to his little bark. One impulse seemed to control both. Indeed, even

for a careful observer, it was hard to say where the boat ended, or the man commenced; the rider seemed one with his frail craft, an amphibious realization of the centaur, or a practical improvement upon the merman.

"These boats, not only as specimens of beautiful naval architecture, but from their controlling influence upon the fortunes of their owners, became to me subjects of careful study. I will revert to them at another time. As we rowed to the shore, crowds of them followed us, hanging like Mother Carey's chickens in our wake, and just outside the sweep of our oars."

Upon the Arctic Highlands, near Cape York, he gives an account of the vegetation he meets with:

"Strange as it seemed, on the immediate level of snow and ice, the constant infiltrations, aided by solar reverberation, had made an Arctic garden-spot. The surface of the moss, owing, probably, to the extreme alternations of heat and cold, was divided into regular hexagons and other polyhedral figures, and scattered over these, nestling between the tufts, and forming little groups on their southern faces, was a quiet, unobtrusive community of Alpine flowering plants. The weakness of individual growth allowed no ambitious species to overpower its neighbor, so that many families were crowded together in a rich flower-bed. In a little space that I could cover with my pea-jacket, the veined leaves of the pyrola were peeping out among chickweeds and saxifrages, the sorrel and ranunculus. I even found a poor gentian, stunted and reduced, but still, like every thing around it, in all the perfection of miniature proportions.

"As this mossy parterre approached the rocky walls that hemmed it in, tussocks of sedges and coarse grass began to show themselves, mixed with heaths and birches; and still further on, at the margin of the horse-shoe, and fringing its union with the stupendous piles of debris, came an annulus of Arctic shrubs and trees.

"Shrubs and trees! the words recall

a smile, for they only typed those natives of another zone. The poor things had lost their uprightness, and learned to escape the elements by trailing along the rocks. Few rose above my shoes, and none above my ankles; yet shady alleys and heaven-pointing avenues could not be more impressive examples of creative adaptation. Here I saw the bleaberry in flower and in fruit—I could cover it with a wine-glass; the wild honeysuckle of our Pennsylvania woods—I could stick the entire plant in my button-hole; the *Audromeda tetragona*, like a green marabou feather.

"Strangest among these transformations came the willows. One, the *Salix herbacea*, hardly larger than a trefoil clover; another, the *S. glauca*, like a young althea, just bursting from its seed. A third, the *S. lanata*, a triton among these boreal minnows, looked like an unfortunate garter-snake, bound here and there by claw-like radicles, which, unable to penetrate the inhospitable soil, had spread themselves out upon the surface—traps for the broken lichens and fostering moss which formed its scanty mould."

He also describes an attempt to visit the auks' nests at the same point:

"On the steeper flanks of these rocky cones the little auks had built their nests. The season of incubation, though far advanced, had not gone by, for the young fledgelings were looking down upon me in thousands; and the mothers, with crops full of provender, were constantly arriving from the sea.

"Urged by a wish to study the domestic habits of these little Arctic emigrants at their homestead, I foolishly clambered up to one of the most popular colonies, without thinking of my descent.

"The angle of deposit was already very great, not much less than fifty degrees; and as I moved on, with a walking-pole substituted for my gun, I was not surprised to find the fragments receding under my feet, and

rolling, with a resounding crash, to the plain below. Stopping, however, to regain my breath, I found that above, beneath, around me, every thing was in motion. The entire surface seemed to be sliding down. Ridiculous as it may seem to dwell upon a matter apparently so trivial, my position became one of danger. The accelerated velocity of the masses caused them to leap off in deflected lines. Several uncomfortable fragments had already passed by me, some even over my head, and my walking-pole was jerked from my hands and buried in the ruins. Thus helpless, I commenced my half-involuntary descent, expecting momentarily to follow my pole, when my eye caught a projecting outcrop of feldspar, against which the strong current split into two minor streams. This, with some hard jumps, I succeeded in reaching.

"As I sat upon the temporary security of this little rock, surrounded by falling fragments, and awaiting their slow adjustment to a new equilibrium before I ventured to descend, I was struck with the Arctic originality of every thing around. It was midnight, and the sun, now to the north, was hidden by the rocks; but the whole atmosphere was pink with light. Over head and around me whirled innumerable crowds of auks and ivory gulls, screeching with execrable clamor, almost in contact with my person. On the frozen lake below, contrasting with its snowy covering, were a couple of ravens, fighting zealously for a morsel of garbage; and high up, on the crags above me, sat some unmoved, phlegmatic burgomasters.

"I missed my opportunity of inspecting the nests of the auks. They issued from the crevices between the detached fragments, and, it is probable, deposited their eggs, like other *Uria*, upon the naked rock. Some of the men succeeded in reaching their squabs by introducing their arms. It is said that the Esquimaux trap them by spreading out their clothing opposite these apertures, so that the birds,

when disturbed, pass into and fill the sleeves and legs."

In the early part of November they bid adieu to the sunlight, and on the 25th he says:

"Our daylight to-day was a mere name, three and a half hours of meagre twilight. I was struck for the first time with the bleached faces of my messmates. The sun left us finally only sixteen days ago; but for some time before he had been very chary of his effective rays; and our abiding-place below has a smoky atmosphere of lamplit uncomfortableness. No wonder we grow pale with such a cosmetic. Seventy-seven days more without a sunrise! twenty-six before we reach the solstitial point of greatest darkness!"

Here is some little clue to the effects of the cold:

"All our eatables became laughably consolidated, and after different fashions, requiring no small experience before we learned to manage the peculiarities of their changed condition. Thus, dried apples became one solid breccial mass of impacted angularities, a conglomerate of sliced chalcedony. Dried peaches the same. To get these out of the barrel, or the barrel out of them, was a matter impossible. We found, after many trials, that the shortest and best plan was to cut up both fruit and barrel by repeated blows with a heavy ax, taking the lumps below to thaw. Sour-crust resembled mica, or rather talcose slate. A crowbar with chiseled edge extracted the *laminæ* badly; but it was perhaps the best thing we could resort to.

"Sugar formed a very funny compound. Take *q. s.* of cork raspings, and incorporate therewith another *q. s.* of liquid gutta percha or caoutchouc, and allow to harden: this extemporaneous formula will give you the brown sugar of our winter cruise. Extract with the saw; nothing but the saw will suit. Butter and lard, less changed, require a heavy coal chisel and mallet. Their fracture is concho-

idal, with hæmatitic (iron-ore pimpled) surface. Flour undergoes little change, and molasses can at twenty-eight degrees be half scooped, half cut by a stiff iron ladle.

"Pork and beef are rare specimens of Florentine mosaic, emulating the lost art of petrified visceral monstrosities seen at the medical schools of Bologna and Milan: crow-bar and handspike! for at thirty degrees the ax can hardly chip it. A barrel sawed in half, and kept for two days in the caboose house at seventy-six degrees, was still as refractory as flint a few inches below the surface."

Long before this their ships were frozen firmly in the ice, and they were drifting with the pack helplessly through the Arctic seas. He says:

"On the twelfth of September, while attempting with a free top-gallant breeze to make our way to the east, the thermometer indicating a mean daily temperature of fourteen or eighteen degrees below the freezing point, the sea was observed to gradually thicken around us. A pastry sludge, formed of crystals broken up by the action of the waves, began to resolve itself into those polyhedral plates described by Scoresby under the name of pancake ice.

"As the wind increased, these were rolled into actual spheroids; their forces being regulated by the laws which control equally compressed spheres, giving rise to a rudely pentagonal arrangement not unlike a tessellated pavement. To such an extent had this increased by the night of the 13th, that we lost all power of progress.

"When morning opened around us, we found ourselves in the midst of a great arena of five-sided tiles, marked at their lines of junction by a slightly uplifted ridge: this would already bear a man. From this moment until the date of our escape, nine months after, our sails were without use; and our movements, as well as our destinies, were regulated by our ice-jailer. By the twentieth of October, the floe immediately about us was twenty

inches thick ; and it had so interlocked itself with other ice-fields of different diameters, that to the eye it became a part of a great plain, terminated only by the headlands of the shores, and a narrow water-channel which separated us from them.

"As long as we continued in Wellington Channel, our ice had not acquired its full firmness and tenacity ; its structure was granular and almost spongy, its mass infiltrated with salt water, and its plasticity such that it crumbled and molded itself to our form under pressures which would otherwise have destroyed us.

"By the time we had reached the middle of Barrow's Straits, and the winter's midnight of December had darkened around us, our thermometers indicating a mean of fifteen and twenty degrees below zero, the ice attained a thickness of three feet, with an almost flinty hardness, and a splintery fracture at right angles to its horizontal plane."

From this time until the eighth of June they remained thus frozen in, and the *Advance* was lifted by the forming of the ice, upon her side, so that for months together they clambered up and down about the deck. Of their final release he says :

"Even keel again ! Once more floating ship-fashion, in a ship's element. It was between twelve and one o'clock this morning, (Sunday.) Murdaugh went down upon the fragment, which was still adhering to our starboard side. He had hardly rested his weight upon it, when, with certain hurried, scarcely premonitory grindings, it cleared itself. He had barely time to scramble up the brig's side, tearing his nails in the effort, before, with crash and turmoil, it tumbled up to the surface, letting us down once more into clear water. When I reached the deck, I could hardly realize the level, horizontal condition of things, we had been accustomed to this up and down hill work so long."

In January he speaks thus of the evils of the long night they were enduring :

"I long for day. The anomalous host of evils which hang about this vegetation in darkness are showing themselves in all their forms. My scurvy patients, those I mean on the sick-list, with all the care that it is possible to give them, are perhaps no worse ; but pains in the joints, rheumatisms, coughs, loss of appetite, and general debility, extend over the whole company. Fifteen pounds of food per diem are consumed reluctantly now, where thirty-two were taken with appetite on the 20th of October. We are a ghastly set of pale faces, and none paler than myself. I find it a labor to carry my carbine. My fingers cling together in an ill-adjusted *plexus*, like the toes in a tight boot, and my long beard is becoming as rough and rugged as Humphrey of Gloster's in the play,"

Here is a sketch of one of the anxious attempts to procure meat for the scurvy stricken crew :

"To-night finds me knocked up. Be it known, that after crawling on my belly, not like the wisest of animals, for two hours, I came nearly within shot of a week's fresh meat. The fresh meat dived, first shaking his whisker tentacles at my disconsolate beard, leaving me half-frozen and wholly discontented. Fool-like, after the long walk back, the warming, the drying, and the feeding, I returned by the other long walk to the ice-openings, tramped for two hours, saw nothing but frost-smoke, and came back again, dinnerless, with legs quaking, and spirits wholly out of tune."

And here is a bear hunt :

"This afternoon, while walking deck, this endless deck, with Murdaugh, we discovered a bear walking tranquilly alongside, nearly within gunshot. We have lost so many opportunities by the bustle and ignorance of an universal chase, that I crawled out to attack him alone. To my sorrow, the brute, who had been gazing at the shipdog-fashion and curious, turned tail. He was out of range of my carbine, but I gave him the ball as he ran in his right hind

quarter. He fell at once, and I thought him secure; but rising instantly, he turned upon his wounded haunch, and, very much as a dog does at a bee-sting, bit spasmodically at the wound. For a little while he spun round, biting the bloody spot with a short, probing nip; and then, before I could reload my piece, started off at a limping but rapid gait. I mention this movement on account of the very curious fact which follows. The animal had found the ball, seized it between the incisors, and *extracted* it. The bullet is now in my possession, distinctly marked by his teeth.

"After a very tedious and harassing pursuit, I came up to him at the young ice. He stood upon the brink of the lead. I was within long shot, and about to make preparations for a more deliberate and certain aim, when he took to the water, and then to the opposite young ice, bleeding and dropping every few yards.

"Joined by Daly, a bold, bull-headed Irishman, I crossed by a circuitous channel, and then took to the young ice myself, and tried to run him down. It was very exciting; and I fear I was not as prudent as I ought to have been; for a dense fog had gathered around us, and the young floe, level as the sea which it covered, was but two nights old. The bear fell several times; and at last, poor fellow, dragged himself by his fore feet, trailing his hind quarters over the incrustated snow, so as to leave a long black imprint stained by blood."

Once free from the ice, they sailed for Goodhaven, where they recruited, and turned again toward the north; but the summer was unpropitious, and they made but little progress with their search during the season. Dr. Kane thus closes his account of the expedition:

"We left the settlements of Baffin's Bay on the 6th of September, 1851, grateful exceedingly to the kind-hearted officers of the Danish posts; and after a run of some twenty-four days, unmarked by incident, touched our na-

tive soil again at New York. Our noble friend, Henry Grinnell, was the first to welcome us on the pier-head."

THE WIFE.

MISS BREMER beautifully expresses a good wife's duty: "If you will learn the seriousness of life, and its beauty also, live for your husband; be like the nightingale to his domestic life; be to him like the sunbeams between the trees; unite yourself inwardly to him; be guided by him; make him happy and then you will understand what is the best happiness of life, and will acquire, in your own eyes, a worth with God and with man.

Home is the residence not merely of the body but of the heart; it is a place for the affections to unfold and develop themselves; for children to love and to learn, and play in; for husband and wife to toil smilingly together, and make life a blessing. The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home; if we are not happy elsewhere. It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle to see a happy fireside.

A SCRAP.

As mariner long tempest tossed,
On ocean's angry waste,
When thirsting, quaffs the briny flood,
Yet finds his thirst increased,
Then looks with wishful heart and eye
Toward his native home,
And views — his mind's own imagery —
As from the rock they come,
The sparkling drops of water fall
Into the fountain old,
And longs to quench his raging thirst
With draught so pure and cold;
So I long tossed on time's dark wave,
And drinking human lore
To quench the growing thirst of mind,
Yet thirsting more and more;
Look wishful toward that sweet home,
And that pure fount so bright,
Where myriads of kindred minds
Take draughts of living light —
A fount exhaustless in its store,
And ever fresh as youth, —
There I shall drink forevermore:
It is the fount of Truth.

HESPER.

THE FRETFUL HOUSE-WIFE; OR,
WHO'S TO BLAME!

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

"**T**HAT Mrs. Jenkins is an awful piece. I don't see how Jenkins stands it; good easy soul; he lets her scold away, and never seems to mind it at all; don't even seem to hear. Well, I reckon that's the best thing he can do; but I tell you, now, if I had such a woman, I'd find some way to shut her up, and if I couldn't, I'd set fire to the house, and run away by the light of it, for a scold I never would live with. Let's see, you came pretty nigh marrying Lydia yourself, didn't you? It seems to me there used to be such a talk."

"Yes, I'll own up, we were engaged, as the young folks say — but things didn't prosper with me, and the wedding was put off, and we got into a little squabble, like; I believe I was to blame, and we agreed to part company, and I married Agnes, and Lydia turned about and married Joe."

This was said with a deep sigh, as if there was something struggling in the speaker's heart, that was not uttered.

"I reckon you thank your stars for the deliverance," said the other speaker. "I don't know," said the first, slowly. "Lydia was one of the keenest, smartest girls in the country then, and nobody ever thought of her turning out a scold; she was as merry as a bird, and her wild song, as she tripped along with her milk pail in the morning, had no twang of the termagant in it. I used to think she was one of the neatest and sweetest tempered of her sex. But she is mightily changed." And the man of forty sighed again, as he whittled the bit of pine shingle to a point.

"There is no telling what a woman will be at forty, by the sign of eighteen; is not that so, Mrs. Tyler?" This was addressed to a good looking, benevolent woman, who had joined the two former on the porch, where they were chatting away the twilight hour after their day's work.

"Not always," replied the lady addressed, "for a woman at eighteen may be moulded into an angel or demon, by the surroundings of her after life, sometimes —"

"We were talking of Mrs. Jenkins — she frets his life out of him."

"Better say he frets hers out of her," replied the lady, with spirit.

"Never was there a pleasanter girl than Lydia when she married Joe Jenkins; active, energetic, orderly, ambitious and affectionate. She was calculated to make a house as happy as woman could. She was refined and delicate; Joe was coarse and rough; she was a pink of neatness, he a sloven; she loved the beautiful, he could not tell the difference between a rose and a burdock; she was orderly and systematic, he was completely the reverse; she was warm and genial as a May morning, he as cold and repulsive as an icicle in November. So they commenced life; she worked hard, early and late, to get along; he loitered and laid in bed, made excuses, put off, procrastinated, let things go wrong, and by his neglect and carelessness, doubled all her cares. I knowed just how it all began; for I lived with her five years; she never meant to be a scold, never; it come by degrees." "Come Mr Jenkins," she would say, "can't you split me a little wood, my bread is almost ready for the oven." "Yes, pretty soon — where's the ax? — whose had that ax? I wish the ugly children —" "Why, Mr. Jenkins, don't speak so —" "Well, its enough to try the patience of Job — never can find anything when I want it."

"You should put it in its place then yourself, when you use it."

"I did. I left it at the wood pile."

"No you did not. You left it down by the barn, where you was mending the bars."

"Humph! so I did." And off Joe would go after the ax, find the pigs in the corn for want of care in the fences, put off after the pigs full run, drive them out half-mile from the house, meet a neighbor, get upon the

fence and talk an hour, forgetting all about the wood. In the mean time Lydia would run for the ax, chop her own wood, and manage somehow to have the bread all right, for nothing is ever wrong in her department, and Joe would not see nor know that he had not in the slightest transgressed. The house leaked down rain upon her head for five years, and she could not induce him to mend the roof. The crops were never planted, nor never gathered in season. The fences were left till half he did raise was destroyed by unruly cattle. The cistern would leak by the year together; a man's labor a half a day would repair it. But he would go to town and stay three days in the week, and not get back till midnight. If she made a little garden, the gates were left off the hinges and it was destroyed. He often laid abed in the morning till called the third or fourth time to breakfast, while she milked the cow with a babe in her arms, carried in wood, and run to the garden for what was needed. He always kept a great family and little help. I was but a child then. He never put anything in place, left everything where he used it, never cleaned his feet, or took the least pains to save her labor, and instead of helping her to govern the boys as they grew up, by his own careless habits, his waiting, putting off, and want of energy he taught them to follow in his ways.

Little by little Lydia learned to scold. Every day for a year, she would have to remind him that the bucket was down in the well, or the cistern pump needed mending. All things she would have righted herself, but she never had money, for Joe's carelessness left him always in debt, and these debts were an excuse for everything. He was mean in all little things. He would let ten dollars go to waste outside for the want of an hour's care, yet scold her or the children for wasting a goose quill or lucifer match, or half a sheet of paper in a letter; easy and good natured for the most part, yet turbulent and abusive, when things went

wrong for him, as they usually did. Lydia's good humored, joyous disposition and gentleness of spirit gradually wore out to him, though she was pleasant, as he used to say, to every one else. Now, to worry is grown a habit, and he *takes it easy*, never trying to please her in any one thing.

"It is no use" he says, "to try to please her. She will fret. If he mends the cisterns she would find fault about the roof, and if he stopped the leak she would want the spouts put up, and if that was done, she'd remember that the garden was behind time, and when that was brought up, the door yard would need mowing or manuring, or the trees pruning, and so its no use." Poor wretched man. He never tried putting all to rights at once, to see its effect. So for twenty-five years poor Mrs. Jenkins has toiled almost day and night to keep along, and by dint of fretting, coaxing and toiling has raised a pretty respectable family. But they all think "mother scolds," and her reason for all this quadrupled labor, is a worn out nervous system, a face wrinkled and old, a spirit broken, and the name of Fretful Housewife. Who is to blame? I ask you candidly and seriously, gentlemen, if you could either of you be patient and forbearing at all times, if you had to live with such a man as Joe Jenkins? He is lazy, dogmatical, slovenly, and cold hearted. Lydia is exactly the reverse. There, there she is now driving the cows out of the cabbage, and there he is, as usual, down by the grocery smoking his pipe, and talking to old Phelps. He's half drunk. I suppose somebody will say his wife scolded him into it.

"Hang his lazy picture," said the first speaker, "I believe all he does is to talk; he's good at that." The other got up and walked away, sighing: "Lydia ain't all to blame."

He was thinking, no doubt, of "what might have been."

There are a great many Lydia Jenkins in this world — fretful women, who get a hard name simply because

somebody else never lives up to duty — good house-keepers, good wives, good mothers, good neighbors — no fault to be found with them, but “they scold.”

Look at the other side of the picture. Husbands, that are men perhaps of mind, and character, and even wealth, yet so careless and neglectful of little things, so thoughtless of a wife's comfort and happiness, and so fearful of her acting herself, as to restrict her to just what they think necessary; and would be offended, and feel their dignity infringed upon, were she to take the responsibility of hiring a man to chop her wood, or spade her garden — thus curbing and fretting minds as earnest and independent as their own, and filling their paths with little annoyances, that make the whole life a bitterness, simply because they know and feel that these things are all unnecessary, and might be removed without an effort by the very hands that place them in their way.

It is much easier for most minds to bear great afflictions, than to be cheerful under constantly recurring petty vexation, and it is a noticeable fact, that most fretful women bear unavoidable trials with patient fortitude. There are peevish, fretful women, hosts of them, that have no excuse but a morbid temper. But in judging of the character of a woman, of whom the world says: “she does nothing amiss, but scold,” look at both sides of the question, and see who is to blame.

REMINISCENCES.

INSCRIBED TO A YOUNGER SISTER.

BY MRS. J. A. DENNIS.

Cold winter's hand is on us, stern and drear,
His mandate now; — but when the infant year
Was usher'd, she did greet us with a smile,
Like spring's own greeting. It was a transient wile,
For now the storm-king rules; we feel his power,
And bow submissive; — yet the passing hour
Bears witness of a shrinking heart, unblest
With balm of healing, — writhing in unrest,
And sorrowing thoughts are born, — and shadows dance

Between me and the light. My childhood's home,
And childish days are here, — the season brings
Back from their graves, as, borne on airy wings,
The memories of the past, — and each entwined
With some sweet Souvenir. With the wintry wind
Comes the remembrance of those early days,
We gathered 'round the hearth, whose cheerful blaze
Shown on a happy group; no blight was there,
No brow was darken'd; envy, strife, nor care
Found entrance: shall my wayward, erring heart
Arraign that wisdom, that has given my part
Among the sorrowing? shall that heart repine,
That far from those I love this form of mine
At last shall rest? shall murmuring thro'ts arise,
While with the crowd I feel no sympathies,
That ease, and wealth, and splendor, were denied;
That, far below where sit, in princely pride
The heartless throng, I stood, and stand alone,
Unenvied, all unknowing and unknown?
Shall envy rankle where but love should glow,
Poisoning the springs whence purest streams should flow?
No; rather let me count my mercies o'er, —
Confess my ill deserts, and mercy still implore.

My sister, when the spring is bright with flowers,
I call to mind the rosy-tinted hours,
When, 'neath the leaves the autumn-winds had strewn
We sought for violets; moss had overgrown
The shaded knolls, along the wood-paths, where
We trimmed the wild-flower-wreaths to deck our hair,
Or wandered where the brooklet, in its play,
Caught spring's bright span, and rippled far away,
Or gather'd pebbles from the limpid stream,
Rubies to us, in childhood's golden dream;
With what delight I led thee first to school,
Yet feared, lest thou — infringing some strict rule,
The penalty incurred — “The Master's” brow,
So stern, so dark, methinks I see it now,
As when some luckless wight “the rules” had broke.
Who'd be a child again, and bear the yoke,
Imposed in by-gone days! — how straight and prim
We sat, nor dared to move an aching limb,
And feared, almost, the dreaded “master's” chair,
And con'd our “lessons” with a painful care.

That "Reign of Terror," — can I call it less?
 Is o'er; a brighter day has dawned, to bless
 The rising sun; the law of kindness rules,
 And forms the basis of our public schools;
 The teacher, ever mindful of the good,
 The health, the comfort of his numerous
 brood,
 Is loved, and loves in turn; to me the hours
 Would pass, like those I've spent among the
 flowers,
 With music breathing 'round; here music
 too,
 Blends with their daily labors, warbling thro'
 Their sterner tasks, making them ever new.

The summer brings remembrance, too, of
 thee;

The old farm-orchard, with its spreading tree
 Was witness of our sports, our mimic play,
 We never thought too long the summer day,
 And there our brother joined us; he whose
 years

So soon were numbered, sister, could the
 tears

Of bitter anguish win our loved one back?
 Would we recall them, to the toilsome track
 We filled so wearily? when autumn hours
 Are welcomed by the many color'd flowers,
 Then too, I think of thee; sweet voices come,
 Reminding of a home, — a later home
 Than that our childhood knew; the prattling
 boy

We loved so well, — I scarcely knew whose
 joy

Was greater, thine or mine; too fondly loved,
 My gentle, fragile boy! — Death, all un-
 moved

By tears and anguish, tore from our embrace
 Our dearest idol; time can ne'er efface
 The memory of *that* hour; in autumn-time,
 We laid him to his rest. The pealing chime
 Of evening bells recalls me from the past,
 And wakes me to the present, hastening past
 To usher in the future; shall we know,
 In that dim future, more of joy, or woe?
 No answer, yet when tempest-blasts assail
 Our little bark, we fain would lift the veil,
 And read its pages; creatures of the dust,
 Faithless and fearful, we no longer trust
 The unerring Pilot. Restless heart! be still!
 Cheerful and trusting, seek to know His will.

But lo! the night is waning, and the bell
 Warns of the hour for rest; sweet sister, fare
 thee well.

BUFFALO, Jan. 1857.

THE FURNITURE OF A HOME.

AS we make our homes, so are we
 made by them. Their character
 is a reflex of ours, and ours of theirs.
 We may read unerringly the outlines

of the characters of the inmates of a
 home by the home itself. And we
 may draw no uncertain conclusions re-
 specting a man's dwelling and its in-
 dwelling spirit, from a survey of him-
 self when away from home.

Such being the importance of this
 sacred spot it should be the pleasure
 of all to consider well what it ought to
 be made. As this season brings do-
 mestic establishments into special
 prominence, we shall take occasion to
 offer some hints respecting the furni-
 ture of a home. Upholsterers, cabinet-
 makers, painters, whitewashers, &c.,
 together with innumerable other hand-
 icrafts-men, will supply all information
 respecting *material* furniture, useful
 and ornamental, which every comfort-
 able home needs. But mahogany,
 rosewood, brocatelle, tapestries, gilt,
 however expressive they may be of re-
 fined taste and substantial comfort,
 cannot compensate for the lack of oth-
 er furniture, without which a home be-
 comes the lodging of misery, or the
 luxurious bauble of discontented pride.

The first and most important article
 in a true home is *love*. That polishes
 all other furniture, beautifying every
 domestic arrangement, converts a cot-
 tage into a palace, embalms every joy,
 and if trouble comes, it

"Smooths the raven down of darkness,
 'Till it smiles."

Whoever has the temerity to think
 of a home without love as its first and
 chief requisite, will find that his dwelling
 will speedily become to him what the
 frozen peak of Caucasus was to the vul-
 ture-eaten Prometheus — a place of
 torment.

"Better is a dinner of herbs where
 love is, than a stalled ox and hatred
 therewith."

Love, like some curious puzzle-boxes
 of modern invention, contains within
 itself many valuable articles for do-
 mestic use, among which may be enu-
 merated forbearance, patience, courtesy,
 gentleness, mutual respect, and tender
 sympathy. These wait on love, and
 in her service render an earthly home
 a fit miniature of heaven.

Intellectual lamps will also be needed to light up the apartments of a true home with transcendent beauty. Gas and candelabras may be of service, but their light has a melancholy splendor when it shines upon ignorant dunces, witless pretenders, and shallow pated popinjays; who ask for no other light than such as will display their plumage. Very gloomy is the home in which no other light shines than such as may be extracted from tallow, sperm, rosin or coal. It may flit the ghosts of ignorance, superstition, folly, delusion, turning home into an inferno, and its inmates into embryo fiends. Good books, well read — good papers, well selected — improving conversation, having an elevated purpose — good friends, such as few find, because they do not look into the right places for them — these illuminate home with light that never grows dim.

Religion is another indispensable article of furniture in a good home. Not the religion of form, nor of ambitious pretension, nor of Pharisaic austerity, nor of Sadducean laxity — but that religion which teaches the fear of the Lord, and leads its possessor to a daily imitation of Christ.

A GOOD NAME.

MR. STORE, the captain of a fine vessel, was one day leisurely wandering on the beach at Portsmouth. His hands were in his pockets, and he was anxiously watching the direction of the wind.

Ever and anon he turned his gaze at the beautiful vessel before him, and remembered with no small pleasure, that through his own industry and exertions he had attained in it the rank of captain. Mr. Store was an honest, kind-hearted man, and I believe one who embraced and loved the truth as it is in Jesus. He was just engaged in the above contemplations, when he was touched by some one on the arm. He turned round, and saw a bright, rosy-faced little boy, of about ten years of age, standing beside him.

"Please, sir," began the child, before Mr. Store had time to speak, "don't you want a cabin-boy?"

"Yes, my little fellow, I do; can you tell me of one?"

"Why, sir, I was going to ask if you would take me; I should be very glad, for I want a place."

"What is your name, my boy? and where do you live?"

"Please, sir, my name's Bill Jones, and I lives in Lonnon."

"Well," said Mr. Store, laughing, "that is a very plain answer, certainly. London is a large place, my little man, and Jones not a very uncommon name, so I am afraid I should be a long time finding out where you live when I go to learn your character."

"Please, sir, I ain't got no character."

"No character! oh, you are in a bad case, then." But feeling interested in the child, he beckoned for him to sit by his side on the beach, and kindly asked him what his father was.

"I ain't got no father, sir, nor yet no mother; they died when I was quite little, and ever since I have lived in Lonnon with my aunt, at least, at night; I goes to school all day. But aunt's getting so old, she says I must begin to work for myself now."

"Have you no brothers and sisters? and why did you come so far to seek employment?"

"No, sir, there's only me, and I comed here 'cause I always wanted to go to sea."

"But, my boy, what do you mean by saying you have no character?"

"Why, aunt can't write, and so she said she could not give me any, and my school-master was out, or else he would have given me one."

"Oh! I understand; you mean you have no written character; though I suppose if I go and see your school-master, I can learn what sort of a boy you are; but I am afraid I have no time now, for as soon as the wind changes I am off. What have you got there?" (pointing to a book he held in his hand.)

"Please, sir, that's my prize."

Mr. Store took it from him, and saw written on the title page, "William Jones, a reward for industry and good conduct, at St. B . . . school, London."

"Well," said Mr. Store, "that's capital! I see you have got a good name at school;" and pleased with the boy's open, frank countenance, and simple manners, he said, "That, at all events, is a good character. I have half a mind to take you with me, for I certainly must have some one, and I have not much time to seek for a lad, and I am not going a long voyage this time."

The boy was delighted, and promised to do his best to merit this kindness; and he afterwards fully proved that he deserved the character the school-master had given him, for by his steady good conduct he was eventually raised to the rank only next below the captain himself, thus proving the inestimable value of a *good name*.

Oh! none can tell the inestimable value of a *good name*. Get it, my little friend; do all you can to get it. It will serve you well one of these days, as it did Bill Jones. It is true God looks at the heart, and judges of us by this. But other people cannot see our hearts, and judge us by what we say and do. You may try and get the approval of good people, as well as of God. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches; and loving favor rather than silver and gold."

THE DRESS OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

WINTER, with its keen blasts, is upon us. The frost is chilling the earth, and the wind's cold breath causes us to draw our shawls closer around us as we quicken our pace in walking. Thicker, warmer, and more abundant clothing is needed for this season of the year. Woman loads her shoulders with cloaks and furs, yet how is it with her feet and limbs? With the mass of your ladies, the same style of drawers answer for any

weather, no matter how hot or cold, while the thin stocking and thinner shoe must adorn the feet, lest they look large and awkward. All this is suicidal, and fits thousands for the consumptive's doom; yet those who remain will not take warning by the fate of others, which they call an untimely blight or "dispensation of Providence."

Women and girls, as you hope for life and health, go to the shoemaker's and have your feet measured for a good substantial pair of strong, warm shoes or boots for the winter. Throw your paper soles and cloth tops in the clothes-press until next summer; at least do not step on the damp ground or cold pavement, unless you have a cork sole or rubber for protection. Then make for yourself some thick, warm drawers for the winter, and leave those dainty, delicate, embroidered ones for a more fitting season. Remember there is more need of keeping the limbs warm, than of loading the chest and shoulders with such a super-abundance of cotton and furs as are used, pressing the respiratory organs into close confinement, until the labored efforts necessary to fulfill their mission, rob them of half their strength.

Mothers, dress yourselves as though you were endowed with thought and common sense. Consult health and comfort, though it may interfere with the dictates of fashion. Learn that strength and rosy cheeks are a far higher type of beauty than gossamer frailty and weak dependence. Then do your duty to your children; do not let your folly and weakness curse their after life with the mildew blight of settled and irremediable disease and suffering.

Every woman should study the laws which govern her physical being, else she is unfitted for the wife's and mother's duty, and should never take this responsible position. She should have her anatomical, physiological, and hygienic works, and should study them with discrimination and care. But most of all should she permit her own

native judgment to have a natural working, else she is but a machine operated on by influences unworthy her nobler self.

Our grandmothers, with their strong frames and greater powers of endurance, never dared thus trifle with the rich boon of health. And what are the consequences? Frailty, weakness, and disease. Look at our little girls. Nothing need be prettier, neater, and more commendable than the present customary dress of children for summer. It gives to the limbs freedom, and ease to the carriage, being cool and light, and answering every purpose of clothing for warm weather; but in winter it is quite different. In fact two-thirds of the mothers of the present time would only get their due if they should be indicted for child slaughter; sending their children out into the cold from air-tight stove-rooms, with their little feet and limbs nearly naked; for what better protection is the delicate, spider-web drawers, the tiny gaiter and stocking, which they call dress! All this helps much to give that frailty and delicacy of appearance to our little girls, which so prominently mark them, laying a foundation of future suffering—if they escape with their lives—which makes life one round of pain and misery.

FIRESIDE EDUCATION.

LET children be exposed to temptation as little as possible. There is a notion among some that a little temptation is not amiss, as a means of training the young to withstand greater assaults. But this is, we are convinced, an ill-founded doctrine, and most fatal policy. It is of the nature of every one of our feelings to be awakened into activity by the presentation of its appropriate object; and it is the equally natural result, that the frequent activity promotes the power and the tendency to activity of those feelings. By presenting, then, what are called tempt-

ations, we are taking a direct means of educating and strengthening the inclinations toward error. On the contrary, a feeling, allowed to lie dormant, loses in power, and becomes always less and less liable to act. There is perhaps a confusion of ideas at the bottom of the objectionable theory. The true plan seems to be, to remove all actual temptation, but to give the intellect and the moral feelings proper warning against all such dangers, and thus prepare them for resistance when the time of unavoidable trial comes. We would say, then, do not allow the young to see or touch evil things, or even to be in company where such things are to be spoken lightly of, from an idea that they are to be thus hardened against temptation. Be content to inspire a salutary horror of such things by your own report, if you only are so fortunate as to be able to keep your young charge exempt from positive contact with what is discommendable. An error may, of course, be committed in speaking too strongly against what you disapprove of, in which case the young person no sooner discovers the exaggeration, than, from a principle of contradiction, he is inclined to embrace the vice. But discretion will save from this mistake. Upon the whole, it may be set down as a most important rule in education, to reduce temptation to the smallest possible bounds.

SCHOOL INSTRUCTION.

A large number of persons entertain the idea that education consists of what is usually learned at school. Education, however, as may be seen by the preceding explanations, is of a very comprehensive nature, and includes the *forming of character* in youth. That which is taught at school is at best a very limited kind of education; it refers principally to the acquisition of certain kinds of technical knowledge, and therefore chiefly concerns the intellect. We can, indeed, imagine the possibility of a character-forming education at school; but in

the present state of things, such is rarely realized. What the schoolmaster imparts is instruction, not education in its entire sense; and we mention this, in order that parents may see the propriety of not expecting too much from their children by attending at school.

School attendance, however, is not valueless in a moral sense. It creates habits of order, and attention to time, and is useful in lowering those notions of self-esteem which children educated in solitude are apt to form. One of the most serious errors in ordinary schooling is the practice of competition among pupils. The holding out of prizes for proficiency inspires tumultuary passions in youth; and conquest is only achieved by dashing the hopes of others. But this is not the worst of its evils. It is often attended by physical as well as moral injury. The eager striving to gain prizes frequently leads to undue excitement in the brain, which ends in disease and death. Whether for the paltry triumph of seeing their children carry off a prize, or for the pleasure of seeing them prodigies of learning, parents are equally blameable in urging too close attention to studies.

Some children manifest an extraordinary aptitude for learning while still very young. They will be observed to learn a lesson or commit hymns to memory with marvellous ease. This precocity, as being considered a mark of genius, usually delights parents. They are not aware of what they are admiring. Precocity is an unnatural development of brain; it is the beginning of functional derangement, and if not checked, will probably lead to melancholy consequences. In children of tender constitutions, precocity is almost uniformly fatal.

Parents should not give themselves any vexation about the apparent backwardness of their children in school learning. In most instances, pupils get forward as quickly as is necessary, and at all events as fast as their faculties will admit of. Some children,

indeed, will require to be inspired by every proper admonition; but if they seem to do all that is in their power, they ought not to be rebuked. To blame a child because he is behind his fellows, would in many cases be as absurd as to blame him for not being able to wield a sledge-hammer. After all, proficiency at school is found to be no certain indication of success in life. Generally, he who has the best memory is the best scholar; and as a vast many things besides memory are required to make an accomplished man, it not unfrequently happens that boys who made a poor figure at school, display great energy of purpose on reaching manhood.

Five years of age is early enough for the commencement of attendance at school, though before that period children may be taught their letters at home. The elementary branches of instruction are reading, writing, and arithmetic; and these all should learn. The higher branches may be said to consist of mathematics, drawing, foreign and classic languages, music, etc.; and instruction in these departments is less or more given according to the means of parents or other circumstances.

On this subject we must confine ourselves to general recommendations. Children possess not only different degrees of aptitude, but a different manifestation of faculties. Some have an inclination to learn one thing, and some another; one boy will show a strong taste for mathematics, another will be equally bent on learning classical languages. On the whole, it is best not to thwart these dispositions; they only need to be regulated according to professional views.

As a general advice, we should say, give your children as good a school education as your means will admit of. Saving in this branch of expenditure is poor economy; for nothing yields so good a return as a liberal education. Select also the most respectable schools and teachers. If governesses need to be hired for your daughters, offer and

pay a suitable salary for their valuable services.

In childhood, the faculty of imitating sounds and words seems to be much stronger than it is in after-life. Whether this arises from any peculiar condition of the mind, or only from the want of engrossing cares, is of no consequence to our present purpose. The fact is evident, that children may with ease be accustomed to speak any language, however difficult, and not only one, but many languages.

If parents, therefore, wish their children to speak French as well as English, all they need do is to speak French to them, or get a French nursery governess, with whom they can spend a part of their time. By means such as this, it would be a matter of no difficulty to cause a child, before he was twelve years of age, to speak several languages, as, for example, English, French, German, and Italian, with perfect fluency and exactness. Such is the plan usually pursued in the education of children in various continental countries; and as it gives no trouble to the pupils, it is much preferable to that adopted where the learning of foreign tongues is a severe drudgery at school, and occupies time which should be employed in something more dignified than the mechanical acquisition of words. Among the English nobility, we believe, the plan of employing French nursery governesses is becoming common.

RECREATIONS.

Children require to be amused. They like to play, romp, run about, and seek other recreations; all which is quite natural and proper. Girls love to dress and nurse dolls. Let them follow this fancy; for it is in obedience to a natural propensity, and, besides cultivating the affections, implants habits of order. Boys, on the other hand, love out-door sports, and those, so far as they are safe, they ought to be allowed to follow.

Boys should be encouraged to keep rabbits and pigeons; for the practice

gives a kind of knowledge far from useless, and also teaches kindness to animals. If there be accommodation for it, boys should likewise be allowed to tend and cultivate a little garden, under proper instructions. This will give not only health, but amusement, along with a practical knowledge of vegetation. Angling is another out-door recreation that may be advantageously permitted, in consequence of the knowledge it communicates. All recreations, indeed, which communicate love for, and intimacy with, the works of nature, can not but prove beneficial.

Gaming for money, horse-racing, and any other sports of a vicious, or brutal character, should find no place among the recreations of youth, or indeed of persons of any age. It is important to rear children with a becoming horror of all dissolute amusements; and no lesson in this respect will prove so effectual as pointing out to them the practical results of such amusements in the misery of their votaries.

Companions. Children require companions, and if deprived of those of a respectable kind they may attach themselves to persons of a disreputable order. Judicious parents will endeavor to prevent companionship with mean associates. All young persons should be taught to *look up*, never to look down, for acquaintances and friends; not that inferiors are to be despised, far from it; but that it is of the first consequence to be inspired with a reasonable ambition to get forward in the world. As a general rule, however, success in life may be said to be in the inverse ratio of the number of acquaintances. It is by their own exertions, not the assistance of others, that the young will succeed in their career.

Books form an important engine of mental culture and recreation. Young people in general are disposed to reading, and what parents are chiefly called on to do, is to regulate this taste, and lead it into proper channels.

Among much that issues from the press, there is not a little trash — books calculated to sow dissensions in society, and to distract, if not pollute, the mind. The greater number of novels, by representing human nature as it never was, and never will be, are of this vitiating tendency. Judicious parents, however, ought to show no churlish harshness on this point. They will find little difficulty in directing the tastes of their children towards an improving and cheering kind of literature without resorting to positive injunctions.

SOME WORDS IN YOUR EAR.

THE schools of this part of the country are in operation for the winter's campaign against ignorance. Boots have been bought for the boys, and high shoes for the girls — boots should have been provided for the girls also; the school-house windows have been puttied up; a load of green wood has been provided; the teacher has slivered a rail and started a fire; the steam is up, and the educational car is in motion. Who goes? Boys and girls of course?

Would the parents of these children allow them to go on a pleasure excursion, on a train of cars, subject to the contingencies of railroading, however strong the engine, secure the breaks, comfortable the carriages, well cared for the track, careful the conductor, vigilant the engineer, without going to see that all were right before starting? Would they allow the train to go and come without inquiring at the telegraph office, whether all were right in its progress? But the children have just started on a more than pleasure excursion. There's life business to be done; Time and Eternity's interests are involved. This is to be only a passage from one station to another in an honorable or disgraceful life-journey. The train to them is headed towards head and heart greatness or littleness, usefulness or cursing, joy or woe. Have

parents been down to see the starting? Have they examined the car? The conductors are not all old and tried. The car is shabby. There may be loose rails ahead. Have you heard from the track? Accidents are frequent on this road — more than we hear of. Intellects and affections are smashed up; spirits are crippled; while passions are jarred into activity — not more in this, the people's educational train, than in others, but in all. Do you wish to run more than ordinary risk? Were you, fathers and mothers, down to see the train start?

But the track doesn't run out of your own neighborhood. You may at any time call down and see the traveling. Have you been down since the train started?

If you haven't where is your mother's heart — your father's affection? The teacher will be glad to see you. Your presence will encourage him to double his diligence. You can't trust the telegraph; Morse's continuous wires lies badly enough, everybody knows; but the telegraph that brings the news of school progress, constituted by one hundred tongues, more or less that wag at the will of hearts beneath — addled brains beneath them — lie worse. Good teachers are slandered, poor ones praised. If you would know the truth, go and see for yourself. Father? the odd hours you loiter away, resting as you call it, would if properly employed, make you acquainted with the influence and instructions with which your boys are being pickled in the school room; and your presence there would stimulate what is good and check what is bad, and more, it would give you a better knowledge of what a school ought to be, and a just notion of the importance of providing a good one for your own boys and girls!

Mothers! your hours of sewing and knitting, spent occasionally in the common school where your daughters are being trained for honorable or disgraceful womanhood, and where you

might knit and sew as fast as at home, would tell wonderfully in the objects of your love and toil! Why can't you take up your work and go up to the school-house next week, some day? Invite some of the neighboring mothers to join you in a call upon your children and school-master. May be it would frighten the teacher, and scare the children, but be civil and mind your knitting—and the school too—and go away and tell as good a story as you can under the circumstances, making all proper allowances for the fright your unwonted presence produced; and the next week call again, when you will be better prepared to judge of the progress of your children in healthy, mental and moral growth, and they will be better prepared to see you. Follow up these weekly visits through the winter, and your interest shall be doubled. You will be able to sympathize with the scholar and teacher, and judge of what constitutes a good or a bad school. Your children will feel that you care for their growth in knowledge; the teacher, that the eye of the parent is upon him to applaud or condemn, and his zeal will be augmented, as well as his confidence in you as a friend and helper; and above all, you will have done more of what is your duty as mother of the children you profess to love.

There is no valid excuse for parents not visiting the schools where their children are taught, except *physical inability, or mental weakness*.

NEW MOVE AMONG THE LADIES.

IN the city of Belgium, extravagance has assumed such alarming proportions that the ladies themselves have been obliged to combine for the purpose of arresting its disastrous progress. It appears that extravagance has been for some years a source of restraint in families; and it was noticed no marriages were contracted, since the young men, frightened at the

bills that loomed up in the distance, preferred to live in celibacy. The mothers, recognizing the inconvenience of a state of affairs encouraged by themselves, have resolved to bring about a salutary reform, and with this view they have formed a committee, which meets once a week. They have declared open war with extravagance, and every member announces publicly the retrenchments made in her household expenses.

Referring to the paragraph above quoted, the Louisville Courier thus discourses:

Some movement of the description alluded to above is needed in America, and nowhere more than in Louisville. The extravagance, the reckless expenditures of the wives and daughters of our people are really startling. These appear to be guided by no law of reason nor of propriety. The cultivation of every virtue of the head and heart is neglected, and the passion for dress and display fostered and nourished, as if not only position in society, but actual existence depended upon the costliness of apparel. We see hundreds of ladies daily sweeping the streets, arrayed in more splendor than were even the women of the patrician houses of Rome, when that city was the scene of luxury and profligacy.

The manufactories of every nation are brought into requisition to supply the foolish tastes, the whims and caprices of womanhood. The silks of China, the laces of Belgium, the feathers of Africa, the furs of the Arctic regions, all are in demand, and all procured regardless of cost, in order that one person may make a more ostentatious display than another. This rivalry among the ladies as to who shall be the most extravagantly dressed, or rather over-dressed, exceeds that between contending aspirants for political honors. It begets pride, vanity, every and all the meaner and more debasing passions. It inaugurates into society a new test of respectability, and that person who can flaunt in the costliest robes, and dazzle with the rarest

jewelry, is the finest lady. Before the omnipotent behests of fashion and dress, all the advantages of talent, of virtue, and true womanhood must succumb.

This unfortunate tone of public sentiment is productive of more evils than we generally suppose. None can object to those who have large incomes spending their money profusely in whatever manner they choose. But we do object to their setting up a false standard of merit and respectability. Such is the weakness of human nature that many females imagine themselves lowered in public estimation if they are not so well and fashionably dressed as their neighbors. The wives and daughters of men who are employed on small salaries thus enter into all the dissipations of dress, as if they had an annual income of thousands instead of hundreds. We see, every day, ladies upon the street so richly attired that we know that their husbands are inadequate to meet the expense. No wonder that many men are thus driven to desperation — that they defraud their employers — that they seek dishonorable means by which to maintain the follies of their wives. No wonder that young men, contemplating this frightful degree of extravagance that now pervades all classes, shrink from marriage, because it would entail on them the support of an establishment beyond their ability.

These are home truths, and this is a startling picture, but not overdrawn. Is there not good sense enough in the community to bring about a reform? The interests of society — the interests of humanity — all appeal loudly for a curtailment of the female extravagance of the day.

NELLIE DORR.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

She went up with the angels, on the morning of the 6th of January, 1857.

I saw her once — one summer's day,
And linger'd by the dusty way,
To hear the music of her mirth,
And wonder if she were of earth —
Sweet NELLIE DORR.

Her baby-brow was pearly-white —
No stain of sin had dimmed its light;
Was it a halo resting there,
Or sun-beams on the golden hair
Of NELLIE DORR?

O, sun-light never seemed so fair,
As that which nestled round her there!
Nor e'er a hue in yonder skies,
Was beautiful as were thy eyes,
Dear NELLIE DORR.

I thanked the Giver for the child,
Who on my weary pathway smiled —
Then came a voice — I bowed my head,
To catch the tone, and all it said
Was "NELLIE DORR."

I felt the spell an angel brings,
And heard the rustle of their wings —
Then, whispering, asked, "what wait ye for?"
They answered softly, "NELLIE DORR,
Sweet NELLIE DORR."

She came a visitant to earth —
A cherub child of mortal birth;
But angels called her home again,
And stricken hearts have sobbed — "Amen,
Dear NELLIE DORR."

CONTENTMENT.

BY ISABELLA SHELDON.

CONTENTMENT, who can speak its worth,
Or paint the happiness it brings,
As oft to those of lowly birth
As to the palaces of kings.

'Tis riches in the humble cot,
Though filled with but a scanty store,
Where still contented with his lot
The poor man lives, nor asks for more.

'Tis health to those who whilst in pain,
The truth of that blest Scripture prove,
Content with godliness is gain,
And calmly trust eternal love.

It drives all anxious care away,
Nor harbors thought of future ill,
Assuring us, our God to-day
Will be our God and Father still.

Contentment sheds serenest light
O'er homes where luxury abounds,
And makes the humble pathway bright,
And humble hearts with joy surrounds.
WILLSBOROUGH, Jan., 1857.

WINTER.

"I CROWN thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know."

SWISS CUSTOM.

WHEN a girl has arrived at a marriageable age, the young men of the village assemble by consent on a given night at the gallery of the chalet in which the fair one resides. This creates no manner of surprise in the mind of her parents, who not only wink at the practice, but are never better pleased than when the charms of their daughter attract the greatest number of admirers. Their arrival is soon announced by sundry taps at the different windows. After the family in the house has been roused (for the scene usually takes place at midnight, when they have all retired to rest,) the window of the room prepared for the occasion, in which the girl is first alone, is opened. Their parley commences, of rather a boisterous description; each man in turn urges his suit with all the eloquence and art of which he is possessed. The fair one hesitates, doubts, asks questions, but comes to no decision. She then invites the party to partake of a repast of cakes and kirschwassar, which is prepared for them on the balcony. Indeed this entertainment, with the strong water of the cherry, forms a prominent feature in the proceedings of the night. After having regaled themselves for some time, during which and through the window she has made use of all the witchery of woman's art, she feigns a desire to get rid of them, and will sometimes call her parents to accomplish this object. The youths, however, are not to be put off, for according to the custom of the country, they have come here for the express purpose of compelling her on that night, there and then, to make up her mind, and to declare the object of her choice. At length, after further parley, her heart is touched, or at least she pretends it is, by the favored swain. After certain preliminaries between the girl and her parents, her lover is admitted through the window, where the alliance is signed and sealed, but not delivered, in presence of both father

and mother. By consent of all parties the ceremony is not to extend beyond a couple of hours, when after a second jollification with kirschwassar, they all retire.

BEAUTIFUL BEHAVIOR.

"MANNERS" is the subject of a passage in the *American Journal of Education*, in which Dr. Huntington, the author of the same, says some admirable things. Mark them parents and teachers:

"A noble and attractive every-day bearing comes of goodness, of sincerity, of refinement. And these are bred in years, not moments. *The principle that rules your life is the true posture-maker!* Sir Philip Sidney was the pattern to all England of a perfect gentleman; but then he was the hero that on the field of Zutphen pushed away the cup of cold water from his own fevered parching lips, and held it to the dying soldier at his side! If lofty sentiments habitually make their home in the heart, they will beget, not perhaps a fictitious and finical drawing-room etiquette, but the breeding of a genuine and more royal gentility, to which no simple, no young heart will refuse its homage. *Children are not educated till they catch the charm that makes a gentleman or a lady!* A coarse and slovenly teacher, a vulgar and boorish presence, munching apples or chestnuts at recitations like a squirrel, pocketing his hand like a mummy, projecting his heels nearer the firmament than his skull, like a circus clown, and dispensing American saliva like a member of Congress, inflicts a wrong on the school-room for which no scientific attainments are an off-set. An educator that despises the resources hid in his personal carriage deserves, on the principle of Swedenborg's retributions, *similia similibus*, or, 'like deserves like,' to be passed through a pandemonium of Congressional bullying.

MONTHLY DIGEST OF NEWS.

THE proceedings in the Senate during the past month have been few, and but of little interest. A memorial of E. K. Collins was presented, asking Government to take his steamers, as the present mail compensation will not sustain them. Debates took place on the bill for the settlement of the claims of the officers in the Revolution, and on that providing for a steam revenue cutter for New York, which passed after being amended by striking out so much of the bill as designated that the cutter shall be stationed at the port of New York. A resolution was adopted calling for the correspondence relative to the refusal of the Dutch Minister to testify before the court in the case of Herbert, who shot the waiter at one of the hotels at Washington last spring. The course of Mr. Dubois, the Minister alluded to, has, it appears, met the disapprobation of his government, and he has therefore been transferred to Copenhagen. Among the communications sent to the Senate was one from the Secretary of War, submitting a letter from the Bureau of Construction, and from the Engineer-in-Chief, on the subject of greater safety from fire in the construction of steam vessels. These officers make numerous suggestions, but the gist of them all is the use of metal upon the floors and decks, and the surrounding of the furnaces with water.

In the House, the Rev. Daniel Waldo was re-elected Chaplain. A bill was passed for paying Gen. Scott, under the Lieutenant-General resolution, the amount to which Attorney-General Cushing said he was entitled. It gives him \$22,000 in addition to \$10,000 already received, and places him on the same footing with Washington, provided by the law of 1798. An ineffectual effort was made to make the bill establishing a uniform rule of naturalization the special order for the 14th of January. The Indian, Pension, and West Point Academy bills were passed, appropriating to the purposes of the first, \$2,350,868 — to those of the second, \$1,355,620, and to the last, \$161,170. Also a bill to depreciate Spanish coins twenty per cent., for the purpose of getting them out of circulation, and to issue the new cent. This bill was laid over for two weeks. Mr. Rice introduced a bill authorizing the people of Minnesota to form a Constitution and State Government. The Senate bill providing for the compulsory pre-payment of postage on all transient matter was passed.

THE newly elected Governor of New York, Hon. JOHN A. KING, and Lieut. Governor SELDEN were inaugurated with the usual ceremonies, in the Assembly Chamber of the State House at Albany, on New Year's Day. Mr. King was addressed by Myron H. Clark,

the retiring governor, after which he took the oath of office, and responded in a short speech. The Secretary of State then administered the oath of office to Lieut. Governor Selden, and the audience dispersed. The exercises were interesting and largely attended. A salute of one hundred guns was fired on the occasion.

WRECKS.—In the latter part of December, the packet New York from Liverpool, and the bark Tasso from Rio Janeiro, were driven ashore on the Jersey coast. The passengers of the New York, about 300 in number, mostly Irish, were got ashore, where some acts of shocking barbarity are reported, such as the men forcibly driving the women from the scanty shelter afforded and taking possession themselves. The crew, too, seem to have fallen to the level of wolves; for while the captain was doing his utmost to save the passengers, they fell upon him and nearly killed him. The bark Tasso lost four of her crew, and two brave shoremen were drowned in trying to save others.

AN EXAMPLE FOR YOUNG LADIES.—Between the months of June and November last, two ladies of Swanville, Maine, Mrs. Thankful Nickerson, aged 72 years, and Mrs. Thankful Williams, aged 67 years, spun four hundred and seventy-five skeins of yarn upon a hand wheel, and wove five hundred and thirty yards of cloth. During this time, they did some house work, took care of a sick person, and knit seventy pairs of hose. These ladies are in excellent health, and give conclusive proof of the old proverb, that industry is the parent of longevity.

DR. ELISHA K. KANE.—We deeply regret to learn that this indefatigable explorer, whose fame fills the civilized world, is now lying quite ill at Havana. His many friends and admirers will deeply regret to learn that his health is in a critical condition, and sincerely hope that he may yet recover and live to enjoy the rich harvest of fame and honor he has so fairly won.

In 1856 there were twenty-seven steamboat accidents, killing one hundred and seventy-six persons and wounding one hundred and seven. In 1855 there were twenty-nine accidents, killing three hundred and fifty-eight persons, and wounding one hundred and twenty-seven.

It appears that the New Orleans Custom House, intended for a magnificent pile of granite and marble, is gradually sinking into the swamp. It has declined 16.99 inches since 1852, at which rate of subsidence it will finally disappear from human vision at about the beginning of the 22d century of our era.

POLYGAMY ATTACKED IN UTAH.—At the July term of the First Judicial Court for Utah Territory, Judge Drummond charged the Grand Jury that the Mormonite ceremonies called "sealing" did not constitute a legal marriage; and that it was their duty to "prefer bills of indictment against all such persons as have not been legally married in some country, and particularly when two or more women are found cohabiting with the same man."

THE TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—Mr. Cyrus Field returned home in the *Baltic*, having been completely successful with regard to the Atlantic telegraph. He brings with him a piece of the wire, which is now being rapidly manufactured in London; it is attracting much curiosity.

On Long Island, while the western shore is increasing by the deposit and drift, the eastern extremity is yielding to the waves. Many farms, the deeds of which are recorded in the County Clerk's Office, are out far from the present shore, buried in the Atlantic Ocean.

MRS. SARAH B. SCOTT, the last surviving daughter of Patrick Henry, died on the 10th ult., at "Seven Island," in Halifax county, Virginia. She was 77 years old.

A **LADY** has lately died at Actopan, at the wonderful age of 139 years. Mexico has had over seventy-five political changes in this woman's lifetime.

LADY BYRON, widow of the poet, has, by the death of the incumbent, inherited the title of Baroness Wentworth.

FOREIGN NEWS.

It is said that Sicily was again quiet and that the revolution at Palermo had been suppressed. The would-be assassin of the King of Naples was hanged. The English declaration of war against Persia had caused much excitement both in Europe and Asia. The government proclamation, which recapitulates England's causes of complaint against the Shah is given, but many of her best friends regret the step now taken as tending to increase the advances of Russia further eastward.

DIPLOMATIC relations are suspended between Switzerland and Prussia, and matters are becoming extremely complicated. No reply has been received to the note addressed by Prussia to the Great Powers on the Neuchâtel affair. Meantime Prussia persists in forcible measures, and notifies the German Diet that her own troops are sufficient for the emergency; and that 35,000 troops will assemble at Berlin, by January, to march under General Van Groben upon Switzerland. The latter power is behaving with great gallantry. The population is called to arms and responds with enthusiasm. 20,000 will be

armed immediately, of which 10,000, under Gen. Bourgois, will defend Valse; and the remainder under Gen. Ziegler, will garrison at Schaffhausen. The van and reserve of the army will operate in the field. Unlimited credit for military purposes has been voted. The Federal diet is convoked for the 27th December.

THE old Arctic discovery ship *Resolute*—recovered by an American whaling ship, and presented to the British nation by the United States Congress—arrived at Spithead on the 12th ult., under the command of Capt. Hartstene of the United States Navy. An invitation to a public banquet, by the Corporation and inhabitants of Portsmouth, has been accepted by the captain and officers, and every mark of respect has been paid to the American officers. The *Resolute* was towed up to Cowes on Monday, the 15th ult., the Queen having intimated her wish to pay a visit to the vessel, and the steam frigate *Retribution* was also sent up to salute on the occasion, and several gun-boats and other ships were stationed in the roads. The Queen and Prince Albert, accompanied by some of the royal children, paid their visit about 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 16th, the English and American flags flying at the peak of the *Resolute*, and the Royal standard was hoisted at the main as soon as her Majesty stepped on board. Capt. Hartstene received the Royal party. Her Majesty having received a cordial welcome, and inspected the vessel, retired amid enthusiastic cheering. An elegant *dejeuner* was afterward served in the ward-room. Capt. Hartstene and the officers received a number of invitations to public dinners, many of which were declined for lack of time. A British ship had been tendered them for their return home. Three thousand people visited the *Resolute*. The Queen sent £100 to be distributed among the crew.

THE arrival of the Rev. Dr. Livingston, the renowned explorer of Africa, has created a great sensation in London. Dr. L. has been absent sixteen years, in the employ of the London Missionary Society, in the interior of Africa. His arrival has been cordially welcomed, and the knowledge he will give the public of the interior of that country and its condition, will be invaluable. He speaks various African tongues, and has almost lost the use of his own language.

THE FRENCH IN CHINA.—The French Government demand reparation from the Emperor of China, for the death by violence of the Abbe Chappdelaine, who fell a martyr to his religion. This demand will be supported by the French squadron, charged to compel the Emperor of China to allow a representative of France to reside at Peking—a privilege which Russia alone has hitherto enjoyed.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

WHAT WE EAT.

WE live in a country so extensive in proportion to the number of its inhabitants, and so productive of the fruits of the earth, that it is not strange if we are tempted to indulge in its abundance beyond what is required to sustain life. But whenever we indulge our appetites beyond the requirements of nature, we make a drain from our lives instead of contributing to their support. It is important, therefore, that we understand the object for which our appetites were bestowed upon us, and come as nearly as it is possible for fallible human nature to attain, to the right use of them. We believe it is conceded on all hands that simplicity of diet is conducive to health; but, in direct opposition to this commonly received opinion, it seems to be understood that a desirable style of living is one in which the table is constantly spread with costly and highly seasoned viands, such as will tempt those appetites which nature had so arranged that they should need no labored temptation. If we adopt both of these opinions, they will lead us to the inevitable conclusion that it is desirable to be uncomfortable and sallow and dyspeptic; but well as people love the means by which this result is brought about, we think there is no one who will willingly accept the result itself.

There is no denying that those appetites which have been pampered to satiety with rich food do often need special tempting in order to make the customary meals acceptable, but this is no fault of nature, and in such cases we doubt if it is even a requirement of nature that the customary meals should be taken. A short space of fasting or of adherence to simple diet would undoubtedly bring the appetite back, like a refractory child, to its proper temper.

By simplicity in diet we do not mean the potatoes and salt, or the oatmeal porridge and bannocks which are the much lauded diet of the healthy peasantry in some portions of the world—for we believe that the glowing health of these people depends quite as much upon their constant exposure to fresh air, as upon their simple diet.

But the diet most conducive to health would undoubtedly consist of a sufficient variety of nourishing food, well cooked but plain, and selected with common sense, reference to the age, health and occupation of those who are to enjoy it. It is evident from the physical formation of man, that he was intended to eat both animal and vegetable food, but the selection of those kinds which he should enjoy, has been left to the dictates of his own reason. By the old Hebrew law it was forbidden to the Israelites to eat pork; and by the most highly civilized of ancient nations it was supposed to be a kind of food, fit only for laboring people. There was probably a reason for this, but we think it was one which we dwellers in the New World do not understand very thoroughly. For in many portions of the country, the one variety inclosed under the term "meat," for a large proportion of the year, is pork,—nothing but pork.

We do not believe the Greeks and Romans who turned the eating of pork over so complacently to the laboring classes would have considered it best even for them to float continually in this incessant round of fat. But where this interminable use of pork is customary it is very convenient, for everybody knows how to do that which it is the custom for everybody to do, and a continuance in the old road will save them the trouble of learning anything new. The agricultural papers are saying just now that it is cheaper for farmers to raise a pound of mutton than a pound of pork. But even when they have proved this satisfactorily, we doubt not many farmers will still think that they know better how to raise the pork than the mutton, and are more decided when to kill it, and that their wives know better how and when to dress it, and thus the frying-pans will still continue to swim in fat. The constant use of pork, and of the frying pan in which it is cooked, is the great evil of country living, and though in a great measure counterbalanced by fresh air and fresh vegetables, and the wholesome manner in which everything can be obtained at once from the hand of nature without having grown stale

from waiting in market for a purchaser, it is still a great and unnecessary evil. It seems that English mutton is becoming very fashionable in New York of late; and, though the Gothamites may be gulled into eating a great deal more *South Down's mutton* than ever came over the water, still it may turn the attention of our producers to the proper raising of mutton, and help somewhat in arresting the reign of porkocracy in the country.

All suet, tendon, or oily matter is much less digestive than the ordinary fiber of meat, and all pickled or salted meats are hardened by the process of curing, and thus rendered less digestible, and consequently less nourishing than when fresh.

Of the different kinds of meats, mutton contains the greatest amount of nutritive matter in proportion to its bulk, if we except bones, in which the proportion of nutritious matter is nearly double. Among the grains, wheat stands first in this average proportion, potatoes among vegetables, and grapes among our common fruits.

It is found by scientific observation that no animal can subsist long on food which is destitute of nitrogen, and also that a mixture of different kinds of food is absolutely essential to animal life. The component parts of our food — starch, sugar, and albumen or jelly, will neither of them support animal life alone. "Thus, geese fed upon rum died the sixteenth day; those fed upon starch the twenty-fourth; and those fed upon boiled white of egg the forty-sixth. In all these cases they dwindled away and died as if of starvation."

In wheat the leading nutritive matter is starch and gluten; in rice it is little else than starch; in vegetables, as carrots and turnips, it is chiefly sugar. It may thus be seen how the continued rice diet which is sometimes given to feeble children for bowel complaints, or other reasons, may not only cease to be a benefit, but become a positive injury, depriving them of the nutrition they really need. From its healing and inoffensive nature, this kind of food is universally recommended in such cases, and is undoubtedly beneficial when not used too exclusively.

With regard to variety of food, Chambers

says: "A judicious variation of food is not only useful but important. There are, it is true, some aliments, such as bread, which can not be varied, and which no one ever wishes to be so. But apart from one or two articles, a certain variation or rotation is much to be desired, and will prove favorable to health. There is a common prepossession respecting *one dish*, which is more spoken of than acted upon. In reality there is no virtue in this practice, excepting that, if rigidly adhered to, it makes excess nearly impossible, no one being able to eat to satiety of one kind of food. There would be a benefit from both a daily variation of food, and eating of more than one dish at a meal, if *moderation* were in both cases to be *strictly observed*; for the relish to be thus obtained is useful as promotive of the flow of nervous energy to the stomach, exactly in the same manner as cheerfulness is useful. The policy which would make food in any way unpleasant to the taste is a most mistaken one; for to eat with languor, or against inclination, or with any degree of disgust, is to lose much of the benefit of eating. On the other hand, to cook dishes highly, and provoke appetite by artificial means are equally reprehensible. Propriety lies between the two extremes."

There is no doubt that those who exercise most, and are most frequently exposed to the fresh air, can bear the stimulus of highly seasoned food better than those who lead sedentary lives, but they are not the people for whom such dishes are usually prepared, and indigestion, dyspepsia, and their attendant horrors are apt to be the reward of those who have too much to eat, and too little to do. A paragraph, asserting pithily that jars of sweetmeats, mince-meats, and other preparations of luxurious food should be the only family jars known, has been the rounds of the papers with much apparent acceptance. For ourselves, we should not wonder if a super-abundance of these highly prized jars were found to lie at the foundation of some family jars that are far less agreeable. It is impossible for any one to look very pleasant while suffering from the pains of indigestion, and there is little doubt but the temper as well as the stomach may be thrown sadly ajar, from dipping too deep

into jars of sweetmeats and pickles. And many a fair face, as well as many a fair temper, has, undoubtedly, been spoiled by a too common indulgence in those things which should be regarded as rare delicacies.

"What do you think of cousin Helen?" says a lady to a bachelor friend, during whose absence the Helen referred to has grown up. "Do you call her pretty?"

"Humph, no! nature intended she should be, but she's spoiled. Too much eating and too little acting. Look at her skin."

"Yes, to be sure; her skin is bad. I think it is strange—it used to be so white and clear."

"No! it is n't strange at all. Her father is too prosperous in business; they live too well, set too good a table, and there is too little call for her to exert herself. If she had been obliged to make the beds, and do the sweeping, and to breakfast upon brown bread and cold beef, instead of hot buns and broiled chicken, and the rest of their interminable temptations, she would have been handsome, but now she's spoiled. There's a look of disgust and ennui about her that would spoil the finest face in the world."

"But with all these drawbacks, I think she looks better than most young ladies of my acquaintance."

"Of your acquaintance? Yes, I dare say. What skins they have, and what eyes they have, and what sour, forbidding lips they have! I think Miss Helen lives in a house where the bath-room is not wholly a useless appendage, and so some of this unmerciful clogging of the human machinery gets washed away. Excuse my plainness, but in many of these fine houses the bath-room is a thing to be shown and talked of, while the inhabitants are too weary of doing nothing to rouse themselves to the exertion of constant bathing, and so the evils of this over-feeding and under-acting are greater than they need be. The people I have been among have too little of the ore of wealth to rust in this way, and this dull uncomfortable look seems new to me. The farmer's daughter, with her calico dress, and apron that gets acquainted with dish-water, is in reality more wholesome and cleanly than these satin draped beauties. There is the

same difference in the current of their blood that there is between the clear bright stream that flows smoothly over the pebbles, and the turbid, muddy one, that throws up dirt wherever it can find a lodging place."

"Oh, Mr. S. . . ., you are very severe."

"Well, I wish there were no occasion for it."

We quote again from the English author already referred to, with regard to the manner of eating:

"Strange as it may appear, to *know how to eat* is physiologically a matter of very considerable importance. Many persons, thinking it all a matter of indifference, or perhaps unduly anxious to dispatch their meals, eat very fast. If we are to believe the reports of travelers, the whole of the mercantile population of the United States eat hurriedly, seldom taking more than ten minutes to breakfast, and a quarter of an hour to dinner. They tumble their meat precipitately into their mouths, and swallow it almost without mastication. This is contrary to an express law of nature, as may be very easily demonstrated.

"Food, on being received into the mouth, has two processes to undergo, both very necessary to digestion. It has to be masticated or chewed down, and also to receive a certain admixture of saliva. Unless food be well broken down or masticated, and also well mixed with salivary fluid, it will be difficult of digestion. The stomach is called upon to perform, besides its own proper function, that which properly belongs to the teeth and saliva, and is thus overburdened often in a very serious manner. The pains of indigestion are the immediate consequence, and more remote injuries are likely to follow. * * * * *

"When the food has been received into the stomach, the secretion of the gastric juice immediately commences; and when a full meal is taken, this secretion generally lasts about an hour. It is a law of vital action that when any living organ is called into play there is immediately an increased flow of blood and nervous energy toward it. The stomach, while secreting the bile, displays that phenomenon, and the consequence is that the blood and nervous energy are called away from other organs. So great is the

demand which the stomach thus makes upon the rest of the system, that during, and for some time after a meal, we are not in a condition to take strong exercise of any kind. The consequence of not observing this rule is often very hurtful. Strong exercise, or mental application, during, or immediately after a meal, diverts the flow of nervous energy, and of blood to the stomach, and the progress of digestion is necessarily retarded or stopped."

Of the proper quantity of food he says: "It has been found that confined criminals or paupers are healthiest when the daily solids are not much either above or below twenty ounces. Of course, in active life, there must be need for a larger allowance, but only to a small extent. We may thus arrive at a tolerably clear conviction of that excess which is said to be generally indulged in, for certainly most grown people who have the means, not excepting many who pursue very sedentary lives, eat much more than twenty-four ounces."

It is ascertained that the process of digestion goes on much less favorably during sleep than in our waking hours; so that those who wish for the companionship of gout and dyspepsia, may eat suppers of mince-pies and cocoa, or of cold ham and lobsters, just before retiring, but not those who wish to spend their days in peace and comfort.

We think it probable that in these days of fast living, the evil of rapid eating is as great as any connected with our diet. The business man comes in to his dinner with a feeling of haste, and all the nervous energy of his system at work in his brain over some business problem, instead of being allowed to give proper assistance to the organs of digestion. Perhaps he sits down to the table with a family of young children, of whom several are too small to prepare their own food for eating, and the necessity of waiting upon a full table adds to his haste, while his family, whether busy or not, catch the example from him, and the whole meal is devoured in a ridiculously short space of time, and with none of that quiet and enjoyment which the process of digestion requires. If we add to this the fact that we have, both in town and country, notwithstanding all our talk about, and laborious efforts in cooking,

a great deal of ill-cooked, as well as ill-selected food, we find sufficient reason why we grow sallow and dyspeptic.

OUR PROSPECTS.

We are glad once more to herald the encouragement that reaches us on every side, and to know that while there are those who prefer a more showy and fashionable literature than ours, and wish to be posted up chiefly in that which relates to external life, there are yet many who choose a practical, every-day literature, remembering that they have hearts and homes, as well as wardrobes and faces. However we may be liable to the imputation that many of our sex seek only to be ladies in the polished sense of the term, we have yet a noble army of womanhood, who, though they might monopolize almost wholly the real term lady, yet glory more in bearing the signet of the true *woman* than in any thing which applies to outside life. We would have no one neglect the cultivation of those flowers which adorn the path of outer life, but they must be cultivated on the soil of our moral and mental nature, or they will be only artificial flowers, yielding no perfume, and unpleasant to the touch.

But we are reading our subscribers a homily, when we only intended to thank them for their hearty co-operation. One of them says, in sending a club: "I will just add that *all* who have read our 'HOME' this last season have subscribed. If others would take the trouble to send them around to their neighbors, you would have a great circulation, say from five to ten times the present one."

How many more of our subscribers will follow this good example? Increase in our circulation will of course contribute as far as possible to the improvement of our magazine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be glad to hear again from "Martha Dodd," and those of our correspondents who send us accepted articles for *THE HOME* will please accept our thanks. We have received some hastily written communications of late, which shew a good object, but a very careless way of carrying it out. A vivid imagination may furnish a portion of the material for good composition — only a portion remember

—but it will never work it into shape. *Godey* says in his last issue: "School girls who scribble off a story in one day, and then expect us to correct, print, and *pay* for the same, can believe in spirit rappings." This class of believers is not found among school girls alone, nor wholly among our sex.

RECIPES.

FOR INVALIDS.

PLAIN MUTTON BROTH.—Get one pound of scrag of mutton; break the bone with a chopper, without separating the meat, then put it into a stew-pan with three pints of water and a salt-spoonful of salt; boil gently two hours, carefully removing all the scum and fat, which is easily done by allowing it to simmer slowly by the side of the fire; it will be by that time reduced to about one quart, and is then ready to serve. This broth must not be expected to drink very palatably, being deprived of vegetables and seasoning, being in fact more a beverage than a soup. At the commencement of convalescence, more strength may be given if ordered by the doctor, by reducing the original quantity to one pint. This broth is often administered by a spoonful only at a time.

SEASONED MUTTON BROTH.—Put the same quantity of mutton and of water into your stew-pan; add double the quantity of salt, and a quarter ditto of sugar, quarter of a middling sized onion, very little celery, and one ounce of turnip; set it upon the fire, and when beginning to boil, draw it to the side; let it simmer gently two hours; skim off all the scum and fat, and pass it through a sieve, and use it when required.

VEAL BROTH.—Put two pounds of knuckle of veal into a stew-pan, with a calf's foot split, and the bone taken out and chopped up; add three quarts of water, a good sized onion, one leek, a piece of parsnip, and two salt-spoonfulls of salt if allowed by the doctor, (if not the salt must be omitted;) set it upon the fire, and when beginning to boil skim, and let it simmer at the corner of the fire four hours; twenty minutes before pass-

ing, again skim off all the fat, and add ten large leaves of sorrel, or twenty small, one cabbage lettuce, and a handful of chervil, and when done pass it through a sieve, when it is ready for use. This broth is very cooling and nutritious when taken cold, as it is then quite a jelly; vermicella, rice, etc., may be added when served hot, and the veal and calf's foot is very excellent, eaten with parsley and butter, or sharp sauce; but should the patient require any, it should be quite plain, with a little of the broth, and only the gelatinous part of the foot. The above also makes an excellent dinner soup, and if put in a cool place, would keep a week in winter, and three days in summer.

BEEF TEA.—Cut a pound of solid beef into very small slices, which put into a stew-pan, with a small pat of butter, a clove, two button onions, and a salt-spoonful of salt. Stir the meat round over the fire for a few minutes, until it produces a thin gravy; then add a quart of water, and let it simmer at the corner of the fire for half an hour, skimming off every particle of fat; when done pass through a sieve. I have always had a great objection to passing broth through a cloth, as it frequently quite spoils its flavor.

PURE OSMAZONE OR ESSENCE OF MEAT.—Take two pounds of the flesh of any animal or bird, (the older the better for obtaining the true flavor,) as free from sinew as possible, and mince it well; place it in a Florence oil flask, and cork it; put this in a saucepan filled with cold water, leaving the neck uncovered; place it on the side of the fire until the water arrives at fourteen degrees Fahrenheit, at which temperature it must remain for twenty minutes; then remove it, and strain the contents through a small sieve, pressing the meat gently with a spoon; should it require to be kept for some time, put the liquor in a basin or cup, which place in the saucepan; subject it to a boiling heat until it is reduced to a consistency like treacle, removing the scums; this, when cold, will become solid, and will keep for any number of years.

THE HOME:

A Monthly for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

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MRS. ELIZABETH FRY.

ELIZABETH FRY was born in England, in the year 1780. Her father, Mr. Gurney of Norwich, was a leading Quaker, so that the early associations of his daughter were entirely among that sect. The family was one of great wealth and respectability, and has given England several eminent philanthropists.

Elizabeth was substantially educated, and learned such accomplishments as the peculiar sentiments of her father sanctioned. She seems to have been naturally serious and thoughtful, so that the gravity of her training imposed no restraint on her disposition.

VOL. III.

Had she been permitted to mingle in the gayeties usual to her age, she would have declined them from inclination. Parties of pleasure had less attraction for her than than her school of eighty poor children, which, while still a girl in her teens, she gathered in her father's house, and to which she devoted many hours every day.

Yet Elizabeth was by no means a recluse. A heart so full of pity for the poor, was warmed also by the tenderest domestic attachments, and the best social impulses. Her person was very attractive, her face was fair and regular, with a pleasing expression,

her voice soft and musical, and her whole appearance expressed sweetness and dignity.

At the age of twenty Miss Gurney married Mr. Fry, a gentleman of liberal heart, who warmly sympathized in the philanthropic labors of his wife.

As mother and mistress of a family, Mrs. Fry was most exemplary, although a leading promoter of those charities for which Quakers have always been distinguished, and often devoting a large portion of her time to personal labors, she still found leisure to fulfill all her household duties, and to instill into the hearts of her children those principles of which she was herself so bright an ornament.

Mrs. Fry's first introduction to prison labors was accidental. Visiting Newgate, without any special purpose, she was deeply affected by the miserable condition of the women confined there. She was never seen to weep idly over suffering without an effort for its relief. Nor was she one to form grand parlor schemes of charity, while she left all the irksome details to others. She went herself day after day to that loathsome abode of vice and misery, gathered mean groups of degraded women about her, and spoke such words of peace and love as had never fallen on their ears before. These forlorn and ragged outcasts, whom even humanity seemed to have cast off, listened and wondered. They began to feel that there might be a future of hope even for them, and to look upon their benevolent visitor as an angel of consolation. From this simple beginning sprang an extended scheme for prison labors, in which, when the work became too great for her, many noble women entered.

For the last half century the name of Mrs. Fry has been identified with most of the great movements for alleviating the condition of the poor and forsaken. She has traveled over all Europe, inspecting, not museums and picture galleries, but hospitals and prisons, gathering up, not curiosities of art, but records of woe. She has in-

formed herself by personal inspection of the condition of her own sect in England, making for many years an annual visit to the churches, when she would gather around her the female part of the congregations, inquire into their spiritual history, experience, and progress, and seek to inspire them with something of her own heavenly spirit.

It is not easy to over-estimate the character of this excellent lady. Reared in affluence, endowed with refined tastes, and warm, social, and domestic affections, she cheerfully relinquished their enjoyments that she might bring divine consolation to the most miserable of her sex.

Mrs. Fry died in 1845. Her death called forth many warm expressions of veneration and respect, and was deeply regretted throughout the continent she had blessed with her labors, but it is perhaps her highest testimonial that the poor wept at her grave.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

BY M. S. L.

Ye snugly housed and warmly clad,
Oh! turn not from the poor;
Whose homes are bare, whose hearts are sad,
Who linger near your door.

Children of want, but not of shame,
Oh, spurn them not away,
Till you have learned from whence they came,
And why they're cold to-day.

Oh! say not there's enough and more
Each laborer's toil to bless,
And if they toiled and saved their store,
Their wants would now be less.

May be if you the truth could know,
That's hoarded in their breast,
'T would prove they labored more than you,
Though not like you they're blest.

Perchance, let them the tale but tell,
Another's sin would show,
Why they in poverty must dwell —
'Why drain the cup of woe.

Thou hast but what thou did'st receive
From Him whose all things are;
He gave that thou might'st want relieve —
He marks each steward's care.

SPRINGBROOK, N. Y., Jan., 1857.

EFFIE; OR, CHILD-SORROWS.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

NO ebon eye, or raven hair, set off our Effie; an elder sister sported these, and called *her* tow-head. Almost invariably, when presented as Kitty's sister, was she doomed to hear some allusion to their contrasted looks. In short, every thing tended to make her feel that the Fates had chosen her to personify ugliness. Even her mother, though kind in her way, had too much scrupulous conscientiousness to say more by way of solace than "Handsome is what handsome does, so you must try and behave." But as well might our heroine have acquired the skill to metamorphose her physical structure, as to "behave" according to her mother's understanding of the inflection, if indeed she herself had any idea of its real meaning.

One thing was certain, Effie was sure to be at fault if she "behaved" at all—her form was gross, her gait awkward, and her tones disagreeable; while Kitty, with witching voice, could chat, or read, or sing, all conscious of her power to please, Effie could seldom *speak* audibly but her manner offended the fastidious ears about her, and yet she could not be silent, when, doubtless, the place of speaker better became her seniors.

No whitened sepulchre was this gray-eyed, flaxen-haired child. Enshrined in an unpolished exterior, was a soul in dimension too cumbrous for the casket. Do what she would, its gushings would ooze out in words, untimely and unbecoming in the judgment of the family. Young as she was, her mind would think, and her tongue betray that thought, and this subjected her to most painful trial. You who fancy "children do not mind," review with us some incidents in her early history, and then be cautious how you deal with such as she.

Of a lively and ardent temperament, Effie under proper discipline would have returned any amount of filial or sisterly affection, but a pre-

dominant principle with her was exactness; she had hoarded the oft-repeated adage, "Give every one his honest due;" and in her child-mind she deemed it just as improper to manifest more regard than the amount to which she seemed debtor, as to have withheld from others a portion of what was really their due. Of a precocious temperament, she could recall the impressions of her mother pale with affright, lest some fatal harm had befallen her, ere her practiced tongue had learned to lisp the fond mamma; but, if there ever was a period when the tiny arm encircled that mother's neck, or the head reposed confiding upon her bosom, it had faded from recollection. Kitty, too, in all the assumed dignity of an elder sister, giving lessons of wisdom, and sometimes condescending to bribe to what she thought proper, was ever present to her imagination; but never an affectionate caress from sister's lip, had warmed her homely cheek.

To have said "you lie," to a playmate, would have shocked her own sense of propriety, but imitative to a fault she had caught at the more refined term falsehood, without fully comprehending its signification, and, ere long, playfully said, "Why, ma, you tell a falsehood;" and how was her spirit crushed when met with the reply, "Is it possible I have lived to hear a child tell me I lie? Oh! it will break my heart! I can never teach you as my child again till you ask my forgiveness," groans and tears accompanying the outbreak of grief. Had she said, "Come to your mother, my daughter, and let her tell you what falsehood means, and then be sorry that you have said what fairly understood would be a great offense." How would she have rushed to those maternal arms, rejoicing thus to make reparation, and what mutual confidence would have been inspired by the transaction. But, held at such a distance, as seemed to say "You are a tainted thing," how could she unaided, remove the barrier that another had reared?

Had she but asked "Are you sorry?" most gladly would she have said, "Yes, ma," with all her heart, though incapable of understanding the ground of her offense; but the impassable gulf she could not remove, and at this chilling distance her lips refused to utter what her heart felt. So she retired to her chamber, and in the agony of her grief, wished she might die!

Effie did n't die, gentle reader; she could not die of mere heart-ache any more than we older ones, till she had drained the portion that was meted for her.

"I wish you would n't speak again, Effie, when anybody is by," said her mother; "I was so ashamed I did not know where to put my head to hear you prompt your old grandfather when he made a little mistake in his reckoning to-day. I should think I had told you often enough that little folks should be seen and not heard;" and waxing warmer as she proceeded, "now go to your room, and stay till you learn to behave;" soliloquizing while Effie was within hearing, "that child would get a great many more favors than she does if she only looked better."

"Oh, dear!" groaned Effie, as she seated herself down, what shall I do? not fit to be heard or seen either. My mother says, 'handsome they that handsome do;' how I wish she would teach me what to do. I am sure I would do any thing to be handsome in her eyes."

Just then she discovered her pet kitten skipping about the room, and smiling through a tear, said, "Come here, kit; let's see if we can't make ourselves agreeable. Come, sit on my lap, and let me make a little verse for you." Shortly after, her sister coming toward the door heard her repeating:

"We've considered this matter, pussy and I,
That we each look alike from out a gray
eye;

We'll tell sister Kitty, though she may keep
shy,
That we mean to be friends this pussy and I."

"And so, *Miss* Effie, you are really

making love to the cat, and rhymes about it, are you? Ma would feel very bad to know that you are trying so hard to be older than your years. At this rate you may pass for a disappointed maiden before you even get to your teens."

Whether but for this sisterly satire, Effie might have become a child-poet, another Lucretia M. Davidson, can never be known, for it was long years before if she even thought another rhyme that she durst lisp it.

Reverses, such as are often met, induced the parents of Effie to seek a rural home during her early years, where, as a matter of expediency, they resolved to conform to the circumstances and customs of their less refined and intelligent neighbors. Accordingly, when a new bed-quilt was about to be added to their country store, Effie attired in her Sunday best, with foot alert and light of heart, sat off with verbal invitations to "the quilting." The wonted caution, "Now, do n't talk much, and mind what you say," being powerless to blunt the pleasure she felt in contemplating the anticipated novel gathering, and herself the trustworthy agent, in the business of delivering messages which was to bring about such a result. Over and again she mentally repeated her lesson, and varied not a word from the prescribed form.

But her errand done, she was more than once subjected to an ordeal of questioning, and cross-questioning, by persons who did n't see how the Greens come to make a quilting, and invite their poor neighbors, and wondered if they would n't slight somebody.

No marvel if one of her simplicity and ingeniousness, her readiness of thought and volubility of tongue, said some things that she could not afterward recall. She however was conscious of nothing amiss, and all passed merrily till the ushering in of the to her eventful day.

"I do n't believe in going to quilting just time enough to get my tea," said

Madam Benevolence, adjusting her glasses, and threading her needle as she spoke; "and being you are strangers here, I thought I would come in the morning and stay all day, and show you what it is to do the real generous thing. And I do n't know as I ought to say any thing about it, though, but to tell the truth, there's trouble abroad. Becca Jones told my girls last night that she'd stay at home and mend her stockings—very likely they need it—before she would come to help you, for you only invited her because she was going to keep our school this summer, and you thought, may be, she would be offended, and abuse your children. I told her I didn't believe a word of it, but she said it was certainly so, for Mrs. Medley had taken great pains to come and tell her that Sally Norton heard Effie say so, and that it was not at all likely such a child would have thought of such a thing herself."

Upon this announcement Effie was summoned and interrogated over and over again, but she persisted in affirming that she said no such thing, and substantially she had not, though her inquisitors had so connected her answers to disconnected questions, as to make out a statement bearing some resemblance of truth on their part.

"What signifies your denial, Effie?" said her mother; "it must be you did say so and so, for painful as it is to think that one of my children should tell a lie, I can not believe that these older persons would tell what is false without any reason. It is a dreadful thing to have difficulty with our neighbors, but not half so bad as to have a child tell an untruth. I shall ask about the matter myself this afternoon, and unless it is cleared up, which is not at all likely, you may expect to be punished to-morrow. And," she added, "it will become you to be very still while the company is here. Of course, they have all heard about you, and won't wish to hear any thing from you."

Poor Effie! she honored her mother

according to the spirit of the fifth command of the decalogue, which had never been omitted in the weekly catechetical rehearsal, and keenly did she always feel her displeasure, and never intentionally did she merit it. To her then this seemed the acme of humiliation. She was believed to have said what was very improper, at a time when she thought herself to have been especially mindful of the caution to watch the door of her lips; and to have denied it also, when in all her short life she had never knowingly dissembled.

Effie's first resolve was to keep out of sight entirely, indeed she did n't see how she could ever hold up her head again. But, the organ of hope, as the phrenologist would say, was largely developed. It was easier to bruise, than to break her spirit; and memory coming to her aid with the household adage, "Two ears and but one tongue," she determined once at least to be a silent observer.

At length, one after another, each guest had arrived; and within the apartment graced by their presence, the shrinking Effie led by her sister had found the least conspicuous nook. Accustomed to make mountains of mole-hills, these "wise ones" found in the theme before them plenty of gossip for the afternoon. "It was so very improper for children to be telling what was said at home,"—"Such a dreadful thing for Becca Jones to be in a miff," and—"How exceedingly well-intentioned her pains-taking informant, Mrs. Medley,"—whom you, dear reader, are to contemplate as one of the vixens, whose husband had previously taken a "French leave," and who was assuming various girlish airs, and inflicting all the evil upon the innocent, in revenge for what she deemed a personal slight by the family.

There was, however, one there, who seemed out of place in the element about her, one who realized that young hearts were susceptible of suffering—that too much severity might break the twig it was only designed to

bend. She was at pains to say distinctly that "it was possible for a child to be frightened into forgetfulness for a time, and to say the least, it was very silly for any body to notice what such a little girl had said."

Effie had not heard in vain. She mentally resolved to retrieve her character for integrity, of which this recent act of injustice had robbed her, and, while life lasted, to cherish the memory of the last speaker. M. S. L.

BESSIE LEE'S DIARY.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

(Continued.)

JULY 1. Home again, and all seemed glad to see me. For me, the thrill of friendship and domestic affection quivered through my heart, and left it many degrees warmer. Lillie never looked so pretty, nor Weston so much a man, as when they welcomed me back to their hearthstone. I really believe they were sincere. Jane wept for very gladness, and then for grief because I was to marry the doctor. I remonstrated, and told her she was to be always with me. She said the man was old enough to be my father, and hers too. No matter for that; he looked young, was handsome, and, besides, there was a mystery about his youth, and I, like Desdemona, would find food for my affection in the recital. Jane groaned aloud, and grew quite nervous, which was caused no doubt by her anxiety for me. She says she is only twenty-four years old, though I can scarcely remember when she did not seem a woman. Perhaps like myself, she has never been a child. Her mother died when she was but eight years old, and Dr. Mason attended her during a long illness, with a self-forgetfulness which exalts him more in my estimation than any thing else. Jane says her mother would never say any thing about her father, who she supposed died during her infancy. Her mother came from Maine,

and for some unaccountable reason would never tell any one the names of their relatives. Dr. Mason was her best friend, and her mother always wept when he went away, and yet Jane says she hates him more and more as she grows older. She is warm-hearted, but her foolish dislike is a strong proof that she has a weak head.

My friends are delighted that I have won a heart which has withstood the artillery of several generations of girls, who have passed into wives, or old maids, without so much as gaining the least attention. I know I am not vain of his preference, for I am too happy to be loved. I am sure Weston believes that Mr. Lane visited me during the first of my absence, for he was out of town, and after his return said I was well and looking happy. I miss him much — wish he was here to enjoy my present happiness. He has gone to the far south, and stands at the head of a large institution of learning. God bless him! I believe I loved him far better than he did me. He combatted my faults, which, of course, was a matter of duty with him. He should have lived in the days of John Knox, and the fires of martyrdom would have made him immortal. His character was the nearest my girlish idea of a hero, and Dr. Mason is more a mystery. The poor idolize the latter, which is a sure test of his goodness. They consider him a wonderful blessing which came to them, and no one knows from whence. He never stays long enough for me to inquire into his childhood days, but I must make an opportunity before long. I wish I could defer our marriage two or three years longer, if it could be, and seeing him often, I should learn to know what he expects of a wife. I have never been accustomed to submission, and I am sure he will expect it. I wonder if he ever loved any one before. I'll ask him.

July 5. Last night the doctor called, and I was alone, having coaxed Lillie and Weston to go out and leave

me at home. Weston said in his teasing way, that it would not be benevolent to leave the little mouse with the old owl, but then he supposed the said mouse had no objection to feathers, hinting, as he always does, that I would not have the doctor if he were not rich, and that he thinks he perfectly coincides with me. He don't know me or he would not say so. To be sure the appliances of wealth are a real enjoyment, and I should in no wise object to a man on that account, but God knows I would never pollute my lips by saying I loved a man, when my heart was worshipping his possessions.

The doctor did not seem very much pleased at the idea of a *tete-a-tete*, at which I was somewhat surprised, and more annoyed. Perhaps it was only a fancy of mine. I told him I was glad that we might have a long talk together of the future, and he interrupted me by saying, "Yes, of the future, but not of the past."

"That is just what I would most like to converse about; and had you not finished the sentence for me, I should have added it," I said, with my usual perverseness.

"The past is not ours —"

"Its memories are," I suggested.

"Yours may be your own, and I will share them if you will give me the pleasure; but forgive me, if I am not equally generous of my own. It would give you no happiness, and would be painful to me. Our lives are together for the years that are to come, and not those which, thank Heaven, are gone."

I felt greatly hurt at his way of speaking of the past, and told him that, if Providence had guided him in mysterious ways, which seemed for the time unpleasant, he must remember that the end was not yet, and learn, like his little Bessie, that the world was not so very bad after all.

"You are too small for a feminine parson; you must put on stilts," he suggested, with a laugh which did not fit him exactly.

"Then you won't tell me of your father and mother, your brothers or sisters?" I urged.

"No."

"Never?"

"Never."

"I don't believe you were ever a baby," I replied, trying to laugh off the unpleasantness our conversation had led to.

"I had *parents*, but no *father* or *mother*. Those two last words comprehend more than the first. I have long since ceased to speak of them. Do you love me *truly*?" he added, as it were a continuation of the same sentence.

"I thought I did."

"Do you?"

"You have startled me out of all I supposed, and I feel; and it seems as if I was entirely unacquainted with you."

"Bessie Lee, look at me. Do you think there is any sin so great that it may not be atoned for? Do you think you would never have loved me if you knew my whole life was one of expiation? Are any perfect? Is Bessie Lee perfect? Does she not warm the heart into happiness, and then when it calls loudly for love's sacrifice, take back the hope she has given, by saying '*I thought I did*.' Is this a woman's love? If curiosity is stronger than affection, we had better by far, separate at once."

I felt the great tears roll down my cheeks, but my eyes kept wide open, gazing into his handsome face distorted into ugliness by the agony of remembrance. I laid my hand upon his frowning brow and said:

"Eldred, if I leave you, it will be because you desire it. I have nothing in my history which I would not tell you, and did not imagine there was in yours. Forgive me for casting shadows, when I would have thrown only sunshine."

He drew my forehead down and kissed it, and I, in my simplicity, said, "The best friend I ever had did that once, in the same way."

"Who might your best friend be?" and the frown came back again.

"Harry Lane."

"That pedagogue?"

"What do you mean? I tell you he was the truest friend I ever had."

"Where is he now?"

"I do n't know. But you have not told me what you meant by speaking so contemptuously of him. I loved him next to the memory of my father."

"Did he love you as well?"

"He never said he did, and I presume not."

"Well, for both of you."

The doctor paced the room for a few moments, and then took a seat directly opposite me, and looking steadfastly in my eyes, asked, "Bessie Lee, would you have married him had he desired it?"

"I never thought of such a thing," was my truthful reply.

"A lie would burn your lips my little wife, and for your frankness I will tell you this much. Harry Lane is connected to me by the ties of blood. I can explain no more. I have suffered for the past, and you are the only joy I have to brighten the future. Will you promise to let all that is gone rest in silence forever, remember *forever*?"

"Yes! if it will make you happy."

"And never see Harry Lane again?"

"Not intentionally."

"I am, and will be, to you, all a woman can ask in a husband. I have dreaded this trial, well knowing it must come, and now we will be far happier in each other's society. I have long desired to change my position, and seek a new field for my profession. Would it please you to go far away?"

"Anywhere."

And so we talked long of the future, and many plans were laid, which seem very pleasant. I am very, very happy when he talks to me, but sadly uneasy when he is gone. I wish I could still my heart's questionings. Did I not do injustice to my first friend to give him up without a cause?

Nonsense, to write of it. He has forgotten Bessie Lee long ago, for he has never written a word, or sent a pleasant message to me, and here I am filling these pages with self-accusations, for that with which I had nothing to do. I had better write as I used to, "nothing."

July 12. I have accustomed my pen to sad things, and can find nothing to say now, I am so happy.

July 31. The day is fixed, and much sooner than I desired. I was to have a year to prepare for my new position, and to retract within that time if I was sorry, but the doctor felt so nervous, he says, lest I should grow weary of him before the year expires, and then throw him back upon his old hopeless way of living again. That is a little selfish of him I know, but it is perfectly natural I suppose.

Jane is more and more uneasy about the marriage, and I get almost vexed at the good creature sometimes. She is but an uneducated girl, though she might have been fitted to fill any position in life. I love her dearly, at which Lillie laughs, and tells the story of the old woman who kissed the cow. I don't care for that; souls are alike, whether the hands wield the brush of an artist, or a whitewasher, and the *motive* makes the only difference. She has a package of letters, which her mother left sealed, and she thinks it would be sacrilege to open them, since it would probably disclose the very things she so carefully concealed. Then a natural longing to know something of her kindred, prompts the opening. Poor thing! I would not advise her to do either, lest she should afterward regret it.

In September I shall be in my new home. Eldred is going to Galena to live, and I am glad. I always longed to dwell near the prairies, and watch the sun go down among the flowers. Lillie is delighted at the idea of a wedding, and I suppose it will be as splendid as Weston's purse will permit. I wish we could go quietly to church; it would be much more in

accordance with my taste and ideas of the sacredness of the rite. But then I owe my friends something for their kindness to me, and this must be the payment. They will never realize how great a one it is — *never*.

Jane stitches and stitches day after day for me, and now and then the tears fall upon her work. I asked the doctor to allow me to take her with us, and he replied sternly, "Any thing but that. I dislike the sight of her, for she looks as if she was always suspecting me of something. She told me once we looked alike, and though you may think me vain to care for such a thing, I tell you I dislike her. You may carry the whole almshouse, but not Jane Parker."

I felt grieved and hurt at his unkindness to both of us, and thought him a little vindictive. He must have seen my thoughts in my eyes, for he offered to settle two hundred a year upon her when we went away, if I would promise that she should never know its source. Of course I promised. How generous he is! If charity considered at a moneyed value, covers a multitude of sins, surely his can hide his eccentricities — I will not give his peculiarities a harsher name. How curious that two so opposite in years, education, and circumstances, should so heartily dislike each other, with no reason for the foundation of their hatred, and yet both loving me so dearly, and with about as strong an argument as for spiteing each other.

How strangely I have changed, to be trying to reconcile two antagonistic persons, when I used to wonder if people did any thing else besides dislike each other. The human heart is a curious thing surely — not half so bad as I tried to suppose. I wonder how I ever hated any one. When we get the lion's share of the pleasant things of this world, we find it a delightful thing to live; but if we fall below the inventory we have taken of what we think we ought to possess, then every one who has more, we arraign before the tribunal of our own selfish hearts,

and decide that they have defrauded us, and give them a mental, if not an audible anathema accordingly. This last sentence is a personal thrust at you, Bessie Lee, Sen.

I have separated Bessie Lee, Sen. from Bessie Lee, Jr., for two years has made them sufficiently unlike to divide them. I used secretly to blame every one for not loving me, and now I wonder why they do at all. These happy days pass on with little to make them real, so dream-like are they. Is this *true* life? That question was written an hour ago, and no answer comes yet. Perhaps it will, in my dreams.

Aug. 26. Five more days, and then repentance will be of no avail. Mrs. Wilson asked me a month ago why I was to marry Dr. Mason, and insisted on an answer. I could give her none, that did not make me dissatisfied with myself, and with the one who asked it. I told her that it was the same that made her marry, I supposed, and she replied earnestly, "God help you, if you had no better one than I had."

"What was yours?" I inquired.

"First, because women are taught from their childhood that they *must*, and that a failure to secure another name, and somebody to buy one's dresses and bonnets, is a sad disgrace. Secondly, I was poor, and had but few friends, and felt *grateful* to the one who offered to take care of me as long as I lived, and loved me, so he said. Under, and over these two reasons was vanity, for you know my husband was rich and handsome. Few women marry the one they would choose had they their own choice, and after-life shows that Providence did better for the many, than they would have done for themselves. This sounds very unromantic, I own, but remember I was one of the few who had the very one I would have selected from the whole world, and now I am the wife of an imprisoned gambler. Ambition for wealth, instead of the higher aims of true manhood, ruined one whom nature intended to be truly noble."

That pale, strange woman, with her

tearless eyes, and smileless lips, has conjured up a ghost that haunts me continually. I wish I had not yielded to this before the year expired, but 't is too late. How silly I have grown of late. They say that people in love are but a degree removed from fools, and I believe it. But am I in love? I doubt it. I feel as if I was about to engage in some employment which had many advantages. Permanency, abundant compensation, and but little labor. That last sentence is exalting to womanhood, very. Cousin Lillie says she felt so, and has not been disappointed. I don't think she has. But I am falling into my old way of being sarcastic.

Aug. 28. I received a letter from one of my old patrons to-day, who has removed to Kentucky, and he desires me, in the name of the Board of Education, to come to them immediately, as the principal of the young ladies' department is ill, and has resigned. He wishes me to take her place very much. I am to reply in person if possible, and if not, write immediately. I am pleased that one of those whom I have striven to benefit, remembers me with kindness. It is the most exquisite of all enjoyments to be useful to some one, and know that it is not forgotten. This remembrance is the unselfish feeling which connects me to the memory of Harry Lane, who is now buried to me, by the doctor's dislike, forever. I wish the man, who is to be my husband, did not cherish so many unaccountable animosities. The ones I love best, he dislikes most heartily. Lillie says, it is a natural jealousy, and quite common in lovers, but that it will die out in a husband's heart. Poor Jane! how I shall grieve at parting with her! Lillie says she shall always care for her as her mother did, when she took her a little girl eight years of age. I hope she may do better, for Lillie's mother only made a drudge of the child, and gave her but an apology for the commonest of common school education, and grows proud as she recounts the wonderful

kindnesses she has shown to the poor friendless thing. I wish I had a more charitable thermometer to try the warmth of people's hearts. Lillie has been very kind to her, perhaps better than I give her credit for. She has, under her conventionalities, a warm corner in her heart, and the only wonder in my mind, as I learn how she was educated, is, that she is as noble as she is. Had I not been blinded by my own faults, I should have loved her better long ago. She is governed too much by what the world lays down as law, and who is not? Bessie Lee is.

Aug. 31 — Midnight. Dear diary! You are my only friend, my one confidant in my great affliction. I dare not ask to have this cup removed from me lest I sin, but 't is almost greater than I can bear. It is the hand of my Heavenly Father, and I kiss the rod. One hour and it will be over. My trunks are packed for the place where I was to live as the wife of Eldred Mason, but another home will be mine, a more toiling life, but God's blessing will rest upon me.

Jane came to me this evening, as it was to be my last at home, and I had particularly desired to see no one, to say that as I was her only friend, she would commit her mother's letters to me, and if I would please take the trouble to read them, and if I thought proper, reseal or destroy them, or, if it was best, that she should know their contents, she would read them. She left all to me. I had intended this evening to reply to the letter calling me south, but as Jane would never have another favor to crave from me, I complied, and what a weight crushed down my poor aching spirit! Dr. Mason was her father! He won the love of her mother during his later years of study, and she, a frail devoted creature, found herself a mother and deserted before she was twenty years of age. Eldred's father, as a letter from him proved, tried, but in vain, to make his proud son offer the only reparation in his power. Father and son parted with hatred on both sides. The doctor has tried to expiate his sin by charitable

deeds, and a life of self-denying usefulness. The poor woman followed him, and it was happiness enough to be near him, and so she died, hugging the cankering secret to her heart, consoling herself with the promise that her child should be cared for after her death.

God knows I could forgive a sin long repented of, but the miserable want of manhood which would let his own child grow up as poor Jane had done, was too much for human forgiveness. I knew what he lacked — that certain *want* in his character which had so puzzled me. I thrust the letters into the open grate, and lit them with my lamp, then knelt before the curling blaze and thanked God who had led me by a way that I knew not. I prayed for direction in the right path as I never prayed before, and my petition is answered.

I rose bewildered, and while pacing my room my eye fell on the unanswered letter. I seized it, and putting it to my lips reverently, said aloud, "This will save me." I called Jane softly, and composed myself to tell her that my marriage would not be on the morrow. She looked surprized, and said, "The letters, Bessie?"

"They are in ashes. They contained nothing which would make you better or happier, so I burned them. You can trust me, for I did right, Jane."

"Yes! but why do you not marry the doctor?"

"I believe it is God's will that I should not, and I know it is not my desire. Go out softly, and call a carriage to take me to the depot for the four o'clock train, and I will write a note to cousin Weston and Lillie while you are gone."

She remonstrated with me for going away alone, but I told her it was better so, and I should hurry on to accept a situation which had been offered me as a teacher. She finally complied, and now lies pretending to sleep upon my bed! Poor girl! She is waiting to see me off, while I am trying to pass the time with my pen.

I have written to the doctor, and told the whole truth. I must not tell another, though I should lose the friendship of my cousins, who are so kindly, as they suppose, adding to my pleasure. I left it to the doctor's *moral courage* and *generosity*, (i) to remove their displeasure. Will he? God help me, when this is over. I've no one left me now. But little as I am, I do not fear to battle my way in life. Better be alone, than united to one the world honors, but whose soul is polluted by heartless meanness — by dastardly crime. No wonder he hates Harry Lane, noble Harry Lane! How can the same blood run in both their veins?

It may be long before I give you another word, dear journal, perhaps never. Strange that I feel so calm, when there is such cause for sorrow, yet there is no tear in my eyes, or a regret in my heart. Half-past three o'clock, and we must get the trunks out into the street, lest we waken the household. Poor, poor Jane!

(To be concluded.)

THE HYACINTH.

EMILY was sorry that the winter lasted so long; for she loved flowers, and had a little garden, where she tended the very beautiful ones with her own hands. Therefore she longed for spring, and that winter might pass.

One day her father said, "Look here, Emily. I have brought you a bulb, which you must plant and rear carefully."

"How can I, dear father?" answered the girl. The ground is as hard as a stone, and covered with snow."

Thus she said, for she did not know that bulbs will grow in flower-pots and glasses, because she had never seen it before.

Her father gave her a flower-pot filled with mold, and Emily put the

bulb into it. But she looked at her father and smiled, doubting whether her father had spoken in earnest or not; for she fancied the blue sky must smile on the flower, and spring breezes fan it; that so much beauty could not come forth from under her hands. For infantile simplicity and humility desire not that any extraordinary thing should take place for their gratification.

After a few days the earth swelled in the pot; little green leaves separated it with their points, and appeared above it. Then Emily was delighted, and announced to her father and mother, and the whole house, the birth of the young plant. The parents smiled and said:

"We shall now see her taking care of her plant as of a child, loving and hoping in silence. So we shall be delighted with Emily, as she is with her flower."

Carefully Emily watched the plant, and smiled with joy on perceiving its growth. Her father looked at her and said:

"Well done, my child; sunshine must follow after rain and dew. The kind glance of the eye gives value to the good action which the hand performs. Your little plant will prosper, Emily."

Presently the leaves came quite out of the earth, and glowed in their verdant freshness. Then Emily's joy increased.

"Oh!" said she, from the fullness of her heart, "I shall be content even if no flowers should come."

"Contented spirit," said the father, "you will receive more than you dare to hope for. This is the reward of modesty." He showed now the bud of the flower, which was concealed between the leaves.

Emily's care and love increased day by day with the gradual development of the flower. With tender hands she sprinkled water on it, asking whether it was enough or too much, or whether it might be too cold.

When a sunbeam stole through the window, she would gently carry the plant into the sunshine, and breathe on the leaves to take off the dust, as the morning breeze passes over the rose.

"Oh, sweet union of tenderest love and innocence," said her mother. "The poorer the soul, the more heavenly the love will be."

The flower was Emily's last thought in the evening, and her first in the morning. Several times she beheld in dreams her hyacinth in full bloom; and when she saw herself disappointed in the morning, she was not troubled, but said, smiling, "It still blooms!" Sometimes she would ask her father in what colors the flower would appear, and after having rehearsed all colors, she said with cheerful voice:

"It is immaterial to me, if it will only bloom."

"Sweet fancy," said the father; "how playfully and busily dost thou employ innocent love and infantile hope!"

At length the flower blossomed. Twelve buds opened early in the morning, hanging gracefully between five emerald green leaves, in fresh, youthful beauty. Their color was rosy, like the reflection of the morning sun, or the delicate flush on Emily's cheeks; and a balmy fragrance hung around each flower.

Emily could not comprehend so much beauty; her joy was silent and wordless. On her knees before the plant, she gazed intently on the newly opened flowers. Then her father entered, and seeing his beloved child and blooming hyacinths, he said, with emotion:

"See, Emily, you are to us what the hyacinth is to you."

The young girl rose from her knees, and threw herself into her father's arms. After a fervent embrace, she said in a gentle voice:

"Oh, my father! could I but give you as much joy as the flower has given you."

KRUMMACHER.

"FETCH" AND CARRY.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

The dog that will fetch will carry.—OLD PROVERB.

IT is not to be supposed that we labor under the delusion common among fond parents in regarding any of our heroines perfect.

Mrs. Murray Cooper was industrious and cheerful, and, as far as she knew how to be economical; but she had her own human weakness. When she commenced housekeeping, she had still every thing to learn. Conscious of this fact, and that her sway as Miss Smith had been confined almost entirely to the unruly urchins of her cousin's nursery, she was afraid of her servants, and occasionally altogether too yielding and conciliating for their relative position of mistress and maid. She dreaded open insubordination; she dreaded change; she believed that her household kingdom would go to ruins if Ann, the cook, should leave her, and shut her eyes entirely to Julia's delinquencies, though fretted daily by the neglect of her duties as combined nurse and chambermaid, which she could not avoid feeling if she would not see.

"Pitchers empty as usual," said Mr. Cooper, grasping the handle of the article in question, which flew up in his hand, as light weight always will.

"Oh, I am so sorry! Here, let me get it for you." And Mrs. Cooper knotted her dressing-gown about her waist, and twisted up the long hair she had just brushed free of every tangle.

"Indeed, you'll do no such thing! Ring in Julia, and blow her up. It's an every-day matter now. I wonder you—"

"But Johnnie has been so wakeful all day; and it's washing-day, too, you know, and she has to help Ann."

"Julia!" shouted Mr. Cooper over the banisters, unheeding the interruptive apology for what was by no means a casual neglect.

From below came up a great sound of kitchen merriment, where Julia was

promoting the health of Master Johnnie by letting him stifle in the smoke from the mutton chops broiling and dripping over the range, and rattling two nutmegs in a pint measure to keep him quiet, while she gossiped with the cook.

"My dear Murray! here, Murray; there was plenty of water in the nursery," said Mrs. Cooper, in a tremor, lest Julia, by any accidental pause, should hear, and so receive a piece of her husband's present mind.

"Well, if you will wait on your girls, it's none of my business; only, I say, Martha, do n't let it happen again, and row her up well this time. Here she comes. Let's hear you now."

Mr. Cooper being perfectly aware of his wife's deficiency of commander-in-chief qualities, subsided into good-humor at having her thus cornered.

The nurse, a stout, careless-looking girl, sauntered lazily into the room with the child in her arms.

Mr. Cooper gave his wife a quizzical look from behind the towel, which said, "Go on; have it over with," as plain as print.

"Julia!" began Mrs. Murray, with an unusual deck of resolution in her tone.

The girl turned with a stare of impertinent wonder.

"Oh, dear! if she should walk off and leave me! Johnnie never will let me get him to sleep; and I do n't know any thing about his food," thought Johnnie's unpracticed mother.

"The pitcher was not filled to-night;" the tone was considerable more quivering — "do n't let it happen again."

Meekness herself could not have spoken more mildly than the concluding sentence was uttered. Mr. Cooper hurried down stairs to prevent an explosion of laughter. The girl did not reply, but began getting out the child's night-clothes with a sullen air of offended dignity, which made her mistress thoroughly uncomfortable.

"I do wish Murray would not mind things as he does. I'm sure I'm

willing to wait on myself, or him either, for that matter. I declare I never will speak to Julia again! I wish she was more amiable."

"Well, my dear, what a blast it was!" greeted her as she entered the dining-room. "Really, I wonder the poor creature bore up under it. You should have been a man, and a sea-captain at that. What splendid discipline you would keep!"

"I don't see any use in lecturing an hour for a trifling forgetfulness," retorted Mrs. Cooper crossly.

It was a sore point between them; and what with her husband's toilet interrupted for want of water the third time within a week, the girl's unpardonable neglect and annoying impertinence, she was on the verge of downright ill-humor.

"You are only making yourself more trouble."

"I don't think so at all. I should have trouble enough if she left me. You never would find any body else so devoted to Johnnie."

"Fiddlestick!"

"She has him in her arms from morning till night. Sometimes it's four o'clock before she gets a chance to finish our room."

"So much the worse. Will you ring for dinner, Martha — just because she likes to shoulder him, musket fashion, and walk around, rather than do her work. He's altogether too large to be nursed as he is. He never will walk at this rate. Russell says his baby can go all around the room, holding on by the chairs; and it's a month younger."

"And a girl. Girls are always more forward than boys."

"But Johnnie does not even try to creep."

"I trust he never will — ruining all his clothes on the floor!"

"How will he ever get the use of his limbs, if he does n't? Do be reasonable, Martha; you know the old proverb — a man must creep before he can walk. Come, now, do n't get blue, only be decided; be a little more

firm, that's all I ask of you; you will get along a great deal better. Dear knows, I've no wish to deprive you of such a daily comfort and blessing as the devoted Julia!"

Mrs. Cooper knew in her heart that she was nothing of the kind; on the contrary, "smoke to the eyes, and vinegar to the teeth," would have been more truly descriptive. But, though she chafed at daily and hourly trials of temper, she had not the courage to rid herself of the cause.

The young person in question took the trouble off her hands by giving most unexpected and inconvenient "notice." It is quite remarkable with what nicety domestics always hit the busiest and most pre-occupied moment for giving "a warning." In the midst of house-cleaning, pickling, and preserving, Miss Julia settled upon her wedding-day, and walked off with Patrick to the priest, where she had the pleasure of paying her own marriage fee, a cheerful omen of the abundance and comfort she might expect for the future. But Patrick was out of employment, and had been for a month; and another noticeable fact in Milesian customs and manners is that this is the time they usually prefer in which to insist on taking their betrothed from a comfortable home, and good wages to pay the way, as long as it lasts, with her savings; fortune-hunting below stairs, and perhaps not more reprehensible than on the larger scale with which one meets it in society.

Mrs. Cooper had very little sympathy from her husband, when she met him at the door with her doleful intelligence.

"Right in the middle of the day! — our room all in disorder — not even the bed made; and Johnnie just waking up as cross as possible — after the many times I've put myself out on her account! Why, I've done half the work myself, to keep peace, ever since she has been here!"

"Exactly what you might expect for doing so."

"But what am I to do now?"

"Good fish in the sea as ever were brought to Fulton Market, my love."

It was finally arranged that Mr. Cooper should dine down town so as to give the cook leisure to see after Master Johnnie, next day; while Mrs. Cooper, with the *Herald* as her chart, should go on a voyage of discovery. She set out, feeling more than bereaved; she returned flushed with success; for once, fortune had favored her; and Julia's successor was already engaged to come the following morning.

"She's just as neat as Julia was careless."

"How do you know?" inquired Mr. Cooper, incredulous, but glad to have the matter so quickly disposed of. He had expected at least a week of search and lamentation.

"How? By her dress, of course. She was dressed as well as I am."

"Very unsuitably for her position, then, I should say."

"Well, not so good materials, of course; not so expensive, perhaps; but the effect was just the same; and she had velvets in her hair, really quite stylish."

"Oh!"

"That's nothing, I'm sure; everybody wears velvets now."

"Then I should take mine out, if I were you."

"Don't be provoking, Murray! I wish you could have seen her; and she's a girl of such good education and manners! She was boarding, you know, and there lay her testament and prayer-book on the table. Only think how fortunate we are to have a communicant in our own church! That was in the advertisement, and what made me notice it first. Do n't you think we are very fortunate to find a girl of such good principles?"

"That does n't always follow. How about her recommendations?"

"Oh, that's the best of all! She has always lived with her mother, and sewed, you know?"

"I did n't know it before."

"Well, she has; and has never

lived out but in one place; and whom do you think she lived with? Mrs. Miller."

"Charlie Miller's wife? You don't tell me so! She wouldn't say any thing but the truth to help along any girl in Christendom? What did she say?"

"I believe you think Mrs. Miller perfection. It's very strange she never took the trouble to call on your wife. Going to the same church, too!"

There was a slight shade of bique in this remark, for Mrs. Miller was both stylish and fashionable; and, though Mrs. Murray admired her greatly at a distance, and would have been delighted to exchange visits—a bow was the utmost civility that had ever passed between them. Mr. Cooper had known her well in his bachelor days, for she belonged to the circle in which he then revolved.

"But what did she say of—what's her name? Lucy?"

"Yes, Lucy; it's so refined after the Bridgets and Anns I have seen. Oh, she had no written character as they call it, for she left there when very ill! Otherwise, Mrs. Miller never would have parted with her, she says; and she never thought to get her to write one afterward."

"So you had to call on Mrs. Miller first, after all! Good!"

"Indeed, I did not!"

"You have not engaged her without inquiring her character?"

"Certainly I have. If you could have seen her, so modest and well-bred, and such a good seamstress, you would have done so too. Why, I felt as if it was an insult to her, asking for a reference! But I always do when engaging a girl! It is as much as to say I doubt their word, poor things!"

"The bank had no such scruples when your respected husband was required to give a ten thousand dollar bond before he could get the tellership."

"But that was a different thing. You were a young man then, and was to be trusted with money."

"I suppose Johnnie is a less precious deposit. I tell you what, Martha, it seems to me that, if I was a woman, which I'm thankful I'm not, you know I'd sooner trust a person with my cash than my boy. You can do as you please, but I do wish you would get over this ridiculous notion of hurting people's feelings. A nice time I should have with my office-boy if I stopped to consult *his* before I requested him to get a hod of coal, or go an errand!"

"I do n't believe she'll make her appearance," was Mr. Cooper's parting remark, as he stood on the front doorstep, and signaled the omnibus. Unbelieving to the last. But, when his ring was answered at night by a modest, "genteel," active girl, such a contrast to the indolent Julia, he could but give a gracious assent to his wife's inquiry as to how he liked the change.

"How does she wear?" he inquired, when handing out her wages at the end of the first month.

"Better and better. I never have had so much time to myself since Johnnie was born. She flies through the work mornings, and has him dressed and off for his walk before eleven o'clock. Lucy thinks it's so much better for children to be in the open air. I never could get Julia to carry him over a square."

"The devoted Julia? Is it possible?"

"You need not commence on that now. She's gone, poor thing! and she really was very good to him. He never will be as fond of Lucy with all her coaxing."

"Perhaps she neglects him out of sight. Where does she take him when she goes out?"

"Dear me, Murray, I would not be so suspicious as you are for the world! Why, she just walks with him, of course!"

"And is gone all the morning? You need n't tell me she carries that great, heavy boy all morning."

"She goes to Washington Square, I suppose, and sits down to rest, as all other nurses do. I should be ashamed

to question a girl like her. Why, just see how strict she is about going to church, now she has an opportunity! Only think! She says she lived with Mrs. Miller ten months, and only got to church once! If I was Mrs. Miller, I should stay at home once in a while, and remember that my girls had souls as well as myself."

"Perhaps she did not want to go."

"She could n't get away; they had so much dinner-company. Lucy knows how I feel about Sunday dinners. For my part, I should much prefer to have a cold joint. Lucy says there is hardly a Sunday of their lives that they do not have two or three gentlemen to dine. Oh, Murray, I forgot to tell you; she says the Morrisons came there a great deal. Mrs. Morrison is quite intimate; and she has heard her say such things about other people, their acquaintances, you know, when she has been doing up Mrs. Miller's room. Girls see a great deal behind the scenes in families."

Mr. Cooper did not respond, but sat piling the seven gold dollars on the table before him, and knocking them down again, with an expression about his mouth his wife could not exactly understand, when she looked up to see if he heard her.

"Do not you think so?" she resumed.

"So it seems," he answered dryly.

"And Lucy says, only think, dear! that Mrs. Miller is one of the most extravagant persons she ever saw. Such scenes when the bills came in! I always thought she dressed a great deal. And there's her sister, Miss Vandervort; Mrs. Miller gives her half she wears, they are so straitened, for all she holds her head so high. And Mr. Miller, he's out four evenings out of the week, for all his wife —"

Mrs. Cooper paused abruptly, checked by a very significant cough from her listener; and her face grew scarlet.

"Now, that's what advertisements call, 'Interesting to Ladies,' is n't it? You seem completely booked up, Martha. What a very intelligent and observing person Lucy must be, as well as high principled! I should think

you would be afraid to have her about your house."

"How so?" Mrs. Murray could not see why they need fear.

"Why, her next mistress will be entertained with our peculiarities and weak points, that's all. I suppose you believe this stuff!"

"I do n't see any reason to doubt it I'm sure. Lucy is n't one to tell a falsehood."

"I'm not certain of that."

"You have no reason to speak so," said his wife warmly; "injuring a poor girl's character."

"Tattle and Fib,' as the children say, are very near relations." And, to change the subject, Mr. Cooper fished in his overcoat pocket for the *Evening Express*.

"But, Murray, you never *will* believe anybody."

"To balance our account, my love, you always believe *everybody*. Now, do you suppose Mrs. Miller would keep a girl ten months from church, if she showed the least disposition to attend!"

"I 'suppose' only what I'm *told*." And Mrs. Cooper laid a tolerable emphasis on the last word, indicative of rising mercury in the thermometer of her temper and disposition. It was not the first time she had been taken to task for repeating private histories of her acquaintances, gleaned from feminine sources. Mr. Cooper hated personal gossip as he did January bills, which is the strongest comparison one could make in his case; and, though his wife was not especially inclined that way, she sometimes left the law of charity—"thinking no evil"—out of sight.

"Just take my word for it, Martha—I'm very good-natured to-night, cleared the year's rent this week, and I do n't want to be upset—if that girl tells you unpleasant things of Mrs. Miller, she will entertain the next person *that will listen*"—Mr. Cooper made an expressive pause—"quite as disagreeable stories of us."

"What *could* she say?" Mrs.

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Cooper was quite in earnest about it. "I'm sure, dear, there's nothing goes on in *this house* but that I should be willing the whole world should see."

"That's so, through an honest medium; but not through *smoked glass*, Martha! that's the thing; and just this story has made me suspicious of Lucy. I haven't half the confidence in her I had an hour ago; for I must say I never have seen any thing in her to find fault with."

In spite of a resolution not to mind it, Mrs. Cooper herself felt a secret uneasiness from that moment. She noticed Johnnie was far more fretful; but that was his teeth, Lucy said. He did not take to her as he had done to Julia; but then it was a work of time to wean a child from its nurse. Sometimes she would hear the fretfulness suddenly cease, when Lucy was alone with him in her own room, to be resumed, in a quarter of an hour or so, more distracting than ever. Johnnie began to droop, and had but little appetite for his bread and milk; but his sleepless nights did away with all suspicions of an opiate privately administered, which a friend kindly suggested. Trifling discrepancies gradually crept into Miss Lucy's account of their daily walks and the touching history of her own orphanhood, the incidents of which found a sympathizing listener in her new mistress. It never had occurred to her to doubt a word of it heretofore; and Lucy had been relieved of much drudgery that Julia dragged through with in the course of the week, because Mrs. Cooper could not make up her mind to ask a girl who "really looked as much like a lady as herself," and "had seen better days," to do it. She waited on herself more than ever, and was becoming as much a slave to Lucy's suggestions and opinions as she had been to Julia's sullenness, in spite of her determination to the contrary.

Mr. Cooper having no such fear before his eyes, noted various symptoms of human imperfection in their "all-accomplished maid;" but, though his

wife acknowledged some of them, and felt an uncomfortable surveillance over herself and her visitors, these new bonds were still harder to break than the last.

Mr. Cooper, passing through an obscure street, one morning, to arrive sooner at a friend's counting-house, met him a square's distance from it, and stopped to discuss the business arrangement on which he was bent.

"Fifty cents on a dollar!" said Mr. Allen; well, I'm sorry for poor Brown. I'll see. Just look at that girl, Cooper! How little fathers and mothers know what become of their children out of sight! See, that's a gentleman's child, evidently. What a filthy alley he's been taken to! I've seen her before, though; she stays by the hour when she comes; and of course the mother thinks the boy is taking the air."

"Taking smallpox, more likely," Mr. Cooper returned, carelessly. But what was his friend's astonishment to see him spring forward, the next moment, and snatch the child away, to the girl's astonishment as well as his own. It was Lucy who stood before him in speechless confusion, conscious that, only the day before, she had assured Mrs. Cooper that she never saw an acquaintance from one week's end to another, and would as soon give him poison as candy, with which his little thin hand was filled when she so suddenly encountered his father.

Mr. Cooper had Mr. Allen's unconscious testimony that it was nothing new. He paid her wages to the day, and discharged her on the spot, taking Johnnie home himself, before she should come for her trunk, and have an opportunity to tell her story to his wife.

Contrary to his expectations, Mrs. Cooper seemed to feel it a relief; and she did indeed breathe more freely when the sobbing Lucy had kissed Master Johnnie good-by, and followed her trunk out of the house.

"Lucy has got a place, ma'am," said Ann, the cook, a few days after a

new girl had been installed in the neat little nursery. "I saw her at the corner, last evenin', ma'am; an' the lady said she wouldn't ask any character of such a tidy-lookin' one. It's a lady as comes here sometimes; and she lives in Twentieth Street, Lucy says."

"Mrs. Gregory!" And Mrs. Cooper instantly felt a secret uneasiness at being served up to Mrs. Gregory as Mrs. Miller had been to her. "But, dear me, there's nothing she could say against us." But she had just discovered a secret hoard of sugar in one of the nursery-drawers, with which her boy had evidently been coaxed and bribed, and which accounted for his pallor and loss of appetite. So she was forced to doubt her late handmaid in more ways than one.

She met Mrs. Gregory that same afternoon at Stewart's, and imagined that she was purposely avoided. Yet weeks went by, and her last call in Twentieth Street was still unreturned.

"You have not seen Jane lately, have you?" said a mutual friend, who, worsted-work in hand, was passing a sociable evening.

"No," returned Mrs. Cooper, coldly, hoping in her heart the subject might be dropped.

"If you won't be vexed, I'll tell you the reason; now promise."

"I'll promise for her," said her husband.

Mrs. Cooper had devoutly trusted he was safe in the depths of "John Halifax Gentleman," when the conversation began; but, suspecting what was to follow, he laid down the volume with wonderful alacrity.

"Why, that pretty girl you used to have here — what was her name?"

"Lucy," Mrs. Cooper was forced to say.

"Well, she's been telling Jane the most unaccountable stories — she went to her, you know, from here — about you and Mr. Cooper. Yes, indeed, you had your share, Mr. Cooper. She said you kept back her wages, and discharged her on a moment's notice."

"Half and half," said Mr. Cooper,

laughing. "The last is all correct. I have Allen for witness that I paid her wages though."

"But what did she say about me?"

"Yes, let's have it all, Miss Lizzie, I'll share the compliments, Martha; I'm not at all greedy."

"Oh! that you talked over people with your servants, and said hard things of them!"

"How's that, Martha?"

"I did say Mrs. Miller ought to have let her go to church," said the conscious-stricken Mrs. Cooper.

"Mrs. Miller? Why, you know how she left there, do n't you?"

"Yes! she told me; she was sick."

"Very. So sick that Mrs. Miller refused to give her a character, for helping herself accidentally to George's pap-spoon and a French worked collar that were found in her trunk. Her brother, Henry Vandervort, happened to tell me at the time. He and Albert dine there on Sundays always."

"Horrible woman, to have her brothers dine with her on Sunday!" said Mr. Cooper, glancing at his wife.

"They found out she never went to church while she lived there, though she always made a point of starting. A perfect little piece of deception; and I told Jane so when she said Lucy told her that you neglected Johnnie. So I was determined you should know about it; for really it's dreadful to have one's character at the mercy of such a person."

Mr. Cooper, with remarkable self-denial, forbore to say, "I told you so!" when their visitor had departed. But his wife never saw Mrs. Miller or Mrs. Gregory again without having an olden precept called to mind, "With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and, with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

It is sound policy to suffer all extremities rather than do a base action.

THE DYING.

BY M. A. RIPLEY.

LAY her down, for she must die,
She hath wrought so wearily —
Now her soul may rest for aye.

Smooth the tresses on that brow —
Never glistened they as now,
When upon them bright tears flow.

Close the eyes, and fold the hands
O'er the heart; where hidden brands —
Brands of woe — have burnt life's bands.

Robe her in the grave's white dress —
Raiment of rare loveliness,
Only robe of perfect grace.

Now around the sleeper's head,
Scatter snowy flowers, and shed
No more tears above the dead.

Gone to realms of perfect peace,
Where all griefs forever cease —
Where from sin she hath release.

He hath given his loved one sleep,
Where bright life-streams sparkling leap —
Where the Shepherd folds his sheep.
BUFFALO, Feb., 1857.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

SPEAK gently to the little child,
So guileless and so free,
Who, with a trustful, loving heart
Puts confidence in thee.
Speak not with cold and careless thoughts,
Which time hath taught thee well,
Nor breathe the one word whose bitter tone
Distrust might seem to tell.

If on his brow there rests a cloud,
However light it be,
Speak loving words, and let him feel
He hath a friend in thee:
And do not send him from thy side,
Till on his face shall rest
The joyous look, the sunny smile,
That mark a happy breast.

Oh! teach him this should be his aim,
To cheer the aching heart,
To strive where thickest darkness reigns,
Some radiance to impart;
To spread a peaceful quiet calm
Where dwells the noise of strife;
Thus doing good and blessing all,
To spend the whole of life.

To love with pure affection deep
All creatures great and small,
And yet a stronger love to bear
For Him who made them all.
Remember, 't is no common task
That thus to thee is given,
To rear a spirit fit to be
The inhabitant of heaven.

HINTS ON THE MANAGEMENT OF THE YOUNG.

ANTICIPATE and prevent fretfulness and ill temper, by keeping the child in good health, ease and comfort. Never quiet with giving to eat, or by bribery in any way, still less by opiates.

For the first few months, avoid loud and harsh sounds in the hearing of children, or violent lights in their sight; address them in soft tones; do nothing to frighten them; and never jerk or roughly handle them.

Avoid angry words and violence both to a child, and in its presence, by which means a naturally violent child will be trained to gentleness. Moderate any propensity of a child such as anger, greediness for food, cunning, &c., which appears too active. Show him no example of these. Let the mother be, and let her select servants such as she wishes her child to be. The youngest child is affected by the conduct of those in whose arms he lives. Cultivate and express benevolence and cheerfulness; in such an atmosphere a child must become benevolent and cheerful.

Let a mother *feel as she ought*, and she will *look as she feels*. Much of a child's earliest moral training is by looks and jestures. When necessary, exhibit firmness and authority, always with perfect temper, composure and self-possession. Never give the child that which it cries for; and avoid being too ready in answering children's demands, else they become impatient of refusal, and selfish. When the child is most violent, the mother should be most calm and silent. Out-screaming a screaming child is as useless as it is mischievous. Steady denial of the object screamed for is the best cure for screaming. In such contests witnesses should withdraw, and leave mother and child alone. A child is very ready to look around, and attract the aid of foreign sympathy in its little rebellions.

Never promise to give when the

child leaves off crying; let the crying be the reason for *not* giving. Constant warning, reproofs, threats and entreaties, as *let that alone, be quiet, how naughty you are, &c.*, all uttered in haste and irritation are most pernicious. No fixed or definite moral improvement, but the reverse, results from this too common practice. Watch destructiveness shown in fly and insect killing, and smashing and breaking, quarreling and striking! Never encourage revenge. Never allow a child to witness the killing of animals. Counterwork secretiveness by exposing its manœuvres. Regulate notions of property—one's own and another's. Never strike a child or teach it to strike again. Never tell a child to beat or threaten any animal or object.—*Chambers*.

SOCIETY.

PERHAPS the interests of true friendship, elegant conversation, mental improvement, social pleasure, natural duty, and conjugal comfort, never received such a blow as when Fashion issued out that arbitrary and universal decree, that *every body must be acquainted with every body*; together with that consequent authoritative, but rather inconvenient clause, that every body must go everywhere every night.

The implicit and devout obedience paid to this law is incompatible with the very being of friendship; for as the circle of acquaintance expands, and it will be continually expanding, the affections will be beaten out into such thin lamina as to leave little solidity remaining. The heart, which is continually exhausting itself in professions, grows cold and hard. The feelings of kindness diminish in proportion as the expression of it becomes more diffuse and indiscriminate. The very traces of simplicity and Godly sincerity in a delicate female wear away imperceptibly by constant collision with the world at large. And perhaps no woman takes so little interest in the happiness of her real friends as she whose affections are

incessantly evaporating in universal civilities, as she who is saying fond and flattering things at random to a circle of five hundred people every night.

AND LITERATURE.

The time nightly expended in late female vigils is expended by the light of far other lamps than those which are fed by the student's oil; and if families are to be found who are neglected, through too much study in the mistress, it will probably be proved to Hoyle and not Homer, who has thus robbed her children of her time and affections. For one family which has been neglected by the mother's passion for books, an hundred have been deserted through her passion for play. The husband of a fashionable woman will not often find that the library is the apartment the expenses of which involve him in debt or disgrace.

And for one literary slattern who now manifests her indifference to her husband by neglect of her person, there are scores of elegant spendthrifts who ruin theirs by excess of decoration.

Nay, I digress a little while I remark that I am far from asserting that literature has never filled women with vanity and self conceit; the contrary is too obvious, and it happens in this as in other cases that a few characters conspicuously absurd have served to bring a whole order into ridicule. But I will assert that in general those whom books are supposed to have spoiled, would in general have been spoiled without them. She who is a vain pedant, because she has read much, has probably that defect in her mind which would have made her a vain fool if she had read nothing.

It is not her having more knowledge, but less sense, which makes her insufferable; and ignorance would have added little to her value, for it is not what she has, but what she wants, that makes her unpleasant. The truth, however, probably lies here, that while her understanding was improved, the tempers of her heart were neglected, and

that in cultivating the fame of a *savante* she lost the humility of a Christian. But these instances, too, furnish only a fresh argument for the *general* cultivation of the female mind.

The wider diffusion of sound knowledge would remove that temptation to be vain which may be excited by its rarity.

From the union of an unfurnished mind with a cold heart, there results a kind of necessity for dissipation. The very term gives an idea of mental imbecility. That which a working and fatigued mind requires is *relaxation*; it requires to unbend itself; to slacken its efforts, to relieve it from its exertions; while amusement is the *business* of public minds, and is carried on with a length and seriousness incompatible with the refreshing idea of relaxation. But while we would assert that a woman of cultivated intellect is not driven by the same necessity as others into the giddy whirl of public resort, who but regrets that real cultivation does not inevitably preserve her from it? No wonder that inanity of character—that vanity of mind—that torpid ignorance—should plunge into dissipation as their natural refuge; should seek to bury their insignificance in the crowd of pressing multitudes, and hope to escape analysis and detection in the undistinguished mass of mixed assemblies.

There attrition rubs all bodies smooth and makes all alike! thither superficial and external accomplishments naturally fly as to their proper scene of action; as to a field where competition in such perfections is in perpetual exercise; where the laurels of admiration are to be won; whence the trophies of vanity may be carried off triumphantly.—*Hannah More.*

THE true motives of our actions, like the real pipes of an organ, are usually concealed. But the gilded and the hollow pretext is pompously played in the front for show.

KANE'S ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

THE means necessary for making a second voyage to the Arctic regions were furnished by Mr. Grinnell, our countryman, Mr. Peabody of London, the Geographical Society of New York, the Smithsonian Institution, the American Philosophical Society, and other friends and scientific associations. Mr. Grinnell again furnished the *Advance*, a hermaphrodite brig of one hundred and forty-four tons, the same vessel in which Dr. Kane had made his previous voyage under Lieutenant De Haven. Her crew when she left New York consisted only of seventeen men, including officers, ten of whom were volunteers from the U. S. Navy. The regulations of the crew were simple, but all that were necessary, and were rigidly adhered to throughout their long and dangerous voyage. These included, first, absolute subordination to the officer in command, or his delegate; second, abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, except when dispensed by special order; third, the habitual disuse of profane language. The plan of search as delineated by Dr. Kane previous to sailing, was based upon the probable extension of Greenland to the far north, believing that the search for the lost party would be more likely to terminate successfully by following the western coast of Greenland to the open sea, the existence of which had been inferred, and that progress to the west could be made as easily from northern Greenland as from Wellington channel.

The outfit was simple enough, and in some respects sadly deficient as the events of the voyage proved; but it was as ample as the means in the hands of Dr. Kane would admit. They consisted of a few rough boards to serve for housing over the brig in winter, and some canvas and India rubber tents, with a number of carefully built sledges. Their provisions consisted of two thousand pounds of pemmican, a quantity of Borden's meat-biscuit, dried potatoes, pickled

cabbage, and dried fruits, with salt beef and pork, hard biscuit and flour; a valuable set of instruments for observation, and a well chosen library were added.

Dr. Kane sailed from New York May 30th, 1853, escorted by steamers to the narrows. He and his companions took their departure amidst the cheers and salutes of their friends.

In eighteen days they arrived at St. John's, Newfoundland, and were received by the authorities very cordially. A quantity of fresh provisions were added to their stock, and a team of ten noble dogs, for the purpose of sledge travel, the gift of Governor Hamilton. Stopping only two days at this island, they again put to sea, shaped their course for Greenland, and on the 1st of July entered the harbor of Fiskernaes, amidst the greeting of the whole population from the surrounding rocks. Here Dr. Kane took in a supply of such provisions as the place afforded, chiefly fish; and that his dogs might be well supplied with fresh meat and fish, hired a young Esquimaux hunter—Hans Cristian was his name, and is as great a favorite with the reader as he was with Dr. Kane and his men. Hans stipulated, in addition to his very moderate wages, that a couple of barrels of bread and fifty-two pounds of pork should be left with his mother, to which was added a rifle and a new kayak.

Directing their course northward, and occasionally touching along the Greenland coast to supply themselves with furs and Esquimaux dogs, to meet the future exigencies of the voyage, without meeting with any incident of unusual interest, until July 29th, when, after eight hours of hard labor they made fast to an iceberg, when Dr. Kane says:

"We had hardly a breathing spell, before we were startled by a set of loud crackling sounds above us; and small fragments of ice not larger than a walnut began to dot the water like the first drops of a summer shower.

The indications were too plain: we had barely time to cast off before the face of the berg fell in ruins, crashing like near artillery.

"Our position in the mean time had been critical, a gale blowing off the shore, and the floes closing and scudding rapidly. We lost some three hundred and sixty fathoms of whale line, which were caught in the floes, and had to be cut away to release us from the drift. It was a hard night for boatwork, particularly with those of the party who were taking their first lessons in floa navigation."

He continues:

"We passed the 'Crimson Cliffs' of Sir John Ross in the forenoon of August 5th. The patches of red snow, from which they derive their name, could be seen clearly at the distance of ten miles from the coast. It had a fine deep rose hue, not at all like the brown stain which I noticed when I was here before. All the gorges and ravines in which the snows had lodged were deeply tinted with it. I had no difficulty now in justifying the somewhat poetical nomenclature which Sir John Franklin applied to this locality; for if the snowy surface were more diffused, as it is, no doubt, earlier in the season, crimson would be the prevailing color.

"Late at night we passed Conical Rock, the most insulated and conspicuous landmark of this coast; and, still later, Wolstenholme and Saunder's Islands, and Oomenak, the place of the 'North Star's' winter quarters — an admirable day's run; and so ends the 5th of August. We are standing along, with studding sails set, and open water before us, fast nearing our scene of labor. We have already got to work sewing up bags and preparing sledges for our campaignings on the ice."

August 7th he writes:

"On our left is a capacious bay; and deep in its north-eastern recesses we can see a glacier issuing from a fiord. We knew this bay familiarly afterward, as the residence of a body of

Esquimaux with whom we had many associations; but we little dreamt then that it would bear the name of a gallant friend, who found there the first traces of our escape. A small cluster of rocks, hidden at times by the sea, gave evidence of the violent tidal action about them.

"As we neared the west end of Littleton Island, after breakfast this morning, I ascended to the crow's-nest, and saw to my sorrow the ominous blink of ice ahead. The wind has been freshening for a couple of days from the northward, and if it continues it will bring down the floes on us.

"My mind has been made up from the first that we are to force our way to the north as far as the elements will let us; and I feel the importance therefore of securing a place of retreat, that in case of disaster we may not be altogether at large. Besides, we have now reached one of the points, at which, if any one is to follow us, he might look for some trace to guide him."

"I determined to leave a cairn on Littleton Island, and to deposit a boat with a supply of stores in some convenient place near it. One of our whale-boats had been crushed in Melville Bay, and Francis's metallic life-boat was the only one I could spare. Its length did not exceed twenty feet, and our crew of twenty could hardly stow themselves in it with even a few days' rations; but it was air-chambered and buoyant.

"Selecting from our stock of provisions and field equipage such portions as we might by good luck be able to dispense with, and adding with reluctant liberality some blankets and a few yards of India-rubber cloth, we set out in search of a spot for our first depot. It was essential that it should be upon the mainland; for the rapid tides might so wear away the ice as to make an island inaccessible to a foot-party; and yet it was desirable that, while secure against the action of sea and ice, it should be approachable by boats. We found such a place after

some pretty cold rowing. It was off the northeast cape of Littleton, and bore S.S.E. from Cape Hatherton, which loomed in the distance above the fog. Here we buried our life-boat with her little cargo. We placed along her gunwale the heaviest rocks we could handle, and, filling up the interstices with stones and sods of andromeda and moss, poured sand and water among the layers. This, frozen at once into a solid mass, might be hard enough, we hoped, to resist the claws of the polar bear.

"We found to our surprise, that we were not the first human beings who had sought a shelter in this desolate spot. A few ruined walls here and there showed that it had once been the seat of a rude settlement; and in the little knoll which we cleared away to cover in our storehouse of valuables we found the mortal remains of their former inhabitants.

"Nothing can be imagined more sad and homeless than these memorials of extinct life. Hardly a vestige of growth was traceable on the bare ice-rubbed rocks; and the huts resembled so much the broken fragments that surrounded them, that at first sight it was hard to distinguish one from the other. Walrus bones lay about in all directions, showing that this animal had furnished the staple of subsistence. There were some remains too of the fox and the narwhal; but I found no signs of the seal or reindeer.

"These Esquimaux have no mother earth to receive their dead; but they seat them as in the attitude of repose, the knees drawn close to the body, and enclose them in a sack of skins. The implements of the living man are then grouped around him; they are covered with a rude dome of stones, and a cairn is piled above. This simple cenotaph will remain intact for generation after generation. The Esquimaux never disturb a grave.

"From one of the graves I took several perforated and rudely-fashioned pieces of walrus ivory, evidently parts of sledge and lance gear. But wood

must have been even more scarce with them than with the natives of Baffin's Bay north of the Melville glacier. We found, for instance, a child's toy spear, which, though elaborately tipped with ivory, had its wooden handle pieced out of four separate bits, all carefully patched and bound with skin. No piece was more than six inches in length, or half an inch in thickness.

"We found other traces of Esquimaux, both on Littleton Island and in Shoal-Water Cove, near it. They consisted of huts, graves, places of deposit for meat, and rocks arranged as fox-traps. These were evidently very ancient; but they were so well preserved, that it was impossible to say how long they had been abandoned, whether for fifty or a hundred years before.

"Our stores deposited, it was our next office to erect a beacon, and intrust to it our tidings. We chose for this purpose the Western Cape of Littleton Island, as more conspicuous than Cape Hatherton; built our cairn; wedged a staff into the crevices of the rocks; and, spreading flag, hailed its folds with three cheers as they expanded in the cold midnight breeze. These important duties performed,—the more lightly, let me say, for this little flicker of enthusiasm,—we rejoined the brig early in the morning of the 7th, and forced on again toward the north, beating against wind and tide."

Of the dogs he had procured for sledge-traveling, he says:

"More bother with these wretched dogs; worse than a street of Constantinople emptied upon our decks; the unruly, thieving, wild-beast pack! Not a bear's paw, or an Esquimaux cranium, or basket of mosses, or any specimen whatever, can leave your hands for a moment without their making a rush at it, and, after a yelping scramble, swallowing it at a gulp. I have seen them attempt a whole feather bed; and here, this very morning, one of my Karsuk brutes has eaten up two entire birds'-nests which I had

just before gathered from the rocks ; feathers, filth, pebbles, and moss,—a peckful at the least. One was a perfect specimen of the nest of the tridactyl, the other of the big burgomaster.

"When we reach a floe, or berg, or temporary harbor, they start out in a body, neither voice nor lash restraining them, and scamper off like a drove of hogs in an Illinois oak-opening. Two of our largest left themselves behind at Fog Inlet, and we had to send off a boat-party to-day to their rescue. It cost a pull through ice and water of about eight miles before they found the recreants, fat and saucy, beside the carcass of the dead narwhal. After more than an hour spent in attempts to catch them, one was tied and brought on board ; but the other suicidal scamp had to be left to his fate."

During the latter part of August and the first of September, as the difficulties of the voyage increased, most of the company were in favor of returning southward, and giving up a winter search. After a consultation, Dr. Kane fitted up a whale-boat for a voyage among the ice, and set off with a portion of the crew to reconnoiter their position. After an absence of several days he found a bay which combined all the requisites of a good winter harbor for the *Advance*. Of his return to the ship he says :

"My comrades gathered anxiously around me, waiting for the news. I told them in few words of the results of our journey, and why I had determined upon remaining, and gave at once the order to warp in between the islands. We found here seven-fathom soundings and a perfect shelter from the outside ice ; and thus laid our little brig in the harbor, which we were fated never to leave together,—a long resting-place to her indeed, for the same ice is around her still."

September 10th, he writes :

"We have plenty of responsible work before us. The long 'night in which no man can work' is close at hand : in another month we shall lose

the sun. Astronomically, he should disappear on the twenty-fourth of October if our horizon were free ; but it is obstructed by a mountain ridge, and, making all allowance for refraction, we can not count on seeing him after the 10th.

"First and foremost, we have to unstow the hold, and deposit its contents in the storehouse on Butler Island. Brooks and a party are now briskly engaged in this double labor, running loaded boats along a canal that has to be recut every morning.

"Next comes the catering for winter diet. We have little or no game as yet in Smith's Sound ; and, though the traces of deer that we have observed may be followed by the animals themselves, I can not calculate upon them as a resource. I am without the hermetically-sealed meats of our last voyage ; and the use of salt meat in circumstances like ours is never safe. A fresh-water pond, which fortunately remains open at Medary, gives me a chance for some further experiments in freshening this portion of our stock. Steaks of salt junk, artistically cut, are strung on lines like a countrywoman's dried apples, and soaked in festoons under the ice. The salmon-trout and salt codfish which we bought at Fisk-ernaes are placed in barrels, perforated to permit a constant circulation of fresh water through them. Our pickled cabbage is similarly treated, after a little potash has been used to neutralize the acid. All these are submitted to twelve hours of alternate soaking and freezing, the crust of ice being removed from them before each immersion. This is the steward's province, and a most important one it is.

"Every one else is well employed ; McGary arranging and Bonsall making the inventory of our stores ; Ohlsen and Petersen building our deck-house ; while I am devising the plan of an architectural interior, which is to combine, of course, the utmost ventilation, room, dryness, warmth, general accommodation, comfort,—in a word, all the appliances of health.

"We have made a comfortable dog-house on Butler Island; but though our Esquimaux *canaille* are within scent of our cheeses there, one of which they ate yesterday for lunch, they can not be persuaded to sleep away from the vessel. They prefer the bare snow, where they can couch within the sound of our voices, to a warm kennel upon the rocks. Strange that this dog-distinguishing trait of affection for man should show itself in an animal so imperfectly reclaimed from a savage state that he can hardly be caught when wanted!"

"September 13.—'Besides preparing our winter quarters, I am engaged in the preliminary arrangements for my provision-depots along the Greenland coast. Mr. Kennedy is, I believe, the only one of my predecessors who has used October and November for Arctic field-work; but I deem it important to our movements during the winter and spring, that the depots in advance should be made before the darkness sets in. I purpose arranging three of them at intervals,—pushing them as far as I can,—to contain in all some twelve hundred pounds of provision, of which eight hundred will be pemmican.'

"My plans of future search were directly dependent upon the success of these operations of the fall. With a chain of provision-depots along the coast of Greenland, I could readily extend my travel by dogs. These noble animals formed the basis of my future plans: the only drawback to their efficiency as a means of travel was their inability to carry the heavy loads of provender essential for their support. A badly-fed or heavily-loaded dog is useless for a long journey; but with relays of provisions I could start empty, and fill up at our final station.

"My dogs were both Esquimaux and Newfoundlanders. Of these last I had ten: they were to be carefully broken, to travel by voice without the whip, and were expected to be very useful for heavy draught, as their tractability would allow the driver to

regulate their pace. I was already training them in a light sledge, to drive, unlike the Esquimaux, two abreast, with a regular harness, a breast-collar of flat leather, and a pair of traces. Six of them made a powerful traveling-team; and four could carry me and my instruments, for short journeys around the brig, with great ease."

They reared an observatory near the ship, and sent out their depot parties to make caches of provisions. These caches were buried in the snow, and covered with sand and gravel—the whole being drenched with water and frozen solid, so as to resist the depredations of the polar bear; but their efforts to do this were useless, for they found in the spring that the bears had helped themselves to all these stores of provisions. The long and dreaded night of the Arctic winter came rapidly upon them, and its effect upon both men and dogs were disastrous in the extreme. Raw potato grated was the inviting fresh food prescribed for scurvy, but some of the crew refused it absolutely.

"The month of March brought back to us the perpetual day. The sunshine had reached our deck on the last day of February: we needed it to cheer us. We were not as pale as my experience in Lancaster Sound had foretold; but the scurvy-spots that mottled our faces gave some proof of the trials we had undergone. It was plain that we were all of us unfit for arduous travel on foot at the intense temperatures of the nominal spring; and the return of the sun, by increasing the evaporation from the floes, threatened us with a recurrence of still severer weather.

"But I felt that our work was unfinished. The great object of the expedition challenged us to a more northward exploration. My dogs, that I had counted on so largely, the nine splendid Newfoundlanders and thirty-five Esquimaux of six months before, had perished; there were only six survivors of the whole pack, and one of these was unfit for draught. Still, they formed my principal reliance, and

I busied myself from the very beginning of the month in training them to run together."

Near the middle of March a depot party was sent out, and the suffering they encountered before their return was more severe than anything else experienced during the whole voyage. The following is the account of it:

"We were at work cheerfully, sewing away at the skins of some moccasins by the blaze of our lamps, when toward midnight, we heard the noise of steps above, and the next minute Sontag, Ohlsen, and Petersen came down into the cabin. Their manner startled me even more than their unexpected appearance on board. They were swollen and haggard, and hardly able to speak.

"Their story was a fearful one. They had left their companions in the ice, risking their own lives to bring us the news: Brooks, Baker, Wilson, and Pierre were lying frozen and disabled. Where? They could not tell: somewhere in among the hummocks to the north and east; it was drifting heavily round them when they parted. Irish Tom had stayed by to feed and care for the others; but the chances were sorely against them. It was in vain to question them further. They had evidently traveled a great distance, for they were sinking with fatigue and hunger, and could hardly be rallied enough to tell us the direction in which they had come.

"My first impulse was to move on the instant with an unencumbered party; a rescue, to be effective or even hopeful, could not be too prompt. What pressed on my mind most was, where the sufferers were to be looked for among the drifts. Ohlsen seemed to have his faculties rather more at command than his associates, and I thought that he might assist us as a guide; but he was sinking with exhaustion, and if he went with us we must carry him.

"There was not one moment to be lost. While some were still busy with the new-comers and getting ready a

hasty meal, others were rigging out the "Little Willie" with a buffalo-cover, a small tent, and a package of pemmican; and, as soon as we could hurry through our arrangements, Ohlsen was strapped on in a fur bag, his legs wrapped in dog-skins and eider-down, and we were off upon the ice. Our party consisted of nine and myself. We carried only the clothes on our backs. The thermometer stood at forty-six degrees, seventy-eight degrees below the freezing point.

"A well-known peculiar tower of ice, called by the men the "Pinnacle Berg," served as our first landmark; other icebergs of colossal size, which stretched in long beaded lines across the bay, helped to guide us afterward; and it was not until we had traveled for sixteen hours that we began to lose our way.

"We knew that our lost companions must be somewhere in the area before us, within a radius of forty miles. Mr. Ohlsen, who had been for fifty hours without rest, fell asleep as soon as we began to move, and awoke now with unequivocal signs of mental disturbance. It became evident that he had lost the bearing of the icebergs, which in form and color endlessly repeated themselves; and the uniformity of the vast field of snow utterly forbade the hope of local landmarks.

"Pushing ahead of the party, and clambering over some rugged ice-piles, I came to a long level floe, which I thought might probably have attracted the eyes of weary men in circumstances like our own. It was a light conjecture; but it was enough to turn the scale, for there was no other to balance it. I gave orders to abandon the sledge, and disperse in search of foot-marks. We raised our tent, placed our pemmican in cache, except a small allowance for each man to carry on his person; and poor Ohlsen, now just able to keep his legs, was liberated from his bag. The thermometer had fallen by this time to forty-nine degrees, and the wind was setting in sharply from the northwest. It was

out of the question to halt : it required brisk exercise to keep us from freezing. I could not even melt ice for water ; and, at these temperatures, any resort to snow for the purpose of allaying thirst was followed by bloody lips and tongue : it burnt like caustic.

"It was indispensable then that we should move on, looking out for traces as we went. Yet when the men were ordered to spread themselves, so as to multiply their chances, though they all obeyed heartily, some painful impress of solitary danger, or perhaps it may have been the varying configuration of the ice-field, kept them closing up continually into a single group. The strange manner in which some of us were affected I now attribute as much to shattered nerves as to the direct influence of the cold. Men like Mc Gary and Bonsall, who had stood out our severest marches, were seized with trembling-fits and short breath ; and, in spite of all my efforts to keep up an example of sound bearing, I fainted twice on the snow.

"We had been nearly eighteen hours out without water or food, when a new hope cheered us. I think it was Hans, our Esquimaux hunter, who thought he saw a broad sledge-track. The drift had nearly effaced it, and we were some of us doubtful at first whether it was not one of those accidental rifts which the gales make in the surface-snow. But, as we traced it on to the deep snow among the hummocks, we were led to footsteps ; and, following these with religious care, we at last came in sight of a small American flag fluttering from a hammock, and lower down a little Masonic banner hanging from a tent-pole above the drift. It was the camp of our disabled comrades : we reached it after an unbroken march of twenty-one hours.

"The little tent was neatly covered. I was not among the first to come up ; but, when I reached the tent-curtain, the men were standing in silent file upon each side of it. With more kindness and delicacy of feeling than

is often supposed to belong to sailors, but which is almost characteristic, they intimated their wish that I should go in alone. As I crawled in, and, coming upon the darkness, heard before me the burst of welcome gladness that came from the four poor fellows stretched on their backs, and then for the first time the cheer outside, my weakness and my gratitude together almost overcame me. 'They had expected me : they were sure I would come !'

"We were now fifteen souls ; the thermometer seventy-five degrees below the freezing-point ; and our sole accommodation a tent barely able to contain eight persons : more than half our party were obliged to keep from freezing by walking outside while the others slept. We could not halt long. Each of us took a turn of two hours' sleep ; and we prepared for our homeward march.

"We took with us nothing but the tent, furs to protect the rescued party, and food for a journey of fifty hours. Every thing else was abandoned. Two large buffalo-bags, each made of four skins, were doubled up, so as to form a sort of sack, lined on each side by fur, closed at the bottom but opened at the top. This was laid on the sledge ; the tent, smoothly folded, serving as a floor. The sick, with their limbs sewed up carefully in reindeer-skins, were placed upon the bed of buffalo-ropes, in a half-reclining posture ; other skins and blanket-bags were thrown above them ; and the whole litter was lashed together so as to allow but a single opening opposite the mouth for breathing.

"This necessary work cost us a great deal of time and effort ; but it was essential to the lives of the sufferers. It took us no less than four hours to strip and refresh them, and then to emble them in the manner I have described. Few of us escaped without frost-bitten fingers ; the thermometer was at fifty-five degrees below zero, and a slight wind added to the severity of the cold.

"It was completed at last, however ;

all hands stood round ; and, after repeating a short prayer, we set out on our retreat. It was fortunate indeed that we were not inexperienced in sledging over the ice. A great part of our track lay among a succession of hummocks ; some of them extending in long lines, fifty and twenty feet high, and so uniformly steep that we had to turn them by a considerable deviation from our direct course ; others that we forced our way through, far above our heads in height, lying in parallel ridges, with the space between too narrow for the sledge to be lowered into it safely, and yet not wide enough for the runners to cross without the aid of ropes to stay them. These spaces too were generally choked with light snow, hiding the openings between the ice-fragments. They were fearful traps to disengage a limb from, for every man knew that a fracture or a sprain even would cost him his life. Besides all this, the sledge was top-heavy with its load ; the maimed men could not bear to be lashed down tight enough to secure them against falling off. Notwithstanding our caution in rejecting every superfluous burden, the weight, including bags and tent, was eleven hundred pounds.

"And yet our march for the first six hours was very cheering. We made by vigorous pulls and lifts nearly a mile an hour, and reached the new floes before we were absolutely weary. Our sledge sustained the trial admirably. Ohlsen, restored by hope, walked steadily at the leading belt of the sledge-lines ; and I began to feel certain of reaching our half-way station of the day before, where we had left our tent. But we were still nine miles from it, when, almost without premonition, we all became aware of an alarming failure of our energies.

(To be concluded.)

If time is the most precious of goods, the loss of time must be the greatest of losses. Waste not time, for time is the stuff that life is made of.

POPULAR REFINEMENT.

IN the autumn of 1849, we were spending some six weeks in the Peak of Derbyshire, in company with two distinguished literary friends, when a rapid thunder storm, which swept across the moors, led us one afternoon to seek the shelter of an old-fashioned homestead. It was situated in a spot of surpassing loveliness : the wild moors stretched above it in the blue distance ; and below it, in the descending valley, rich in woodlands, glided a silvery tributary of the Trent. Around lay a garden, not very trim, but filled to overflowing with sweet-smelling flowers, whilst beyond its boundary nature's lavish bounty had decked every available spot, even to the moorland's edge, with the eglantine, the foxglove, and those countless other wild-flowers for which Derbyshire has deservedly so rich a fame. To adorn this scene of beauty, a spring of some volume gushed from the moorland's side, into a vast trough of stone, round which fell the richest and most abundant of the mountain flowers. Within the homestead were lavish capabilities without effects, saving that of coarse disorder. The kitchen and parlor were absolutely crammed with antique furniture of the finest kind : old cabinets, old dressers, old chairs, filigreed and ebony mirrors, and china bowls, cups, and dishes that would have made half the lovers of mediæval and the renaissance period of art wild for possession. In a room up stairs, where we went to change our dripping garments, this *embarras de richesses* was the same. Carved spinning-wheels, chests, and boxes, were varied by a corner cupboard filled to repletion with ancient glass and porcelain — most of it beautiful in form as well as color. Yet here, as well as down stairs, the only result of all this real artistic beauty was to excite ideas of grotesque confusion. China-bowls, which, if filled with a few of the garden sweets so near at hand, would have been absolutely gorgeous, were stuck full of old tobacco

pipes; a pile of china saucers, from which Wedgwood would have taken a lesson, was crowned by a red her-ring! and long-necked bottles of Venetian glass, into which the hand of taste would have placed a lily or a rose, were filled with the odds and ends it would be difficult to describe. By the way of contrast to this adventure, we took tea at a country parsonage the same week, where, with no such means either of individual wealth or its accumulated accessories, the most exquisite and simple taste prevailed. There was no rich furniture, no gorgeous foreign porcelain, no glass of exquisite shape; but there were cleanliness, order, refined taste, and a knowledge how to use accessible and common things. Flowers from the moorland, fields, and garden, were exquisitely set about two pleasant rooms — here in a flat dish of common earth, there in a red earthen-vase that had been bought for a shilling; within a sort of alcove that separated parlor from study, ivy had been trained in German fashion; from a little clay bottle hung to the wall, and probably dug out of a barrow on the neighboring moors, fell long stemmed wood-plants tinged with autumn dyes. The tea-table was alike a pattern of cleanliness and good taste. The tea-service, though of no great value, had been selected with an eye to well-rounded forms; the metal tea-pot was resplendent in its brightness; a bowl filled with flowers stood with its honeyed scents amidst hospitable dainties of cake and fruit; and one simple preparation of rice and cream was encircled with a wreath of geranium blooms and myrtle leaves, gathered from the prolific bounty of the garden. One other little matter impressed itself greatly on our minds, and convinced us still more effectually of the immense worth of knowing how to use “common things.” It was a pyramid of lovely wild-flowers, formed by a pile of saucers, each less than another, the whole crowned by a common gallipot. Round each of these saucers, flowers were wreathed in water, whilst the

apex cup was filled with a clustering bunch of various colored heath. In a long walk home that night, we quietly thought over the causes of the strange contrast which the difference of a few hours had shown; and we came to the conclusion, that wealth, or even the possession of the constituent elements of beauty, cannot, or do not of themselves, either constitute beauty, or argue the possession of refined taste; whilst, on the other hand, beauty, refinement, and true taste, are as perfectly consistent with, as they are producible from, the simplest means.

It was but a natural deduction from this conclusion, that it is possible for a member of the hard-working classes to be much more refined than they are generally aware of. We are not unmindful of difficulties, but we think them all superable, and see them, indeed, in the course of being overcome every day.

The point to be first regarded is a physical one. Here the aristocratic class of England have an advance beyond most others, for not only has there been a long prior continuance of good nurture, care, and cultivation, but none are more alive at the present day than they to the advantages of exercise, temperance, cleanliness, and simple living. Now, in reference to these, so far as they administer to health, refinement, and the moral consciousness of purity, there is nothing to prevent their being realized by the thrifty artisan, more particularly if his means be yet untrammelled by wife or children. True, he has no horse to ride, no carriage to await his need, but little comparative leisure for air and exercise, and his days may be spent for the most part in a close confined workshop or ware-room; but with his mind once directed to the immense importance of air and exercise, in improving and preserving the condition of the physical organization, and the consequent elevation of the tone of the moral sentiments, he will let pass no opportunity of spending portions of his holidays, and the first fresh hours of the summer mornings,

away from the scene of his labor — if this be possible. Even the artisan of London may place miles between him and the city for the price of a pot of beer or a glass of spirits. In fact, if sufficient education, reading, and thought be his, a loftier principle than one of immediate reference to health or mere vigor of limb will animate his pursuit of physical health. Just as he insures his life, or saves a portion of his wages, for the benefit of children that may be his, so will it be his principle to lay a foundation for the healthy bodies and sound minds of his progeny, by a conservation and attention to his own physical well-being. Again, on the subject of cleanliness, the same case may be his. And as for neglected hair, dirty hands, nails, and teeth, there is no excuse for any man or woman, who is desirous not only of self-respect, but of the respect of others. Why is a large section of the aristocratic class so beautiful? Why is their hair so fine and flowing, their hands and nails so beautifully shaped, their teeth so white and perfect? The answer is found in the continuance of care from parent to child, and not so much in a difference originally from nature, or in the amount of difference between the effects of bodily labor and its absence. To speak in more philosophical language, it is the ratio of the civilizing process. So far as regards the hands, there is no reason why thousands of our working-classes, both men and women, should not have them as beautiful as those painted by Lely and Vandyke, and inherited by the descendants of their sisters at the present day. Much of the labor of the loom, the printing-press, the workshop, and the counter, is cleanly in its kind; and what is more, every advance of the productive arts is in favor of this characteristic. The point is, therefore, simply one of personal care and attention. We confess we do not wish to effeminate men, or render women a whit less useful; but where preservation and care are allied to both beauty and self-culture; where the object referred to is a gift of

the Divine, and conservation therefore a duty; where it is in the nature of human advance to lessen the physical distinction between men, and annihilate caste; where the gentleman and gentlewoman, of whatever degree, seek to show conscious refinement in small things as well as great — then the care and preservation of the hands, nails, hair, and teeth, become, so far as practicable, moral duties. Nor may ignorance be pleaded: the little manuals of Erasmus Wilson, Saunders, or Clarke, give every requisite information at the cheapest rate.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. A. C. JUDSON.

My darling only daughter, thou bright-eyed
treasur'd one,
Fairer to me than jewels that glitter in the
sun;
A fountain deep thou'st opened within a mother's heart,
Love, gentle, fervent, lasting, that knows no
counterpart.

Around my neck how fondly those little arms
entwine,
I press thee to my bosom, and joy to call thee
mine,
Mine as a gift from Heaven, ay, truly hast thou come,
As sunshine on my pathway, to scatter clouds
of gloom.

And yet, the task is solemn to guide thy infant mind,
And mold the tender image so carefully enshrined,
To guard by holy teachings from earth's corrupting snare,
That soon, if life continues, will press thee unawares.

I crave for thee not fortune, or flattery's subtle smile,
Nor all those charms that dazzle a giddy throng the while;
There's brighter, purer pleasure, and gems that are divine,
God grant these lasting treasures, my daughter, may be thine.

At Fashion's truthless altar, O, never may'st thou bow,
But from such idol-worship be innocent as now;
And may the Christian graces e'er thine adorning be,
That the true noble woman, shine forth, my child, in thee.

MIRABEAU.

BY MRS. C. A. HALBERT.

PROVIDENCE, who never launches a human soul into life without stamping upon it a moral aim, not only personal but for the instruction of the race, repeats again and again the lesson that no largeness of capacity, generosity of nature, or nobleness of impulse, can compensate for the absence of virtue, or form an enduring basis of character. Such life histories as that of Mirabeau, belong not only to statesmen and politicians, but also to mothers, and should be studied both as guide and warning. They should learn from them, as they look upon their young sons, and finally read in their unfolding the promise of a splendid manhood, to temper hope with fear — to accompany each fond heart-throb with the prayer, "Let me not bequeath to my country talents without worth, greatness without virtue."

The French Revolution, which threw into relief the darkest and brightest shades of human nature, presents no character of stronger development, or more marked characteristics, than Mirabeau. An orator, and a prince among orators, a statesman and scholar, a man of capacity so large, and faculties so varied, that he filled all stations with equal grace, he had, superadded, that wonderful sorcery over human hearts, and which is one of Heaven's rarest and most princely gifts. Physically, a Titan, with a voice of thunder, and a face imposing and terrible, there was yet in him that strange blending of benignity and haughtiness, of grace and self-sufficiency, which at once repels, attracts, and fascinates mankind.

The singular incidents which attended his childhood, his herculean development of mind and body almost from the cradle, the wrongs and sufferings of his gentle and early manhood — all these were fit portraits of the great part which Mirabeau was to act in his country's history.

Honoré Gabriel Piquette Conte de Mirabeau was born in 1749. His paternal ancestors, the Riquelli, were an ancient and noble family, and prided themselves on the purity of their blood, and a chivalrous courage which had been tried on many a battle-field. He inherited all the genius and courage of his race, softened by the graces of a more humane age.

The childhood of the young Gabriel was not happy, and to the unfortunate influences which then surrounded him we trace many of his subsequent vices. His father, the Marquis de Mirabeau, entirely misconceived his character, and adopted a system of government just opposite to that which his peculiar disposition required. The Marquis was a man of iron will, violent temper, and persevering determination. When, therefore, he found that the little Count was formed after his own image, and had a stout will and somewhat insolent way of manifesting it, he determined either to break or bend it. He conceived that there was something ferocious in the nature of the child — he must be subdued like a tiger, by stripes, hunger, and imprisonment. Accordingly he commenced a most extraordinary system of tyranny, and pursued it year after year with inflexible determination, till the child grew to manhood and escaped from his grasp. After exhausting every species of domestic discipline without making any impression on the indomitable spirit of his son, or abating the violence of his temper, he sent him to a military school for the purpose of crushing him into submission, *lettres de cachet*, and imprisonment in a lonely mountain fortress succeeded, and served only to embitter the hatred between parent and child.

We have never read of a more barbarous and unnatural system of family government than that of the Marquis de Mirabeau; and yet he was accounted by the world a pattern of all the virtues and an universal philanthropist: he who wept at the name of suffering, and would fain have

embraced the whole world in his sympathizing arms, diffused no warmth around his own hearthstone, and had no pity on his own flesh. The whole family dwelt in a constant state of feud. Father and mother were openly estranged, and children marshaled themselves on either side, as interest or inclination prompted.

Bitter was the fruit of such domestic training. The young Count, whose heart would have opened to love like a spring blossom — whose native nobleness and generosity no tyranny could wholly repress, lost all his fair proportion and orderly development. He became reckless of a character which his own father was determined to blast, and rushed into vice without effort at self-restraint. We will not deny that he early developed a taste for low and debasing pleasures; but if he became a libertine before he was a man, does not part of the sin lie at the door of that home where virtue was made to look so repulsive in his eyes? Had lessons of purity been dropped into his heart by beloved lips, had austere reproofs been softened by pity — had he been consoled when he erred, and led back by gentle hands, who knows whether he would ever have wandered into dark and forbidden paths, and whether the historian might not have been spared an infamous chapter in his history.

Mirabeau was not only profligate, but extravagant, and this in the eyes of the miserly old Marquis was the greater sin. He would neither be awed nor starved into prudence. The small pittances which were doled out to him with penurious hand, would scarcely cover the expenses of a night's orgies. Doubtless he was a very difficult subject for domestic management, and the most judicious system could hope only to curb, soften, and restrain.

We can not look upon this formative portion of Mirabeau's life without grief and admiration as well as reproach. His faults were many, but they were the excrescences of a noble nature. Endowed with every manly

grace — ardent, impetuous, chivalrous, self-willed, but neither obstinate nor vindictive, with an intellect rapid and imperious, and a soul of impassioned sensibilities, what groundwork was there for a man! Pressed down by a tyranny which would have soured or deadened a less buoyant nature, his spirit ever rose with the elasticity of an irrepressible life. Neither the lonely castle of Joux, nor the dungeon walk of Vincennes, could conform the fervid energies of his soul. While in prison he cheered his lonely hours by composing treatises on history, science, philosophy, and belles-lettres; and, though these performances were very crude and ill-digested, they show an energy and fertility of thought truly astonishing.

While still young, Mirabeau wedded Mademoiselle de Marignane, a rich young heiress of Aix. The manner in which he accomplished this marriage showed his unscrupulous character, and his low estimate of female virtue. Finding a favored lover in the field, he determined to find means unfair to effect his removal. His ingenuity could devise no better mode than to compromise the reputation of the lady he would marry. Having arranged private interviews with a maid servant, he was in the habit of leaving his well-known carriage adjacent to the window of his intended bride, while he was secreted in the premises. The fair fame of the lady becoming thus basely implicated, the rival withdrew, and she was glad to give her hand to the man who had wronged her.

A marriage so inauspicious in its commencement ended in misery. Both parties were unfaithful, and soon separated. During this brief union, Mirabeau launched out into new extravagances, and contracted debts to the amount of three hundred thousand livres, whereupon his father obtained an act of lunacy against him. A quarrel was soon after made the pretext for further persecution, and he was shut up in the castle of If, and subsequently removed to Joux.

He was not long in obtaining the confidence of his keeper, and gaining permission to visit the neighboring city of Pontalier upon parole. There he won the love of the Marchioness of Monmer, a very beautiful and charming woman. Her husband was a man of considerable distinction, and had been president of the Provincial Parliament. Into this hitherto united family, Mirabeau, the destroyer, stole, and robbed it of its brightest ornament. The marchioness became so infatuated by her unhappy passion, that she consented to sacrifice rank, home, society, and fly with her lover to Holland.

We shall not soil our pages with an account of all Mirabeau's degrading connections with females. Few could resist upon whom he chose to exercise his peculiar fascinations. Although hideously ugly, and frightfully marked with the small-pox, he gathered to himself the affections of many fair and gifted ones. "You know not," said he to a friend, "all the powers of my ugliness." He had an immense quantity of hair, which was dressed in such a manner as to suggest the idea of a lion's head. "When I shake my terrible locks," said he, "no one dares interrupt me." With such audacious tyranny did he exercise his wonderful mastery over hearts.

His conversation was as remarkable as his face — witty, sensible, full of life and freshness, interspersed with anecdotes and personal reminiscences, for which his romantic career furnished ample material. He could appropriate the thoughts and language of others with the greatest facility, and so illuminate them by some sudden flash of genius that the poor authors were wholly unable to recognize their own offspring.

Soon after Mirabeau's escape from his long imprisonment in Vincennes, he identified himself with those incipient movements which led to the French Revolution. Although a noble by birth, and a patrician in pride and hauteur, all his better impulses led him to espouse the popular cause. There can

be no doubt that the love of liberty which he expressed in such impassioned words was genuine and heartfelt.

Mirabeau desired to represent the noblesse of Provence in the States General; but so wide spread was his reputation for intrigue and profligacy, that he failed of an election. The expedient which he devised for securing a seat was more ingenious than honorable. Hiring a warehouse, he posted upon it the sign "Mirabeau, Woollen Draper," which so pleased the fancy of the tiers état of Aix that they returned him as their deputy.

Although young and wholly inexperienced in public affairs, he was not unqualified for his new duties. The renown of his romantic adventures, his intrigues, family quarrels, sufferings, wit and eloquence, filled all France, and created a general expectancy. His appetite for knowledge was ravenous, and he had found pause, in the midst of his most absorbing pursuits, for study and composition. He had thus accumulated a vast mass of crude and unassimilated material which he had neither time nor patience to digest. In the knowledge of human nature, he was wise beyond his years, having studied it in every phase, from the highest to the lowest, from the prince to the peasant. The outrages he had suffered had roused his impassioned nature, and taught him an earnest and manly eloquence. He knew the heart of the poor, for he too had suffered want and privation. He had never been pampered by parental tenderness or enervated by indulgence. On the whole, the Count de Mirabeau was as true an exponent of the whole French people as the States General contained. He was soon to become the leading spirit, the guide and master of that assembly.

We have seen that he secured his election only by a *ruse de guerre*. He again experienced difficulty when he presented his credentials. Several deputies had been greeted by warm applause, but when the name of Mirabeau was pronounced a general murmur of execration ran through the assembly.

The members felt insulted by the presence of such a libertine among them, and recoiled from him with horror.

Mirabeau felt this insult keenly, although he carried a lofty and menacing front, and affected great contempt. Every time he made an effort to speak he was hissed into silence, and there was danger that the new life which was rousing within him would be crushed out without giving a sign or token. But an incident soon occurred which extorted for him the admiration of the House, and established him in a position which he never lost.

Duroverai, a worthy deputy, was seated in the assembly, when a member arose, and, without the slightest ground for the charge, denounced him as a traitor and a spy. The House was thrown into the utmost confusion, and loud and angry voices were heard from every part of the hall. Mirabeau heard his intimate friend defamed, and his generous soul was roused with indignation. He ascended the tribune; he raised his terrible voice far above the tempest, and conquered a silence. He vindicated the insulted honor of his friend with noble and impassioned eloquence, and retired amid a universal burst of applause. All hearts were subdued before him; and from that time his bitterest enemies listened to him with attention and respect.

From the moment that he was appreciated, Mirabeau was great. He became energized by a grand and absorbing enthusiasm. He was all nerve; all vitality. No difficulty disheartened — no labor fatigued him. Day after day, month after month, he poured forth his burning thoughts on the tribune without weariness or exhaustion. He seemed endowed with an ubiquity of thought and presence, and to bear an invulnerable life.

The amount of labor which he accomplished was almost incredible. "Had I not lived with Mirabeau," said Dumont, "I never would have known all that can be done in one day, or rather in an interval of twelve hours." A day to him was of more

value than a week or a month to others. The business which he carried on simultaneously was prodigious; from the conception of a project to its execution, there was no time to be lost. *To-morrow* was not to him the same imposter as to most other men. Conversation alone could seduce him from his labors, and even that he converted into a means of work; for it was always at the end of some conversation that active labor was begun and writings prepared. He read little; but he read with great rapidity, and discovered at a glance whatever was new and interesting in a book. Writings were copied in his house with prodigious quickness. As fast as a speech changed its form by corrections or additions, he had fresh copies made of it. This labor sometimes proved too much for those who undertook it; but his haste of temper was known, and he must be obeyed. "Monsieur le Comte," said his secretary to him one day, "the thing you require is impossible." "Impossible!" exclaimed Mirabeau, starting from his chair; "never again use that *foolish word* in my presence!"

We are not forgetful that the charge of plagiarism lies at the door of Mirabeau. Even his love letters are said to contain whole pages literally copied from French novels, and of his graver labors Dumont, Duroverai, and others, claim the greater part. It is asserted that those speeches which used to electrify the assembly, were composed and transcribed by his friends, and that the clean copy was put into his hands as he left his house.

We readily grant to whoever claims it, the honor of forming the rough draft of Mirabeau's speeches. He was not a man of scrupulous honor, and doubtless often employed his friends as hewers of wood and drawers of water. Whoever may have been the servitors of his genius, we know that whatever distinguished his oratory from that of all others, the scorching irony, the sudden flashes of wit, and splendid images that illumined it, and more than all, the impassioned action

which sent it thrilling to every heart — these were all his own.

Mirabeau was the soul, the voice, the arm of the Constituent Assembly. He assisted at the birth of every movement — proposed every measure — silenced every objection — leveled every antagonist. Did the tide of revolution stop for a moment, or roll backward? Mirabeau saw it; he roused himself; he ascended the tribune, and paced it with the tread of a giant; he tossed backward his lion's mane. How his bosom heaves: how his eye dilates and gathers fire. The spirit of the man is fully up; he roars upon you; he stuns you with the thunders of his voice; he blinds you with the lightning of his eye. He takes your reason by storm. He seizes your doubts and throws them to the winds. He masters your will and bears you along on a triumphant tide of eloquence.

No man was capable of inspiring warmer personal friendship than Mirabeau. Men of the most opposite tastes and sentiments met in his saloons, drawn thither by the charms of his conversation. Those who looked upon his profligate habits with loathing and disgust could not resist the manly frankness of his address. He was the conqueror of hearts, and inspired devotion in all who approached him. Even servants and the postillions on the road looked up to him with a species of idolatry. It is related that "sometimes he amused himself with kicking and thumping Teutch, (his *valet-de-chambre*), who considered these rough caresses as marks of friendship. When, from occupation or some other cause, several days had elapsed without any such token being given, poor Teutch was very sad, and his service seemed to weigh heavily upon him. 'What is the matter, Teutch,' said his master one day, 'you look very melancholy?' 'Monsieur le Comte neglects me quite.' 'How? what do you mean?' said Mirabeau. 'Monsieur le Comte has not taken any notice of me for this week past.' Thus it was really a necessary act of human-

ity to give him now and then a good blow in the stomach; and if he were knocked down, he laughed heartily, and was quite delighted. The despair of this man at Mirabeau's death was inconceivable."

Mirabeau was the idol of the people. At every public demonstration, all eyes rested on that erect form, taller by a head than all his compeers. They hung upon his lips; they would have died for him; yet he neither cringed to them, nor fawned upon them. He even carried himself somewhat imperiously in their presence. They read in his open countenance honesty and sympathy, and these are qualities that the people are quick to appreciate. He was generous and brave, frank and sincere, and men remembered not his faults against him.

We are apt to view Mirabeau exclusively as an orator and popular leader. Though early removed from life, he had begun to develop high qualities as a statesman. It was his ambition to make a great minister, to surpass in renown Richelieu, Mazarin, and all who had preceded him. He felt within himself an undeveloped power sufficient for the most stupendous enterprises.

He had indeed many qualities of a great leader. No person had a more intuitive knowledge of mankind and the secret springs of action, or could select his agents with more unerring sagacity. His judgments of the future were seldom mistaken. On several occasions they were so remarkably fulfilled as to give him the reputation of a seer with the vulgar. Among his last utterances was one mournfully true: "I take with me," exclaimed the dying man, "the last shreds of the monarchy."

It was in the last stage of Mirabeau's life, when he began to feel the stirrings of a noble ambition, and a strength to accomplish something worthy of his genius — worthy to leave behind him as a patriot's legacy to his country — it was then that he began to reap the bitter fruit of his early sins.

When he would have forgotten the

past, the world remembered it against him. When he would have commenced a new life, and shaken off his degrading connections, society shut her doors in his face. "Alas!" he would exclaim, in a voice broken with sobs, "I am cruelly expiating the errors of my youth."

We have sometimes imagined what France would have been had Mirabeau been spared to her; and we have thought that if his great heart had continued to beat against his country's, he would have steadied her convulsive throbbings, and saved her the deadliest pangs of the Revolution. It is evident that during the last months of his life, he had anxious forebodings of the future, and sought to lay the potent spirits he had raised. He saw that the bastard sons of freedom were ready to spring to the helm the moment he should drop it; and his eye wandered, half regretfully, back to the throne which his own hands had shaken.

Would he have planted it again on its old foundations, and heaved around it its ancient bulwarks? We know not; for here the curtain drops upon Mirabeau, and the Revolution rolls on in its desolating track.

Never did death-knell strike so dismally on the ear of France, as that which in 1791 announced the death of her great leader. When the tidings of his alarming illness was rumored in Paris, the whole city was moved. Men passed each other in the streets in appalling silence. Thousands crowded the ante-chamber of the dying man, to read the bulletin which announced the hourly progress of his disease. Several eagerly offered to open their veins, that they might pour into his wasted system the fresh current of health. The king in his palace watched with trembling anxiety for the return of each messenger from the sick chamber. But neither prayers, nor tears, nor medical skill, could save him from the Destroyer, and soon there remained to a mourning people but the ashes of their idol—the great procession and the Pantheon!

Mirabeau's disease was a most agonizing one, brought on by early excesses. It moved on without pause or pity. He bore his sufferings with the fortitude of a philosopher. Would that we might add, with the resignation of a Christian. He preserved all his self-control, and all his tranquillity of exterior. When the anguish of some fierce convulsion had passed away, he would turn to his attendants and say: "I shall suffer so long as you have the least hopes of my cure; but if you have no longer any, have the humanity to put an end to my sufferings, of which you can have no idea." On the morning of his death, he wrote: "It is not so difficult to die."

Calling to his side the Bishop of Autun, he gave him a speech on *wills*, saying, "these are the last thoughts the world will have of mine. I deposit this manuscript with you. Read it when I am no more; it is my legacy to the Assembly." He saw that the eyes of all France rested upon him, and, to borrow the forcible language of the good bishop who attended him, "*he dramatized his death.*" His thoughts were all "earthward bent," and we do not learn that he addressed one earnest prayer to heaven; and thus without a repentant tear, with his sins unforgiven, his soul unblessed, Mirabeau surrendered himself into the hands of his Maker.

LETTER FROM BAYARD TAYLOR.

WE give below a very interesting account of the visit of our American traveler, Bayard Taylor, to the greatest traveler of the old world, Alexander Von Humboldt.

There is probably no living man who has added so much to the researches of science, and to the information we have received from the remote parts of the world, as Von Humboldt. He was born in 1769, when his father, Major Von Humboldt, was chamberlain to the princess Elizabeth of Prussia; and endowed as he was by nature with

a strong physical constitution, and having all the advantages of education and rank placed within his reach, he has used his great brain for nearly a century, without stint or hindrance. His great work, "Kosmos," contains the result of his chief studies. It is good to look upon such a man, and we are sure this letter contains both interest and profit for our readers :

AN HOUR WITH HUMBOLDT.

BERLIN, Nov. 25, 1856.

I came to Berlin, not to visit its museums and galleries, its magnificent street of lindens, its operas and theaters, nor to mingle in the gay life of its streets and saloons, but for the sake of seeing and speaking with the world's greatest living man—Alexander Von Humboldt.

At present, with his great age and his universal renown, regarded as a throned monarch in the world of science, his friends have been obliged, perforce, to protect him from the exhausting homage of his thousands of subjects, and, for his own sake, to make difficult the ways of access to him. The friend and familiar companion of the King, he may be said, equally, to hold his own court, with the privilege, however, of at any time breaking through the formalities which only self-defense has rendered necessary. Some of my works, I knew, had found their way into his hands : I was at the beginning of a journey which would probably lead me through regions which his feet had traversed and his genius illustrated, and it was not merely a natural curiosity which attracted me toward him. I followed the advice of some German friends, and made use of no mediatory influence, but simply dispatched a note to him, stating my name and object, and asking for an interview.

Three days afterward I received, through the city post, a reply in his own hand, stating that, although he was suffering from a cold which had followed his removal from Potsdam to the capital, he would willingly receive

me, and appointed one o'clock to-day for the visit. I was punctual to the minute, and reached his residence in the Oranienburger-strasse, as the clock struck. While in Berlin, he lives with his servant, Seifert, whose name I found on the door. It was a plain two-story house, with a dull pink front, and inhabited, like most of the houses in German cities, by two or three families. The bell-wire over Seifert's name came from the second story. I pulled : the heavy *porte-cochere* opened of itself, and I mounted the steps until I reached a second bell-pull, over a plate inscribed, "Alexander Von Humboldt."

A stout, square-faced man of about fifty, whom I at once recognized as Seifert, opened the door for me. "Are you Herr Taylor?" he asked; and added, on receiving my reply : "His Excellency is ready to receive you." He ushered me into a room filled with stuffed birds and other objects of natural history; then into a large library, which apparently contained the gifts of authors, artists, and men of science. I walked between two long tables heaped with sumptuous folios, to the further door, which opened into the study. Those who have seen the admirable colored lithograph of Hildebrand's picture, know precisely how the room looks. There was the plain table, the writing-desk covered with letters and manuscripts, the little green sofa, and the same maps and pictures on the drab-colored walls. The picture had been so long hanging in my own room at home, that I at once recognized each particular object.

Seifert went to an inner door, announced my name, and Humboldt immediately appeared. He came up to me with a heartiness and cordiality which made me feel that I was in the presence of a friend, gave me his hand, and inquired whether we should converse in English or German. "Your letter," said he, "was that of a German, and you must certainly speak the language familiarly; but I am also in the constant habit of using English." He insisted on my taking one end of

the green sofa, observing that he rarely sat upon it himself; then drew up a plain cane-bottomed chair and seated himself beside it, asking me to speak a little louder than usual, as his hearing was not so acute as formerly.

As I looked at the majestic old man, the line of Tennyson, describing Wellington, came into my mind: "Oh, good gray head, which all men know." The first impression made by Humboldt's face is that of a broad and genial humanity. His massive brow, heavy with the gathered wisdom of nearly a century, bends forward and overhangs his breast, like a ripe ear of corn, but as you look below it, a pair of clear blue eyes, almost as bright and steady as a child's, meet your own. In those eyes you read that trust in man, that immortal youth of the heart, which make the snows of eighty-seven winters lie so lightly upon his head. You trust him utterly at the first glance, and you feel that he will trust you, if you are worthy of it. I had approached him with a natural feeling of reverence, but in five minutes I found that I loved him, and could talk with him as freely as with a friend of my own age. His nose, mouth and chin have the heavy Teutonic character, whose genuine type always expresses an honest simplicity and directness.

I was most surprised by the youthful character of his face. I knew that he had been frequently indisposed during the present year, and had been told that he was beginning to show the marks of his extreme age; but I should not have suspected him of being over seventy-five. His wrinkles are few and small, and his skin has a smoothness and delicacy rarely seen in old men. His hair, although snow-white, is still abundant; his step slow, but firm, and his manner active almost to restlessness. He sleeps but four hours out of the twenty-four, reads and replies to his daily rain of letters, and suffers no single occurrence of the least interest in any part of the world to escape his attention. I could not perceive that

his memory, the first mental faculty to show decay, is at all impaired. He talks rapidly, with the greatest apparent ease, never hesitating for a word, whether in English or German, and, in fact, seemed to be unconscious which language he was using, as he changed five or six times in the course of the conversation. He did not remain in his chair more than ten minutes at a time, frequently getting up and walking about the room, now and then pointing to a picture or opening a book to illustrate some remark.

He began by referring to my winter journey into Lapland. "Why do you choose the winter?" he asked: "Your experiences will be very interesting, it is true, but will you not suffer from the severe cold?" "That remains to be seen," I answered. "I have tried all climates except the Arctic, without the least injury. The last two years of my travels were spent in tropical countries, and now I wish to have the strongest possible contrast." "That is quite natural," he remarked, "and I can understand how your object in travel must lead you to seek such contrasts; but you must possess a remarkably healthy organization." "You doubtless know, from your own experience," I said, "that nothing preserves a man's vitality like travel." "Very true," he answered, "if it does not kill at the outset. For my part, I keep my health everywhere, like yourself. During five years in South America and the West Indies, I passed through the midst of black vomit and yellow fever untouched."

I spoke of my projected visit to Russia, and my desire to traverse the Russian-Tartar provinces of Central Asia. The Kirghiz steppes, he said, were very monotonous; fifty miles gave you the picture of a thousand; but the people were exceedingly interesting. If I desired to go there, I would have no difficulty in passing through them to the Chinese frontier; but the southern provinces of Siberia, he thought, would best repay me. The scenery among the Altai Mountains was very

grand. From his window in one of the Siberian towns, he had counted eleven peaks covered with eternal snow. The Kirghizes, he added, were among the few races whose habits had remained unchanged for thousands of years, and they had the remarkable peculiarity of combining a monastic with a nomadic life. They were partly Buddhist and partly Mussulman, and their monkish sects followed the different clans in their wanderings, carrying on their devotions in the encampments, inside of a sacred circle marked out by spears. He had seen their ceremonies, and was struck with their resemblance to those of the Catholic church.

Humboldt's recollections of the Altai Mountains naturally led him to speak of the Andes. "You have traveled in Mexico," said he; "do you not agree with me in the opinion that the finest mountains in the world are those single cones of perpetual snow rising out of the splendid vegetation of the tropics? The Himalayas, although loftier, can scarcely make an equal impression; they lie further to the north, without the belt of tropical growths, and their sides are dreary and sterile in comparison. You remember Orizaba," continued he; "here is an engraving from a rough sketch of mine. I hope you will find it correct." He rose and took down the illustrated folio which accompanied the last edition of his "Minor Writings," turned over the leaves and recalled, at each plate, some reminiscence of his American travel. "I still think," he remarked as he closed the book, "that Chimborazo is the grandest mountain in the world."

Among the objects in his study was a living chameleon, in a box with a glass lid. The animal, which was about six inches long, was lazily dozing on a bed of sand, with a big blue-fly (the unconscious provision for his dinner) perched upon his back. "He has just been sent to me from Smyrna," said Humboldt; "he is very listless and unconcerned in his manner." Just then the chameleon opened one of his long, tubular eyes,

and looked up at us. "A peculiarity of this animal," he continued, "is its power of looking in different directions at the same time. He can turn one eye toward heaven, while the other inspects the earth. There are many clergymen who have the same power."

I sat or walked, following his movements, an eager listener, and speaking in alternate English and German, until the time which he had granted me had expired. Seifert at length re-appeared and said to him, in a manner at once respectful and familiar: "It is time," and I took my leave.

"You have traveled much, and seen many ruins," said Humboldt, as he gave me his hand again; "now you have seen one more." "Not a ruin," I could not help replying, "but a pyramid." For I pressed the hand which had touched those of Frederick the Great, of Forster, the companion of Captain Cook, of Klopstock and Schiller, of Pitt, Napoleon, Josephine, the Marshals of the Empire, Jefferson, Hamilton, Wieland, Herder, Goethe, Cuvier, La Place, Gay-Lussac, Beethoven, Walter Scott — in short, of every great man whom Europe has produced for three quarters of a century. I looked into the eyes which had not only seen this living history of the world pass by, scene after scene, till the actors retired one by one, to return no more, but had beheld the cataract of Atures and the forests of the Cassiquiare, Chimborazo, the Amazon and Popocatepetl, the Altaian Alps of Siberia, the Tartar steppes and the Caspian Sea. Such a splendid circle of experience well befits a life of such generous devotion to science. I have never seen so sublime an example of old age — crowned with imperishable success, full of the ripest wisdom, cheered and sweetened by the noblest attributes of the heart. A ruin, indeed! No: a human temple, perfect as the Parthenon.

As I was passing out through the cabinet of Natural History, Seifert's voice arrested me. "I beg your pardon, sir," said he, "but do you know

what this is?" pointing to the antlers of a Rocky Mountain elk. "Of course I do," said I; "I have helped to eat many of them." He then pointed out the other specimens, and took me into the library to show me some drawings by his son-in-law, Muhliausen, who had accompanied Lieut. Whipple in his expedition to the Rocky Mountains. He also showed me a very elaborate specimen of bead-work, in a gilt frame. "This," he said, "is the work of a Kirghiz princess, who presented it to his Excellency when we were on our journey to Siberia." "You accompanied his Excellency then?" I asked. "Yea," said he; "we were there in '29." Seifert is justly proud of having shared for thirty or forty years the fortunes of his master. There was a ring, and a servant came in to announce a visitor. "Ah! the Prince Ypsilanti," said he; "don't let him in; don't let a single soul in; I must go and dress his Excellency. Sir, excuse me — yours, most respectfully," and therewith he bowed himself out. As I descended to the street, I passed Prince Ypsilanti on the stairs.

SLEEP.

THOSE who do not sleep well, do not work well, either with body or mind. Fashionable people, who violate or neglect more laws of their being than even vicious or criminal persons, violate the laws of sleep, awfully. They are up late, exhausting both body and brain, long after the last meal has been taken and digested, and do not retire when the darkness and stillness invite them. Then they have no extra supply of blood for the brain, perhaps not enough for common purposes. They lie in the morning, while nature is all awake, not in sleep, but in unrelieved weariness, and try, by mental and physical stimulants, to supply the force, obtained by the poor, uncultivated laborer, by sleep.

Just when all the animal's, except a few, retire to rest, when all the useful

laborers of every class have finished the labors of the day, the votaries of fashion begin the toils of the night, and like the flies and moths, that are woke and roused by the splendor of chandeliers, they buzz around the objects of their admiration and worship, until they are exhausted. Even the pauper patient at our hospitals, enjoys sleep; whereas the lady, whose income counts by thousands, can not have one night's good sleep. Oh! ye poor rich!

Almost all headaches arise from deficient circulation in the brain; and nothing is so beneficial, nay, so absolutely requisite, as plenty of sound sleep. The remedy for *Tic Doreux*, or *neuralgia*, is sleep. One good night's sleep is of more use to a cough, than any remedy of the entire *materia medica*. If, on "taking cold," as it is called, we can lie down, wrap up warm, and sleep, our fortune is made — we are recovered. The best medicine that we can give in fever, is sleep.

The Scalpel,

LITTLE MAY.

SORROWFULLY INSCRIBED TO DR. AND MRS. STRONG.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

'Tis the angel's harvest, and they are gathering the children. What they sang last Sabbath morning.

THE fairest one of all our band,
Has flown to earth from th' Spirit-land,
And folded close her tiny wings,
She, by a Mortal hearthstone sings.

Launch the Death-bark, haste away,
And bring her home to Heaven to-day!
For nestled close to loving breasts,
Our little angel wanderer rests.

We've missed her golden harp too long!
We've missed the warble of her song!
'Tis Sabbath morn, so haste away,
And bring her back to Heaven, to-day.

* * * * *

No purer spirit drifted out,
Amid the Angel's joyous shout,
Than left that morn, our tearful shore,
To come again, ah, never more!

And o'er the death-tide flashed a light,
That hid her tossing bark from sight,
And mortals called that gleam a star,
But 't was the gates of Heaven ajar,
And ere its radiance passed away,
The waiting spirits welcomed MAY.

MONTHLY DIGEST OF NEWS.

THE proceedings of the Bribery Committee, appointed by the House of Representatives in January, has been the principal matter of interest in Congress during the past month. Raymond, of the New York *Times*, Col. Chester, of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, and Simonton, were arrested as witnesses. Mr. Raymond refused to give the name of the writer in the *Times*, whose charge of corruption by the bribery of members of the House had first elicited the discussion, but held himself responsible for the article, and maintained the duty of the press to act on moral convictions.

On the 17th of January, the House were considering a private bill, in connection with which Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, was discussing a point in relation to the Court of Claims. He had been a friend to the court, but still he considered the judges fallible. "I, myself, am fallible," he said, and fell backward in his chair, being seized with atrophy of the heart. The members and spectators were thrown into the highest state of alarm, in the midst of which an adjournment ensued. We are happy to state that Mr. Giddings is in a fair way for recovery.

FROM various portions of the country we hear reports of the intense cold. A dispatch from Watertown, Jefferson county, on Monday the 18th, says:—"In this village yesterday, all the mercury thermometers congealed at about thirty-seven degrees below zero. A spirit thermometer registered forty degrees below zero." The suffering throughout the country, much of which remains to be revealed, has been dreadful. A gentleman who resides in Northern Iowa states that within a circuit of seventy miles about his residence, some thirty persons have perished of cold the present winter. A party of eight hunters were lost in the storm on the prairie, and all perished. The degree of cold at the South the present season is unprecedented. In all parts of Virginia, the people are busily engaged in harvesting ice. They say that no supply will be needed from the North next summer. The ice in the Mississippi extends further south than it has for many years past. At St. Louis, navigation has been suspended for three weeks on account of the ice. On the 22d ultimo, the thermometer at Minacoby, East Florida, stood at twelve degrees below zero at sunrise, which is the coldest weather ever known there.

DISASTER AT SEA.—A melancholy catalogue of disasters during the late gale fills the daily papers. One of the most terrible is that which befell the British brig *Princess Louisa*. The brig was off the coast of Barnegat, when a violent gale from the northwest sprang up, and almost completely dismantled the vessel.

Three of the men were frost-bitten, and the remainder were hardly capable of managing the vessel, so intense was the cold which accompanied the gale. After many days of weary labor they succeeded in reaching the coast again, but again they encountered a northwester, and a second time the vessel was dismantled. The storm was accompanied with intense cold, and as the sea washed over the brig the water froze upon her decks and rigging, and converted her into a miniature iceberg. The men found it almost impossible to work the ship, and were under the necessity of breaking the ice from the sails and rigging with their marling spikes. For more than a month the forecabin was converted into a hospital. Thither the frost-bitten seamen would hurry and endeavor to restore their frozen limbs to life again. They were totally unacquainted with the luxury of a fire, and with benumbed hands and frozen feet were obliged to seek repose in apparel which they had not changed for weeks. On the 17th, while off Fire Island inlet, the great snow storm which visited us so severely arose, and, in the gale of wind which accompanied it from the northeast, the *Princess Louisa* was again driven to sea in a wrecked condition. The decks were covered with ice to the depth of eight or ten inches. The crew endeavored to bear up against the misfortune, but four of them were compelled to retire to their berths. In fact, at one period during the continuance of the storm, the mate and two sailors were all the captain could call upon to assist in navigating the vessel.

HORRIBLE MURDER.—Another mysterious murder has been perpetrated in Bond street, New York city. Dr. Harvey Burdell, a well-known dentist, was found dead in his office, on Saturday morning, by his errand-boy, who had come as usual, about half-past eight o'clock, to attend his office duties. The body was lying upon the floor, shockingly mutilated, and surrounded with clots of blood, and the door and walls of the room besmeared with blood. The inmates being alarmed, Dr. John W. Francis, who lives in the immediate vicinity, was called in to make an examination. He found that Dr. Burdell had been strangled by a ligature applied round the throat, and that no less than fifteen deep wounds, almost any of which would cause death, had been inflicted with some sharp instrument on his person. He had been married, but his wife obtained a divorce from him some few years ago.

THE notorious Preston S. Brooks died recently in Washington from a sudden attack of croup, which followed upon a severe cold, and terminated his life in ten minutes from its first appearance.

THE Hon. Charles Sumner has been re-elected United States Senator, by the House in Massachusetts, by a vote of 333 against 13—these last being divided between Edward Everett, Rufus Choate, and one or two others.

AMONG the proceedings of the New York Legislature is a bill appropriating money for a residence for the Governor; a resolution awarding the thanks of the Senate to Lieut. Hartstein, and the introduction of a petition from the Chamber of Commerce praying for a repeal of the usury laws; a bill prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors; and another new charter bill.

DANGER OF USING CHARCOAL. — A day or two since two servant girls of E. H. Mann, residing at Tubby Hook, on the Hudson river, put a kettle of burning charcoal in their room before going to bed. As they were not up at the usual hour, the coachman rapped upon their door and called them, but received no answer. After waiting some time, he rapped again, and, still receiving no answer, concluded something was wrong, and entered the room, when he discovered that they were both dead.

DR. KANE. — The public will be delighted to learn that this eminent man, whose health was despaired of a short while since, and who was said to be suffering under a combined attack of consumption and paralysis, is much better; confident hopes are said to be entertained of his recovery.

FOREIGN NEWS.

DEATH OF HUGH MILLER. — Hugh Miller, the well-known Scotch geologist and man of science, the author of "The Old Red Sandstone," and the editor of the *Witness* newspaper, was found the other day dead in his room, with a bullet-hole through his heart. The manner of his death is field for conjecture. He was in poor health at the time. He was born at Cromarty, in Scotland, of humble parentage, and for fifteen years worked in a quarry as a common laborer, employing his leisure moments in acquiring all the information from books or observations which was possible under the circumstances. The nature of his occupation, probably induced a taste for geological researches, to which of late years he has almost exclusively devoted himself; but his first literary attempts were in another direction. Having received the position of accountant in a bank establishment in his native town, he found more leisure for reading and study, and published in 1835 his first work, "Scenes and Legends in the North of Scotland," which has been extensively read in this country as well as in England. A letter published in 1839, after the decision of the House of Lords in the Aucheterarder case, in which the schism in the Church of Scotland was involved, drew toward him the attention

of the Evangelical party, and he was appointed editor of the *Witness* newspaper, the metropolitan organ of the Free Church.

ANOTHER BRITISH WAR. — The English are again at war with China. The following appear to be the facts of the case. For the past few months the intercourse between the British authorities and the Governor of Canton has been embarrassed with growing difficulties, the result of the unredressed grievances of British merchants. On the 8th of October the Chinese authorities consummated their career of arbitrary violence by seizing a lorch a under British colors, and making prisoners of the crew. It is stated on good authority that they cut off the heads of four of the crew. The consul, Mr. Parkes, the British agent, on the spot, proceeded first on board the lorch a, and afterward endeavored to obtain an interview with the mandarins. On board the lorch a he was menaced, and the mandarins refused to give any kind of explanation of the proceeding. Admiral Seymour then determined to attack the city itself. A wall, composed partly of sandstone and partly of brick, surrounds Canton; it is about thirty feet high and twenty-five feet thick, and is mounted with cannon. Against this wall a fire was opened on the 27th of October, and by the 29th a practical breach had been opened, through which the troops entered. The Governor's palace, situated in the northwestern part of the city, was gained, but appears not to have proved a position worth holding, for the troops were withdrawn in the evening, with the loss of only three killed and twelve wounded.

INTERFERENCE OF UNITED STATES VESSELS. — It is announced that an American ship was fired into by one of the Chinese forts, whereupon the United States frigate *Portsmouth* destroyed it, and notified the Chinese that unless reparation was made for the insult offered to the American flag, hostilities would be commenced.

TRIBUTE. — A public meeting in London, on motion of Sir Roderick Murchison, has passed the following resolution: That this meeting, highly appreciating the intrepidity and perseverance of Dr. Livingston in his extended and dangerous journeys, deems it incumbent to originate a pecuniary tribute as an expression of their admiration and gratitude for his disinterested and self-denying labors in the cause of science and philanthropy. The subscriptions announced in the course of the evening amounted to upward of £400.

FRANCE and England have settled the Prusso-Swiss difficulty. Switzerland is to set the Royalist filibusters at liberty, on the guarantee of the two Western Powers that Prussia shall renounce all claim to Neuchâtel, acknowledge its independence, and suspend her military preparations.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

WHAT WE WEAR.

BS the air we breathe is the first essential of existence, and food the second, so our clothing may very properly be considered the third. And, as is true in the first cases, the primary use of clothing is for the preservation of health and comfort. Its secondary use, as a decoration, for the purpose of gratifying that taste which is a part of our nature, is also a legitimate one, but it is certainly essential that this inferior object of clothing should not interfere with its first and most important use. But that it often does thus interfere, so that its inferior object comes to be the one of first importance, is very evident, and comfort and life are continually sacrificed from this false rule in the choice of what we wear. In all portions of the world, from infancy to old age, this abuse of clothing is practiced, but it is far more common among enlightened than among less civilized communities, and among our own sex than the sterner portion of creation; thus, in this last instance, reversing the apparent order of nature, for among birds and beasts the males are those which wear the gayest plumage and the richest furs. This is true too among savage nations, where the bravery of dress is universally appropriated by the stronger sex. But we will not quarrel with the progress of civilization for throwing this pleasant folly, if we may so term it, into the hands of the gentler sex, to whom it really seems more appropriate, if woman will only prove that she is not too much imbued with folly to use it with moderation and common sense. When, however, she allows the body to suffer, and become worn out, and prematurely old and ugly in order that she may show her skill in decorating it, she shows neither of these qualities. Not that we would in these remarks draw any invidious comparison between the two sexes, for we believe that in those follies to which men devote themselves, they show just as little wisdom and common sense as their more lectured sisterhood.

If women ruin their health by going out on cold winter nights with bare necks and thin stockings, and put out their eyes over

embroidery frames, in order to create some human and questionable beauty, while they destroy what God made unquestionably beautiful, so do men ruin theirs by hot slings and hot oyster suppers, and grow red and bleary-eyed by keeping their eyes in a constant atmosphere of tobacco-smoke. And, probably, there are just about as many unreasonable persons on the one hand as on the other. An average quality of mind being given, the tendency is that if a woman has a reasonable husband, she will be tolerably reasonable herself; and if a man has a reasonable wife, that fact has a constant tendency to improve the bearings of his own common sense.

We think, too, that there are about as many husbands who wish to see their wives dress gaily, and prompt them to it, as there are wives who dress finely without consulting their husband's wishes. Mr. A. . . . sees Mrs. B. . . . pass by his store, shining with brocades and feathers, and he thinks that his business is quite as good as Mr. B. . . . 's, and that his wife looks as well as Mrs. B. . . . , and has just as good a right to be well dressed. So the new brocade is bought and sent home. Or he says to his wife at the dinner-table, "My dear, have you been out to day? Well, I think you ought to try the fresh air. You grow so old from sitting here moping by the fire all the while. And try and dress yourself respectably when you go — I don't wish to have my business disgraced by the shabby appearance you make in the streets." And thus prompted, the wife goes out, and thinking that her husband wishes to see her dress finely, she purchases a set of embroidery a little better than she has yet ventured upon, and some other things that she had not thought of wanting before.

It is true there are many cases where the husband, feeling the pressure upon his purse, regrets and remonstrates against his wife's unreasonable devotion to dress, but there are also an abundance of cases where, for the foolish wish of doing as others do, he prompts her to it, beyond what she would have considered desirable but for the sake of pleasing her husband.

The evil of our devotion to dress simply as a decoration, would not be so great if it were not one that accelerated itself continually like a stone rolling down hill. It seems to be a law of human nature that an object to which we devote ourselves with any degree of success, tends to absorb us and draw away our minds from other things. It is rarely that a person dresses so as to show special skill or superiority therein without becoming wholly absorbed in it, and thus making it a folly instead of an art. It really is an art to dress so as to secure the greatest amount of health and comfort, and at the same time the most sensible adherence to the rules of taste and beauty, and it is an art that should be understood as well as the other common arts of living. But the constant tendency of fashion is to extremes. Common sense says that a child's dress shall be cut short, so that it may not interfere with the newly acquired skill in walking. But the fashionable mother says, "Oh, if my child's dress is to be cut short, I will cut it very short, so that people may know that I am thoroughly acquainted with the fashion." And the dress of the little unfortunate is so shortened that the whole of the lower limbs — those coldest portions of the body — are exposed to wind and storm, with only the flimsiest of coverings, and those so filled with skillful perforations that we should weep over the beggar's child who wore such rents a little less gracefully. But the fashionable mother does not think of this in the constant absorption of mind and feeling, by the beauties rather than the comforts of dress. The preparation or the admiration of one beautiful garment suggests a dozen similar ones, which it would be very easy in fancy to possess, and little by little the mind becomes wholly filled with the contemplation of such decorations to the exclusion of every thing reasonable and useful.

The eye becomes so educated to the prevailing fashion — the style of apparel which we see worn by all well-bred people for the time, that any thing which deviates from it, looks singular and absurd, and exposes the wearer to ridicule. We are thus in a measure compelled to follow the ever-varying changes in dress, but we need never do so to such an extent that our dress will be at vari-

ance with reason and common sense. If fashion dictates long dresses, we need not have ours cut so long that they must sweep the streets, and be trodden upon by every one who approaches us. If the style of bonnet is such that it forms only a rosette at the back of the head, we can still have one similarly made, but large enough to give a tolerably respectable covering for the head, without attracting the attention of any but the most captious — the foolishly fashionable and not the common-sense people. If fashion puts on hoops, it shows neither our sense nor our good taste to extend the borders of our garments in such a way that we can not pass the door of a pew at church, or a person on the sidewalk, without driving him into the mud, or go through an ordinary room without putting occupants and furniture to the greatest inconvenience, and brushing over the tottling little people who have as good a right there as we. Those persons show the most good sense and the most good taste who follow a fashion only so far and only so readily as to avoid attracting any special attention. Many a foolish fashion too can be ignored entirely even by those who do not wish to incur the reputation of singularity. A little skill in the arrangement may be made to produce an effect similar to the prevailing mode, so that the deviation will not make the wearer remarkable, and she will win both comfort and respect from failing to follow a fashion which she wholly disapproves.

It should be remembered, too, by all who wish to be reasonable in their dress, that its effect and becomingness do not depend at all upon its expense. Neatness and appropriateness are the first requisites in a dress, the cost of the material is not material to the general effect. A plain white collar leaves the same impression in its relations to the rest of the dress, that is made by the most elaborately embroidered one. And it is the general impression of a dress — the result produced by the relation and fitness of its different parts to each other, that excites admiration and shows good taste, rather than the beauty of any disconnected portion of it. The most beautiful garment may be so incongruously worn, as to make the wearer a perfect fright. If ladies would study neatness

and appropriateness more, and expense and variety less, they would be far better dressed than they are.

And reasonable and right as it is that we should endeavor, according to our judgment and our means, to be neatly and appropriately dressed, yet in these days of female extravagance and ridiculous devotion to dress, it strikes us that persons of real principle will endeavor to keep back, behind the point of expensiveness, and show that the circle to which they belong are striving to attain, rather than to keep pace with it; that resistance, instead of conformity, should be the rule. It is a tide of folly that ought to be resisted. And while resistance to such an extent as would make the non-conformist absurd and pointed at by every one might be worse than useless, the firm and reasonable resistance of every thinking woman to the follies and extravagancies of dress would do a world of good. While it may not be desirable to throw aside all ornament and decoration, it is certainly wise to select such as are worn for their real value and durability, and to be satisfied with them just as long as they will serve their purpose; never allowing yourself to be annoyed because some one has said, "It is the same pin she has worn these ten years," or something of that kind. So long as the article is in a good state of preservation, the service it has already done you may well be considered an additional item in its value. If it was becoming to you once, it is probably becoming to you now, unless, indeed, it was very fashionable when purchased, and is in consequence very much out of fashion now.

Persons of moderate means, or persons who wish to be moderate in dress, should never purchase articles which are conspicuously fashionable. If the article is a valuable and durable one, and you wish to get a reasonable amount of service out of it, you will soon come to be known by the garment, and, as the fashion changes, it will become still more conspicuous. This rule does not apply to articles destined to constant wear, and likely to be worn out before the fashion changes, for in such cases, if your taste accords with the fashion, you may gratify both at the same time. But articles intended for long service should be so selected that their

fashion is not likely soon to change, or if changed that the change shall not be very remarkable.

In the wearing of ornament, it is best to attempt to judge only for yourselves, and not of, or from others. A person may wear an old-fashioned, or a gaudy ring as a memento of some friend, and value it, for a reason of which you can understand nothing. A lady may wear more ornament on a dress than she would otherwise have chosen, from motives of economy, covering up with additional trimming the defects of a dress, that without it would have had to be thrown aside. And people often object to such dresses, whose objection to the trimming is that it is a waste of material, when, in the case in hand, it may have been a saving of material. It is never best for those who are moderate in their notions of dress, to object to an article because it has thus far been adopted only by very fashionable people, for, possibly, it may be best for your own purposes to procure. "She is very gay; she wears feathers," says one; "I never wore a hat with feathers in my life—I am not so extravagant;" when, very probably, the speaker pays twice as much for gay ribbons as the feathers would have cost, and is obliged to change them twice as often, because they are soiled or out of style. A little native skill and good taste will often enable a person to appear always well attired, while those who spend much more time and money for their clothing without securing so desirable a result, will complain of her for her devotion to dress.

However allowable it may be after having secured the first uses of clothing—health and comfort; to see that it adds to, rather than takes from the beauty and symmetry of person, still, it is only folly for woman, who professes to possess both mind and heart, to rely upon it for her attractiveness. A costly or showy apparel forms but a flimsy covering for an empty head and heart. Yet those whose first thought is of the manner in which they shall be attired, who study the hats, and collars, and cloaks, and flounces, they may see, and aim constantly to possess those that are equal or superior to the garments worn by their friends, will soon find that they have neither time nor thought for

any thing else. The manner in which they shall be clothed, becomes the all-absorbing theme of thought and conversation. Whatever gems of mind or graces of spirit they might otherwise have possessed, are wholly emptied out and exhausted upon this worthlessness of external show. Such a state of mind is certainly not very favorable to the growth of graces of the spirit. They are entirely given up for that which has no power of adding to, but much of taking from a woman's real worth. If she possesses any taste, she may thus make herself very attractive to the eye, and people may be pleased to look at her as they would at a fine picture, but when they have done this, they wish to know no more of her, for indeed there is nothing more to know; or, if there is, it is certainly not worth knowing. A lady may show her want of substantial virtues and the flimsiness of her mind, by the extreme fashion and the constant variation of her dress, just as surely as she could show her want of taste and neatness by an ill-worn, soiled, or incongruous apparel. While, therefore, we allow good taste and good sense to hold their consultations with regard to what we wear, they need not hold them so often that our time for other duties shall be in the least infringed upon. Good sense will at once veto any thing which reaches beyond our station in life, or which has mere display for its object.

Two or three years ago there was a spirited discussion in some of our leading papers with regard to the necessary yearly expense of a lady's dress. And a prominent journalist said in reply to some back country correspondent perhaps, that his correspondent did not in the least *understand the quality of lady* indicated by these expensive wardrobes—the quality of the lady being thus made to depend upon the wardrobe. Now it strikes us that this quality of lady may be thoroughly understood even by those who do not approve and have no desire to approach such qualifications. If it can be proved that a lady can not move in society without spending two or three thousand dollars a year upon her dress, then there are very few people in our country who have a right to move in society. If such things are appropriate to the courts of Europe,

they certainly do not indicate a *very* democratic republic. And if the term “society” is to be monopolized wholly by these flashing gas illuminations, then the republican women of our country must accept their social enjoyments under some other title.

There is many a dictate of fashion which has no foundation in common sense, and those who follow such dictates without questioning their foundation, show neither reason nor common sense. If a young lady can not go out of a winter's evening without throwing off her warm clothing regardless of her health or the weather, and attiring herself in the flimsiest of gossamers, then she had better remain at home until she has nursed up strength of mind enough to break over a foolish law. Uncounted suffering and loss of life has resulted from this practice. We knew a case recently where a young lady belonging to a consumptive family had to call in a physician in the early autumn for a severe cold she had taken. Under the careful observance of his prescriptions of warm flannels and high-necked dresses she was slowly but surely recovering her health, and called herself nearly or quite well, when in the middle of the winter she was invited to a large party which she wished much to attend. And unable to withstand the caprice which dictated to her the kind of dress she should wear, she threw off thick flannels and bandages, and paddings, and appeared with naked neck and arms, in the thinnest of thin dresses. Of course the cold returned, and in less than a week from that time they dug away the heavy snows of winter, and molded in the frozen earth her final resting-place. If this were an isolated case it would be less worthy of remark, but it is only one among thousands of others.

In our damp and variable climate the use of flannel next the skin, at least in winter, can not be too strongly recommended. From its light and porous texture, it carries off readily the insensible perspiration, and does not easily become wetted or gather dampness as other materials are apt to do. Especially are soft warm woolen hose desirable as a covering for the feet in winter, for those are the portions of the body most exposed to cold, and most liable to gather dampness. “Of all parts of the body,” says

a high medical authority, "there is not one the clothing of which ought to be so carefully attended to as the feet. The most dependant part of the system, this is the part in which the circulation of the blood may be the most readily checked; the part most exposed to cold and wet, or to good conducting surfaces, it is the part of the system where such a check is most likely to take place. Coldness in the feet is a very common attendant on a disordered stomach; and yet a disordered stomach is not more apt to produce coldness of the feet, than coldness of the feet is apt to produce disorder of the stomach; and this remark does not only apply to cases of indigestion, but to many other disorders to which man is liable. Yet do we see the young and delicate clad in thin-soled shoes, and as thin stockings, no matter whether the weather is dry or damp, or whether the temperature of the atmosphere is warm or cold. * * * I am sufficient of a Goth to wish to see thin-soled shoes altogether disused as articles of dress, and I would have them replaced by shoes having a moderate thickness of sole, with a thin layer of cork or felt placed within the shoe over the sole, or next to the feet. Cork is a very bad conductor of heat, and is therefore to be preferred."

RECIPES.

FOR INVALIDS—CONTINUED.

EGG GRUEL.—Boil a pint of new milk; beat four new-laid eggs to a light froth. When the milk boils, remove it to the side of the stove, where it will stop boiling, and pour in the eggs instantly. Stir them all the while for one or two minutes, but do not let them boil. Sweeten with the best of loaf sugar; grate in a whole nutmeg, and add a little salt. Drink a portion of it while warm, and let the rest cool, as it is both food and medicine whether warm or cold. It is said to be excellent in cases of chronic dysentery.

WINE WHKY.—Boil a half pint of new milk, and the moment it comes to a boil pour in two wine glasses of wine sweetened with a teaspoonful of loaf sugar. Let it remain perfectly still till the curds form and settle. Pour off the whey, and add a pint of boiling water and loaf sugar to the taste. This is a strengthening drink in recovery from typhus or other fevers, or in any case of debility.

ARROW ROOT JELLY.—Put a pint of water in a saucepan to boil; stir up a large spoonful of arrow root powder in a cup of water, and pour into the saucepan while the water is boiling; let them boil together two or three minutes; season with nutmeg and loaf sugar. This is very light food for an invalid or an infant. When the system is in a relaxed state, two teaspoonfuls of brandy will add to its efficacy. Milk and loaf sugar boiled with a spoonful of fine flour, well mixed with cold water, stirred in while the milk is boiling, is light and proper food in case of bowel complaints. In all preparations where milk is boiled, close care should be taken that the milk be not scorched. When the milk is placed upon a stove hot enough for ordinary cooking, it is only by constant watchfulness that this will be prevented; but if the vessel containing the milk is placed within another of boiling water, the milk will be a little longer in boiling, but will be secure from burning. Some people have a close-fitting tin porringer with a tight cover, fitted to the top of a teakettle, in which to make these nice dishes for infants or sick persons, and in this way they can be very neatly and safely, as well as rapidly prepared.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PARLOR DRAMAS; OR, DRAMATIC SCENES, FOR HOME AMUSEMENT. By WILLIAM B. FOWLE. Boston: MORRIS COTTON.

This work is a companion for "Fowle's Hundred Dialogues," that special favorite of the school-boys, and consists of a number of original dialogues upon popular subjects, and fitted for simple representation. The pieces are appropriate for the school room as well as the parlor, and the work is well worthy the attention of teachers and pupils.

THE ELECTIC MAGAZINE OF FOREIGN LITERATURE. New York: W. H. BIDWELL, Editor and Proprietor.

The number for January is before us, and we are glad to see that this old favorite of the public still keeps its well-earned reputation. It gathers the best portion of the substantial foreign journals, and presents them to us in a compact and eligible form. The present number is embellished with mezzotints of the Emperor of Russia, and of Dr. Chalmers. Five dollars per annum.

THE HOME:

A Monthly for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

VOL. III.—APRIL, 1857.—NO. IV.



HENRIETTA FELLER.

HENRIETTA FELLER was born in Lausanne, Switzerland. Her parents were people of wealth and high social standing, and she was thus brought early in contact with the most intellectual society which her native city afforded. She received a substantial education, and also acquired those higher accomplishments which fitted her to grace the cultivated circle in which she moved. She early married M. Feller, a gentleman of great affluence and respectability. She was now surrounded by all the environments of wealth, and every thing pointed to a life of elegant and refined enjoyments.

One child blessed this union, a sweet and interesting daughter. It was the death of this loved and idolized one which roused the mother from her trance of earthly happiness, and awakened that rich inner life which had hitherto slumbered within her. The death of her husband a few years after deepened the lesson, and led her to inquire with real earnestness whether, in her life of pleasant inaction she was fulfilling the great design of her being. To an humble and sincere purpose like hers the answer soon came, "Go, work in my vineyard." Putting aside all the suggestions of sloth, and the peculiar

attractions which life presented to her, she resolved to become a missionary.

It was no temporary exile upon which Mad. Feller determined, to be rewarded, after a few years, by a return to her native land, and an ovation from her admiring countrymen. The work to which she pledged herself was to be life-long, and followed only by the rest of the grave.

When the old and desolate, the world-weary and heart-sick seek relief in deeds of charity, we regard them with melancholy pity, but when the young and gifted, the gentle and tenderly nurtured go into cheerful and perpetual banishment for the love of Christ, they command our reverence.

In selecting a field of labor, Mad. Feller fixed upon the French settlers in Canada. Speaking the same language, and claiming a common ancestry with herself, they were little less degraded, morally and intellectually, than the Indians whom they had displaced.

Mad. Feller reached Montreal in 1835, and was there welcomed by M. and Mad. Olivier, two friends who preceded her in the missionary work. But she was soon deprived, by their removal, of a Christian intercourse which would have greatly solaced her lonely hours. In leaving Switzerland she had left herself no loop-hole for retreat in case she should find her work disagreeable. She had embarked her whole fortune in it. Her money was deposited with a gentleman in Montreal of unquestioned responsibility, but his failure soon after deprived her not only of the funds necessary for carrying on her enterprise, but also of her whole means of support. Reduced to poverty in a foreign land, and among a people who, instead of appreciating her generous sacrifice, watched every movement with jealous distrust, her faith and trust never failed her. She wrote to her friends in Switzerland for assistance, but was reduced to great distress before relief could reach her.

As there was no opening for imme-

diate labor in Montreal, she retired to St. John's. Here she suffered greatly, and often wanted for the necessities of life. In her hours of loneliness and want she had ample leisure to remember the abundance that was in her father's house. That affliction was the refiner's fire, to purify and brighten the graces of her heart, and strengthen her for her future work.

Soon the dark cloud was lifted, and light returned; her lovely and consistent character began to find appreciators. Pupils flocked to her school. For some time she pursued her labors without opposition, but upon the breaking of the Canadian rebellion, she became an object of causeless suspicion, and soon of open hostility; she was obliged to fly with sixty of her pupils to the United States. The little frontier town of Champlain offered the wanderers a shelter during the following winter, but they suffered many privations notwithstanding the humane efforts of their friends. On the return of tranquillity, Mad. Feller went back to Canada by invitation of the government.

She had now opportunity to retort upon her enemies by a civil prosecution, but in the gentle and forgiving spirit of her mission, she declined all retaliation, and returned quietly to her self-denying labors. Her admirable conduct on this occasion advanced her greatly in the confidence of the community, and so melted the hearts of her persecutors, that they withdrew their opposition, and suffered her to carry on her love-labors without hindrance.

In 1836 she made her last removal, and established her mission permanently at Grand Lique, about twenty miles from Montreal. There, under many discouragements, she has succeeded in building up an establishment which may be considered a model to all similar institutions. The buildings, erected by benevolent contributions gathered in Canada and the United States, accommodate several hundred pupils, and the youths who yearly go

out from those walls, are fast fulfilling the dearest wish of their foundress—to place the Bible and means of instruction within the reach of every child in the Provinces.

Through all the vicissitudes of her strange and almost romantic life, this interesting woman has preserved the warmth and freshness of her early piety. In trial she has not been cast down, and in prosperity she has not been elated. Her broad and benevolent face is the mirror of a soul at peace with God, and full of kindness toward all men.

Mad. Feller is now in the autumn of her life. She is still surrounded by her great household, who love and venerate her as a mother. She enjoys daily that which most soothes the infirmities of age—recollections of a useful life, intimate communion with God, and serene contemplations of a future state.

BESSIE LEE'S DIARY.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

(Concluded.)

SEPT. 12. Domiciled once more, and warmly welcomed by my old friends and patrons of the "Mouser." A long journey it has seemed, and the delays almost unbearable. I felt like a fugitive fleeing from a pursuer, as I left the home which had sheltered me so long, and where hope had grown strong within me, only to die out in utter darkness, and leave but the ashes of remembrance. Jane wept, sorrowfully, bitterly, at parting, but said, something whispered in her heart, "Better this, than the other," and I only added, "Better." No one of the family heard us, and eagerly I waited for the signal of departure. An hour's delay, was the greatest misery I ever passed. I dreaded, lest I might after all have to face my cousins with a refusal to their wishes, for they must not know all, for poor Jane's sake, whose faith in her mother's goodness and purity could not be shaken, as it was her

faith—almost her religion. At length the signal came, and the whirling wheels with their hoarse rattle was the sweetest music I ever heard. How my poor heart bounded, as it beat out its cry, "faster, faster, still faster," and on, on, we went, till almost exultant, I could have laughed aloud. My heavy vail had been held down convulsively, lest I should meet some familiar face from the village, who would annoy me with its wonder.

"Where's your courage, Bessie Lee?" the little voice whispered, and up went the vail, and the glorious sunshine looked into my face, and laughed and gamboled about in the pure morning air, and seemed like some tangible presence which had come to cheer and strengthen me, in what had seemed my desolation; but who will believe me, if I write it? I was happy, free, and rejoicing in my freedom. I felt, as I have sometimes imagined a spirit might, who stands for the first time on the shores of the Great Beyond, and looks back at what he has passed, both of joy and grief, and thanks his great deliverer, Death, that it is all over. Faster, faster, sped the train, and brighter and brighter grew the sunlight, and happier grew Bessie Lee. Never since that morning at Mary Timon's had the sunbeams seemed so friendly, or meant so much, when they kissed me.

Had I loved Dr. Mason truly and earnestly, its glory would have mocked me, but admiration and gratitude, was all I had ever cherished, and that, where was it? It wasted itself in the smoke of Jane Carter's letters. How many a woman has married with a more frail basis than these two emotions, and called her feeling by the same name as I had given mine—love. I would make almost any sacrifice to remove the appearance of ingratitude from the minds of my cousins, but it can not now be. I can forgive the doctor his offense to me, not to Jane, if he explains to them. It was perhaps wrong that I did not stay and brave it out, and it seems as

though I could do it now, but then, not then. How strong and courageous we grow as we go *from* danger!

I am weary, very weary, and to-morrow I must see the head of the Institution, and learn my new duties. Thank God for something to do.

Sept. 13. How shall I write it? Let me see; I must begin at the beginning. This morning Mr. Dean, the head of the family where I am for the present staying, and through whose instrumentality I came here, said, "Miss Lee, the head of the male department of your school will call on you to-day, and he is a bachelor, good-looking, and"—my heart rebelled against any bandinage of this sort, just now, and I must have shown my disgust in my face, for his eyes twinkled all the merrier, and he held up his finger in a threatening way and said, "You shall be well paid for that tragic expression, my young dame!" and left me alone in the parlor. Mrs. Dean was attending to her domestics, and after a struggle for composure, I took a book and soon forgot the annoyance. Presently the door opened, and some one walked into the room in a familiar way, and I thought Mr. Dean had returned, and determined to punish him for what seemed an impertinence. I pretended to read on. The footsteps came slowly near me, but my eyes were kept perversely down.

"Bessie Lee!" I dropped the book, and starting up, there stood Harry Lane. Not a word could I utter, as he stood looking down into my upturned wondering face. "The same gray eyes, the same long silky brown hair, the same tiny figure, but no more a child—no more a child," he repeated half sadly and half surprised. "I was sure you would come. It was a promise hope gave me, Bessie Lee, and now let me hear your voice."

I did not think, as I do now, that it was a strange greeting, for I was too surprised to speak, before, or even then. I only said, "This happiness is too great for me; I can not comprehend it."

"You expected to find me here!"

"No."

"Did not Mr. Dean write that I was here?"

"No."

"Then you did not come, as I hoped and believed, because I wished it," and his lips quivered like a grieved child, as he turned and strode to the window.

"No," I said faintly, as new light broke in upon me, and I remembered the twinkle of Mr. Dean's eyes that morning.

Presently Mr. Lane came back, and without an emotion, seated himself, and commenced talking of our old home. I told him all; all—even how I had promised never to see him again *intentionally*—

"And you fulfilled your promise," he interrupted bitterly.

"Providence overruled it," I went on to say, "and now I am here."

"Dr. Mason must be my elder half-brother, whose name my father never allowed us to speak, and it seems he would not use it himself, for *Mason* is not his own. My father said he had insulted it, insulted us, and humanity. No one heard from him after he left home. His crime I learned from my aunt. "God forgive him!" Mr. Lane said earnestly. "Let us never speak of him again. For the girl's sake you were wise in keeping silence, but the imputation of your ingratitude or fickleness must be removed from the minds of your friends, as no stain shall rest on Bessie Lee's name for the sake of one whose blood runs in my veins, though I grieve to acknowledge it. If he does not explain, I will."

"And Jane?"

"She shall be removed where she shall not hear it, and cared for."

"Bless you, my friend!" and I offered him my hand as I said the words, but he did not take it. It was my turn to feel hurt now, and the tears came tumbling down into my lap.

"I am sorry I grieved you, but there is a wild storm in my heart,

Bessie. I will quell it, and this evening we will talk of future duties."

He went out, and to-night he is as calm and quiet as though nothing ever did, or could disturb him. Monday I am to begin my labor.

How kindly Providence has led me! May my life prove that I am not ungrateful. How different is Harry Lane from Eldred Mason! One fears the world, listens, and obeys its mandates, and the other loves God, and is guided by the "still small voice" within. One craves man's respect, and the other his own. One has stores of gold, and the good things it brings, the other has treasures of noble deeds, and the hope of a crown of Immortal life, when his Father shall please to call him home.

Sept. 20. A letter from Lillie — a blessed letter. How my wicked heart has wronged that woman! She tells me of the consternation of every one that morning at the note, which offered no satisfactory explanation. They sent for the doctor, and gave him the letter I left. He seemed paralyzed at the contents, and for a long while unable to speak, but after a time he asked to see my cousins alone, and under promise of secrecy from them he told the truth. He made over to cousin Weston as trustee, five hundred per annum for Jane, and she is to be educated at this late day. If they thought best, he would tell the poor girl, but it was considered better to keep it. He exonerated me entirely, and acknowledged his punishment as just.

Mr. Lane seems more rejoiced than myself over his confession. May God forgive him, as I do. Lillie did not blame me, but she was hurt that I should suppose she could desire me to marry a base man for the position he could give me. She regrets that she is so apt to square her conduct and ideas, by rules laid down by others, but in this case she could not listen to interest. I had never permitted her to love me, or given her my confidence.

I had lived for the dead, instead of the living.

The rebuke was kindly given, and justly merited. How many people like myself have gathered all the thorny flowers, counted all the dismal days, hoarded all the evils of life, and never let the bright, the beautiful, or lovely, make them glad. They repel affection, and then because they are not loved, they call the world a "vale of tears," because now and then a grief comes amid life's beautiful blessings. They receive mercies every day, and then grow gloomy, to show their gratitude. They think it a sin to be happy, when God has given them such abundant cause.

This sentence is for Bessie Lee's contemplation, for she has done all, all, and hoarded her misery. It is over now, for thankfulness, cheerfulness, and hopefulness, are mine henceforth.

Christmas. The sunshine comes softly, gently down, and the flowers are not all gone. It seems very strange to hear no merry sleigh-bells, but I scarcely miss them, for I miss nothing — *all* seems concentrated here. Busy life within, and sunshine without — hearts beating to the melody of their own happiness, and merry feet dancing to the music of many voices. The ringing sounds come softly up from below, and clime with the subdued feelings in my own heart. Even my diary, which has been my sole confidante so long, gets the secret grudging, for it is too precious to share with any. It has the history of one wooing, and must I suppose have another. When the spring time comes, I am to be married. Not to gold, for my days will be full of care; not to position, as the world estimates it, though in the eyes of Him who sees from the beginning, none can be higher. Life stretches out before me like a clear, swiftly rolling river, whose waters were for the nourishment of many harvests, whose tide was never still, but beautifying and strengthening forever.

Since I came to my new home, I have felt that a watchful eye was upon

every act, and almost every thought. Not one struggle for good but which has received a compensating smile; not one failure in duty but has had its sigh blended with a hope for the future of good. Noble Harry Lane! He has never played the lover with me; and while he gives his outward attention to others, his thoughts are mine. His peculiar smile he gives to me, while his laugh belongs to all. Last night as we sat under the lindens, Harry and I, talking of my father, who left me Christmas eve for his "abiding home," he said, "Bessie Lee, I should not have left you long ago, had I had true faith in my Heavenly Father's willingness to provide for his children, and known that you *really* placed so small a portion of your heart on wealth. But for my blindness I have been punished, by a long separation from you—how severely, you may never know, Bessie. Now we are together, never more to be divided in this life. I have not spoken of this, but your spirit has answered mine, when it called for sympathy in its loneliness, or encouragement in its despondency. When the spring comes, we will receive the benediction of man upon our union, even as we will now ask the blessing of our Heavenly Father upon our betrothal. Shall it be so, Bessie Lee?"

I gave him my hand, but not one word, and we knelt down under the stars, and Harry Lane called down the blessing of God upon us together, with an earnest solemnity which seemed to me a prophecy instead of a prayer, and a voice, audible as the beating of our own throbbing hearts, echoed, clearly—Amen.

He did not ask me to love him—he knew I did. He did not *desire* me to marry him—he *claimed* me as his own, and Bessie Lee did not remonstrate, even by a look. It was not arranged after the usual forms, nor was the compact of hearts sealed by vows or promises on either side. The stars twinkled and smiled, and seemed waltzing about as I looked up in their eyes,

and the leaves in the lindens rustled and quivered, and danced above us, and the little brook in the garden commenced a merrier babble, while we alone were silent and solemn. Too holy for words were the communings of our souls at that moment, and so we parted.

This morning we met in the great hall, and he said, "Merry Christmas, my Bessie; God bless you!"

That is all, dear diary, all about it. The world would say I might have chosen a position in life, where the surroundings would not whisper so audibly of the want of wealth—where every thing would not wear the label of care and economy; but I have chosen, and am content; more than that, I am happy, calmly, supremely happy, in view of the earnest life before me. Is *this* true life? The reply from the "still small voice" answers promptly in the affirmative. Once the reply to this question came in restless misgivings. Not now. The sunlight peers about the room in the same friendly way, and looks down through my eyes into my whole being, as it did but twice before in my life.

June. Winter's gone, and spring-time too, and poor diary would have still been forgotten, had not a *privileged* eye discovered and drawn it out from its hiding-place, and in spite of resistance, and eyes vainly covered with both my hands, it has been devoured, discussed, and mostly condemned, as a flattering piece of nonsense in the latter part, and bitterly uncharitable in the first. Then it was laid before me, the pen put in my fingers, and the orders given to "pick up the dropped threads and weave on." I would not disobey that voice even if I dared. His smile healed all that was said disapprovingly, and he wrote his name on the first leaf as his title to possession, and said that the law gave him all my property; he coveted this in particular.

I could not, if I would, go back over the time since the last date, as it would be more than my entire life

before. Not that I forget a moment—nor any word or wish that was precious enough to record has faded out from memory; but it would be such a quiet picture, if all were grouped together, with a rich atmosphere of placid enjoyment over it, that I will give it in one sketch. There are two pairs of eyes to look upon it, and I must be exact in its portraiture.

Long walks, longer talks, and rides, between busy days of hopeful toil, richly repaid by a ripening harvest of growing minds and expanding hearts. Fancy ever weaving her webs of future usefulness, while hope gilds and tints all, however common it may seem to other eyes, with a glorious beauty which reaches far over the present, and across the dark river which divides the here from the hereafter.

And about our marriage, and how it came about. The spring came, and gay blossoms nodded to each other, and to us, as if waiting to be called upon, when Henry dropped in to Mrs. Dean's, to say that he should have business, a week's ride over the country, and he wished me to go with him. He started in five days. Would we go to church the morning of our departure or before? "In the morning," I replied, and so it was.

The chapel bells rang out their joyous peal to the sunshine, and the sunshine answered with a glorious smile, as it peered through the lofty windows, and left its benediction on the two who knelt at the altar. Groups of children large and small filled the aisles, and their young hearts gave out their hopes, and prophecies, which will surely be fulfilled. Flowers, fresh and beautiful, were all the gifts we had, or desired, and they were plentiful as the freight of happiness we carried in our own bosoms.

Two weeks after, the same young faces looked up to ours for direction, and now the days speed on as before. Harry plays the lover now, when other men are said to put aside such foolishness. He always was unlike every-

body else, or I should not have loved him so well.

Ten years later. A matronly housekeeper, peeping into a journal of girlish years. How pleasant are all the remembrances it brings! Its hopes, how completely realized! Husband keeps quietly on in his profession, the same earnest, true-hearted lover of humanity, the same generous friend, whose companionship never grows old, whose sympathy is exhaustless, and whose forbearance to his Bessie's faults unwavering. Jane Parker has long since taken my place in the school-room, and believes still in the truth of her mother, as firmly as she follows the call of duty. Dr. Mason joined the hosts of the departed long ago, hoping in the promise given to the truly penitent. Weston and Lillie visit us during the winters, and we go to them with the little people during the summers. One is playing with the tassels of my morning gown, and reminding me that it is time for a romp. How can a mother find a higher enjoyment than in the daily duties of her sacred trust? God help those who look longingly to the empty husks of fashionable life for pleasure! Our luxuries are few, but our wants are abundantly supplied. If we lack pictures and statuary, like the lifeless ones of our friends, we have those which are more exquisite, in the lithe limbs of the children, as they tumble and frolic among the blossoms, and their upturned faces in their evening prayers, are pictures we hug to our hearts, and carry into dreamland.

When the summer sun goes down, all except Harry play about among the shrubs and flowers, the mother the merriest of all. Harry smiles the same sweet, old smile upon our gambols, till the stars come out, and laugh as they did ten years ago, when we gather to his side, and in the solemn stillness he commends us all to the care of Him who has dealt so kindly with us, and sleep comes down upon us as quietly as we some time hope it will in the Valley of Death.

KANE'S ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

(Concluded)

"I WAS of course familiar with the benumbed and almost lethargic sensation of extreme cold; and once, when exposed for some hours in the midwinter of Baffin's Bay, I had experienced symptoms which I compared to the diffused paralysis of the electro-galvanic shock. But I had treated the *sleepy comfort* of freezing as something like the embellishment of romance. I had evidence now to the contrary.

"Bonsall and Morton, two of our stoutest men, came to me, begging permission to sleep: 'they were not cold: the wind did not enter them now: a little sleep was all they wanted.' Presently Hans was found nearly stiff under a drift; and Thomas, bolt upright, had his eyes closed, and could hardly articulate. At last, John Blake threw himself on the snow, and refused to rise. They did not complain of feeling cold; but it was in vain that I wrestled, boxed, ran, argued, jeered, or reprimanded: an immediate halt could not be avoided.

"We pitched our tent with much difficulty. Our hands were too powerless to start a fire: we were obliged to do without water or food. Even the spirits (whisky) had frozen at the men's feet, under all the coverings. We put Bonsall, Ohlsen, Thomas, and Hans, with the other sick men, well inside the tent, and crowded in as many others as we could. Then, leaving the party in charge of Mr. McGary, with orders to come on after four hours' rest, I pushed ahead with William Godfrey, who volunteered to be my companion. My aim was to reach the half-way tent, and thaw some ice and pemmican before the others arrived.

"The floe was of level ice, and the walking excellent. I can not tell how long it took us to make the nine miles; for we were in a strange sort of stupor, and had little apprehension of time. It was probably about four hours. We kept ourselves awake by imposing

on each other a continued articulation of words; they must have been incoherent enough. I recall these hours as among the most wretched I have ever gone through: we were neither of us in our right senses, and retained a very confused recollection of what preceded our arrival at the tent. We both of us, however, remember a bear, who walked leisurely before us and tore up as he went a jumper that Mr. McGary had improvidently thrown off the day before. He tore it into shreds and rolled it into a ball, but never offered to interfere with our progress. I remember this, and with it a confused sentiment that our tent and buffalo-ropes might probably share the same fate. Godfrey, with whom the memory of this day's work may atone for many faults of a later time, had a better eye than myself; and, looking some miles ahead, he could see that our tent was undergoing the same unceremonious treatment. I thought I saw it too, but we were so drunken with cold that we strode on steadily, and, for aught I know, without quickening our pace.

"Probably our approach saved the contents of the tent; for when we reached it the tent was uninjured, though the bear had overturned it, tossing the buffalo-ropes and pemmican into the snow; we missed only a couple of blanket-bags. What we recollect however, and perhaps all we recollect, is, that we had great difficulty in raising it. We crawled into our reindeer sleeping-bags, without speaking, and for the next three hours slept on in a dreamy but intense slumber. When I awoke, my long beard was a mass of ice, frozen fast to the buffalo-skin: Godfrey had to cut me out with his jack-knife. Four days after our escape, I found my woollen comfortable with a goodly share of my beard still adhering to it.

"We were able to melt water and get some soup cooked before the rest of our party arrived: it took them but five hours to walk the nine miles. They were doing well, and, considering

the circumstances, in wonderful spirits. The day was most providentially windless, with a clear sun. All enjoyed the refreshment we had got ready: the crippled were repacked in their robes, and we sped briskly toward the hummock-ridges which lay between us and the Pinnacly Berg.

"The hummocks we had now to meet came properly under the designation of squeezed ice. A great chain of bergs stretching from northwest to southeast, moving with the tides, had compressed the surface-floes; and, rearing them up on their edges, produced an area more like the volcanic pedragal of the basin of Mexico than any thing else I can compare it to.

"It required desperate efforts to work our way over it,—literally desperate, for our strength failed us anew, and we began to lose our self-control. We could not abstain any longer from eating snow: our mouths swelled, and some of us became speechless. Happily, the day was warmed by a clear sunshine, and the thermometer rose to four degrees in the shade: otherwise we must have frozen.

"Our halts multiplied, and we fell half-sleeping on the snow. I could not prevent it. Strange to say, it refreshed us. I ventured upon the experiment myself, making Riley wake me at the end of three minutes; and I felt so much benefitted by it that I timed the men in the same way. They sat on the runners of the sledge, fell asleep instantly, and were forced to wakefulness when their three minutes were out.

"By eight in the evening we emerged from the floes. The sight of the Pinnacly Berg revived us. Brandy, an invaluable resource in emergency, had already been served out in tablespoonful doses. We now took a longer rest, and a last but stouter dram, and reached the brig at 1 P. M., we believe without a halt.

"I say *we believe*; and here perhaps is the most decided proof of our sufferings: we were quite delirious, and had ceased to entertain a sane apprehen-

sion of the circumstances about us. We moved on like men in a dream. Our footmarks seen afterward showed that we had steered a bee-line for the brig. It must have been by a sort of instinct, for it left no impress on the memory. Bonsall was sent staggering ahead, and reached the brig, God knows how, for he had fallen repeatedly at the track-lines; but he delivered with punctilious accuracy the messages I had sent by him to Dr. Hayes. I thought myself the soundest of all, for I went through all the formula of sanity, and can recall the muttering delirium of my comrades when we got back into the cabin of our brig. Yet I have been told since of some speeches and some orders too of mine, which I should have remembered for their absurdity if my mind had retained its balance.

"Petersen and Whipple came out to meet us about two miles from the brig. They brought my dog-team, with the restoratives I had sent for by Bonsall. I do not remember their coming. Dr. Hayes entered with judicious energy upon the treatment our condition called for, administering morphine freely, after the usual frictions. He reported none of our brain-symptoms as serious, referring them properly to the class of those indications of exhausted power which yield to generous diet and rest. Mr. Ohlsen suffered some time from strabismus and blindness: two others underwent amputation of parts of the foot, without unpleasant consequences; and two died in spite of all our efforts. This rescue party had been out for seventy-two hours. We had halted in all eight hours, half of our number sleeping at a time. We traveled between eighty and ninety miles, most of the way dragging a heavy sledge. The mean temperature of the whole time, including the warmest hours of three days, was at forty-one degrees. We had no water except at our two halts, and were at no time able to intermit vigorous exercise without freezing.

"April 4, Tuesday.—Four days have passed, and I am again at my record of failures, sound but aching still in every joint. The rescued men are out of danger, but their gratitude is very touching. Pray God that they may live!"

In the midst of trials like these the winter passed. The want of warmth and light, and of fresh food, wearing them down so completely with the scurvy that their strength was well nigh exhausted. So that in April in reckoning up his crew he says:

"Eighteen souls, thank God! certainly not eighteen bodies."

With the disappearance of the darkness the Esquimaux came among them; thievish and sometimes troublesome, yet nevertheless not wholly unwelcome guests, because they were human. During the latter part of April Dr. Kane attempted with his sledges and some of his best men to force his way to the north, but in this he failed from physical exhaustion, and was brought back delirious to the brig. For many days he hung between life and death, the scurvy from which he had been suffering being complicated by an attack of typhoid fever. Others were similarly affected, and two of the party died before the winter had really disappeared. On the 23d of May he writes:

"The winter is gone! The Andromeda has been found on shore under the snow, with tops vegetating and green! I have a shoot of it in my hand!"

On the third of June another exploring party went out from the brig. They found the bears very abundant, and on one occasion one of these grizzly visitors walked in upon the party in their tent while they were sleeping, and was with difficulty made sensible of his intrusion, and induced to depart. The caches of provisions which they had arranged with so much care had yielded to the depredations of the bears. Of the last of these he says:

"The final cache, which I relied so

much upon, was entirely destroyed. It had been built with extreme care, of rocks which had been assembled by heavy labor, and adjusted with much aid often from capstanbars as levels. The entire construction was, so far as our means permitted, most effective and resisting. Yet these tigers of the ice seemed to have scarcely encountered an obstacle. Not a morsel of pemmican remained except in the iron cases, which, being round with conical ends, defied both claws and teeth. They had rolled and pawed them in every direction, tossing them about like footballs, although over eighty pounds in weight. An alcohol-case, strongly iron-bound, was dashed into fragments, and a tin can of liquor mashed and twisted almost into a ball. The claws of the beast had perforated the metal, and torn it up as with a cold chisel."

This party had set off in two divisions, and the one under Mr. Morton's charge penetrated to a point farther north than was reached at any other time, discovering that open sea with its evidences of animal life, of which we have heard so much since Dr. Kane's return. He says of it:

"It must have been an imposing sight, as he stood at the termination of his journey, looking out upon the great waste of waters before him. Not a 'speck of ice,' to use his own words, could be seen. There, from a height of four hundred and eighty feet, which commanded a horizon of almost forty miles, his ears were gladdened with the novel music of dashing waves; and a surf, breaking in among the rocks at his feet, stayed his farther progress.

The brief summer was spent in their sledge-voyages of discovery, and in efforts to move their ship from the spot where it is still frozen in; and when the gathering ice warned them of the coming winter, they felt that they were ill-prepared to meet it on the brig. It was now the 29th of August, and some of the party supposed it practicable to penetrate on foot to the south.

When the roll was called, only eight out of seventeen resolved to remain. Of this separation Dr. Kane says :

"I divided to the others their portion of our resources justly and even liberally ; and they left us on Monday, the 28th, with every appliance our narrow circumstances could furnish to speed and guard them. One of them, George Riley, returned a few days afterward ; but weary months went by before we saw the rest again. They carried with them a written assurance of a brother's welcome should they be driven back : and this assurance was redeemed when hard trials had prepared them to share again our fortunes."

Here is an account of the Esquimaux' festival after the long fasts to which the hunter's want of success sometimes subjected them. They eat their meat raw, cutting it directly from the dead animal, which in this case was a walrus :

"The Esquimaux, however gluttonously they may eat, evidently bear hunger with as little difficulty as excess. None of the morning party had breakfasted ; yet it was after ten o'clock at night before they sat down to dinner. 'Sat down to dinner !' This is the only expression of our own gastrology which is applicable to an Esquimaux feast. They truly sit down, man, woman, and child, knife in hand, squatting cross-legged around a formidable joint,—say, forty pounds,—and, without waiting for the tardy coction of the lamp, falling to like college commoners after grace. I have seen many such feeds. Hans' account, however, of the glutton-festival at Etah is too characteristic to be omitted.

"'Why, Cappen Ken, sir, even the children ate all night : you know the little two-year old that Awiu carried in her hood—the one that bit you when you tickled it?—yes. Well, Cappen Ken, that baby cut for herself, with a knife made out of an iron hoop, and so heavy that it could barely lift it, and cut and ate, and ate and cut, as long as I looked at it.'

"'Well, Hans, try now and think ; for I want an accurate answer : how much as to weight or quantity would you say that child ate ?' Hans is an exact and truthful man : he pondered a little and said that he could not answer my question. 'But, I know this, sir, that it ate a *sipak*'—the Esquimaux name for the lump which is cut off close to the lips—'as large as its own head ; and three hours afterward, when I went to bed, it was cutting off another lump and eating still.' A *sipak*, like the Dutch governor's foot, is, however, a varying unit of weight."

Of raw meats Dr. Kane says :

"Our journeys have taught us the wisdom of the Esquimaux appetite, and there are few among us who do not relish a slice of raw blubber or a chunk of frozen walrus-beef. The liver of a walrus (*awuktanuk*) eaten with little slices of his fat, of a verity it is a delicious morsel. Fire would ruin the curt, pithy expression of vitality which belongs to its uncooked juices. Charles Lamb's roast-pig was nothing to *awuktanuk*. I wonder that raw beef is not eaten at home. Deprived of extraneous fibre, it is neither indigestible nor difficult to masticate. With acids and condiments, it makes a salad which an educated palate can not help relishing ; and as a powerful and condensed heat-making and anti-scorbutic food it has no rival."

Before Christmas the party who left the brig in August had returned to them, and they spent another long dark winter in the brig, suffering fearfully for want of fresh food.

On the first of May they commenced preparations for escape from their ice-bound harbor. Their three boats were so prepared that they could be drawn over land on sledges. Provisions were cooked so as to be carried in the easiest possible way. The men selected a few pounds of their most valuable effects, and the sick were sent forward by tedious relays on the sledges. After several returns to the brig for provisions to furnish the sick, and supply

the working ones with sufficient stores, the last bread was baked, and the last farewell taken, and the party finally went forward toward the open water.

The boats were soon launched, and they urged their tedious way through ice and water to the southward, suffering much from famine as they went. Of the first seal they killed he says :

"The men seemed half crazy : I had not realized how much we were reduced by absolute famine. They ran over the floe, crying and laughing, and brandishing their knives. It was not five minutes before every man was sucking his bloody fingers, or mouth-ing long strips of raw blubber.

"Not an ounce of this seal was lost. The intestines found their way into the soup-kettles without any observance of the preliminary home-processes. The cartilaginous parts of the fore-flippers were cut off in the *melee*, and passed round to be chewed upon ; and even the liver, warm and raw as it was, bade fair to be eaten before it had seen the pot."

Eighty-four days they passed thus in the open air, and at last encountered a boat from Upernavik.

"What of America?" was the first question.

"America?" said Carlie; "we don't know much about America here, for they have no whalers on the coast; but a steamer and barque passed up a fortnight ago, and have gone out into the sea in search of your party."

Landing at Upernavik they were welcomed with boisterous joy by the inhabitants. Of the sensation of meeting again with an approach to civilized life he says :

"We could not remain within the four walls of a house without a distressing sense of suffocation. But we drank coffee that night before many a hospitable threshold, and listened again and again to the hymn of welcome, which, sung by many voices, greeted our deliverance."

On the 6th of September they left Upernavik in a Danish vessel, and ar-

rived at Godhavn, the inspectorate of North Greenland on the 11th. Of their meeting with Capt. Hartstene's squadron he says :

"The *Mariane* had stopped only to discharge a few stores and receive her papers of clearance ; but her departure was held back to the latest moment, in hopes of receiving news of Captain Hartstene's squadron, which had not been heard of since July 21st.

"We were upon the eve of setting out, however, when the look-out man at the hill-top announced a steamer in the distance. It drew near, with a barque in tow, and we soon recognized the stars and stripes of our own country. The *Faith* was lowered for the last time into the water, and the little flag which had floated so near the poles of both hemispheres opened once more to the breeze. With Brooks at the tiller and Mr. Olrik at my side, followed by all the boats of the settlement, we went out to meet them.

"Not even after the death of the usuk did our men lay to their oars more heartily. We neared the squadron, and the gallant men that had come out to seek us ; we could see the scars which their own ice-battles had impressed on the vessels ; we knew the gold lace of the officer's cap-bands, and discerned the groups who, glass in hand, were evidently regarding us.

"Presently we were alongside. An officer, whom I shall ever remember as a cherished friend, Captain Hartstene, hailed a little man in a ragged flannel shirt, 'Is that Dr. Kane?' and with the 'Yes!' that followed, the rigging was manned by our countrymen, and cheers welcomed us back to the social world of love which they represented."

H. E. A.

THE night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring,
And ever upon old decay,
The greatest mosses cling.

Behind the cloud the starling lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall ;
For God who loveth all his works,
Has left his hopes with all.

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

BY GERTRUDE TREAT WILLSON.

IN undertaking to write upon so important a subject, one embracing such a field of thought, and awakening such pure and holy sentiments, I feel not only its vast importance, but my inability to discharge faithfully the task, that is not self-imposed, but one assumed at the earnest request of a friend.

First, let us inquire what is education? Is it simply knowledge derived from books, from mankind, or, from the elements of the earth, air, and sky? One possessing a thorough acquaintance with all these would be deemed *highly educated*. But in acquiring this useful information, what effect has it had upon the heart? How has it expanded and elevated it in the scale of human perfection? Has it given the student enlarged views of life; of his obligations to his Creator, to himself, and to society? Too often is this, that should be the *basis* of all knowledge, sadly neglected, or so superficially inculcated that it is forgotten while accumulating other knowledge from books and surrounding objects.

Our system of education is replete with errors. The majority aim only to develop the intellectual faculties, while the social and moral faculties are left to grope their way through the dark by-paths of ignorance as best they can.

The student graduates, feeling confident that he has done the best he could in improving the talent given him. And the parents congratulate themselves with the fallacious idea that they have done all that could be required of them, in defraying the expenses of his education. So the child is supposed to be fully prepared, and is permitted to go into the world to buffet with its conflicting elements. Highly educated — yes, polished, as the mass term it. But success does not attend him. And why? A want of *moral courage* drags down the in-

tellectual soul, so that it dare not stand boldly forth in self-defense, proclaiming the lofty and divine principles of humanity. Social and domestic discord add their bitter alloy to the cup of happiness, that might have been all sweet and pure, had a thorough knowledge of self — of human nature, of its wants, its frailties, been early inculcated. Who is at fault?

Let me lead the mother back through the long labyrinth of years, and ask her a few questions relative to the early training of her child. Did you suppress the first outburst of passion in your prattling little one, and, with gentle yet firm and unremitting care, impress upon his plastic mind the great importance of self-control — of keeping all the selfish propensities in subjection to the higher power? Did you teach him by example as well as precept, to be true to himself, and to acknowledge his Creator as the giver of every good and perfect gift? Would that to these questions, and many similar ones, you would answer in the affirmative. But I fancy I hear a sad and mournful negative. Memory is at her post, and calls up from the past the first attempts of your little one to deceive you in trifles. You then thought it an evidence of *superior genius*; and, therefore, let it pass unchecked, until that vicious propensity had become strong with years. Had you then taken your little one on your knee, and in calm but earnest manner portrayed the sinfulness of deception, and the errors to which it would lead if persisted in, you would have been rejoiced to see how your child's heart would have assumed its natural tone, and would have sighed to be forgiven by you and its God. For nature will be true to itself if we are true to it. Did you with the same earnestness check all feelings of jealousy, self-love, or vanity, or remember that the infant mind is "wax to receive, and marble to retain?"

Oh, mothers, yours is a life-long task. Before your child can lispen your name, it reads your thoughts,

and indelible impressions are made upon its mind, the effect of which will cease only with eternity. When you assumed the responsibility of mother, and received your infant fresh from the hands of its Creator, did you believe that its little heart was tainted with sin, that it was then deceitful and desperately wicked?

Mothers, do not enter lightly upon your task. Consider the great responsibility of training an immortal soul; remember that you are accountable for the manner in which you direct its course. You hold as it were your child's destiny in your hand. Mold it carefully, guard it jealously. Think not to keep it always from temptation, for soon it must go out from your watchful care; therefore give it that firmness of character which it will need. Strengthen *all* its moral and mental faculties, that it may have power to *resist* temptation. Look earnestly to Him who is light and truth, for that wisdom that you will daily need. Keep in mind that little rule, "Know and govern thyself." And, if you are ever vigilant, ever true to your noble mission, you will reap your reward here, and it will be great in your Father's kingdom. So live, and your children will rise up and call you blessed.

MEADVILLE, PA. *Feb.*, 1857.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

ABSENCE of mind has so long been considered a mark of genius, that few take pains to avoid the pernicious habit. It is one of the infirmities of great minds, and is almost unpardonable, even when associated with the overpowering splendor of superior talents. It is no positive proof of genius; the weakest minds are prone to extreme absence. This is very different from the power of abstraction, which belongs in a pre-eminent degree only to minds of the highest order. It is peculiarly inconvenient for women to be absent minded. The thousand and

one daily cares and employments, which must each receive due attention in a well ordered household, render it necessary for a woman to have her thoughts always about her. Suppose, at the head of her dinner-table she gets into a fit of absence; her guests are neglected, the servants are at fault, and make dozens of blunders in consequence of hers, and when at last she comes back again, she resumes the conversation where it had been dropped ten minutes before, much to the amusement and embarrassment of her guests, and her own and her husband's mortification. An absent minded woman can not be uniformly polite. She may be kindly disposed, and perfectly well-bred, yet she will pass her most intimate friend in the street without speaking to her; take the most comfortable seat at a neighbor's fire-side appropriated to an aged and infirm member of the family; fix her eyes in church upon some one until the person is exceedingly annoyed and embarrassed; interrupt conversation by remarks entirely irrelevant, and commit many other peculiarities while under this temporary alienation of mind, which would shock her, at another time, as offending against the plainest rules of propriety.—*Mrs. Tuthill.*

CHILD OF SORROW.

CHILD of sorrow! Child of sorrow,
Murmur not beneath the rod,
There may be a joyful morrow,
Treasured up for thee with God.

When the night of pain is darkest,
When thy path is cold and drear,
Trust in God — He surely marketh,
Every pang and every tear.

If thy spirit bow before him,
With a heartfelt humble prayer.
If thy fervent faith adore him,
He will banish thy despair.

He will teach thee resignation,
He will give thee heartfelt peace,
Blessed hope and consolation,
Riches and immortal bliss.

PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

BY REV. WILLIAM ARNETT.

IT is a great matter for a parent, if he is able to say to his grown son, "I have taught thee in the way of wisdom: I have *led* thee in right paths." Teaching and leading are closely allied, but not identical. It is possible and common to have the first in large measure, where the second is wanting. They are two elements, which together make up a whole. With both, education in a family will go prosperously on; where one is wanting, it will be halting and ineffectual. Many a parent who acquits himself well in the department of teaching his children, fails miserably in the department of leading them in the right path.

It is easier to tell another the right way than to walk in it yourself. To lead your child in right paths implies that you go in them before him. Here lies the reason why so many parents practically fail to give their children a good education. Only a godly man can bring up his child for God. It is not uncommon to find men who are themselves vicious, desiring to have their children educated in virtue. Infidels will sometimes take measures to have Christianity taught to their children. Many will do evil: few dare teach it to their own offspring. This is the unwilling homage which the evil are constrained to pay to goodness.

Great is the effect, when parents consistently and steadfastly go before their children, giving them a daily example of their daily precepts; but to teach the family spiritual things, while the life of the teacher is carnal, is both painful and fruitless. A man can not walk with one leg, although the limb be in robust health; more especially if the other limb, instead of being altogether wanting is hanging on him, and trailing after him dead. In this case it is impossible to get quit of the impediment. It will not off. The only way of getting relief from its weight is

to get it made alive. An example of some kind parents must exhibit in their families. If it be not such as to help, it will certainly hinder the education of the young.

DEATH OF A CHILD.

I CAN not make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes; — he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on his chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that — he is not there!

I thread the crowded street:
A satcheled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that — he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispered that — he is not there!

I can not make him dead!
When passing by his bed,
So long watched over with parental care;
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that — he is not there;

When, at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up with joy
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought — that he is not there!

When, at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer;
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit, praying
For our boy's spirit, though — though he is not there!

Not there! Where, then, is he? —
 The form I used to see
 Was but the raiment that he used to wear;
 The grave, that now doth press
 Upon that cast-off dress,
 Is but his wardrobe locked — *he* is not
 there!

He lives! — in all the past
 He lives; nor, to the last,
 Of seeing him again will I despair:
 In dreams I see him now;
 And on his angel brow
 I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there!"

Yes, we all live to God!
 Father, thy chastening rod
 So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
 That, in the spirit land,
 Meeting at thy right hand,
 'T will be our heaven to find — that he is
 there!

MOTHERS' PRAYERS.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROSBIE.

LIES the infant sleeping
 On its mother's bosom,
 Tender as the petals
 Of the lily blossom;
 Pure as Heaven's crystals
 Falling on the lily,
 Falls the love of mother
 On her little Willie.

Like Eolian music
 In the summer even,
 Softly floats a breathing
 To the gates of Heaven;
 Jesus bends to listen, —
 Jesus' heart is loving; —
 And around the infant
 Angel wings are moving.

Mothers' prayers how holy!
 When the darkling shadows
 Fall across the sunshine
 Lying on life's meadows —
 When, all wrapt in darkness,
 Weeps the orphan Willie,
 Weeps above his mother
 Buried in the valley, —
 God will then remember
 All that mother's prayers,
 And send a beam from Heaven
 To dry the orphan's tears.

GRANDVILLE, MICH., Feb., 1857.

It is a trifle — give a mill
 To help the poor along;
 'Tis not the amount — it is the will
 That makes the virtue strong.

HOW TO SELECT A DRESS.

THE material should be suitable for the season, and not chosen with especial reference to its price. We mention this simple fact, because, of late years, some members of "the oppressed sex" think it perfectly right to take as much as they can argue and coax the husband out of, to buy a dress with. To state that ladies generally select their dresses, like the old fashion of mounting a play at the Bowery, regardless of taste or expense, would be a libel on their taste and intelligence that we could not, by any chance, be guilty of. We only desire to state facts; and when we so often see ladies wearing rich, heavy silks as walking-dresses, in summer, we mutely say to ourselves, they should have a friend to tell them of the impropriety. Then again, how much more comfortable and appropriate does a robe of rich cashmerette, delaine, *droguet*, or Tartan cassimere, appear in the street during the inclement season? In our humble opinion, silk should never be made into a walking-dress. The color as well as the material should be taken into consideration; and when the goods are ornamented with several colors, it should be remembered that those with a preponderance of carmine should be selected as the tone or *nuance* best suited for ages above forty, or for those whose complexions want a livelier tone; while light blue, green, and straw colors, are always becoming to a fresh and youthful face. It is well also to bear in mind the figure, and to always select the smallest that the fashion permits. Of whatever goods you may wish to select a robe, be sure, above all things, that the quality be good and the colors fast. Four good dresses, well chosen, are better than a dozen selected without taste and judgment. The goods and trimmings should be similar in quality: and this is a matter of more importance than may be supposed at the first blush of the idea; for the quality of the trimmings should be

good enough to wear as long as the dress, and no longer; and the better the quality of the dress, the fewer trimmings will be required, and the longer the whole will last. From a very mistaken notion, some ladies do not wish their dresses to last a long time; but the contrary has always been the case with women of the best taste, and highest reputation for beauty — such as Lady Mary Montague, and countless others; and this we take to have been their philosophy: Having bestowed much time and pains on selecting and getting a dress properly made, the pictorial effect was, probably, as nearly perfect as it ever would be, while they were growing old; and as first impressions are supposed to last longest, they did not wish to try the dubious experiment of effacing them by changing the surroundings of those proportions of lights and shadows which pass with the world for beauty, by and under which they were first admired.

WHICH WAY?

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

THERE was a heavy fall of wet snow, and the cars moved slowly — very. I had looked at my watch often, for I was anxious to reach my destination before nightfall; but as the afternoon wore on, I saw that there was little prospect that my wishes would be gratified. I had traveled alone before, and had full confidence in a lady's power of taking care of herself under all ordinary circumstances; but still there were rubs in the world that I would have preferred to avoid rubbing through alone, if I could do so conveniently.

"I hope you will be safely housed before dark," were my father's last words, as he bade me good-by at the depot, and I echoed his wish very heartily. But now as the day waned toward the early twilight, I had given up this hope, and sat contemplating the prospect there was before me of

pushing through remorseless crowds of men to secure my baggage, and then from among the dusky throng of clamorous runners who dinned the names of strange hotels in my ears — of selecting a hackman who should wheel me out into the dark, in search of unknown shelter for the night and for the Sabbath. So I sat with my feet on the floor rail of the opposite seat, and my hands lying listlessly in my lap, conning over the matter; not with any nervous trepidation, but still with a serious wish that the ordeal were past, when the door opposite me was opened, and a graceful-looking woman, followed evidently by her husband and child, entered the car. She was rather above the ordinary height, and dressed with unusual care and skill, with a clear skin, and regular but not very expressive features, yet in her whole making up she had power to fix the attention of every one in the car the moment she entered. I recognized her at once as an old school acquaintance — I could hardly say friend, for there was little in our characters that could assimilate, though I had known her very well, and we had been thrown together as room-mates for one season while at school. Subsequently I had heard of her marriage in the city to which I was going, but I had known nothing more of her. She recognized me with great apparent delight as she passed down the car, and named me to her husband, Mr. Morse, a light-haired, easy-looking man, who carried the carpet-bags and the baby, and looked as if he could have taken charge of several more packages without feeling in the least overwhelmed; and then after they had secured a seat, and located the fixtures, she came back and sat for a half hour beside me, talking over old school acquaintances, and telling me all about her husband.

"You would like him so well," she said. "I have told him a great deal about you. He is doing a fine business on B. . . . Street, and is a member of Dr. K. . . . 's church, and a teacher

in the Sabbath school. My brothers think I have made such an excellent marriage. I know he would just suit you—he is so high principled.”

To all this of course I had nothing to say, but I could not help casting a backward thought at the husband who sat behind me, and indulging a vague wonder at the choice he had made of a companion in life. “Is he strong enough,” thought I, “for the burden he has undertaken? Which way will the balance of power lie?”

But Helen rattled on; and having told me that her little girl was nearly a year and a half old, and had received two coral necklaces and a variety of trinkets from her uncles and other friends, and was a great pet in the family, she proceeded to investigate the state of my own affairs.

“How strange that I should have been married so long before you,” she said, “when you had so many more gentlemen friends at the school!”

I thought that school was hardly the place where Helen was best fitted to shine, but I only said with a smile that she must remember my friends at school were mostly among my teachers, not among the marrying men.

“True,” she said, “I don’t know but they were. But there was Mr. . . . , and Mr. . . . , and Mr. . . . They were all such friends of yours, and now they are all married, and you are not.”

“You seem to make no distinction between friends and admirers,” I replied. “These were just the persons to ask my advice about the person they should marry, or the mode of making a declaration, as they would have done of a mother or aunt.”

“Oh!” she said, “you always fancied yourself so old, and yet you are three months younger than I.”

“There is more than one kind of age,” I said quietly.

“I am sure I don’t know what you mean,” she exclaimed.

I was well aware of that, and did not try to explain; but I thought that if Helen’s husband were going to ex-

ert a useful influence over her he had not made much progress yet. She seemed much pleased to learn that I proposed to spend the winter in their city; and after she had left me she came back just as the river lights began to flick the darkness, upon our approach to the town.

“You are not going to a hotel to-night,” she said. “You must come home with us.”

I was a little startled at this abrupt invitation, for I had not thought of its possibility before, and it struck me that there were few people from whom I would not as soon receive a civility of the kind as from Helen Morse. So I replied that I could not think of burdening them in that way; but if her husband would assist me to a carriage for one of the hotels he might relieve me from some embarrassment.

“Tom!” called Helen across the cars, and her husband and baby made their appearance. “Miss thinks she must go to a hotel; but—”

“You must not think of it,” said he good-naturedly, taking up his wife’s argument. It will be so dismal spending the whole Sabbath at a hotel, and then Helen tells me you have a boarding-place to look up. We will give you all the assistance we can when Monday comes.”

Thus kindly urged I hardly knew how to refuse the invitation, and in the end accepted it, though, I confess, it was with some misgivings as to what might be the nature of Helen’s housekeeping.

It was to a pleasant and rather elegantly furnished house in a desirable part of the city, that I was introduced as the home of Helen Morse; and though I had to listen to some high-wrought apologies for the state in which her affairs were found, and discovered some whispering and bustle, with an apparently unusual urging up of the untidy servant girl, as it came through the opened doors, still the evening passed off pleasantly enough. Mr. Morse was a social, open-hearted man, with some show of information, of which his wife seemed exceedingly

proud, but evidently no great thinker—one of those who might easily have become a Spiritualist or a Millerite, from the entrance of one or two new ideas into a head where they become gaseous, because there was too much vacant space for them to be condensed, and no test to precipitate them.

But on the whole I thought as Helen's brother did, that she had made a very good match, and that if either family could consider the member gained by this marriage as an acquisition, it should be the one to which she belonged. They had been house-keeping but a few months, having boarded through the first two years of their married life at a hotel. But an arm of the damask-cushioned rocker in which I had been urged to sit was broken off, and I was so much annoyed by its constant fall to the floor, that I soon changed my seat to a beautiful easy chair in the corner. Here I found a castor gone, so that I was tilted down in a very uncomfortable way.

"Worley took his tea before we came," said Helen, as she seated herself at the supper table, and she then explained that Worley was clerk in the store and boarded with them.

The conversation went on briskly enough through the evening until a late hour, but without any apparent comprehension of the fact that we were all weary and might as well retire, until I hinted it myself; and then it occasioned so much stir and bustle that I wished myself at a hotel, where a chambermaid who was well paid for her services might bring me what I required.

The next morning it rained—a cold, sleety, winter's rain, and I woke to hear it showering against the panes long before the family appeared to be stirring below; and when they did at last rouse themselves, there came up from the parlors so much of the whispering and bustle that I had noticed the previous evening, that I supposed my presence there would be superfluous, and remained shivering in my room until the call to breakfast.

ous, and remained shivering in my room until the call to breakfast.

"You must excuse Tom for being a little in a hurry," said Helen, as we gathered in the dining-room. "It's twenty minutes to nine, and Sabbath school begins at nine. It is very hard to get ready so early Sabbath morning."

"I used always to be off in good season before I was married," began Tom:—

"But there are so many things to hinder one in a family," broke in Helen with prompt explanation. "And little Helen often keeps us awake."

The apology was one which could readily be comprehended, but I could not help remembering the old dilatory habits which had so troubled Helen at school. The breakfast was not cooked with such skill as to render it very inviting, and we were soon through with it, and before nine I was again in my room, leaving Tom Morse to finish his hasty preparations at ease.

With all my efforts I had not been able to close the door of my room, for it was out of order in some way, and let in the sounds from below much more readily than I could have wished. Throwing a shawl over my shoulders, I sat down by the window and watched the driving freezing rain upon the pavement and the sidewalks. Presently the gate opened, and Luke Worley, the clerk, came up the yard for his breakfast. He was a nice, trimly dressed young man, careful of plashing his boots as he picked his way among the water pools, and poising his umbrella daintily over his head. I heard him enter the hall, and after making a cautious deposit of his umbrella and overcoat, pass into the dining-room. Only a moment after the parlor-door opened, and Tom Morse bustled into the hall.

"I believe you are all ready now, ain't you, Tom?" I heard Helen say. "And it's only just struck nine—you'll be in time."

"Yes!" muttered her husband, "if I could only ever find any thing."

Helen!" he called out, and Helen appeared to hurry nervously to his side. "Where's my umbrella?"

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Tom; I left it at brother Will's the other day. Here, take Worley's."

"Why, Helen!" said Tom, with some impatience; "that is the third umbrella you have left somewhere within a short time. Now, what am I to do?"

"Here, take Worley's," repeated Helen in a whisper; "he'll never know but what it was a mistake. I'll bring home the others to-morrow."

"But how is Worley to get back to the store?" said Tom, evidently hesitating over his dilemma."

"Oh, it is n't so much matter about him; he can dry himself when he gets there, and you can't. There, take it; I will make it all right with him."

"I think it's hardly fair, Helen," he said, hesitating; but it was only for a moment, and I saw him issue into the street sheltered by the clerk's umbrella.

Helen returned to the parlor, and it was only a short time before Luke Worley had finished his breakfast, and coming back into the hall began a fidgety search for the missing umbrella.

"Confound them!" I heard him mutter between his teeth. "Mrs. Morse!" he called, half opening the parlor door. "Do you know what has become of my umbrella?"

"No!" she replied promptly. "Don't you find it there?"

"No, I don't!" said he tartly, continuing his fruitless search.

"Where did you put it?" asked Helen innocently, coming to his assistance.

"Here on the oil cloth behind the door," said he angrily. "Some one must have taken it away."

"I do not think any one could have moved it," said Helen. "Are you sure you had one?"

"Of course I did. It rained shot when I came in, and I sat it just here."

"Well, really, it is very strange," she continued, bustling about. "Bridget!" she called out; "have you seen any thing of Mr. Worley's umbrella?"

"No, ma'am!" drawled Bridget from the dining-room.

"Are you sure you hav'n't moved it? Look in the kitchen and see if it is there?"

"Taint here, ma'am," called out Bridget again, after a brief search about her premises.

"Why, do look again, Bridget. Are you sure you hav'n't moved it? Mr. Worley says he put it in the hall."

"I hain't touched it," replied the girl.

"Mr. Morse must have taken it," said Worley, sulkily, bringing out the conclusion which he had apparently arrived at some time before. "There was no other umbrella here when I came in."

"Why! dear me," said Helen, with the greatest concern, "I wonder if he did. He must have thought it was his own: that is where his always sits. I am so sorry."

"It was dripping with wet," growled Worley.

"But he was in such a hurry," suggested Helen; "I know it was a mistake. He would not have taken it on any account if he had not thought it was his own. I am very sorry."

"It's a pretty muss to be left in this storm without an umbrella," he grumbled.

"Why! so it is. Had n't you better walk into the parlor and sit till it clears up a little?"

"No, ma'am," he answered, opening the door; "I am going to church this morning;" and with his overcoat buttoned close to his chin, he issued out into the rain.

I felt little like retreating to the parlor after having been the unwilling witness of this little episode; albeit, it did not surprise me so much as it might have done but for my previous acquaintance with Helen.

But the cold soon drove me down, and I sat through the rainy morning listening to her regrets that the storm kept us from church.

"Mr. Morse's seat," she said, "was the third from the pulpit. He always occupied a prominent seat. And the ladies were wearing such beautiful hats this winter. Mrs. M. . . . had the finest assortment that had ever been brought to town. The polka velvets were so exquisite. Her own coat . . . dollars! Where had I purchased mine? Did I send to town for it or procure it at home?"

And so the stream ran on till I was very weary. It was near noon, when, taking advantage of a brief lull in the conversation, I went up to my room for a book, for there lay only the most puerile of gift-books upon her table. Before I had found the book I wanted, her husband returned from church, and Helen came into the hall to meet him. They seemed to have quite forgotten the state of my door, and that I could not avoid hearing all that passed in the hall, although Helen had apologized for its obstinacy the night before.

"What did Worley say about the umbrella?" he asked at once when she made her appearance.

"Oh, he scolded, but I told him it was a mistake, and you never would have taken it if you had known."

"Oh, what a delightful little cheat you are!" he laughed, as they passed together into the parlor.

Your adjective is too small for your noun, thought I, as my mind ran through a tissue of similar memories that had dotted my knowledge of his wife, and I regretted that I had allowed circumstances to throw me so closely in contact with her again.

The next morning immediately after breakfast, I prepared to go out, and while in my room, Mr. Morse and his wife came again into the hall, where he appeared to take leave of her very affectionately every day. Helen was speaking when the door opened.

"And if she does," I heard her whisper, "you will let me have the money, and then I can get the set of jewelry at H. . . .'"s

"Oh, yes! that will be very nice," said he, evidently willing to be pleased at all his wife's proposals.

A few moments after I went down, and Helen appeared much surprised at seeing me ready for the street. I told her, in reply to her remonstrances, that it was quite necessary that my winter's duties should be arranged immediately, and I must start early.

"But I was going out with you if you would only wait a little," she said. "You are such a stranger here, I can not think of letting you go alone."

And when I replied that I knew the streets very well, and would not trouble her by any means, she said that she had been talking with Tom about it, and they thought if I wished for a boarding-place, I could not be better suited than with them. Their location was very central, and they would board me at a lower price than any one else, for the sake of my company. Tom would be delighted to have me with them. They would make it as pleasant for me as possible, and it would save me all the trouble of running about among strange boarding-places.

To be sure it would, and it was an ordeal I had dreaded, but then I had an affection for my own umbrella and overshoes, and for some other things in the world besides; and, moreover, it flashed upon me at once where the money for that jewelry at H. . . .'"s was to come from. So I replied that I must attend to other affairs first before I decided what would be my most convenient boarding-place. I had some letters to send, and one or two persons to see.

"Well, you had better think of our office," she said. "Who are your letters for?"

"I hardly know; I believe Dr. . . . , and are among them."

"Why, they are among the very

best people in town. I will call with you. It will not take me ten minutes to be ready, and I know the way so well."

"I do not intend to call with my letters, certainly," I said; "I shall send them. Good morning!" and I was hurrying into the street.

"But you will return to dinner won't you?" she called after me.

"Thank you! I think I shall return before dinner-time," I replied. "I shall probably have my affairs arranged in a couple of hours;" and I breathed more freely when I was by myself in the street.

"It is bad," I said to myself, as I went on. "He is a yielding, inoffensive man, and she leads him wholly and will lead him wholly wrong."

* * * * *

I avoided the Morses as much as possible that winter, both for my own comfort, and because I knew that Helen was not the kind of passport I wanted to a circle of acquaintances in a strange place; for beautiful and popular as she seemed to be, I was confident that no person of sufficient discernment to be valuable as a friend could fail to understand her. Yet I was met on every side with, "What a very lovely woman is your friend, Mrs. Morse?" "Your friend, Mrs. Morse, is a woman of most exquisite taste," and other remarks of the kind.

"I understand you were very intimate at school," said a sharp-voiced woman, of whom I knew very little, looking at me over her spectacles in continuance of some such suggestion.

"We were room-mates for one season at a boarding-school," I replied, with some hesitation.

"Oh, well," said she in the same tone, "'tisn't always necessary to be intimate with those whom we board with."

"Certainly not," said I; "close contact does not always insure intimacy."

"Intimacy or repulsion," she said, at the same time receiving but

evidently not accepting a hint from her daughter who sat by, that she might be treading upon dangerous ground.

"Don't you admire her very much?" said the daughter to me.

"She is a very fine looking woman," I replied.

"Well, it was the strangest match in the world," said the sharp voice.

"We thought him a very good young man, but he made a fool of himself if nothing worse, when he married her."

In the spring I left the place, and have visited it twice since. On the first occasion I learned when I inquired for the Morses, that he had failed in business, and was now shifting from one thing to another, winning little respect or confidence from any one. On my second visit I learned the particulars of what I had heard before: that he was in prison for forgery, and that Helen had passed entirely from the memories of those who once knew her. And I set it down sorrowfully in the list of my experiences of the power that woman must exert for good or evil.

THE BACHELOR.

A BACHELOR sat at his blazing grate,
And he fell into a snooze,
And dreamed that o'er his wrinkled pate
Had been thrown the nuptial noose.

A rosy boy came to his side,
And bounded on his knee,
And back from his beaming face he shook
Fair curls in childish glee.

Then clear rang out his merry voice,
He shouted aloud — "Papa!
I do n't love anybody else
But you and dear mamma."

Oh! the bachelor's heart o'erran with joy,
So long by love unlit,
And from its unseen depths poured out
Affection infinite.

Outstretching arms of strength unshorn,
He hugged — his old tom cat!
Which, as 't was wont when master snoozed,
Had leaped into his lap.

MUSICAL EDUCATION.

BY MRS. C. A. HALBERT.

HE who bequeaths to his country an inspiring song, an ennobling harmony, or any musical conception worthy to live after him, is a patriot of no mean degree. Great composers rank with the great masters of verse. Handel, Hayden, Mozart, and Beethoven, stand beside Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton.

We have often thought song-land the most democratic province in the royal realms of Art; there prince and peasant, teacher and disciple, meet on common ground. The monarch enjoys no pre-eminence over his meanest serf, unless heaven has endowed him with a finer organization, and a more susceptible ear; nor has the amateur so great an advantage over the unskilled as would at first seem; for it is the thankless reward of the critic, that while he is dissecting, comparing, and judging a composition, its essence has exhaled and its fragrance departed. By his side sits his unskilled neighbor, whose ignorance of contrapoint, of fantasies and sonatas excites his learned contempt, drinking in the rich waves of melody as they float past and raised to Heaven's gate on a triumphant tide of song.

It is not thus in poetry, painting, or sculpture. The scholar only can properly relish the simple grandeur and amazing imagery of Homer;—those wonderful feats of coloring—those magic effects of light and shade, of which Rembrandt knew the secret, a painter alone can fully appreciate; and who but an artist that knows the difficulty of turning marble into flesh, can estimate the genius expended by a master on the droop of an eyelid, the rounding of a muscle, or the curve of a lip.

Music has a much wider circle of appreciators than her sister arts, yet it would be folly to assert that a cantata of Mozart would yield the same enjoyment to the boorish savage as to the man of cultivated taste—the former

is too gross for any but the lowest forms of sensual pleasures; the latter finds that whatever elevates his moral and spiritual nature, at the same time refines his whole organization, and intensifies his powers of elevated enjoyment in every direction.

Without investigation one is scarcely prepared to credit the marvelous mechanical effects ascribed to musical sounds. The experiments of acoustics seem to give a color of reality to the fabled charms of Orpheus, and to bring the realms of mind and matter very near together. Strong perpendicular walls, between which certain chords had been stretched, have fallen down upon the first vibration. Mirrors and glasses are equally susceptible. A strong glass vessel, requiring much strength to fracture it, has been broken to atoms when a particular note was sung in it. Many similar instances might be cited. The physical effects of musical sounds form a very curious subject of inquiry. The day may come when music, as well as electricity, shall guide the hand of labor.

The influence of music on the lower animals is truly marvelous, and would seem to indicate larger capacities than are generally ascribed to them. Not only horses, dogs, and animals whose high organization seems to confound the bounds of reason and instinct, yield themselves to its influence; but rats, mice, spiders, and crabs rush boldly from their lurking places at the sound of some favorite instrument, and remain in a state of helpless fascination so long as the sound continues. Instances are frequent where it removes, or holds in suspense the natural enmity between man and beast. It is instructive to behold the brute and his great oppressor standing thus together, spell-bound in the divine presence of harmony. Thus, by choral bands does Nature bridge over the vast gulf which divides the extremes of creation, teaching man to look with humility on his own highest achievements, and with tenderness on creatures

bound to him by a secret and mysterious sympathy.

The influence of music over man is attested by a great cloud of witnesses, back to the days when Jubal charmed the young generations of earth with the harp and organ. So universal is its power, that the man who has no perception of harmony is an anomaly, and commands our pity, as if he were wanting in some indispensable function of his nature. Go where you will — from the barren steppes of Siberia to the mud hut of the Caffer — from the wild mountain passes of the Altai to the hunting grounds of the Algonquin, and song and beauty dwell there, twins in nature and blessing. Why does not the north-man, when silence and darkness settle down for months over him, and the wintry moon casts dismal shadows around, why does he not grow mad with melancholy? It is because when, without, the winds howl dismally across the desolate plains, and within, the lamp burns dim, he lightens the hours with music, as wild and jagged as his own ice-crag, and rouses himself by chanting the mighty deeds of sea-gods and vikings. The African mother rocks her babe to sleep with as soft a lullaby as her Christian sister, and the infant will listen to catch the strain almost as soon as he opens his eyes.

We have often lived in fancy with that undefiled pair who first dressed the trees and gathered the fruits of the young world. We have followed them into their fragrant homes, when they rested from their pleasant toils, and wondered with what talk they beguiled the hours — they who found themselves so strangely dropped into being, into a world without a history, into a life without infancy, development or experience — and we have scarcely envied them an existence, whose past was a blank, and whose present brightness had no relieving background of shadow. We have wondered how they cheered the hours when neither God nor angel guest were there, and "high converse" became a weariness.

Then was not music born on earth, and did not these blessed ones fill their leafy solitudes with anthems, and holy chants, taught them by celestial visitants? and when sad and fallen

"They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way,"

did they not bear with them the songs of Paradise, sole mementoes of their lost blessedness? Is the fancy idle that strains from these same songs, floating softly down from age to age, may have come to us, and still linger in those high praises with which the church celebrates her Redeemer?

Although music has had its worshippers ever since the world began — although David and his royal son led the praises of Israel in high and soul-lifting strains, its cultivation as an art is comparatively modern. No great musical compositions, as in poetry, date back to the middle of the world's history. All the renowned masters belong to modern times. Handel, the Milton of his art, the father of the Oratorio, that grandest of all species of musical compositions, was born in 1685. Haydn, Mozart, Bach and Beethoven, illustrated the following century, and Weber, Rossini, and Mendelssohn, belong to the present age.

The venerable name of Handel recalls to us one of the most astonishing instances of rapid composition on record, far surpassing the wonders ascribed to that magician of the drama, Lope de Vega, if we consider the *quality* as well as the *quantity* of the labor. The "Messiah," that immortal work, ranking in grandeur of conception with *Paradise Lost*, and the *Divine Commedia*, and still standing a colossus on the Mount of Song, was composed and written in twenty-two days!

The elevating influence of music is seen in the lives of its great masters. They have almost without exception, been men of high moral worth. It might be predicted that the isolation of the composer's life, his freedom from all vicious contact, the quiet of the study, and the daily contemplation

of high themes and inspiring harmonies would predispose him to elevated and noblesentiments. Said Handel to a clergyman who volunteered to assist his labors by selecting scripture passages suitable for his sacred compositions, "I know my Bible, and can choose for myself." Hayden, the companion of Mozart in friendship and genius, was an example of the ennobling influence of his art. Just before his death he was led into the church, to hear for the last time the performance of his own immortal production, "The Creation." A vast audience had assembled to do honor to the inspired old man. The execution of the piece was worthy of its author, and when the choir reached the remarkable passage commencing, "and there was light," the whole of that great audience, moved by one thought, burst into the most rapturous applause. The venerable old man lifted his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed, "It comes from there."

Beethoven, the solitaire says, "I ought to despise the world which perceives not that music is a revelation more elevated than all wisdom, and all philosophy. Music is the wine which inspires the creations of genius. I am the Bacchus who prepares for men this sublime wine, which intoxicates their spirits. * * * I have no friends. I dwell alone by myself, but I know well that in my art God comes nearer to me than to other men. I converse with him without fear, and I always know and comprehend Him. I have no fears for my music, which can not have an evil destiny. Those who are able to comprehend it, are released from all those miseries which other men draw upon themselves."

This is the sublime egotism with which the inspired art fills its disciples. Strangely perverted must his nature be who can descend from such heights to low and sensual pleasures.

Music has one advantage over her associated arts. She can not be made to minister so directly to the grosser

passions. Painting and statuary represent form and color, and appeal directly to the eye. Poetry, too, is a marvelous species of word painting, and by her wonderful power even the imagination can reproduce scenes and images with all the distinctness of the canvas. Music may awaken a soft, voluptuous swell in the bosom—she may relax the firmness of the soul, but she can go no further. She was ordained to sit portress at the gates of virtue, and base the man who would drag her down to stand with enticing voice in the paths of death.

The cultivation of the arts has but just commenced in America. Music, which is indigenous to every soil, and grows with the wild flowers in every spot, has suffered especially from injudicious culture. Trained by gentle and careful hands, it might have unfolded into a superb American blossom. Engrafted with every vile foreign exotic, it has lost its native and simple loveliness, without any compensating beauty. Every town and village has been in turn afflicted with some traveling mountebank, who delivered his musical oracle with the authority of an Apollo. These professional jugglers, whose education even in their own art has not advanced beyond the merest rudiments, dare to stand as interpreters of the old masters, and to sit in judgment on the most sublime compositions. Tyros, who are barely able to torture groans from some disjointed fiddle, will discourse to you by the hour on chromatic chords and discords, or the proper expression of an Aria, illustrated by an instrumental accompaniment after the manner of Paganini.

Men, with no general culture and no refinement of taste, who can not distinguish a head by Titian from a common bar-room print, to whom a plow-boy's sonnet is genuine poetry—such men, without any purging of their natural grossness by study, any gift for their art beyond a "natural voice," or any "calling" save for its emoluments, have brought the noble

profession of music into disgrace among us. They degrade it to the level of a trade; they make it a mere voice-craft, of no higher dignity than handwriting or stenography. To these self-styled professors, whose ignorance is hidden by the merest film of technical knowledge, have we entrusted the training of our children. Is it strange that our national taste has had little development, and we have begun to ask ourselves, are we a musical people? Is it strange that we have gone into foolish raptures over every foreign mercenary who chose to cultivate a black moustache, and steal an imposing name—that, while we were growing corn and cotton to feed and clothe the world, we were obliged to import our music, our painting, and our statuary? If Europe has imposed upon us, if she has sent miserable daubs for real Claudes and Correggios, and shrill mouth pipes for genuine pupils of Mendelssohn and Rossini, hers is the disgrace.

Nor is our loss more than temporary. The cruel taunts which she has flung over the waters have aroused our national pride, and provoked us into effort. We have already begun to make our own music, to paint our own pictures, and carve our own heroes. American poets are no longer a myth, and foreign connoisseurs no longer curl the lip in scorn at the name of an American artist. Our trans-Atlantic neighbors, instead of sending us the patched shreds of their cast-off garments, are beginning to barter their finest raiment for American gold. If we are yet in the alphabet of our art studies, if we have been too long amused by harlequins and clowns, to enter at once into the higher action of the play, we need not blush at the fact. If we maintain our self-respect, and do not seek to forestall knowledge by arrogant assumption, we shall extort consideration from those who now revile us. Taste, impulse, and a musical ear are already ours; critical skill is the product of culture and experience.

What matters it to us whether those eminent masters, vocal and instrumental, who have visited our shores within a few years, come hither to build new seats for the "Sacred Nine," or in the hope of finding a new Peru. The wealth they gather and carry with them is not half so precious as that they leave behind. Besides, the general impulse they give to national taste, they are training a new school of native artists, who shall, in their turn, reap the fields of Europe, and infuse into the music of the old world the life and freshness of the new.

It is a noteworthy fact that no woman has yet achieved a work of memorable excellence in the fine arts. No woman has ever written a great epic, or carved a "de Medici," or painted a "Judgment," or composed a "Messiah," or designed a "Parthenon." We leave it to the champions of our sex to tell us why, in studies founded in beauty, and for which she might be expected to manifest a peculiar aptitude, she has always been eclipsed by her more sturdy competitors. But if her seat is lower than that of man, it is broader and nearer the people. If Beethoven mingles the divine wine which intoxicates, it is a woman's hand that presents it to the lip. It is she, the divinity of the household, who dispenses chiefly the songs of the fireside and social circle. Her musical education is therefore a matter of grave importance.

We have often been amused by the scale instituted by many generally enlightened persons as to the relative importance of school instruction. They divide all studies into two classes: the useful and ornamental, a classification innocent enough if we recollect that certain branches, by ranking as ornamental do not cease to be useful. But these worthy people ignore all such qualifications. With them, mathematics and the sciences are, to use a gross figure, the nourishing roasts that form the substantial part of the meal, while music and painting are the syllabus and light confections which may

bring up the rear, or be omitted at pleasure.

Nothing can be more absurd than such a distinction. Why should logic and metaphysics arrogate to themselves exclusive claims of usefulness, while the arts of melody and design are placed in ignominious contrast? In what consists this superior utility? Is the technical knowledge which a school girl acquires of what are called the "higher English branches," of such vital importance to her well-being? How many times in her whole life does she find leisure or occasion to pursue her learned researches respecting logical modes, parallelopipedons, and isothermic lines? When does she scan a line in Virgil, or dissect a syllogism? What, in short, of all that fair fabric of learning which the school girl so industriously reared, remains fresh and undecayed to the matron? Were those youthful years then wasted, and was the money lavished by fond parents in that education a lost investment? Assuredly not: order and method, the power of discriminating and reasoning, of holding the mind to a given point, or dismissing it at pleasure, breadth and largeness of view, and the general waking up of all the faculties—these are among the rich fruits of study which remain when its flowers and spring-freshness have passed away.

The great aim of education being, then, to develop and discipline the mental powers, we claim for music the same rank and consideration in a course of substantial study, that geometry or philosophy receive. What better trains the pupil to habits of order, attention, and, above all things, perseverance? What more effectually subdues the natural haste, caprice, and impatience of the young, than the daily drudgery of instrumental practice? Are there no intricacies in music as well as in physics? no problems to be solved, no hills of difficulty to be scaled, no lions to be vanquished? Whenever we listen to a really meritorious musical performance, we feel

an involuntary respect arising toward the performer. Here, we say, is something genuine in this farcical world, something attainable by no "short method," compassed by no cunning strategy?

But music has merits beyond those of a mere educator. It may and should be made the most practical of all studies. No mother finds time to take down her Euclid from its dusty shelf, however genuine her relish for it. With little heads full of problems, and little hands full of mischief all about her, she will do well if she can contrive small pauses in which to refresh herself with English reading. The solid fabric of her education having been once reared, she need not replace its scaffolding unless it be to guide thereon the trembling feet of her offspring. It is only in the company of her children that she can hope to tread again the little worn footpath of her childhood, or to repeat the lessons of her youth.

It is precisely when most of the "solid branches" of her education are laid aside to rust, that music becomes the mother's prime ally. From being a mere parlor ornament, though in that sense we claim for it respectful consideration, it becomes her most trusted assistant. What so potent lubricator as this, when the household machinery is out of joint, and the wheels drive heavily? What like this hushes the jars, and stifles the incipient rebellions which will arise in every family commonwealth? What so brightens the faces of the little ones, when even frolic has become a weariness, and mischief irksome, as the "Come let us sing" of the sweet-toned mother? And if she can accompany her voice with the piano, harp, organ, or other instrument, what a treasury of precious influences has she stored within her?

Those months and years of study which she and her parents perhaps considered in no higher light than as an offering to the Moloch of society, seem now of inestimable worth. She

lays aside all the affectation of her education, leaves operatic airs and Italian novelties to her younger sisters, and returns to those sweet native melodies which alone the fresh ears of children will tolerate.

How few mothers understand the full value of music in domestic training! Who tries it as a peace-maker? Who pours soft and subduing strains into young hearts bursting with anger, or chafing with the sense of imaginary wrongs? Who employs it on the Sabbath to chasten romping feet, hush boisterous voices, and fill vacant hours? How many still believe that the sound of a piano desecrates holy time, and thus deprive themselves of one of the most powerful agents for bringing turbulent young spirits into harmony with the stillness and sanctity of the day?

We marvel when we see a household possessed of some musical instrument, and the skill to use it, giving it so small a place in their calculations. Does not the tired mother, who sighs because she has so little time "to keep up her practice," know that it is labor saving as well as labor lightening? that the half hour she gives to it with her merry group around her will do more to bring back her old buoyancy and tone of mind and body, than all the bitters and elixirs with which she is accustomed daily to prop up her jaded system.

One reason why the piano is so little used is because it is generally shut up in the parlor — that penetralia of the house, within whose awful precincts pattering feet may never intrude. Close those dull damp rooms if you will, write *procul, procul*, on the doors, but first bring out the music "into the habitable parts of the earth," where birds, flowers, and children dwell.

We should not predict that a people of an organization so heavy, and a temperament so phlegmatic as the Germans, would manifest any peculiar taste for music. And yet they have furnished more great composers, advanced it more as a science, and cultivated it more generally among the

people than any other nation. The secret of this lies in the nursery. Hear how the German mother proceeds:

"Let us follow the life of a German from beginning to end. If he happens to be born in a small country town, he has no sooner issued from his mother's lap than the town musician announces the joyous event by playing some lively air from the loop-hole of the spire, which is generally his domicile. The child is sung to sleep by the most melodious lullaby, and in awakening, the tinkling of little silver bells which his nurse shakes before him, makes him already susceptible to sound. The child grows up, and his first toys are cows, sheep, etc., etc., which rest on little boxes, from which by turning little cranks harmonious sounds are produced. His next toy is a tiny trumpet, or a violin: next comes the harmonica or accordion, and by this time he will surely have acquired some of the simple melodies which he requests his nurse to sing to him. He is then sent to school, learns to read, write, and sing; and, by the time that he is thirteen or fourteen years of age, his parents have perhaps made up their minds to make a little musician of him."

What wonder that children born and bred in such an atmosphere of sweet sounds should grow up into the most musical people in the world? If the American mother will bestow half this pains in training the ears and voices of her little ones we shall cease to talk about deficiency of native organization and taste.

We should like to remind our readers again of what they must have observed, the influence of music on the manners of society. In no sweeter or more delicate way can a lady mark her sense of the proprieties of social life than by the character of the music she plays, and the songs she sings. Who has not seen the effect of a lively air in breaking up the stiffness of the drawing room, and introducing an easy flow of conversation? And when mirth begins to grow rude and boisterous,

how soon will some chastening melody tone it down into cheerful hilarity.

To return once more to the family circle, is it too much to believe that many a youth, whom neither a mother's prayers nor a sister's tears will move, might have been saved from dissipation and ruin by the power of music? It was no peculiar depravity of taste which ruined that boy, once the pride and hope of his house—it was the ennui of home. Let that sister as she sits lonely by the evening lamp remember the former days, when her brother sat by her side. Active and restless, soon wearied with quiet books and talk, his impatient nature demanded something to break the monotony of the long evenings. Then that sister should have subdued him with music; then she should have left the pleasant book which had no allurements for him; she should have listened to the plea for his favorite airs, however little they harmonized with her own feelings, and who knows but she might have charmed him to home and virtue forever.

PECULIARITIES DUE TO HEREDITARY TRANSMISSION.

THE marked differences existing between the different races of mankind are so obvious as to be made apparent to the most casual observer. These are not confined to wide stretches of latitude, where, by reason of diversity of climate, temperature, and other surrounding circumstances, they may reasonably be expected; but are found in the same latitudes, and, apparently, under precisely similar circumstances. That the native African, Asiatic, European, and American should present these characteristics in so eminent a degree as never to be mistaken is not surprising; but that not only the inhabitants of each country in Europe, living apparently under like conditions, but those of each small district, should bear about them an identity by means of which their localities may be as-

signed with tolerable certainty, is both surprising and curious.

We recognize at a glance the German, the Scotchman, the Frenchman, and the Englishman; nor do we with less certainty define the birth-place of the native of New England, the Middle States, the South, or the West, among the native-born citizens of the United States. Nay more, we are usually enabled to narrow this down, in country districts, especially, to a very small circuit.

That most of these peculiarities are due to hereditary transmission does not admit of doubt, and yet, so familiar do every-day associations become, that few seem to recognize the blood of the parent coursing through the veins of the child.

One of the most remarkable exemplifications of the effects of this transmission is to be found in the Jewish race. It matters not whether he be born in Hungary, Germany, France, or America, the Jew still bears the characteristic physiognomy of his people.

Nor are the peculiarities of his mind less strongly marked. He is seldom engaged in agriculture, and rarely in mechanical pursuits—has no preference for country life, but delights to dwell in populous towns, where he has either "old clothes to sell," or is busied in exchanging money, or buying and selling securities. He forms but few attachments to the country in which he sojourns, and appears to be always ready to gather his valuables into a small compass, and, with his pilgrim's staff, to start anew upon his journeyings. When it is remembered how large a number of this race are scattered over the civilized world, and how diverse are their circumstances, it becomes obvious that nothing short of the strongest hereditary influence could thus stamp upon them the remarkable individuality that distinguishes them from all other nations.

This hereditary transmission, which tends to give permanence to races, and exercises an immense influence over civilization and the movements of

human affairs, is found to enter into the minutest peculiarities in individual instances. The physical resemblance of the child to the parent is the very first thing that attracts the attention of the by-stander. "How like she is to her mother!" exclaims the friend who for the first time sees a miniature copy, perchance, of a resplendent beauty, developed in the features of a little child.

These transmitted resemblances do not stop at the outlines of features and form, but are discernible in the minutest peculiarities. Plutarch's celebrated case of a family, each member of which bore the semblance of a spear-head upon some part of the body, is not a singular one. There are few who do not recollect, in the list of their acquaintanceship, some case in which defects in the parent have been left as a legacy to the offspring. Every one has heard of the Bourbon nose; and no visitor can fail to mark in the present Queen of England the short, and not particularly graceful, upper lip, which for generations has been the distinguishing physical peculiarity of her family.

A gentleman who once filled the position of a member of the United States Senate informed the writer that he had been enabled to trace back through his progenitors, for nearly two centuries, a peculiar deformity of the toe upon one foot, which was just as manifest in his own person as it had been in that of his earliest ancestor of whom he had any knowledge. The writer is acquainted with a family, living in a neighboring state, in which the grandfather, father and son, are all marked with the same precise deformity of club feet — differing somewhat from the defect as it appears in others, but corresponding in their own case exactly the one to the other.

Sir Walter Scott's novel of the "Red Gauntlet," or bloody hand, is founded upon the transmission of an hereditary peculiarity. In this work he mentions the fact that a family of distinction was known, some of whose members possessed a peculiar conformation of

the muscles of the eyebrow and forehead, which, under the influence of anger, assumed the semblance of a horse-shoe, said to have been implanted upon the visage of an ancestor by a blow from the iron-clad hoof of a steed bestrode by his own father, while lying prostrate on the field of battle, and which terminated his life. The writer is acquainted with a family who have always held a distinguished place in this country, which is said to have derived its ancestry from this very Herries of Birckensworth, in which this peculiarity is still to be seen. He first witnessed this phenomenon in the face of a lady of great intellectuality and personal beauty, which, under the influence of a high degree of anger, suddenly — and apparently without any control on her part — assumed this peculiar expression as plainly as it is said to have done on the forehead of the offspring of Sir Albreck in the tale of "Red Gauntlet." Whether this be a fiction of Sir Walter's, or founded, as is most probable, upon some old family tradition, it is certain that a prototype exists in real life, under circumstances of birth which might easily account for the transmission of the peculiarity. Nor is it impossible for a defect of this kind to be thus transmitted. Blumenbach narrates the case of a man, the little finger of whose right hand was crushed and twisted by an accident, in whom the offspring had right hands with the little finger similarly distorted. This transmission of accidents is rather the exception than the rule; yet cases like Blumenbach's, of which there are several well authenticated on record, show the possibility, remote though it may be, of its occurrence. In a note to "Red Gauntlet," Scott narrates the case of a lady of quality, whose father was long under sentence of death, upon the back of whose neck was impressed the mark of an executioner's axe; and another, a number of whose immediate ancestors had been killed in battle, who bore upon her person what appeared to be gouts of blood.

The hereditary transmission of certain diseases — as consumption, scrofula, and gout — is well known, nor is the influence of parentage upon longevity of less general acceptance. Indeed, this influence is so well recognized, that it is the invariable practice of Life Insurance offices to ascertain the comparative longevity of the ancestors of the person upon whose life insurance is sought, and to predicate their estimate of probable life, in part, upon the information thus elicited.

But the most peculiar characteristic of hereditary influence is its capacity to transmit moral qualities, or traits peculiar to the mind. In this mode evil propensities are frequently made to pass from parent to child, through a long lineage, literally verifying the language of Holy Writ, which declares that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation. The transmissibility of the vices of intemperance and gaming are proverbial, nor is development of those departures from rectitude by which society is outraged less obvious. Every institution in which the children of parents depraved in character are admitted, has its record of cases in which the child, although freed from the corrupting influence, has ultimately developed the bad traits which distinguished the father, and finally become his companion in infamy. Our police records bear a melancholy testimony to the transmissibility of a disposition to crimes of a particular class, and too frequently record the sentence of father and son, or mother and daughter, for the same offense.

It may be asked why all children are not invested with the vices or virtues of their parents. The reply, which is significant, is that it does not usually happen that both parents are depraved alike, and that the hereditary influence of the one is neutralized by that of the other.

The law of variation which here interposes, and implants a portion of the characteristics of both father and

mother upon their children, is a most salutary one; and if, as is usually the case, the characteristics of the parent be opposite, it gives character to the individual, and energy to the race. It is doubtless to this intermixture of races, in which the blood of the ancient Celts has become blended with that of their Saxon and Norman conquerors, that the indomitable energy of the English people and their descendants in the United States is mainly to be attributed.

GOODRICH'S BRAIN-WORKS AND ITS EFFECTS.

I shall not weary you with a detail of my proceedings at this busy and absorbed period of my life. I had now obtained a humble position in literature, and was successful in such unambitious works as I attempted. I gave myself up almost wholly for about four years — that is, from 1828 to 1832 — to authorship, generally writing fourteen hours a day. A part of the time I was entirely unable to read, and could write but little, on account of the weakness of my eyes. In my larger publications, I employed persons to block out work for me; this was read to me, and then I put it into style, generally writing by dictation, my wife being my amanuensis. Thus embarrassed, I still, by dint of incessant toil, produced five or six volumes a year, mostly small, but some of larger compass. In the midst of these labors, that is, in the spring of 1832, I was suddenly attacked with symptoms, which seemed to indicate a disease of the heart, rapidly advancing to a fatal termination. In the course of a fortnight I was so reduced as not to be able to mount a pair of stairs without help, and a short walk produced palpitation of the heart, which in several instances almost deprived me of consciousness. There seemed no hope but of turning my back upon my business, and seeking a total change of scene and climate.

In May I embarked for England, and after a few weeks reached Paris. I here applied to Baron Larroque, who, assisted by L'Herminies, both eminent specialists in diseases of the heart, subjected me to various experiments, but without the slightest advantage. At this period I was obliged to be carried up stairs, and never ventured to walk or ride alone, being constantly subject to nervous spasms, which often brought me to the verge of suffocation.

Despairing of relief here, I returned to London, and was carefully examined by Sir B. C. Brodie. He declared that I had no organic disease, that my difficulty was nervous irritability; and that, whereas the French physicians had interdicted wine, and required me to live on a light vegetable diet, I must feed well upon good roast beef, and take two generous glasses of port with dinner! Thus encouraged, I passed on to Edinburgh, where I consulted Abercrombie, then at the height of his fame. He confirmed the views of Dr. Brodie, in the main, and regarding the irregularities of my vital organs as merely functional, still told me that, without shortening my life, they would probably never be wholly removed. He told me of an instance in which a patient of his, who, having been called upon to testify before the committee of the House of Commons, in the trial of Warren Hastings, from mere embarrassment, had been seized with palpitation of the heart, which, however, continued till his death, many years after. Even this somber view of my case was then a relief. Four and twenty have passed since that period, and thus far my experience has verified Dr. Abercrombie's prediction. These nervous attacks pursue me to this day, yet I have become familiar with them only as troublesome visitors; I receive them patiently, and bow them out as gently as I can.

After an absence of six months I returned to Boston, and by the advice of my physician took up my residence in the country. I built a house at

Jamaica Plain, four miles from the city, and here I continued for more than twenty years. My health was partially restored, and I resumed my literary labors, which I continued, steadily, from 1833 to 1850, with a few episodes of lecturing and legislating, three voyages to Europe, and an extensive tour to the south. It would be tedious and unprofitable to you, were I even to enumerate my various works, produced from the beginning to the present time. I may sum up the whole in a single sentence. I am the author and editor of about one hundred and seventy volumes, and of these seven millions have been sold! — *Recollections of a Life-time.*

WELCOME TO SPRING.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

Welcome to Spring with her lap-full of flowers,

Heaven has sent her to gladden the earth;
Beautiful sunshine and soft genial showers,
Bless the sweet life that she brings into birth.

Welcome to Spring! Farewell to old Winter!

Let him go back to his northern home;
Thanks for the health and the vigor he brought us,
But brief be our parting, for Spring has come.

Welcome to Spring! sing the birds in the green wood:

Welcome! oh, welcome! the bees in the flowers:

Welcome! the lambkins that sport on the hill-side:

Welcome! the children that dance in the bowers.

Welcome! are shouting the lads in the corn-fields,

Happy in guiding the furrowing plow:

Welcome! comes up from the hearts of the lasses,

Whose cheeks with the kisses of spring are a-glow.

Welcome! speak softly the sick and the aged,

Who drink the sweet breath of the spring floating in;

Bring flowers and give them, mayhap they'll not tarry

To welcome the coming of spring-time again!

THE MANNERS OF THE MOTHER MOLD THE CHILD.

THERE is no disputing this fact; it shines in the face of every little child. The coarse, brawling, scolding woman, will have vicious, brawling, fighting children. She who cries on every occasion, "I'll box your ears — I'll slap your jaws — I'll break your neck," is known as thoroughly through her children as if her unwomanly manners were openly displayed in the public streets!

These remarks were suggested by the conversation, in an omnibus—that noble institution for the student of men and manners—between a friend and a schoolmaster. Our teacher was caustic, mirthful and sharp. His wit flashed like the polished edge of a diamond, and kept the "buss" in a "roar." The entire community of insiders—and whoever is intimate with these conveyances can form a pretty good idea of our numbers—inclusive of the "one more" so well known to the fraternity, "turning their heads, eyes and ears one way, and finally our teacher said:

"I can always tell the mother by the boy. The urchin who draws back with doubled fists, and lunges at his playmate if he looks at him askance, has a very questionable mother. She may feed him and clothe him, cram him with sweetmeats and coax him with promises, but if she gets mad, she fights. She will pull him by the jacket; she will give him a knock in the back; she will drag him by the hair; she will call him all sorts of wicked names, while passion plays over her red face in lambent flames that curl and writhe out at the corners of her eyes.

"And we never see the courteous little fellow, with smooth locks and gentle manners, in whom delicacy does not detract from courage or manliness but we say 'that boy's mother is a true lady.' Her words and her ways are soft, loving and quiet. If she re-

proves, her language is, 'my son;' not 'you little wretch,' 'you plague of my life,' 'you torment,' 'you scamp!' She hovers before him as a pillar of light before the wandering Israelites, and her beams are reflected in his face.

"To him the word mother is synonymous with every thing pure, sweet and beautiful. Is he an artist? In after life, the face that with holy radiance shines on his canvas, will be the mother's face. Whoever flits across his path with sunny smiles, and soft, low voice, will bring mother's image freshly to his heart. 'She is like my mother,' will be the highest meed of his praise. Not even when the hair turns silver and the eye grows dim, will the majesty of that life and presence desert him.

"But the ruffian mother—alas! that there are such!—will form the ruffian character of the man. He in his turn will become a merciless tyrant, with a tongue sharper than a two-edged sword; and remembering the brawling and the cuffing, seek some meek, gentle victim for the sacrifice, and make her his wife, with the condition that he shall be master. And master he is, for a few sad years, when he wears a widower's weed, till he finds a victim 'number two.'"

We wonder not there are so many awkward, ungainly men in society—they have all been trained by women who knew not, nor cared for the holy nature of their trust. They have been made bitter to the heart's core, and that bitterness will find vent and lodgment somewhere. Strike the infant in anger, and he will, if he can not reach you, vent his passion by beating the floor, the chair, or any inanimate thing within reach. Strike him repeatedly, and by the time he wears shoes he will have become a little bully, with hands that double for fight as naturally as if especial pains had been taken to teach him the art of boxing.

Mothers, remember that your manners mold your child.—*N. Y. Evang.*

BADLY-CONSTRUCTED WELLS.

THE subject of the following article is so important and so little thought of that we can not refrain from copying it entire from *The Scalpel* :

"The drouths of the past few years have demonstrated to all western people, that they are drinking surface-water, filled with decaying vegetable matter. In the region from which I write, wells were a total failure, drying up wholly in most cases, and in all containing but a mere sediment of water and dirt.

"From a clay-soil, filled with decomposing carbonaceous substances, nothing in the shape of pure water could be expected; the water which falls in rains, as it enters the earth, is filtered through the clay or sand, or both, and deposited in the bottom of the well. The method of stoning up wells in this country is with loose stone or brick, piled upon each other without cement of any kind, and water thus enters at the top of the well, or nearly so. A part of it may filter through the earth a few feet, but even in that case it must carry with it much rotten, decaying filth. Some regions of the West are underlaid with sandstone from ten to fifteen feet under the surface. Artesian wells are cut into these rocks with drills, to great depths in some cases. The water thus obtained is found to be impregnated with lime in most cases, and is unfit for washing. The water of these rock-wells is far purer than wells sunken in the ground only, and loosely stoned up; and in some places the water appears in springs, from under the rocks, the water having filtered through the rocks for some feet, rendering it pure and soft.

"Much observation has satisfied me that these wells, containing only water from the surface, cause fevers. The last few years, fevers have appeared in regions where never before seen; the dry weather having acted on the soil more potently, and rendered it capable of giving off more of its chem-

ical elements to the rain. In many places where nothing like a pond or marsh exists, but in open, cultivated uplands, fever and ague frequently appears. In most clay-soils, a thin slate rock is found under the surface; and in all cases the wall of the well should be laid in water-lime down to this rock, which would oblige the water to filter slowly through the solid earth before reaching the cavity in the rock. This would prevent all water entering directly from the surface after rains.

"Where walls are dug in sand or silex bed, the same process should be adopted in stoning, to prevent the water reaching the well below, until it had passed through a deep bed of gravel to clean and purify it. When the fall rains appear, these wells fill up suddenly, and the water remains in till the dry weather returns again. The water should be drawn or pumped out both spring and fall, and the well thoroughly cleansed, to prevent the accumulation of filth in the bottom. Mud, frogs, rotten vegetable matter, angle-worms, dead mice and toads, snakes, and snipes, are often found in the well-bottom, making a rich and delightful broth for human palates and stomachs. The amount of filth thus drank and taken into the blood and fluids, is absolutely enormous.

"A slight variation in the seasons, with this loose water from the surface, instead of fevers, whole districts of country are swept over by a summer dysentery. Amazed at the providence of God, they rush to their prayers, and clothe in black, and follow their loved ones to their long home. Whole families are sometimes swept off.

"The effect of these dry and wet seasons, and the consequent changes in water and earth, act also upon cattle and hogs. In all flat countries, the dry part of summer reduces the pools and small creeks to mere puddles, and the water in almost all cases, is in a state nearly approaching putrefaction, and yet the cattle are left to drink it for the entire season. A month's use of such water would make any well

man sick; and that cattle and hogs are also affected, is apparent to any one. The beef and pork made from cattle and hogs, that drink such water, is by no means wholesome. It will in many cases produce fevers, diarrheas, erysipelas, and boils and eruptions of the skin of a most obstinate nature. I have frequently had to forbid pork and beef to children where the fingers, hands, arms, and feet, and legs, are covered with white blisters filled with matter. Some systems will clear the blood by putting forth boils; and others again retain the poison, which acts slowly on the blood, destroying its vitality, and sinking the health of the patient, till consumption finally closes up the scene. Whole districts where hogs are kept, show this sickly condition among them; they often have regular ague, and die of chills, as a man would die from the same cause.

"May I call the attention of your readers to another momentous fact? Cattle in the western states are known to be affected by a disease called *trembles*; it is nothing more than the *ague*, and is fatal to the constitution of the animal. Cattle not known to be affected with it, are chased by horse-men, till the disease shows itself in fits of trembling; that is, the creature is worried till the cold stage, or chill comes on. The ox or cow may appear perfectly well, and yet the miasm be lurking in his system, tainting his blood and poisoning his flesh. Milk from such cows, or even butter, can not be either safe or wholesome. That much sickness comes from such food, is sure. Persons living in miasmatic districts, will retain the poison, or miasm, for a long time in the blood, and finally a change of air, or over-work, will bring out the disease. That the same occurs with cattle, is apparent enough. Beef from such cattle is sure to enter a state of decomposition, and make sick the persons who use it. Just mark one fact; during sickly seasons, when fatal fevers prevail, cities are greatly plagued to keep pork and

beef from spoiling, and are led to think of bad salt and bad packing. The truth is, that the beef in most cases, is prepared to spoil when killed, and does spoil in spite of all efforts. Fish even seem to partake of this putrefactive state. During the year 1800 and onward, when yellow fever visited New York and New-England, beef, pork, and fish spoiled in great quantities. During those years, Norfolk and Portsmouth, in Virginia, were desolated by fever. Every thing in the way of food seemed disposed to putrefy. Some fish spoiled in New-Hartford, and were thrown out in the street, and the whole region was stricken with fatal fever. Potatoes rotted in wagons, while on the way to market. When such conditions prevail in animal and vegetable life, we may be sure that attention to water, and diet, and air, is indispensable. Some German soldiers, encamped on a dry, white, silex plain, thought they were secure. A fatal fever swept them off by thousands. A few feet below the surface, water was found, which appeared pure, but the chemical action of heat and moisture in pure sand was sufficient to produce fatal fevers. Napoleon's soldiers on the rapid Guadalquivir, in Spain, were using water from vast pools in the bed of the river. They died rapidly, yet the water was clear and apparently pure, but charged with death from rotten vegetable matter. If this be so on the course of rapid rivers, it must be worse on rivers in low countries.

"In the west, on flat soils, mill-dams are raised and set often back ten or twenty miles. This invariably produces suits in courts for removal of the dams, under the charge that they produce sickness. Senator Wade states that he has tried, while Judge, many of these suits, and the facts are uniform, showing that so much matter taken up by the water, poisons it, and the water seems to give off a vapor lighter than air, which often rises to a height above the river. The sickness is often confined to the higher parts of

the town, while on the rivers less sickness prevails. If heat and light act on water charged with decomposing matter so as to impregnate the air with the poison, it is very clear that the use of water in that condition would induce sickness in man or beast.

"Let us in closing draw a few conclusions from these facts. This miasm from air and water may remain in the human blood for years and not act; persons coming from sickly, fever regions, often remain well, till some over-work, change in air, or accouchement suddenly reveals the presence of the enemy in the system. If this be true, cattle are liable to the same law, and nothing will quicker induce its action than hunger, fatigue, and thirst. Cattle are consequently injured and rendered sickly by this very process, in carrying them over a large space in crowded cars. Though well when started for market, they are, by long rides, a crowded air, hunger and thirst, and fatigue, rendered sickly and unfit for eating. Stations should be organized along every mail route, where, at easy distances, the cattle and hogs can be rested, fed, and watered. The truth of these suggestions can be verified by observing the condition of cattle and hogs, when landed from cars before entering market. The supply of proper arrangements must yet become a subject of legislative interference."

OUR OLD GRANDMOTHER.

THERE is an old kitchen somewhere in the past, and an old-fashioned fireplace therein, with a smooth old jamb stone; smooth with many knives that have been sharpened there—smooth with many little fingers that have clung there. There are andirons, with rings in the tops, wherein many temples of flame have been built, with spires and turrets of crimson. There is a broad, worn hearth; broad enough for three generations to cluster on: worn by feet that have been torn

and bleeding by the way, or been made "beautiful" and walked upon floors of tessellated gold.

There are tongs in the corner, wherewith we grasp a coal, and "blowing for a little life," lighted our first candle. There is a shovel, wherewith were drawn the glowing embers, in which we saw our first fancies, and dreamed our first dreams; with which we stirred the logs until the sparks rushed up the chimney as if a forge was in blast below, and wished we had so many lambs, or so many marbles, or so many somethings that we coveted; and so it was we wished our first wishes.

There is a chair—a low, rush-bottomed chair: there is a little wheel in the corner, a big wheel in the garret, a loom in the chamber. There are chestfuls of linen and yarn, and quilts of rare patterns, and samples in frames.

And everywhere and always the dear old wrinkled face of her whose firm, elastic steps mocks the feeble saunter of her children's children—the old-fashioned grandmother of twenty years ago. She, the very providence of the old homestead; she who loved us all, and wished there were more of us to love, and took all the children in the hollow for grandchildren, besides. A great expansive heart was hers, beneath that woolen gown, or that more stately bombazine, or that sole heir-loom of siken texture.

We can see her to-day, those mild, blue eyes, with more beauty in them than time could touch, or death do more than hide—those eyes that held both smiles and tears within the faintest call of every one of us, and soft reproof that seemed not passion but regret. A white tress has escaped from beneath her snowy cap; she has just restored a wandering lamb to its mother; she lengthened the tether of a vine that was straying over a window, as she came in, and plucked a four leaved clover for Ellen. She sits down by the little wheel—a tress is running through her fingers from the

distaff's head, when a small voice cries, "Grandma!" from the old red cradle, and "Grandma!" Tommy shouts from the top of the stairs. Gently she lets go the thread, for her patience is almost as beautiful as her charity; and she touches the little red bark a moment till the young voyager is in a dream again, and then directs Tommy's unavailing attempt to harness the cat.

The tick of the clock runs low, and she opens the mysterious door, and proceeds to wind it up. We are all on tip-toe, and we beg in a breath, to be lifted up one by one and look in the hundredth time upon the tin cases of the weights, and the poor lonely pendulum, which goes to and fro by its little dim windows, and our petitions were all granted, and we are lifted up, and we all touch with the finger the wonderful weights, and the music of the wheel is resumed.

Was Mary to be married, or Jane to be wrapped in a shroud? So meekly did she fold the white hands of the one upon her still bosom, that there seemed to be a prayer in them there; and so meekly did she wreath the white rose in the hair of the other, that one would not have wondered, had more roses budded for company. How she stood between us and apprehended harm; how the rudest of us softened beneath the gentle pressure of her faded and tremulous hand! From her capacious pocket that hand was ever withdrawn closed, only to be opened in our own, with the nuts she had gathered, with the cherries she had plucked, the little egg she had found, the "turn-over" she had baked, the trinket she had purchased for us as the product of her spinning, the blessing she had stored us—the offspring of her heart!

What treasures of story fell from those old lips of good fairies and evil; of the old times when she was a girl; but we wondered if ever—but then she couldn't be handsomer or dearer—if she was ever little. And then when we begged her to sing;

"Sing us one of the old songs you used to sing to mother, grandma."

"Children, I can't sing," she always said; and mother used to always lay her knitting softly down, and kitten stopped playing with the yarn on the floor, and the clock ticked lower in the corner, the fire died down to a glow, like an old heart that is neither chilled nor dead, and grandmother sang. To be sure it would not do for the parlor and concert-room now-a-days; but then it was the kitchen and the old-fashioned grandmother, and the old ballad, in the dear old times, and we can hardly see to write for old memory of them, though it is a hand's-breadth to the sunset.

Well, she sang. Her voice was feeble and wavering, like a fountain that is just ready to fall; but then how sweet-toned it was, and it became deeper and stronger, but it could not grow sweeter. What "joy of grief" it was to sit round the fire, all of us, excepting Jane, and we thought we saw her when the door was opened a moment by the wind; but then we were not afraid: for was it not her old smile she wore? To sit there around the fire, and weep over the woes of the babes in the woods, who laid down side by side in the great solemn shadows; and how strangely glad we felt when the robin redbreast covered them with leaves, and last of all when the angel took them out of the night into day everlasting.

We may think what we will of it now, but the song and story heard around the kitchen fire have colored the thoughts and lives of most of us; have given us the germs of whatever poetry blesses our hearts; whatever of memory blooms in our yesterdays. Attribute whatever we may to the school and the schoolmaster, the rays which make the little day we call life, radiate from the God-swept circle of the hearthstone.

Then she sings an old lullaby she sang to mother—her mother sang it to her—but she does not sing it through, and falters ere it is done.

She rests her head upon her hands, and it is silent in the old kitchen. Something glitters down between her fingers in the firelight, and it looked like rain in the soft sunshine. The old grandmother is thinking when she first heard the song, and the voice that sang it; when a light-haired and light-hearted girl, she hung round that mother's chair, nor saw the shadows of the years to come. Oh! the days that are no more! What words unsay, what deeds undo, to set back the ancient clock of time!

So our little hands were forever clinging to her garments, and staying her as if from dying, for long ago she had done living for herself, and lived alone in us. But the old kitchen wants her presence to-day, and the rush-bottomed chair is tenantless.

How she used to welcome us when we were grown, and came back once more to the homestead. We thought we were men and women, but we were children there; the old-fashioned grandmother was blind in the eyes, but she saw her heart as she always did. We threw our long shadows through the open door, and she felt them as they fell over her form, and she looked dimly up and said:

"Edward I know, and Lucy's voice I can hear, but whose is that other? It must be Jane's!"—for she had almost forgotten the folded hands. "Oh, no! not Jane's, for she—let me see—she is waiting for me, isn't she?" And the old grandmother wandered and wept.

"It is another daughter, grandmother, that Edward has brought for your blessing."

"Has she blue eyes, my son? Put her hand in mine, for she is my late born, the child of my old age. Shall I sing you a song, children?" And she is idly fumbling for a toy, a welcome gift for the children that have come again.

One of us, men as we thought we were, is weeping; she hears the half-suppressed sobs, and she says, as she extends her feeble hand, "Here, my

child, rest upon your grandmother's shoulder; she will protect you from all harm."

"Come, children, sit around the fire again. Shall I sing you a song, or tell you a story? Stir the fire, for it is cold; the nights are growing colder."

The clock in the corner struck nine, the bedtime of those old days. The song of life was indeed sung, the story told. It was bedtime at last. Good-night to the grandmother. The old-fashioned grandmother was no more, and we miss her forever. But we will set up a tablet in the midst of the heart, and write on it only this:

"Sacred to the memory of the old-fashioned grandmother. God bless her forever!"

PROVOKED NOT YOUR CHILDREN.

DUTIES are reciprocal. If children owe duties to parents, parents owe duties to children. We say "children ought to obey their parents." It is equally true that parents *ought* to govern their children in the fear of God. This, we suspect, is very often forgotten. Parents expect that children will be willing and obedient. They forget that God expects they will govern in wisdom and goodness, with a view to secure the best interests of the child. Many a parent stands wondering at the disobedience, the anger, the obstinacy of the child. Could he read that child's thoughts, he would see equal wonder at the unreasonableness, the severity, the injustice of the parent. Heart answers to heart.

If the body is fearfully and wonderfully made, the mind and the heart are much more so. The adaptation of bone to bone, the arrangement of muscles and sinews, the contrivances to send the blood to the remotest part of the system and bring it back again to the heart, the whole arrangement of this complicated system which we call the body, is truly both wonderful

and fearful. But look at the human heart, with its hopes and its fears, its memory of the past and its thoughts for the future, its capacity for joy or suffering, its principles that grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength, its susceptibility of influence, and we have something more wonderful, more delicate, more fearful still. Yet this is the instrument put into the hands of the parent to tune, so that it may be harmonious to the praise of God, not only in time, but throughout eternity. It is a solemn charge, under which the mightiest and the best may well tremble. Eagerly should we look for the least direction in the infallible Word to aid us in this high work.

Wrath is a principle in the human heart. Twice the Apostle enjoins it upon us, as parents, not to provoke this wrath. He speaks of it in such a way as to indicate that it is a very important point in the government of children. It is so, indeed. Men may, as they do, forget it; they may, as they do, go on, and either from ignorance, or indifference, or love of ease, continue to provoke anger in those little ones of whom they are the sole protectors; but the deed is not good, and it will yield bitter fruit.

Anger is usually called forth by that which is wrong, either in manner or in fact. Take a very common case. A child is guilty of a fault. The parent corrects in anger. There is a real fault. The child deserves correction. But the spirit in which it is given makes a world-wide difference in the effect of that correction. Instead of looking at the matter calmly, and correcting the child because it is right, the parent becomes angry, and under the influence of this feeling proceeds to correction. What is the effect? The child might have been convinced of his fault. He might have been humbled and ashamed. But now, anger in the parent calls forth anger in the child. The attention is turned away from the fault, to the spirit that is exhibited in correcting it. Instead of shame, there is a feeling of justification. Instead of submission

—rebellion. Persons often wonder that they correct a child so much, and teach so much, and yet see so little apparent effect. The reason is they teach and correct in anger.

Injustice calls forth anger. Children are as quick in perceiving injustice, and feel it as keenly, as adults. Children are not the ignorant beings many suppose. In many things they have not to wait the slow progress of experience in order to learn. There are first principles — principles that seem to be intuitive in man; and these exist in the child as well as in the man. The sense of right and wrong is such a principle. You can scarce find a child so young but he feels that certain things are right, and certain other things are wrong; and that not only in relation to himself, but to others. If punished for a fault, he submits. But, if punished without a fault, or with undue severity, he resents it as a wrong.

Partiality is another cause of anger. But we need not proceed with the enumeration. It is sufficient to call the attention to the fact, that generally it is something wrong, either in the spirit or in the judgment of the parent, that produces this anger. But what an exhibition is this to place before a young immortal! Right, wrong. There is an essential, a radical difference between the two, and between the effects that flow from them. Right is in accordance with the will of God, and its effects must always be happy. This is true in the smallest matters. Wrong is contrary to the will of God, and its effects are always disastrous. But how exceedingly disastrous are the effects, when wrong is brought to bear as an influence upon the young! Not only are they peculiarly susceptible of influence, but they learn far more from example than from precept. They may not heed words, but they never fail to catch the spirit which those around them breathe. The Apostle, in the warning, directs the attention of parents especially to their own spirit. They who handle rare and delicate

vases must be men of skill and of great care. How much wisdom, and skill, and gentleness, and firmness are required in those who are to make the impress upon a human soul, and train it up for immortality!

We mention but one more reason why we should not provoke children to anger, viz., lest they should be discouraged. It is not only possible, but easy, to crush a child so that he will not put forth any effort. This is true in regard to intellectual efforts. A child may become so disheartened that he will not try to learn. He can also become so discouraged that he will not try to be good. Only find fault constantly, only fail to notice any thing praiseworthy, and fix the attention on what deserves blame, and he will cease to try to be better. This is a sad case. Hope in the human mind is the great incentive to exertion. Take away hope, and man sits down inactive, idle—a prey to gloomy thoughts and corroding fears. Take away from a child the hope of encouragement from parents, and he becomes listless and indifferent, if not positively vicious. We ourselves escape the pollutions of the world only through the great and precious promises of the gospel. How much more does the little child need sympathy, encouragement! — *Mother's Magazine*.

WORRYING THE ANGELS.

"MAMMA, don't it worry the angels to see you fretting about so?"

It was a blue-eyed, curly-haired "little Georgie," who said this to his mother, as she entered the room where he was playing, with the same impatient step, and anxious frowning eye, which all that morning he had observed in wonder and silence.

"Why, Georgie! what ever put that thought in your head?" the mother answered, taken by surprise.

"O nothing—I guess. It just happened there as I was thinking what a beautiful morning it was, and how

everything seemed to be smiling except you, mamma, and you looked so troubled. Was it naughty to say so?"

"Not at all, my dear; I was the naughty one; but do you know why I have felt so fretful and troubled this morning?"

"Yes; I heard you say that uncle, and aunt, and Mrs. Cheever, and a young lady, were to come in the noon train, and that your wood was poor, and there was no rice at the grocery, and Hannah had gone off to the circus, besides. I suppose, as pa says sometimes, you are in a peck of trouble, ain't you, mamma?"

"Why, Georgie, I did think so; but since you have come to name it over, and specify the causes of my trouble, they seem rather small after all."

"Well, that is just what I thought, only that I didn't know that I ought to say so. But it seems to me that such things must look so trifling to them—the angels, I mean, mamma, if they can see our actions—and as if it must worry them to see us so unhappy about trifles."

"They are trifles, darling—the least of trifles. And a big, grown woman, like me, ought to be ashamed to make myself miserable the whole afternoon for them, turning the brightness of this glorious spring morning into clouds and gloom. Now, Georgie, have I scolded myself enough?"

"Well, I should think you had, mamma. Your forehead don't scowl as it did. But I wish I could help you. I can stone the raisins, and peel the pie-plant, and wash the potatoes, and flour the tins for you to bake, and what else can I do?—something, I guess?"

And Georgie rolled up his apron-sleeves, and went to work with a will.

Georgie's mother, too! The change that had come upon her countenance was but the reflection of her brightened spirit within, and though she might not regard the idea of "angels worrying" in precisely the same light as her sensitive little boy, it lifted her

thoughts from the turbid current of household vexation into nobler channels. And when, at one o'clock, she seated her guests at her neatly-spread table, and helped them to nice juicy ham of her own curing, the well-cooked vegetables, snowy bread, and delicate rhubarb pie, no one would have imagined she had been half the morning ready to shed tears for the want of beef-steak and a little rice or tapioca. Would that all the Marthas of our land might learn the secret of true household nobleness.

GLOVED TO DEATH.

THERE are many almost inappreciable sappers of our life, any one of which might be in operation for a long time without causing any alarming condition of the system; but when a multitude of these are at work, critical symptoms appear with alarming rapidity. The purest water will become putrid, if allowed to stagnate. The purest air from the ocean or the poles, if kept still, becomes corrupt in the cleanliest habitation in the land, and the healthiest blood in the system begins in a moment to die, if for a moment it is arrested in its progress through the system. In either of these cases, of fresh water, of pure air, and healthy blood, corruption is the inevitable result of stagnation. To keep them all pure and life-giving, activity of motion is a physical necessity. Whatever tends to arrest or impede the flow of the blood through the body, does in that same proportion inevitably engender disease; any other result is physically impossible, because impure blood is the foundation or an attendant of all sickness.

Very recently, a New Yorker purchased a pair of boots, but they fitted so tightly that he was compelled to take them off before night, but they caused his death within forty-eight hours.

The most unobservant know that cold feet and hands are uniform symptoms in those diseases which gradually wear our lives away. The cause of these symptoms is a want of circulation. The blood does not pass to and from the extremities with facility. Nine-tenths of our women, at least in cities and large towns, have cold feet or hands, or both; hence, not one in a hundred is healthy. It is at our feet and hands that we begin to die, and last of all the heart, because, last of all, stagnation takes place there. In the worst cases of disease, the physician is hopeful of recovery, as long as he can keep the extremities warm: when that cannot be done, hope dies within him. It needs no argument to prove that a tight glove prevents the free circulation of blood through the hands and fingers. It so happens, that the very persons who ought to do everything possible to promote the circulation of the blood, are those who most cultivate tight gloves, to wit: the wives and daughters who have nothing to do but dress; or rather, do nothing but dress; or to be critically accurate, who spend more time in connection with dressing, than on all other objects together, not including sleep. No man or woman born has any right to do a deliberate injury to the body for a single hour in the day; but to do it day after day, for a lifetime, against the lights of science and common sense, is not wise. We may wink at it, glide over it, talk about this being a free country, that it is ridiculous for a doctor to dictate whether a glove shall be worn tight or loose, but the effect won't be laughed or scorned away, for whatever is done which impedes the circulation of the blood, is done wrongfully against our bodies, and will be as certain of injurious results, as the hindering of any law, physical or physiological. Every grain of sand must be taken care of, or the universe would dash to atoms; and so with the little things of the body.

—*Hall's Journal of Health*

MONTHLY DIGEST OF NEWS.

THE Inauguration of the fifteenth President of the United States has been the event of the last month. Large crowds had assembled in Washington to witness these ceremonies, so that the Capitol on the fourth of March must have presented an animated appearance. The procession started for the Capitol about noon. It was very long, and presented a beautiful appearance. The military of the district and our community were represented. Messrs. BUCHANAN and BRECKENRIDGE rode in an open carriage, surrounded by the Keystone Club, preceded by the military, and a representation by a lady of the goddess of Liberty mounted on a high platform, drawn by six horses, and followed by a model of a ship-of-war of considerable size, made by the mechanics of the Washington navy yard. Then followed the various clubs, engine companies, etc. James Buchanan reached the Capitol about 1 p. m., and proceeded to deliver his Inaugural Address. The crowd was tremendous, and the cheering very enthusiastic. Twenty-four military companies, seven clubs and associations, and several fire companies participated in the procession. The oath was administered to Mr. Buchanan after the reading of the Inaugural. It is said that the Inauguration Ball resulted in a loss of \$3,000 to the managers. Does this prove that political dancing is at a discount?

Mrs. Pierce was so ill that she was obliged to be carried from the White House to that of Mr. Marcy. Ex-President Pierce went South immediately for the benefit of her health. It would appear that the duties of the White House rest quite as onerously upon its mistress as upon him who bears the honors of chief magistrate of the nation. The wife of our last President came home to exchange the noise of the Capitol for the stillness of the shadowy tomb. But Mr. Buchanan comes alone to the proprietorship of the White House, and may perhaps sustain his single blessedness at the head of a nation with the same complete strength and unflinching dignity with which Queen Elizabeth carried hers through her long reign.

THE Hon. Charles Sumner took his seat in the Senate for a single day, amid the warm greetings of his friends; and, though still so feeble as to be able to sit up only for a short period at a time, he was able to vote on several important questions. On his return to New York he set sail immediately for Europe. A large crowd attended him on board the steamer *Fulton*, and a salute of thirty guns was fired in his honor.

DR. ELISHA KENT KANE died in Havana on the 16th of February. His body was em-

balmed and sent to his home in Philadelphia, by way of New Orleans, being received with funeral honors in the cities through which it passed. In Baltimore the funeral procession was a most imposing affair. There was an immense turn out of citizens, and the escort was composed of several military companies, the free masons, the fire department, the German societies, many officers of the army and navy, the mayor and common council, the medical profession, and our civic bodies followed the funeral car. The coffin was enveloped in the American flag. The stores in the streets through which the procession passed were closed, and many of them draped in mourning. The bells of the city were tolled, and minute guns fired from Federal Hill. The body was taken to the immense hall of the Medical Institute, which was handsomely draped with black catafalque, and placed in the center of the hall, guarded by soldiers. Thousands of citizens visited it. The funeral took place in Philadelphia on Thursday the 12th of March. A committee of the New York common council were present as guests of the city. Philadelphia appropriated one thousand dollars for the obsequies. The body was escorted from Baltimore by the first troop of calvary of Washington Guards acting as honor. The flags on the public buildings and shipping in port were at half-mast and draped with crape, and the stores along the route were closed, while the pavements were thronged with orderly spectators. There was a large imposing military display. The procession started from the Independent Hall at noon, the body being borne by the crew of the Advance. The civic portion of the procession included the faculty and students of colleges, the High School, fire department, odd fellows, the St. George and St. Andrew's societies, Thistle societies, and the Scotch Legion in citizen dress, bearing the flag of the Pennsylvania regiment when in Mexico. The civic portion of the procession was thirty minutes passing a given point. The State House bells and church bells were tolled during the passage of the procession. It is long since a private citizen of the United States has died so much lamented.

CONGRESS.—The thirty-fourth Congress closed its session on the third of March. In the House the report of the Corruption Investigating committee was received, recommending the expulsion of Messrs. Welsh of Conn., Gilbert, Edwards, and Matteson of N. Y. While the report was under discussion, a defense from Mr. Gilbert was read, in which he makes his statement of the book business, protesting entire innocence in fact and intention, and made a speech, charging

that injustice had been done him, and resigning his seat, after which the resolutions in relation to him were tabled. Mr. Matteson adopted the same course, but was less fortunate, the resolutions of the committee passing, one hundred and forty-five to seventeen. The cases of Messrs. Welch and Edwards then came up; the latter resigned, and the former was acquitted.

As nearly as ascertained, the following are among the most important acts that have passed both Houses: An act appropriating \$75,000 a year, for ten years, to aid the Atlantic telegraph; all the regular appropriation bills; the bill amending the tariff; the bill providing for an overland mail from the Mississippi to San Francisco; the bill authorizing Minnesota to form a State Government; the bill increasing the pay of army officers, with an amendment, giving General Scott the pay refused to him by Secretary Davis; the fortification bill; the post route bill; amendments to the civil appropriation bill, granting \$1,000,000 for the construction of water works in Washington, and \$500,000 for a new dome to the Capitol.

Chief Justice Taney delivered the opinion of the United States Court, in the Dred Scott case. The points decided are, that Scott is not a citizen; that he was not manumitted by being taken by his master when a slave into the then territory of Illinois, and that the Missouri Compromise was an act unconstitutionally passed by Congress. Six of the Judges concur in the decision of the Chief Justice. Judges McLean and Curtis dissent.

The Battery in New York will probably disappear before many years. Once it was a delightful promenade, and a healthful and beautiful resort. Now it is used by emigrants, loafers, and vagabonds. A proposition is already before the Common Council to appropriate a portion of the river front to business. Docks have been encroached upon it for years, and ultimately it will have to yield to outside pressure. In that part of the city the business is becoming enormous.

The trial of George Knight, for the murder of his wife, which has been going on in a rural village in Maine, excited so much interest that a daily paper was started for the purpose of reporting it. The court room was crowded chiefly by ladies, who, both young and old, brought knitting, crochet, and sewing work with them, so that the hall presented, aside from the trial, quite a busy appearance.

Rev. Mr. Van Meter, who has been engaged in finding homes for homeless children of New York city in the far west, was on his last trip arrested in Washington, Tazwell county, Illinois, on the charge of bringing papers into the state, and fined one hundred dollars and costs.

KANSAS.—Since our last all has been quiet in Kansas. Gov. Geary vetoed the bill passed by the bogus legislature for taking the census and calling a convention to form a State Constitution, when it was passed over his veto by a unanimous vote. The Governor approved the act declaring resistance to the laws rebellion, and punishable with death. He has altogether vetoed only two bills, and has signed and approved all the others. The legislature adjourned just at daylight, February 21st, after a long night session, during which they passed a concurrent resolution of good will toward Governor Geary, and gave him a friendly call after adjournment.

A LADIES' reading room has been established in New York, and among other things furnished by the polite librarian is a "Suggestion Book," in which the fair visitors are expected to write their requests. The most unanimous suggestion recorded, thus far, is one which asks for a "looking glass in the ladies' room."

FOREIGN NEWS.

On the 16th of February, Napoleon opened the French legislature in person, and delivered a speech which, from its pacific tone, has created general satisfaction in Europe. After reviewing the leading political questions of the day, his Majesty announced that the government had resolved upon a reduction of the national expenditure, and concluded by saying that France, having resumed her rank among the nations of the world, without wounding the rights of others, could now abandon herself in security to the grand rewards of genius and peace.

CHINA.—Dates from Hong Kong to December 30th, state that all the foreign buildings at Canton had been burnt and pillaged. Admiral Seymour had been throwing hot shot into Canton, but at the latest dates had ceased hostilities, and was strengthening his position. The bad feeling against the British was spreading to other ports. It was rumored that the emperor was desirous of peace, but the Cantonese were uncontrollable.

MAD. PFEIFFER.—Madame Ida Pfeiffer arrived at the Cape of Good Hope on the 16th November, where she was well received by the British governor. She designed embarking for Mauritius on the 18th, on a French government steamer, in which a free passage had been tendered her. From Mauritius she will proceed to Madagascar.

CATHARINE FANELLI, who has been passing herself off as a saint, and capable of working miracles, has been condemned by the Inquisition at Rome to twelve years imprisonment.

Ex-Queen Christiana, of Spain, proposes to make Rome her permanent residence, and is purchasing palaces in the city for her sons.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

WHAT WE THINK.

IS it a certain thing with us that we ever think at all? We are sure we have known people who never had an independent thought in all their lives. The whole tone and color of whose opinions, if we may dignify them by such a name, were the reflection of those of some other person, real or imaginary. And should such persons reply truly when inquired of by their models with regard to their ideas on any given subject, they would make answer according to Sterne, "My opinion is — what's your opinion, uncle Toby?" Sometimes these persons select a single individual, to whom they happen to look up with much respect, for their model, and make this person's real or supposed opinions wholly responsible for their own. But more frequently it is the great bugbear of "society" — that society to which they belong, or strive to belong, that gives the tone and color to their thoughts. Gathering their opinions as they do from without, and not from within, such persons must run about a good deal in order to collect their ideas. And when any thing new comes up, they are in great distress, until the decree of that society, to which they trust for their opinions, is promulgated, and settles for them what they are to think about it.

It does not by any means follow that these non-thinkers are not persons of information. Their heads may be as full of facts as Mr. Gradgrind's, but they have never put two of these facts together for the purpose of drawing a conclusion. Indeed they might as well attempt to draw the stones at Balzac from their sandy moorings. The facts they have gathered lie in a heterogeneous and useless mass upon the floor of their craniums. There are no workers there with hands strong enough to build a temple out of them.

They may read volume after volume with the utmost perseverance and relish, and their opinions for the time are apt to float with the current of the books they read. But they are not likely to compare these opinions with one another in order to see whether they coincide or not, so that their mental equilibrium is rarely disturbed by

the conflict of various authors. And so the stream of reading flows on ceaseless and placid, finding no rocks or rapids to disturb its progress. It is only through a naturally vacant and unfurnished mind that such an interminable stream of literature can flow without interruption. The real thinker is constantly throwing a dam across this current, that he may stop and examine the kind of fish that swim in it.

He may not read half the number of volumes that are skimmed through by his complacent and pliable neighbor, and of those he does read perhaps he will retain but little more than this neighbor, but the thoughts he has met have acted as a magnet to draw out the treasure of his own mind, and it is with this treasure that he has been most busied.

It is true that the majority of those who are not accustomed to think are but little given to reading, but this is not true of all. There are some persons even who pride themselves upon possessing more than ordinary gifts of mind, who yet never think at all, or at least not to any good purpose. They may be dreamers, but dreaming is not thinking. Perhaps they are addicted to idle reverie and castle building, which they mistake for thought; but this is a sad mistake. They may be persons of diseased nerves, whose brains and fancies in consequence take a variety of spasmodic hues, as some kinds of fish are said to do in dying, and, carried away by the varied beauty of these spasmodic fancies, they suppose themselves to be persons of genius, and pine with regret that the heartless world has failed to recognize them, when, in reality, they never possessed a thought worthy of recognition in their lives. If they have a fancy for the beauties and vagaries of language, and a little mechanical constructiveness, they may jingle endlessly in rhyme, and, supposing that "words are the signs of ideas," have no thought but that their minds are well stocked with them. But Whipple says that "nothing is more common than to see words without any sign of ideas at all," and this is true of a large amount of this kind of rhyming. And

If by chance a stray idea is thrown up amid the wordy torrent, it is doubtless furnished by a retentive memory, which has been able to garner the thoughts of others, and enables them to appear well in their new dress. Now if these thoughts are well selected, the theft is not so villainous as far as the result is concerned, whatever light it may throw upon the talent of its new wearer. For a good thought never wears out, and will appear well in any dress, and its effect is more important to the world than its authorship. So we do not know but it is even better, if such writers must write, that they should plagiarize skillfully, than that they should sicken the world with maudlin sentiment in the place of thought.

But this is not the class of writers or of mortals that we want. We need good, sober, substantial thinkers, of every grade and capacity; people who draw out and refine the real ore of their own minds, such as they are, instead of pilfering the current tinsel from the popular masquerades of opinion; people who think first, seriously and earnestly about their own business, the every day duties to which they are called, and then give such power and energy as may remain to them to the contemplation of external life. It may be supposed that those who give their minds faithfully and earnestly to their own business, will have little time to think of any thing else, but this is not so; for he who thinks most earnestly, will think most compactly, and arrive at a conclusion, and the action which results from it, in a tenth part of the time that it will take the person whose mind dozes over his business to reach it. These dreaming, dozing people, who rarely trouble themselves to think, are mere machines at their business, having been wound up like a clock when they learned its routine, and swinging on like a pendulum over the same spot from day to day. If they should happen to run down, they must stop and remain at a stand-still until somebody winds them up and sets them going again. How can such a man who is so incapable of thinking of his own affairs, judge of any thing beyond himself? The abstract comes always from the concrete, and we learn to judge most wisely of things in general from the aptness of our attention

to things in particular. The man who exercises the best judgment in the conduct of his affairs, will constantly be drawing from it conclusions that are applicable everywhere, and will be able to judge most wisely of the affairs of his neighbor or of his country. But if every one would do this, and bring all the powers of mind he can summon to bear upon the just and reasonable performance of his own appropriate work, his own clearly marked duties, there would be little need that any one should go out of his immediate business for the judgment and regulation of affairs. Such a state of things would apply a magic oil to the wheels of society and of government, and no one can guess what the result would be.

The woman who attends most earnestly to the proper training of her own children and the regulation of her own household, will thus be enabled to judge most correctly, and above all most charitably, of things around her. If she performs her home duties wisely and well, she will thus be better fitted to perform her social, or external duties in the same way.

We say *fitted*, for if she does not give her attention to these last, she will not perform them, but she can do it, and do it well if she will; and though her home duties are the prior ones, the others are duties none the less; their amount and the time and manner of performing them depending upon the clear indications of Providence in the position in which he has placed us, and the amount of time and energy that is left after home duties are performed. There may be an excessive devotion to the business of home as well as to any other business, but when this consists in an overloading of the table, and an overclothing of the household, it should rather be called home follies than home duties. But perhaps this is not the direction in which feminine failings just now are liable to preponderate.

We think it is clear enough that our first duty is to think for ourselves, and to think about our own business. Our characters depend upon what we think. If a woman thinks wholly of dress and gaiety, her character will be entirely modified and molded by this current of her thoughts. But if she turns her attention toward her inner life, and

the cultivation of substantial virtues in herself and in her household, this aim and direction of her thoughts will stamp upon her the character of a good wife and mother. When a man builds a house, he regards it as a matter of importance, and goes to a distance and looks at it in every point of view, that he may see that each line and column maintains its true bearing and relation to the rest. But we are building up for ourselves a character every day that we live. And it is a temple too; — one which we believe will not crumble with the ruins of this world, but which will remain our monument forever. Is it not worth our while, too, to look at it from every point of view, and make it our chief study, that each line and column bears its proper relation to the rest? And if the stones of which this temple of character is built, are hewn by our thoughts, we should look to it what we think.

Some addled wisacres seem to have adopted the notion that women were not intended for thinking beings, and that a certain degree of silliness is becoming to a lady. They might as well adopt the notion that women have no souls, and that their existence is to end with this world. For if women were not intended for thinking beings, it would be far better to create them without souls than with. What can she do with the responsibility of an immortal spirit who is incapable of thought?

Just in proportion as this notion, or one allied to it, grows popular, will the human race degenerate. For foolish mothers rear foolish sons, and when women adopt the notion that folly is becoming to them, each succeeding generation must necessarily grow worse than the last. If woman was not intended for thought, for earnest, close, and analyzing thought, it is very strange that Providence should have assigned her the portion that he has. There is none so important in the world; and, though it brings under her eye many minute things, yet little things are not necessarily trifles. Are not the pearls and diamonds for which the divers and searchers of the mines suffer so much, minute? And of this important kind are the minutiae of a woman's life, and the mind that looks into them as it should, needs the keenness of the eagle, not the dullness of the sloth.

Mothers, see to it that yourselves and your daughters are trained to correct habits of thought.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

A recent correspondent, "A Subscriber," writes thus:

"We truly congratulate you on your success and prospects, bidding you 'God speed' in your mission of love. May the influence thereby exerted continue to spread far and near, cheering, enlightening, elevating, and beautifying the mind of woman. We sincerely hope that the class you have described in your last number may not be found in the circle of your friends who are favored with the perusal of *THE HOME*. For ourselves, a 'showy literature' is not what we desire, neither the acquisition of that, which will procure a name only among men. We would nourish and cultivate those gifts which a merciful Creator has so kindly bestowed upon us, and open our hearts to the sweet influences of nature, when beauties and wonders are so profusely strewn around and above us, and be led to a proper use of all our faculties, and a just appreciation of all that is lovely and of good report.

"The great Creator has laid open the book of Nature, with its mysterious truths, its beauties, grandeur, and sublimities, together with a transcript of the infinite mind in his revealed will, for us to read and contemplate.

'The heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.'

May we ever be enabled to pursue the path of duty 'which alone is the path of safety.' And while we are reading and contemplating these truths, and the beauties of creation or of nature, may the soul be elevated above this terrestrial scene, and rise as on eagle's wings, in holy admonition, love, and gratitude from nature, up to nature's God.

"Truth, like a beautiful diamond, will sparkle on our brow, will become a shield and breastplate to defend us from the assaults of temptation; and, though obscured for a moment by the poisonous breath of calumny, it will at length shine out with new and resplendent beauty. It is like a guardian angel hovering over us, helping us to

shun any moral danger, and pointing out to us the way to heaven."

Mrs. S. P. G.—Certainly; get us up a club in your place. A little effort will enable you to do this. If our subscribers will each show their numbers to those who will be interested, they may easily get up clubs for us, and perhaps do a substantial service to the interests of our HOME, and those about them. We send specimen numbers to those requesting them; and we hope our friends everywhere will each take a *personal* interest in introducing THE HOME into families where it has not yet found its way, believing, as we do, that they will, when acquainted with it, need no urging to order its continuance as a constant visitor at their firesides.

We are grateful to our friends for the many good words they send us, and we hope they will not flag in their efforts. We certainly shall not in ours.

Mrs. N. K. P.—Your new club is received, and we are obliged to you for your communication, and for your efforts in forming clubs.

Mrs. M. P. A. C.—We regret that your fine article should have been so marred by the type-setters. There is a wide difference between the love of "truth," and the love of "earth." It is a trial to the patience to be made to say such absurd things as we are made to say in print sometimes.

We have received letters from several correspondents proposing to write for us, but sending no specimens. Try your hands upon some useful topic, and see what you can do. We are always glad to receive good communications, but we can not tell whether your writings are valuable or not, until we see them. We know there is much of wisdom and experience stored away in different parts of the country, which if written out would be just the matter we require. Will not our thinking friends write it out for us?

LOCAL.

GEORGE W. HASKINS.—A star has gone out from our galaxy of literary talent, and one which western New York could ill afford to lose. In the death of George W. Haskins, who expired suddenly in this city on the 7th of March, the press has sustained a deep and irreparable loss.

The Albany *Journal* says: "The profession of journalism in this state has lost one of its most accomplished members. It is with sincere sorrow that we announce the demise of George W. Haskins, of Buffalo. As the editor, years ago, of the *Courier*, of that city, as the associate upon the *Democracy*, and later as one of the editors of the Buffalo *Express*, he fairly won the reputation he enjoyed as one of the most graceful, accurate, and pleasing writers connected with the American daily newspaper press. A life of great usefulness and beauty has been suddenly ended at the threshold. He was thirty-two years old."

RECIPES.

APPLE CUSTARD PIES.—Select good sweet apples, such as will cook well; pare, cut fine and stew well. When thoroughly done, stir them briskly until the pieces are all broken fine. Then thin them down to a proper consistency with good milk, and bake with one crust as you would a common custard or pumpkin pie. If you want it richer, one or two eggs may be added.

APPLE CUSTARD.—Pare, core, and slice twelve pippins. Boil a pint of water, with half a pound of loaf sugar, and twelve cloves, and skim. Put the apples in the syrup, and stew them; place them in a deep dish or in custard cups; pour over a quart of custard, and cook them by setting them in a pan of boiling water until the custard forms.

ORANGE CUSTARD.—Boil a Seville orange very tender; take off the rind and beat it to a fine paste. To the remainder of the orange add four ounces of loaf sugar, four eggs well beaten, and a spoonful of brandy. Beat the whole together thoroughly, and then pour gradually in a pint of boiling cream or milk, beating till it is cold, and put it in custard cups. Place the cups in a pan of hot water, and let them remain till they are set.

BIRD'S NEST PUDDING.—Pare and core six or eight good tart apples so as to leave them whole, and place them in a pudding-dish. Take a quart of milk and make a custard with three, six, or nine eggs, as you may wish to have it plain or otherwise, and flour enough to make a very thin batter; pour it

over the apples, and bake till it is done. Eat with sugar or other sauce.

MEAT PATTIES.—Make a plain puff paste, and line your patty tin, which should be rather deep. Chop some cold baked or boiled meat, and fill the tins; roll a bit of butter the size of a small hickory-nut in flour, and place in the center of each. Put in one or two teaspoonfuls of water, according to the depth of the tins, and cover with the paste. Bake for fifteen or twenty minutes, or till done, in a moderate oven. These are very nice eaten cold for luncheon.

OLD BEETS.—These should always be soaked in water over night to take off the earthy taste; wash well and boil from one to two hours according to size. When done drop them into a dish of cold water, and rub off the skins quickly. Slice them into a vegetable dish, and pour over a half teacupful or more of hot vinegar, with butter, salt, and pepper. Send them hot to the table.

FOR INVALIDS.

TOAST WATER.—Cut a slice from a wheat loaf, and toast it slowly until dry, and of a nice light brown color. Put it into a pitcher with a spoonful of loaf sugar, and a little nutmeg if the patient is able to bear it; pour over a pint or more of boiling water, cover it, and let it remain four or five minutes, until cool enough to drink; then pour off the water and use immediately. A few mouthfuls of the toast with or without a little salt or butter, will eat very palatably for those who can bear only very light nourishment.

APPLE WATER.—Roast one or two tart apples nicely, and thoroughly; put them in a pitcher and mash them well; pour on from one to two pints of boiling water, according to the size of the apples, and beat them well together; let it stand to cool, and strain for use. Add loaf sugar if the patient desire it.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LIFE-TIME. By the Author of *PETER PARLEY'S TALES*. New York: MILLER, ORTON & Co.

The life of Peter Parley can not fail to be interesting to the present generation, who have grown up under the influence of his various lessons for the young. Those who have always looked upon Peter Parley as a

gouty old gentleman, will be glad to know what happened to him when he was young. The book is written in an easy, gossiping style, and running back as its story does to the close of the last century and the commencement of the present one, it gives a better view of the changes of sentiment, customs and modes of living in New-England and the country generally, and of the causes of these changes, than any thing we have seen. It will be read everywhere.

HARPER.—The number for March is before us, and contains its usual interesting variety. "Albany Fifty Years ago" is well illustrated; the paper on "Samuel Johnson" is excellent. "Little Dorrit" serves its usual hash, of spices and sauces, and the "Editor's Table" grows better and better. We are half tempted to steal the present one bodily, for we can not help thinking it was intended for the HOME.

THE LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE.—The present number sustains fully the reputation of this popular magazine. The writings of its senior editor, T. S. ARTHUR, are too well known to need comment, and Miss TOWNSEND is winning for herself an enviable reputation by her interesting and useful tales.

GODEY'S LADY BOOK.—For March contains a supply of literary matter and patterns for every thing. We think the magazines as a whole are improving in these days of progress.

THE NEW YORK TEACHER.—This journal well deserves the support of all teachers, and of all others who are interested in the progress of our schools, as those who love their race must be. The first article, by Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY, is one which should claim the attention of parents as well as teachers.

THE WESTERN LITERARY MESSENGER.—Edited by JESSE CLEMENT, and published in this city, comes to us with its old familiar face, solid and substantial as ever. It is one of the oldest of western magazines, and can ask no better proof of its worth than this well sustained vitality.

THE CHRISTIAN BANNER.—Published in Brighton, C. W., is a valuable and well sustained religious journal, and one which should be well sustained and prosperous.

THE HOME:

A Monthly for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

VOL. III.—MAY, 1857.—NO. V.



MRS. EMMA WILLARD.

NO person for the last half century has stood so prominently before the American public as an educator, as the lady whose portrait adorns our page. Mrs. Willard was born in Berlin, Conn., February, 1787. Her father, Samuel Hart, was descended from the old Puritan stock of New England, and her mother traced back her ancestry to the venerable Hooker, who was the founder of the colony of Connecticut. Emma early exhibited great vigor of mind and energy of character, and at the age of sixteen made herself acceptable as the teacher of a district school. She

became enthusiastic in her work, and soon opened a private select school. When eighteen years old, she was invited to take charge of the academy in her native town. Meanwhile she was carrying on her own unfinished education with all the determination of a New England girl, spending the intervals between her summer and winter terms at a young ladies' school in Hartford.

Although still in her teens, the success with which she conducted the academy in Berlin attracted much notice, and procured her many pressing invitations to take charge of similar

institutions in other states. She selected that from Westfield, Mass., and removed thither in 1807. Soon after, yielding to a still more urgent invitation to Middlebury, Vt., she located herself there in charge of a female academy. Her labors were signally prospered, and gave a great impulse to education in that region.

In 1809 Miss Hart was withdrawn from her favorite employment by her marriage with Dr. John Willard, a prominent political leader in Vermont. After a few years, she was persuaded by friends who were unwilling to see her peculiar qualifications as a teacher unemployed, to resume her school at Middlebury, although upon a modified and enlarged plan.

During the leisure of her retirement, she had taken a comprehensive survey of female education as it then existed in this country. She lamented that its claims were so little appreciated by gentlemen of refinement and culture. She saw that while the public were ready to subscribe liberally for the endowment of colleges, they entrusted the training of their daughters to schools local and temporary in their design, and very imperfect in their facilities. Earnestly desiring to see the education of her sex placed upon a higher and more permanent basis, she determined to initiate the movement by establishing an institution of an elevated order, under her own management.

Before entering upon her work, Mrs. Willard prepared herself for it by a course of study, adding to her already superior acquirements, branches with which she was not familiar. She remained at Middlebury five years. Her labors during this period were intermitted. She invented new methods of instruction, and infused the greatest enthusiasm into her pupils. She also took measures for bringing her plans before the public by a printed address. A copy of this falling into the hands of enlightened citizens of Waterford, N. Y., they invited her to remove her institution

to that place. Governor Dewitt Clinton warmly approved her efforts, and noticed them in his annual message. In consequence, an act was passed incorporating a seminary at Waterford, of which Mrs. Willard was invited to take charge. She removed thither in 1819. She enlarged her course of study, and added the higher mathematics, then regarded a most unnecessary and unfeminine accomplishment. Two years after, it was deemed advisable, in consideration of the liberal offers made by the enterprising citizens of Troy, to locate the school permanently in that place. The Troy Female Seminary was now an established institution. Under the wise and efficient conduct of its accomplished founder, it became the leading female seminary in the country, and inaugurated a new era in education.

Mrs. Willard was bereaved of her husband by death in 1825. In 1830 she found her health so much impaired by uninterrupted labor as to require a long rest. She accordingly spent the following winter in Paris, and traveled the next summer in Great Britain. After her return, she published her European observations in a pleasant volume, and gave its proceeds, twelve hundred dollars, to the cause of female education in Greece. This enterprise largely interested her sympathies. She contributed liberally, both means and influence, toward the support of a normal school at Athens, for the education of native teachers, and had the pleasure of witnessing its entire success.

Mrs. Willard relinquished her connection with the Troy Seminary in 1838, and took up her residence in Hartford. Her subsequent life has been one of continued activity. Her published works are numerous and excellent. In historical studies she is well versed, and her various compilations of history for schools enjoy a wide reputation. She has invented two very original and ingenious chronological charts to accompany her favorite study. The most learned and

elaborate of all her compositions, is a "Treatise on the Motive Powers." This is a remarkable work to proceed from a woman, and was very respectfully noticed by European physiologists. In it she takes a comprehensive survey of the various theories which have been propounded respecting the circulation of the blood, and then offers her own hypothesis, viz., that the great motive power of the animal system is "respiration, operated by animal heat."

Mrs. Willard has also a taste for the lighter recreations of literature, as is shown in a little volume of poems, published in 1830; and, had she so chosen, might have cultivated the muses with considerable success.

A work designed for the instruction of the young has just been added to her published works, showing that at her advanced age she still retains the vigor of her faculties, and the enthusiasm of her youth.

PONCE-DE-LEON.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

A NEW world had burst upon the old. Like the birth of some day-dream immortalized in song, and anon clad in the legendary robes of fable, its announcement met the ear with a strange, fascinating power. A new world! a boundless expanse open for the self-consuming, half-suppressed activity of the old.

Columbus was about to embark on his second voyage: excitement and hope prevailed throughout the Spanish domain, till the little stream became a sweeping river, and all the valor and enterprise of daring hearts were made its tributaries. To some domestic circles it was as though the Upas had sprung up in their midst; and to others, the sure realization of the alchemist's golden dreams.

Among the many lured from home and happiness was Ponce-de-Leon, the fairest flower of Spanish chivalry: kingly honors were his heritage, and

wide-spreading lands his dower: hence, the future held out a dazzling prospect to the youth. But the adventurous De-Leon chose to win for himself a name, rather than receive the favors attendant upon royal blood.

Plaintive sounds were borne on the night air, and the cool breezes straying through groves of orange and lime, fanned the pale brow of a beautiful woman.

"Go not, De-Leon, to seek this new world. The way is pathless and unknown: why then risk life and happiness in the pursuit of a vain hope?"

"Say not so, Esta: has not Columbus marked out the way, and assured us of its unbounded wealth?"

"I fear you will be lonely — if I could attend you, to brighten the long hours, and soothe the dull, heavy pain with which these temples so often throb, it would be better far."

"There will be noble and true men by my side to dispel doubt, or silence fear, if my purpose should ever falter; though, Esta, I shall sadly miss the light of those eyes, and sigh for the touch of this lily hand; but let us look out as to-night, you from yon gilded dome, and I from my ocean bark, remembering that like the stars our love can never fade. Why are you bowed with such sorrow, Esta? Raise your head, my loved one; the memory of this hour will embitter half my future years. It is for you, dear Esta, that I live and labor; and, as I tread the shores of that western world, and achieve honors and wealth greater than Spain has ever dreamed of, thoughts of my cherished bride across the sea shall be my strongest incentive, and at her feet shall every offering be laid."

The mournful voice of the weeper broke the silence: "Has not the Castilian crown gold, and to spare? Our good queen, Isabella, will say 'nay' to this project, I trust, when it shall reach her ear."

"Come, Esta: the lights in the palace are growing dim — let us return, and do not weep any more to-night,

love! May the holy mother watch over our separated paths, and grant that under happy auspices they may be again united."

Days followed of feasting and mirth, but underneath there was a converse current bearing on its waters buds and blossoms of happiness, aye, even all the greenness and beauty of life. In the hours of night white arms tossed in unquiet slumbers, and fancy portrayed in dreams its vivid forebodings of the future.

The adventurers had set sail, and amid grandeur and sublimity, with songs of merriment, and the wild, passionate tale of enthusiasm, their time was passed, robbed of its weariness. But De-Leon's mind was often led by a gentle monitor, to the heart-breaking sorrow of his mother, and wife. Esta sought comfort and diversion from the luxuriant surroundings about her, but the fragrant groves, the sparkling fountains, and gardens that yielded a thousand perfumes, had each their memories, and she sought in vain; her life-light was afar, and she seemed to move in some dim masquerade, or banquet hall, whose withered garlands spake only of the past. At eventide, as she walked upon the banks of the Tagus, its glittering waters caught her tears and bore them to the distant sea.

Across the deep, upon the shores of the new world, foreign footsteps are again implanted. De-Leon has succeeded in establishing Spanish power in the island of Port Rico. A report among the natives arouses all the energies of his nature, and he is next seen in his fruitless search for the "Fountain of Youth." Sanguine in the marvelous thought, that among the Atlantic Islands was a fountain of such virtue, that whoever bathed in its waters was endowed with immortal youth, he labored months for its discovery. Undue excitement and constant exposure hastened the ill for which he had hoped to find a remedy, and a premature old age settled upon him.

Great efforts are seldom fruitless: De-Leon's search resulted in the discovery of Florida, whose forests, intermingled with flowering shrubs, gave it an enchanting prospect. Exhausted by visionary hopes and vain endeavors, he determined to make the most of this reality. Obtaining authority from the king to lead an expedition into Florida, he was engaged in the equipment of a fleet; but his constitution, broken and impaired, sank under the incident fatigue, before he left the shore of Cuba. Disease fastened upon him, and the hopes of the dreamer were laid low.

Behold the Chieftan now! By his side lies a helmet, with shattered plumes, and a blood-besprinkled armor, which will henceforth shield the dead and not the living. Rough warriors are about him with offices of love, and memory is his faithful guest. The visions that now haunt him are not of the future, but of the past; not of the new world, and its cheating brilliancy, but of the old, and its remembered joys — of the beautiful and the true, the loving and the loved. His mother's form passes before him, and he notices upon her brow the impress of night-wakings, of grief and tears. His dark-eyed Esta yet waited for his coming, though the light of her eye was fading, and eager hope went out, and returned with drooping wing.

He speaks! his faithful confidant Hernando is by his side. "Hernando," whispers the dying knight, "bury me not on the island shore, but gird on my armor; bind the helmet upon my brow, and buckle the good sword to my side; then shroud me in the folds of my ancestral banner, that has so often waved over my followers as I led them on to battle in the valleys of Leon, and bury me in the sea. Should you ever return to Spain, remember all the messages I have given you; — take not this miniature from my bosom, but leave it — in its long accustomed place; — tell them —" his voice faltered, he gasped, and with the words, "Mother — Esta"

trembling on his lips, the spirit link was severed.

Within the walls of Leon is a gorgeous tomb, where rests the noble ancestry of the race. There lies the broken-hearted Esta, and the sculptured marble by her side tells the fate of him who sleeps beneath the restless depths of the ocean.

March, 1857.

MEMORIES.

BY JAMES O. PERCIVAL.

I.

Far away from the busy street,
Where heavy hearts and weary feet
Glide along with the noisy throng,
From twinkling eve to early dawn —
Is a cottage old yet dear to me,
As with memory's eye its form I see.

II.

The trees before it, soft and low,
Bustle gently; whisper slow
As they did in days of yore,
When I played before its door —
When my heart was young and light,
And the future seemed so bright.

III

Years have passed since that glad time,
And back from many a storied clime
The wanderer comes, to see the spot —
The only place he ne'er forgot:
To see the brook, and see the fen,
To see the meadow, and the glen,
To see the sun rise o'er the hill,
And sparkle on the bubbling rill —
As when a child he passed the door,
It threw his shadows on the floor.

IV.

Ah! as he looks on every sprig,
Each leafy bower and crispy twig,
His thoughts go back to years gone by —
To her who dwells in yonder sky;
And facts and faces, thoughts and scenes,
Crowd up before his mind like dreams.
And as the breeze comes whispering by,
And murmurs 'mongst the leaves a sigh,
A tear will struggle down his cheek,
And mem'ry's voice will seem to speak,
And tell of brighter hours now flown —
Of warmer hearts from this world gone.

V.

Yes, cottage old, thou 'rt dear to me,
Though time has left his trace on thee:
Though faces, forms, and scenes so fair
Have vanished, like the viewless air,
And left me but their memory bright,
And this fair cot to teach their might.

BUFFALO, Feb. 28, 1857.

STREET DRESS.

IT is much to be desired that the young ladies of our country would dress with more plainness and simplicity in the street and at the church. A Frenchman who had just arrived in one of our large cities, the first morning after his landing walked through the favorite street for promenading. On returning to his hotel he inquired of a lady:

"Madam, where is the ball this morning?"

"The ball! what ball?"

"I do n't know what ball; but you Americans have one very strange custom — the ladies all go to the ball before dinner; some ride, more walk, all dressed for the ball; ha! ha! ha! republican vulgarity."

In no other civilized country do reputable women walk or ride out in full dress. In Europe ladies do not go to church to display their finery; they have other public places where their vanity may be gratified. Almost the only arena for display in many places in this country, unfortunately, is the holy sanctuary, the place for humiliation and self-abasement. Gay as a parterre of tulips and hyacinths at one season, and waving with plumes like a regiment of soldiers at another. Is this a Christian assembly met to worship God? Not that such an assembly should be clothed in sackcloth, or any other peculiar and homely garb; but surely a simple and unostentatious style of dress would be far more appropriate.

On a journey a plain dress is most becoming. We form an opinion of *strangers* from their appearance; it is the only index. When a young lady carries her light silks, her embroidery and jewelry, upon her person in stage-coach, car, and steamboat, through the length and breadth of the land, we conclude that they are her only letter of recommendation, and there *may* be those to whom it is sufficient. — *Mrs. Tuthill.*

SILENT INFLUENCE.

BY MRS. H. E. G. ARRY.

"HOW finely she looks!" said Margaret Winne, as a lady swept by them in the crowd; "I do not see that time wears upon her beauty at all."

"What, Bell Walters!" exclaimed her companion. "Are you one of those who think her such a beauty?"

"I think her a very fine-looking woman, certainly," returned Mrs. Winne; "and, what is more, I think her a very fine woman."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Hall, "I thought you were not friends."

"No!" replied the first speaker; "but that does not make us enemies."

"But I tell you she positively dislikes you, Margaret," said Mrs. Hall. "It is only a few days since I knew of her saying that you were a bold, impudent woman, and she did not like you at all."

"That is bad," said Margaret, with a smile, "for I must confess that I like her."

"Well," said her companion, "I am sure I could never like any one who made such unkind speeches about me."

"I presume she said no more than she thought," said Margaret, quietly.

"Well, so much the worse," exclaimed Mrs. Hall, in surprise. "I hope you do not think that excuses the matter at all."

"Certainly, I do. I presume she has some reason for thinking as she does: and, if so, it was very natural she should express her opinion."

"Well, you are very cool and candid about it, I must say. What reason have you given her, pray, for thinking you were bold and impudent?"

"None that I am aware of," replied Mrs. Winne; "but I presume she thinks I have. I always claim her acquaintance when we meet, and I have no doubt she would much rather I would let it drop."

"Why don't you, then? I never

knew her, and never had any desire for her acquaintance. She was no better than you when you were girls, and I don't think her present good fortune need make her so very scornful."

"I do not think she exhibits any more haughtiness than most people would under the same circumstances. Some would have dropped the acquaintance at once, without waiting for me to do it. Her social position is higher than mine, and it annoys her to have me meet her as an equal, just as I used to do."

"You do it to annoy her, then?"

"Not by any means. I would much rather she would feel, as I do, that the difference between us is merely conventional, and might bear to be forgotten on the few occasions when accident throws us together. But she does not, and I presume it is natural. I do not know how my head might be turned, if I had climbed up in the world as rapidly as she has done. As it is, however, I admire her too much to drop her acquaintance just yet, as long as she leaves it to me."

"Really, Margaret, I should have supposed you had too much spirit to intrude yourself upon a person that you knew wished to shake you off; and I do not see how you can admire one that you know to be so proud."

"I do not admire her on account of her pride, certainly, though it is a quality that sits very gracefully upon her," said Margaret Winne; and she introduced another topic of conversation, for she did not hope to make her companion understand the motives that influenced her.

* * * * *

"Bold and impudent," said Margaret to herself, as she sat alone in her own apartment. "I knew she thought it, for I have seen it in her looks; but she always treats me well externally, and I hardly thought she would say it. I know she was vexed with herself for speaking to me one day, when she was in the midst of a circle of her fashionable acquaintances. I was particularly ill-dressed, and I noticed that they

stared at me; but I had no intention then of throwing myself in her way. Well," she continued, musingly, "I am not to be foiled with one rebuff. I know her better than she knows me, for the busy world has canvassed her life, while they have never meddled with my own, and I think there are points of contact enough between us for us to understand each other, if we once found an opportunity.

"She stands in a position which I shall never occupy, and she has more power and strength than I; else she had never stood where she does, for she has shaped her fortune by her own unaided will. Her face was not her fortune, as most people suppose, but her mind. She has accomplished whatever she has undertaken, and she can accomplish much more, for her resources are far from being developed. Those around her may remember, yet, that she was not always on a footing with them; but they will not do so long. She will be their leader, for she was born to rule. Yes; and she queens it most proudly among them. It were a pity to lose sight of her stately, graceful dignity. I regard her very much as I would some beautiful exotic, and her opinion of me affects me about as much as if she were the flower, and not the mortal.

"And yet I can never see her without wishing that the influence she exerts might be turned into a better channel. She has much of good about her, and I think that it needs but a few hints to make life and its responsibilities appear to her as they do to me. I have a message for her ear, but she must not know that it was intended for her. She has too much pride of place to receive it from me, and too much self-confidence to listen knowingly to the suggestions of any other mind than her own. Therefore, I will seek the society of Isabel Walters whenever I can, without appearing intrusive, until she thinks me worthy her notice, or drops me altogether. My talent lies in thinking, but she has all the life and energy I lack, and

would make an excellent actor to my thought, and would need no mentor when her attention was once aroused. My usefulness must lie in an humble sphere, but hers, she can carry it wherever she will. It will be enough for my single life to accomplish, if, beyond the careful training of my own family, I can incite her to a development of her powers of usefulness. People will listen to her who will pay no attention to me; and, besides, she has the time and means to spare, which I have not."

* * * * *

"Everywhere in Europe they were talking of you, Mrs. Walters," said a lady, who had spent many years abroad, "and adopting your plans for vagrant and industrial schools, and for the management of hospitals and asylums. I have seen your name in the memorials laid before government in various foreign countries. You have certainly achieved a world-wide reputation. Do tell me how your attention came first to be turned to that sort of thing. I supposed you were one of our fashionable women, who sought simply to know how much care and responsibility they could lawfully avoid, and how high a social station it was possible to attain. I am sure something must have happened to turn your life into so different a channel."

"Nothing in particular, I assure you," replied Mrs. Walters. "I came gradually to perceive the necessity there was that some one should take personal and decisive action in those things that it was so customary to neglect. Fond as men are of money, it was far easier to reach their purses than their minds. Our public charities were quite well endowed, but no one gave them that attention that they needed, and thus evils had crept in that were of the highest importance. My attention was attracted to it in my own vicinity, at first, and others saw it as well as I, but it was so much of everybody's business, that everybody let it alone. I followed the example for a

while, but it seemed as much my duty to act as that of any other person; and though it is little I have done, I think that, in that little, I have filled the place designed for me by Providence."

"Well, really, Mrs. Walters, you were one of the last persons I should have imagined to be nicely balancing a point of duty, or searching out the place designed for them by Providence. I must confess myself at fault in my judgment of character for once."

"Indeed, madam," replied Mrs. Walters, "I have no doubt you judged me very correctly at the time you knew me. My first ideas of the duties and responsibilities of life were aroused by Margaret Winne; and I recollect that my intimacy with her commenced after you left the country."

"Margaret Winne! Who was she? Not the wife of that little Dr. Winne we used to hear of occasionally? They attended the same church with us, I believe."

"Yes! she was the one. We grew up together, and were familiar with each other's faces from childhood; but this was about all. She was always in humble circumstances, as I had myself been in early life; and, after my marriage, I used positively to dislike her, and to dread meeting her, for she was the only one of my former acquaintances who met me on the same terms as she had always done. I thought she wished to remind me that we were once equals in station; but I learned, when I came to know her well, how far she was above so mean a thought. I hardly know how I came first to appreciate her, but we were occasionally thrown in contact, and her sentiments were so beautiful, so much above the common stamp, that I could not fail to be attracted by her. She was a noble woman. The world knows few like her. So modest and retiring, with an earnest desire to do all the good in the world of which she was capable, but with no ambition to shine. Well fit-

ted as she was to be an ornament in any station of society, she seemed perfectly content to be the idol of her own family, and known to few besides. There were few subjects on which she had not thought, and her clear perceptions went at once to the bottom of a subject, so that she solved simply many a question on which astute philosophers had found themselves at fault. I came at last to regard her opinion almost as an oracle. I have often thought, since her death, that it was her object to turn my life into that channel to which it has since been devoted, but I do not know. I had never thought of the work that has since occupied me, at the time of her death, but I can see now how cautiously and gradually she led me among the poor, and taught me to sympathize with their sufferings, and gave me, little by little, a clue to the evils that had sprung up in the management of our public charities. She was called from her family in the prime of life, but they who come after her do assuredly rise up and call her blessed. She has left a fine family, who will not soon forget the instructions of their mother."

"Ah, yes! there it is, Mrs. Walters. A woman's sphere, after all, is at home. One may do a great deal of good in public, no doubt, as you have done. But don't you think that, while you have devoted yourself so untiringly to other affairs, you have been obliged to neglect your own family, in order to gain time for this? One can not live two lives at once, you know."

"No, madam, certainly we can not live two lives at once, but we can glean a much larger harvest from the one which is bestowed upon us than we are accustomed to think. I do not, by any means, think that I have ever neglected my own family in the performance of other duties, and I trust my children are proving, by their hearty co-operation with me, that I am not mistaken. Our first duty, certainly, is at home, and I

determined, at the outset, that nothing should call me from the performance of this first charge. I do not think any thing can excuse a mother from devoting a large portion of her life to personal attention to the children God has given her. But I can assure you that to those things which I have done of which the world could take cognizance, I have given far less time than I used once to devote to dress and amusement. I found, by systematizing every thing, that my time was more than doubled; and, certainly, I was far better fitted to attend properly to my own family, when my eyes were opened to the responsibilities of life, than when my thoughts were wholly occupied by fashion and display."

MAKE HOME HAPPY.

PARENTS, if you wish to prevent your children from falling into practices and associations which lead to loss of health and morals, and to a premature grave, make home happy. The love of home, as a part of parental teaching, forms the subject of an article in the *Presbyterian Magazine*; and, we trust, that all who read it will give it adequate consideration. It is not enough that our children have abundant food and clothing, and comfortable lodging. There is a monotony about these things which soon tires; the very absence of such comforts is an agreeable relief at any time if away from home. It is a common remark, that a child eats almost as much as a grown person, and nothing will satisfy a hungry child. It is strikingly so with the mind; it must have food to feed it; that food is variety — the variety of the new, the unknown; that is what delights children of all ages; and to gratify that delight, by presenting to their attention, with moderate rapidity of succession, what is substantial, valuable, practical, is one of the most important of all parental occupations. And pa-

rents should feel themselves constantly stimulated to efforts of this kind, by the consideration, that if they do not hold these things up to their attention, their reverses will be presented to them in endless combinations, by the lower associations of the street and of the kitchen.

The three necessities of children are food, exercise, amusement. They will eat, they will move about, they will be entertained. The feeding of the mind is as essential as the feeding of the body, and not half a parent's duty is done in securing house, and food, and raiment. So far from appreciating this mental necessity, we are too apt to thwart their own instinctive efforts to satisfy it, by our short and listless, if not, indeed, impatient and angry answers to their multitudinous inquiries. Under such treatment, they soon learn the uselessness of seeking information from their parents, and gradually seek it elsewhere, with its large admixture of incorrectness, imperfection, and, too often, viciousness.

In our opinion, neither sons nor daughters should be allowed to sleep away from home, unless their parents are with them. We sincerely hope that such a blessing may be secured to ours, until the day of marriage. It is a true mother's love which seeks to keep her daughter in sight until superior claims come; it would save many a family from social ruin, and many a parent's heart from breaking. As for our sons, it should be impressed upon them that no business is to require their attention and to keep them out of the house after sundown, unless the parent is along, as long in their teens as it is possible to secure obedience to such a requisition. And to make such obedience pleasurable, let it be the parents' study to render home inviting, by the cultivation of all that is courteous and kindly, and by the large and habitual exercise of the better qualities of our nature, especially those of sympathy, and love, and affection.

To all parents we say — keep your

children at home as much, and to gether, as long as it is at all possible for you to do it. No better plan can be devised for enabling a household to grow up loving, and being loved, in all its members.

DIMPLE.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

Fulfill thy fate! Be — do — bear — and thank God!"

"No simplest duty is forgot; life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share."

I DO not see very clearly when I think of Dimple. Even my glasses, which are usually very clear, grow dim and musty, and through the happiness before me, I see the dear child as we found her one summer morning on the little veranda before the cottage door, sleeping, and smiling back at the sunshine that coquetted with her baby lips, through the dancing leaves of the rose vine. How eagerly we grasped her, and hurried into the little old parlor, lest some early passer-by should covet or claim the baby foundling. Many winters had come and gone, and many summers had faded away with its blossoms, since James Middleton and I knelt before the altar; but God had sent us no little ones to gladden our hearts, or sing beside our hearthstone.

We had longed for the music of a childish voice, but it came not. There were those who, poor in the wealth of this world, would have given us one of their own, to love and bless us; but our selfish hearts feared lest we should share with the real parents the affection we wished to possess wholly and entirely. And so the years passed on, and we were "written childless."

But this morning of which I write, this blessed morning, it came. How wonderfully beautiful were its little blue eyes, and its tiny doubled hands which grasped so closely its rosy finger-tips. Its little chubby feet cuddled up in its fine warm blanket, were the

astonishment of James Middleton. He who pored over his books, and kept his heart locked away from the warming smiles and winning ways of little visitors who came to the cottage, was down on his knees, with those two little feet in his great wrinkled hands, and smiling, and cooing at the new baby as if it were God-sent, and was henceforth to nestle in our lonely hearts. I who had been proud of his dignified manliness, his unbending demeanor, found the tears, gathered by a warmer feeling than pride, were dimming his eyes as my glasses do my own this morning, as I looked upon him. "It is ours, Mary," he said softly, "ours." And he ran his fingers loosely through the rings of yellow hair upon its forehead, and kissed its fair round cheek in perfect delight.

Our thoughts went out into the dim future, and the possibility that some one might in after years claim the darling, rose like a ghost to frighten us out of our newly found happiness. It was not poverty which gave us the child, for its wrappings were beautiful and costly. Nothing but crime; and our hearts shuddered as we thought it could have prompted its desertion. God forgive them! Should the child grow to womanhood, its birth would darken all the future. It must not be known, never. And so hurrying up into the farthest chamber in the house, we hid the precious guest until we could decide what we should do.

Middleton sat alone by the breakfast table that morning, while I watched the babe, and then he, in turn, held the sweet creature, while I went through a formula of eating. Our only servant was sent to town that morning with innumerable errands, and in her absence I secured her another situation, with an astonished neighbor, who was told to her very great amazement that the quiet family of James Middleton were going to live in the new world over the ocean. The cottage was left with an agent, and in two weeks, with the assistance of a cousin,

who came up from London in the night, and played mother to the babe, while we prepared for our departure. We had looked through our tears upon our old friends for the last time. Neither had near kindred with which to part, and our very loneliness in the world had drawn us closer to each other, and better prepared to love the sweet creature which lay in the sunshine that morning.

It was several months old when it came to us, and could look its wants, and love out of its round blue eyes, and laugh—and such a merry, musical laugh it was too; while about its mouth, and cheeks, and chin, the dimples gathered and vanished, chasing each other, as you sometimes see the sunbeams follow after the swiftly flying shadows on the waving grain-fields. And so she was called Dimple. We never gave her another name, and never added our own, for we should then bring to mind the painful remembrance that she was not born to us. If the few friends we should make in our new home, gave her ours, let it be so. The waves danced and frolicked day after day, and the stars looked down smilingly night after night, while the moon laughed and gamboled with the crested waves, and silvered the curling ripples of the restless waters. The wind from our native land, the beloved home of our childhood, followed us lovingly week after week, and filling the snow-white sails of our flying "Sea Bird," and kissing and tinting the cheeks of our little Dimple, and tossing about her yellow rings of hair, as if it were a human thing, and wandered off from the green islands as a sentinel of safety till the darlings should reach the strange land whither we were journeying.

We had a few distant relatives who had listened to the golden legends of wealth, which fly in the wind-whispers from the new to the old world, and had gone before, and were overjoyed to welcome us. What was their wonder at seeing the child. Such a glorious creature she was, to be sure. Not

a bit like its parents, they all said, which was stoutly denied by Mr. Middleton, who asserted that its eyes were of Mary's beautiful blue, and her mouth dimpled that same way when she was a girl. And so the dear man had his own way about it. We were not content, lest our secret should follow us even here, and so we traveled on, and on, over sea-like lakes, and proudly rolling rivers, till the world about us looked like a blossoming ocean, tinted like a fallen rainbow, with the beauties of earth, sky, and water, heaving and waving in its marvelous loneliness. Every flower cup swung its perfumed censor to the breeze, and looked up to the watchful stars in the night-time, for their food of love-dew, and to the sunshine in the morning for their life-nectar. Fainting in their excess of joy, they dropped softly down, and slept at mid-day. Amid scenes like this, was it wonderful that Dimple grew as lovely as the silent life about her. Souls will take an impress from their surroundings, train and guide them as you will. She became like the flowers, beautiful and pure. She knew where the brook murmured its sweetest babble, where the birds hid their nests, where the buds opened first to the welcome of the spring-time, but better than all else, she knew the most secret entrance to the heart of James Middleton. Of my own it is unnecessary to write, for what true woman ever had it closed to the tapping of childish love.

All the accumulated learning of her foster father, whose years had been spent amid the silent teachings of his library, among the embalmed thoughts of the immortal, was poured into the expanding mind of his darling. On she strode in the dim histories of the wonderful past, grasped the science of uncountable numbers, and dallied with conquered demonstrations of geometrical figures, with a remarkable aptitude—and yet, my glasses grow dimmer as I write it—she was none the less a sweet, confiding girl. Generous, brave, and noble she was, yet

the minutest details of those little things which make up the sum of home enjoyments, never escaped her notice, nor seemed beneath her strictest care.

One of the popular lecturers of the day has said that he would not press a right-angled triangle to his bosom, nor yet a volume of Aristotle, evidently thinking in his mighty wisdom that hereafter his opinion would shut out from our institutions mathematics in all its forms. It may be well, for I have lived, and James Middleton has loved me without such knowledge; but I sometimes envied Dimple the whole and hearty companionship of such a man who used to turn for amusement in his idle hours to his friendly books, but now she takes their place. I think he sometimes sees my dejection when I find I am incapable of understanding his ideas, and once he said, with his dear hand laid on my gray hair, "Mary, you have been a gentle, faithful, loving wife, and it is not your fault that we are not more companionable. I would not pain you by raising Dimple's intellect above your own, were it not to save her from the very tears which lie in your eyes now, my blessing. Am I right, Mary?"

"Always right, James, always right. God bless you!" I replied; and since then I have been hopeful for the precious child, and sun my old heart in her light, and in her happiness.

Time sped on, and a beautiful village had reared itself about us, and the church spires pointed their steady fingers upward, from the deep green shades of the oaks, and mosses, which in their olden stateliness reminded us of the forests, whose swaying branches waved as the only welcome we received in our new home. Warm, earnest hearts had thrown out their tendrils of friendship, and though we repelled them with a frigid reserve, they thawed our coldness, and grew to be a part of ourselves.

How Dimple found room in her little heart for so many strangers, and how the children of the pilgrim people

of this curious new country found their way into it, was, and is a mystery. Strange people came to look at the remarkable beauty of nature which surrounded us. They wondered at the prairie, which seemed to end where the sky rested the base of its arch among the undulating grasses. And more than all, they gave their admiration to the forest, which ended upon the borders of the "blossomed sea," by the new village. The spring seemed with its pale green, and white and red, the gala dress of the year; then the summer came, and the leafy mantle took its soberer hue of dark green, as if it were not in keeping with the midday of its existence to wear the drapings of the spring time. But the autumn, the dreamy, hazy, gorgeously-robed autumn, was superlatively beautiful. I looked upon James Middleton with his perfect figure, his curling locks silvering in the wane of years, and thought that he was like the forest,

"More beautiful for growing old."

And then Dimple, she was like the spring when it is verging into summer, like — oh, I can not tell you what she was like, for I am an unlettered woman, and draw my comparisons from all I see about me, and nothing is so lovely to me as this sweet child, which came to sleep in the sunshine that morning, and to warm and beautify our lonely home. Did a mother ever measure the extent of the blessing a child brought to the heart and hearth? Nay; except she saw it sleeping amid the moss and flowers of the churchyard, with naught of their presence to bless, save memories, tolling, tolling, tolling forever of the past, and hope pluming its wings for the Pearly Gates, where the truant blessing entered.

Dimple had seen twenty years since that morning in merry England, when the shadows came down heavily upon us. The winter had been long and cold, the summer hot and dry. The rain, the dripping, sparkling rain, fell not for many long weary months, and

the withered trees scarcely unrolled their leafy lungs to the burning, fetid air. Fevers, blistering, merciless fevers, rolled, and seethed and hissed through the veins of the suffering villagers. The pale watchers contrasted fearfully with the crimsoned fever-stricken. We never thought of ourselves, only that Dimple might be alone, or that she might die.

As the epidemic spread itself from hearthstone to hearthstone, the watchers became less and less, and our child, who had kept herself from the contagion by the imperative command of her father, grew more and more restless under the mandate. One morning she came and knelt to her father, and implored him to let her go forth, and soothe the suffering, and care for the friendless, but the whole, unboundless love he bore the child took the wild shape of fear, and answered, "No, Dimple, no!"

The child rose to her feet, and stood with folded arms, and a sorrowful but unconquerable determination upon her face, said, "If I must disobey you, remember it is because my heart tells me there is no alternative." Then pointing her white hand upward, and following it with her eyes, added, "He tempests the wind to the shorn lamb."

Her father had long watched the smoldering fearlessness in her character, and now that it had blazed out, he reached up his arms, and took her to his bosom, and with white quivering lips, said, "Naught but death shall part us all;" and so we unbound the selfish coil about us, and went forth wherever the wail of suffering called. The skies had seemed like brass, and the earth — the beautiful prairie, like an interminable sheet of lead. Water, water, was the burden of every tale of woe, and none nearer than two long miles, and there only a sufficiency for man, while the few famishing beasts still remaining, were panting in suffering uselessness. Dimple's lithe limbs bore her over the forest path night and morning, with her burden of the

crystal treasure, and spent the noon-tide in preparing food, which far-off benevolence had sent to our empty storehouses. James Middleton and I went from house to house, cooling the lips of the thirsty, and closing the eyes of those whom the Death angel had called to rest beside the River of Life.

One other, the young pastor, braved the pestilence, and triumphed over the promptings of his desire to flee to his far-off paternal home, at the appeal of anxious affection. In the night, when nature called loudest for rest, he was abroad, and his soothing voice and earnest hopeful prayers encouraged the desponding, and calmed the last moments of the dying. During the long, sultry days, he gathered strength for the approaching night. Wherever he went he heard blessings called down on the head of Dimple Middleton, and silently the young pastor's heart responded — amen! Perhaps this proof of womanly nature in Dimple may have encouraged him to be firm in his resolves to remain at his post of duty.

He had seen and loved her for two years, but, alas, for the prejudices of a lifetime, he could not marry a learned woman — one who had been taught none of the "*accomplishments*" peculiar to this generation of girls. She knew Greek, Latin, and even Hebrew, but could not paint in either water colors, or oil; could not play (*vex*) the piano forte, or chatter bad French. She could survey a quarter section, but could not embroider a smoking cap. These were to him unpardonable blemishes in her character. Not so much did he regret what she did not know as what she did. No one could ever feel more sensibly, or sensitively her deficiencies than I, but how could she learn them in this far-away place? I could not teach what I did not know, neither could her poor father.

William Granger and his brothers had been sent to Yale, and his sisters to the dancing master. He had taken in his father's peculiar notions, and

when he had seen Dimple with her little straw hat romping with the village children, or trimming the flowers in the garden at home, he felt that she was a true woman, despite the mathematics and Hebrew, but in his own library his father's old warning, "Beware of learned women, my son," dispelled the charming vision of a parsonage with Dimple Middleton to make it beautiful. And so the dream came and went, vibrating like a pendulum between pleasure and regret — between Dimple and Hebrew. Now when the great trial came, when strong men were bowed, and nerveless, and *womanly* women desparingly inactive, she, the spoilt girl, was lion-hearted to do, and meek to suffer. She had strength for the weak, tears for the mourner, and better than all, she could direct in her calm judgment the best method of relief in this their great calamity. If we loved her before, we venerated her now, and so did Mr. Granger; but, as he afterward said, his heart told him, "Not now, she will not hear me yet."

At length the clouds gathered, the tempest swept down upon us, and the blessed rain fell on many an upturned waiting face, whose lips sent up a thanksgiving to the blackened heavens, and the Ruler thereof. From that day the health-flush came back to the cheeks of our neighbors, and hope to their bosoms. The people whom the harvest had blest, sent of their abundance, and peace and happiness was coming back to us, when Dimple's face grew crimson with the wasting fever. Oh, how we prayed over our darling; how we lamented that we had let her breathe in the contagion from the stifled rooms of her neighbors; but her reproachful looks stilled our murmurings, while her trusting words bade us seek submission where the dear child had found it.

William Granger watched with us during these dark days, for there were none strong enough of our old friends yet to repay their debt to our darling. When the writhings of remorseless

pain contort every muscle — when every nerve seems bared to the approach of suffering, and the spirit grows careless of its time of sojourn, or perhaps, becomes impatient to flee to the Haven of weary souls, the true elements of our nature manifest themselves. Dimple only thought of those who were weary with continual sleeplessness, and whose eyes ached for the refreshing tears of hope. Less and less grew the chances of her recovery, and her lips were still as if the seal of death were upon them, and silence was to be forever after the sentinel which watched, lest that which had been the music of our lives, should again burst forth.

James Middleton sat with his face bowed, to this great grief which came so crushingly upon him. Of myself, I only remember that my heart bled for the bowed man more than for my own utter desolation. William Granger knelt by the bedside, with his forehead on the cold hand of Dimple, while the hush seemed as if we were listening for the angels to come for her, when he raised his voice in prayer for the peace of the departing spirit. He confessed his great sin in making her his shrine, his idol. He begged forgiveness for placing Dimple foremost in all his plans of coming life, and making her his all in all of future happiness. He returned her to the Hand that gave her, and asked the same consolation for us all that he desired for herself.

When his prayer was ended, we raised our heads to look at Dimple's face, and the light had come back to her beautiful eyes, and a smile, with more than its olden sweetness, lay upon her lips. She looked tenderly and lovingly to her father and mother, but 't was only glances, for they rested on the kneeling figure by her side, and James Middleton and his poor Mary knew that the child's love would never again be wholly ours even if she were spared us. And so the light came back to us, and we felt that our great trial had secured us two children, instead of bearing our all away.

The winter sped on, and little of my usual amount of womanly duties were accomplished, for my eyes would get too dim to see. Dimple, with her sewing, passed the winter evenings, and many needless stitches found their place in her cunningly made wardrobe, while William Granger read wonderfully interesting books to her, and James, which I could not understand; nor did I much wish to do so, as my fancy was so busy weaving the web of my darling's future life. Oh, how bright the threads all were!

Then the blossom-laden May came, and William Granger's father and mother were with us, that they might see their son, their best beloved of all the children, wedded. I can imagine how Mrs. Granger's anxiety must have made her watchful of her son's affianced bride. The old gentleman saw the young girl flit about the house, careful of the comfort of every one, and attending to her womanly duties with unusual precision for one of her years, and his old heart opened to her and loved her dearly. The mother was charmed with her, and told her son of his wonderful good fortune in securing a woman who was satisfied and content with wifely and womanly duties, and let the mysteries of the lettered world alone. She could not quite analyze the smile with which he answered her congratulations, but understood it afterward.

The evening before the marriage, a curious Greek inscription on the fly-leaf of one of the new books upon the table, attracted the elder Mr. Granger's notice, and he asked Mr. Middleton to translate it, as he was not conversant with the language. In the absence of his glasses he called Dimple, as he had often done before, to read for him. The girl modestly rendered the literal meaning, and flitted from the room, with the wondering eyes of her future father-in-law following her receding figure, as if he was not sure she was a real person but a moment before. William, who had entered in time, saw his father's bewil-

dered look, and laughingly exclaimed, "You don't know the half yet, father; she reads Hebrew too, and could calculate an eclipse a thousand years from this." Not a word spoke the father in reply. But when Dimple came back again, he put his arms about her, threw her long curls off from her brow, and kissed it.

To-day, the birds are singing, and the peach blossoms throw their incense on the warm air, and shake their white falling leaves on the garden walk over which Dimple and William just went hand in hand, out on the path they are henceforth to tread side by side. She was a bud of promise when she came to us, and well has she fulfilled her mission. She is no helpless child now, but a woman, true to all the sweet and holy instincts of her nature, yet armed and prepared for the vicissitudes of the changeful life. She would be no useless thing if thrown upon the turbid tide of life alone, for she has that within herself which could carve her way to independence of the cold charities of the world. And yet, like Mary Middleton, like poor ignorant me, she would love best to nestle down by her own fireside, loving and beloved; guided, rather than guiding her dear ones far from the crowded ways of life.

God bless you, my darling, and the one you have chosen; and hasten the time when you shall sit again by our lonely hearthstone, and cheer our old hearts by your merry music. Your old father looks still down the garden-walk, and wonders if it really is the constant falling of the peach blossoms which blinds his eyesight. And mine are so dim that I can not tell him. The sunlight looks as it did twenty years ago; just as bright, just as frolicsome with the rose vines, and it peers in just as laughingly upon our old faces as it did then, and we—there are more wrinkles, a more silvery shade to our hair, but our hearts are as young and warm, and our love as fresh and strong as then. Why

need we grow old? Let the spirit go
back to paradise as true and pure as
when it came in the far-off long ago,
blest and blessing all.

OUR FATHER.

'T WAS a fair summer eve,
And from the brow of night, a diamond
crown
Sent a bright flood of starry radiance down;
And where the fairies weave
Their elfin tales, within the garden grove,
Or tread the silent dance in dim alcove,
The light crept timidly.
It stole across a vine-wreathed portico —
Across the window-sill, and the sweet flow
Of voices glad and free,
Welcomed the moonbeam as it touched the
floor;
And the white rose beside the open door,
Glanced in upon the scene,
And threw its incense on the reverent air,
As a young throng knelt in the evening
prayer,
With holy hearts I ween.
And from each lifted spirit there arose
The words — "Our Father." So they sought
repose,
And angels left the throne
Where the All-Father sits, and watched their
couch,
And kept them safe from every evil touch, —
From the dark angel's frown.
A prisoner in his cell —
The trace of guilt upon his sin-wrought
brow,
And in his eye the gloomy light of woe —
Lists to the vesper bell:
The stony floor re-echoes his slow tread,
The cold gray walls no beam of comfort
shed —
His spirit knows no peace.
The jeweled mantle night hath thrown o'er
earth,
Her crown of glory, hath but little worth
To him who seeks release;
Not from the dungeon's damp and dark recess,
Not from the lounging, fainting weariness
That lies upon his soul;
But from the discord that his sin hath flung
Over the spirit-lyre, that should have sung
With ha monies that roll
Far up the glowing pathway to the skies,
Up to the towers whose burning lights arise,
To guide the wanderer;
And so he cries — "Our Father!" and a
tone
So full of love all sin is overthrown,
Comes on the laden air.
Our Father Yes, we know
Who giveth rest in every weary hour,

We know who hath o'er life and death the
power,
Who guides the high and low;
And when our path is rough, and dark, and
strange,
On the tossed sea, or o'er the mountain
range,
Where clouds forever rest,
Still bend we toward thy throne, and seek
thy grace,
Still plead with childish freedom for a place
Among the pure, the blest.
"Doubtless thou art our Father! Israel"
May not record our names, yet we may
dwell
Beneath thy shadowing love.
The guileless heart of childhood hath thy
name —
"Our Father!" traced as with a living flame
From the bright shrines above,
Upon the soul's fair tablet: guilt hath
sought
By this pure talisman, so richly fraught
With wealth of gospel love,
To reach thy holy courts, and bathe within
The crystal waters which shall cleanse from
sin —
From stain forevermore!
March, 1857.

THINK OF ME, FRIEND.

BY ADA F. PALMER.

WHEN pleasure with its gem bright wings
About thy way a radiance flings,
When hope, and joy, and spirits light
Are all around thy festal bright;
When sorrow's clouds are gathering dim,
And grief its dark plumes wreathing in —
Think of me then.

When o'er the page with wisdom fraught,
Or of the lighter gems of thought
You silent muse, entranced the while;
When, with a calm, reflective smile,
A retrospection back you cast
On varied scenes of all the past —
Think of me then.

When 'mid the happy group at home,
Or far away you lightly roam,
While listening to the poet's theme,
Or wrapt perchance in "love's young dream,"
When life seems all that's good and fair,
With naught of grief or naught of care —
Think of me then.

When in the sacred hour of prayer
You call upon our Father's care,
To aid you in the ills of life,
The spirit's long and weary strife,
Forget not then my wished for share,
Room in thy heart and in thy prayer —
Think of me then.

March, 1857.

MADAM GUYON.

BY MRS. C. A. HALBERT.

THOSE who study the history of France in the eighteenth century only through the medium of its court and monarch, are apt to form exaggerated ideas of the depravity of the times. Louis XIV., magnificent, prosperous, selfish, and profligate, surrounded by gay revelers, who danced in his splendid saloons, drank his costly wines, and served to gild the pomp of royalty, was but a partial exponent of the people at large. The dissoluteness of the court was mourned not only in hermit's cells and by cotter's firesides, but there were a noble company, whose rank and official position drew them directly within the charmed circle, who never yielded to its seductions—princes, dukes, and duchesses, who maintained their integrity in the midst of splendid vice, and walked softly before God. Even in Paris, where Folly kept constant carnival, there were some interior circles, like eddies in the tide, where religion, in its personal relations to the soul, formed the most attractive theme of conversation. In this age and nation, and in the bosom of the holy Catholic church, whose eldest son Louis was proud to style himself, a great religious movement arose, destined to form an epoch in ecclesiastical history. This movement having the vital doctrines of Protestantism at its base, is closely associated with the remarkable woman whose life we propose to review.

Jeanne Marie Bouvières De La Mothe was born in Montargis, France, April 13, 1648. Her parents were nobly connected, and possessed considerable wealth. Her father, who bore the title of Seigneur, was a leading citizen, and so far as we can judge, an honorable and truly religious man. Both her parents had children by former marriages, so that the united household was quite large.

When two and one-half years old Jeanne Marie was placed, according

to the custom of the age, with the Ursulines, a sisterhood who make the education of young girls their especial care. For some reason not explained, she was soon taken home again, and remained there, chiefly under the influence of servants, till she was four years old. She was next sent to the Benedictine Convent, and entrusted to the special care of the Duchess of Montbasin. This lady had taken a great fancy to the sprightly little girl, and begged that she might have her company during her religious retirement.

The atmosphere of devotion by which she was here surrounded had a great influence on this imaginative child. "Young as I was," she says, "I loved to hear of God, to be at church, and to be dressed in the habit of a little Nun." She often stole from her little companions to join in the chants and devotions of the Sisters, and earnestly declared that "she was ready to become a martyr for God." Her mates, secretly piqued, resolved to test this boasted sanctity. They told her that God had really called her to martyrdom. Arranging a room with all the paraphernalia of death, they led her thither with awful solemnity, having previously permitted her to say her prayers. She firmly believed that her last hour had come, and prepared to meet death with a brave heart. Kneeling upon a cloth laid to receive her blood, she bent her head to receive the blow. But when she saw the terrible knife suspended over her head, her courage suddenly gave way, and she exclaimed, "I am not at liberty to die without the consent of my father!" Of course the would-be-martyr had to bear many reproaches from her triumphant companions; but her own heart made her still severer reproaches, and she lost all confidence in her good estate.

Joanne was a very delicate child, and had frequent attacks of sickness which suspended her studies. Undoubtedly her parents erred in permitting their delicate and imaginative

daughter to leave home at all. Her mind was developing with a precocious rapidity, and her education should have been postponed to a much later period. But the French mother never thought of invading time-honored customs. She suffered her little one to be taken from her at the tenderest age, and committed to the sole management of some religious sisterhood. It was thus that Holy Mother church entwined her arms around the babe in its cradle, and molded its pliant nature as she would.

At the age of six Jeanne was re-committed to the care of the Ursulines, and placed under the special guidance of her paternal half-sister, who was a teacher in the community. This excellent lady undertook with alacrity the charge of her young sister, and treated her with the greatest affection. She heard her recitations, aided her in her devotions, and bestowed upon her unwearied attention. "Under her care," says Madam Guyon in her autobiography, "I soon became mistress of most of those things which were suitable for me; so much so that many grown persons, of some rank and figure in the world, could not have exhibited such evidences of proficiency and knowledge as I did."

When she was nearly eight years old, she was sent for by her father to make a short visit. On reaching home she found there Henrietta, the widowed queen of Charles I. of England, then in exile, and residing in a French convent. This unfortunate princess was then on an excursion to Montargis, and honored Mr. De La Mothe with a visit. His daughter thus describes the interview:

"My father told the queen's confessor that if he wanted a little amusement he might entertain himself with me, and proposed me some questions. He tried me with some very difficult ones, to which I returned such correct answers, that he carried me to the queen and said to her, 'Your majesty must have some diversion with this child.' She also tried me, and was so

well pleased with my lively answers, and my manners, that she not only requested my father to place me with her, but urged her proposition with no small importunity, assuring him that she would take particular care of me, and going so far as to intimate that she would make me Maid of Honor to the princess, her daughter. Her desire for me was so great that the refusal of my father evidently disoblighed her. Doubtless it was God who caused this refusal, and who in doing so turned off the stroke which might have probably intercepted my salvation."

In her eleventh year Jeanne was sent to a Dominican convent, where an important incident occurred. Contrary to usual custom, a Bible was left in her chamber. She seized it eagerly, and read it with so much attention, that she could soon repeat the historical parts. Such was her interest, that all her other avocations were laid aside, that she might devote herself day and night to the Sacred Volume; still, it is not probable that she regarded it in any other light than that of a wonderful and fascinating history.

After a pupilage of eight months at the convent, she returned home. Her father was now desirous that she should obey the injunctions of the church by partaking of the Sacrament. With special reference to this solemn event, she was placed for preparatory training at the Ursuline convent. Under the instructions of the good sisters, her early seriousness returned, and she resolved on "giving herself to the Lord in good earnest." She received the Eucharist with solemn confession and great emotion, and evidently thought she had made a life-long consecration of herself to God.

Soon after, all these serious impressions passed away, and the fair young penitent returned to the world. It is not often that life offers higher attractions than it did to Mademoiselle De La Mothe. The rank and position of her family entitled her to high consideration in any circle beneath royalty. She had already begun to develop that

beauty for which she was afterward so famed, and her wit and vivacity gained the applause of all her friends. She finished her school education some time in her twelfth year. Incomplete as it must have been according to the present standard, it embraced every thing then deemed necessary to a young lady of rank in France. She afterward felt its deficiencies, and sought to repair them by a course of study.

About this time an incident occurred which brought back her serious depressions with great power. Her cousin, De Toiassi, was about to embark on a mission to Cochin China. Passing through Montargis he stopped a few hours at his uncle's. Jeanne was absent, and did not see him, but the account she received of his holy zeal and sweet piety vividly impressed her feelings. She contrasted her own selfish, thoughtless life, without aim or purpose with the devotion of the young missionary. "What!" she exclaimed; "am I the only one in our family to be lost!"

Once more she renewed her vows, and commenced a rigid course of discipline. Renouncing all gay pleasures, she passed her time in charitable visits to the poor, meditation, and reading the lives of eminent saints. She wrote the name of Christ on a piece of paper, and placed it where she might be constantly reminded of Him. She constantly scrutinized her conduct, and humbled herself to ask pardon of those whom she had offended. She even determined to enter a convent and adopt the vocation of a nun, that she might be perpetually removed from the follies of the world. But her father, who idolized her, would not consent that a child of such splendid promise should bury herself in a nunnery.

Mademoiselle De La Mothe remained in this condition about a year. Misguided as were all her efforts and austerities, and useless toward affecting the great work of regeneration, they show the earnestness and sincerity of

her soul, and a self-command very unusual to her years. A state of such lofty abstraction, without any basis of real piety, could not long continue. Gradually the world crept back into her heart. The compliments which were paid to her personal attractions and brilliant conversation had their effect; and she intimates that a young gentleman who accompanied her family in a country excursion, drew her thoughts earthward. She exchanged the lives of the saints for romances, spent much time before her mirror and in toilet preparations, and was much more engaged in contemplating her own perfections, than those of her Saviour.

When Mademoiselle was in her fifteenth year, her parents removed to Paris. No change could have been, apparently, more prejudicial to her religious state. Paris was the social metropolis of the world. All forms of voluptuous pleasure centered there; the whole city seemed to be given up to a delirium of gayety. The gilded amusements of Versailles were repeated with a grosser coloring in each descending rank of society. Could it be hoped that a girl high-born, beautiful and enthusiastic, fresh from the retirement of a provincial town, and unfortified by the grace of God, would escape unstained in soul from these peculiar fascinations? She did not so escape.

For a time she gave to the world all the energies of her rapidly expanding nature. She felt within her a power to lead even the distinguished society into which she was admitted. Her talents were both brilliant and solid. To the genius of De Stael, whom, in some mental traits she resembled, she added a truly feminine delicacy and sweetness. She was probably one of the most attractive women that ever graced the French Capital. Her American biographer has gathered the following description of her person and appearance:

"She was tall and well-made in her person, refined and prepossessing in her

manners, and possessed of remarkable powers of conversation. Her countenance, formed upon the Grecian model, and characterized by a brilliant eye and expressive forehead, had in it a natural majesty which impressed the beholder with a sentiment of deep respect, while it attracted by its sweetness. Her great powers of mind — a mind which in the language of one of the writers of the French Encyclopedia, was formed for the world, '*fait pour le monde*,'—added to the impression which she made on her entrance into Parisian society."

Thus splendidly did life open before this gifted young being. With charms like hers, what triumphs might she not achieve? Even the Court circle was not above her reach; and if she disdained the frail conquests of La Valliere and Montespan, might she not, like De Maintenon, have ruled the susceptible heart of the monarch with a virtuous sway?

Mademoiselle De La Mothe had now reached a marriageable age. Her parents received overtures for her hand from several persons of distinguished rank. The choice among her suitors, lay, according to custom, wholly with her father; obedience was the only duty imposed upon her. M. De La Mothe selected M. Guyon, the representative of a house recently ennobled, and possessing immense wealth. The family had but lately emerged from obscurity, its fortunes having been built by the energy of the father of M. Guyon, a man of great energy and business capacity. He had been entrusted by Louis XIV. with the completion of the canal of Briare—the first work of the kind executed in France. He had contended with formidable difficulties in an age when the science of engineering was very imperfectly understood, and achieved success and a fortune. His son was the inheritor of all that wealth. He found himself in a position to compete successfully for the hand of high maidenhood.

Mademoiselle De La Mothe did not

see her husband until a few days before marriage. She had no other share in a matter so nearly affecting her happiness than signing the marriage contract, without being permitted to read it. She was much younger than her affianced husband, he being thirty-eight, and she scarcely sixteen; and there was a still greater disparity in their tastes. While the father congratulated himself on the splendid settlement of his daughter, she bethought herself of other alliances, which her heart whispered would have insured greater happiness. The marriage took place March 21, 1664.

M. Guyon took his bride to his mansion in the country, at a little distance from Paris. It was not long before this young and beautiful woman, cherished and caressed in her father's house and the idol of society, awoke to a bitter experience.

"No sooner," she says, "was I at the house of my husband, than I perceived it would be for me a *house of mourning*. In my father's house every attention had been paid to my manners. In order to cultivate propriety of speech and command of language, I had been encouraged to speak freely on the various questions which were started in our family circle. There every thing was set off in full view; every thing was characterized by elegance. But it was very different in the house of my husband, which was chiefly under the direction of his mother, who had long been a widow, and who regarded nothing else but saving. The elegance of my father's house which I regarded as the result of polite dispositions, they sneered at as pride. In my father's house every thing that I said was listened to with attention, and often with applause; but here, if I had occasion to speak, I was listened to only to be contradicted and reproved. If I spoke well, they said I was endeavoring to give them a lesson in good speaking. If I uttered my opinion on any subject of discussion which came up, I was charged with desiring to enter into a dispute."

and instead of being applauded, I was simply told to hold my tongue, and was scolded from morning till night."

Madam Guyon found herself very unhappy. Refined and accomplished herself, all her associations had been with the most cultivated ranks of society. She was now brought in contact with people whose innate vulgarity no titles of nobility or armorial bearings could disguise. They quickly perceived in her an elevation of soul, and a gentle dignity, which they envied without imitating, nor could they long fail to discover that she felt a secret repugnance to their society.

Although Madam Guyon found thus early all her dreams of married happiness rudely dispelled, she was ready to perform her part of the marriage contract with religious scrupulosity. She had too much delicacy as well as spirit to unfold her domestic griefs to her early friends, and was too filial to afflict her parents with the knowledge of an unhappiness with which they might justly reproach themselves. Therefore she kept her sorrows locked in her own heart.

Although naturally haughty and proud, she bent her spirit to the yoke of her imperious mother-in-law. It is even doubtful whether she asserted her rights with the proper spirit of a wife; more independence on her part might have silenced a woman whose nature was too coarse to understand the gentle graces of submission. But Madam Guyon lived in an age when the prerogatives of parents were as jealously guarded as those of sovereigns, and the rights of children were as little defined as those of subjects. Her husband had a genuine affection for her. He was proud of her beauty and talent, and very angry when remarks to her disadvantage were made, out of his own family. He would have been just and kind had he been left to himself; but goaded daily by the intimations of his mother, and accustomed to hear an evil construction put on all his wife's actions, it is not strange that he became both

morose and cruel. His health was very infirm, and he was often confined to his chamber. On these occasions he was attended by a maid servant, whose long experience as a nurse had rendered her indispensable, and whose natural jealousy of a young and beautiful wife made her join eagerly in all the persecutions of her mistress.

One charge against Madam Guyon was that she gave too much in charity. Her mother firmly believed that every dollar which did not clink in the family coffers was lost. She was constantly running to her son with an account of some new prodigality of his wife, and proclaiming that without her maternal care he would soon be a beggar. At this time their estate was immense, and their income princely.

The young mistress of all this wealth was not only deprived of all authority in her own house, but she was subject to daily humiliations. It was the policy of her mother-in-law to crush at the beginning a spirit whose superiority she had the discernment to perceive and fear. She prevented her as far as possible from visiting her parents, and constantly entertained her with disparaging remarks about them.

The footman, who followed her in all her walks, had strict orders to report every thing that she did. She was not allowed a separate dwelling-room, but was obliged to remain all day in the presence of her persecutors, and to sue for her short seasons of retirement. Every occasion was taken to humiliate her in the presence of others by hard speeches, and giving precedence to her inferiors in rank; and when her own mother, a lady of elegant breeding, blamed her for want of spirit, she could only bear her reproaches with silence. The result of this treatment we will give in her own words:

"My step-mother secured her object: my proud spirit broke under her system of coercion. Married to a person of rank and wealth, I found myself a slave in my own dwelling, rather than a free person. The treatment

which I received so impaired the vivacity of my nature, that I became dumb like 'the lamb that is shearing.' The expression of thought and feeling that was natural to me faded from my countenance. Terror took possession of my mind. I lost all power of resistance. Under the rod of my despotic mistress I sat dumb and almost idiotic. Those who had heard of me but had never seen me before, said one to another, 'Is this the person who sits thus silent like a piece of statuary, that was famed for an abundance of wit?' In this situation I looked in various directions for help, but I found no one with whom I could communicate my unhappiness; no one who might share my grief and help me to bear it. To have made known my feelings and trials to my parents would only have occasioned new crosses. I was alone and helpless in my grief."

Thus was the life of this gifted woman robbed of its morning brightness. She bitterly recurred to her former happiness, and contrasted her present state with what it might have been had her heart been permitted to choose its partner. Little did she understand the designs of Providence. She did not yet discover the high destiny which awaited her. She did not perceive that she must first die to earth who would be the bride of Heaven.

About this time, (1665.) Madam Guyon gave birth to her first child. A new fountain of emotion was opened within her. She found an object of life—something upon which to impress an influence, and something to fill the tenderness of her own heart. Her family also were for the time conciliated somewhat by this joyful event, although their happier dispositions did not long continue. They met with pecuniary losses, which again soured their feelings. Louis XIV. seized a part of the revenues of the canal, considerably diminishing their income, and other property was lost about the same time. The mother especially mourned this ill-fortune, and loaded her uncomplaining daughter-in-law

with reproaches, as if she were the cause of their troubles.

Trials multiplied upon Madam Guyon. While residing in Paris a short time with her husband, she was taken violently ill, so that her life was endangered. She suffered excruciating pain, and was reduced to great extremity. This sickness still further loosened her hold on life, and taught her resignation under its sorrows. God next smote her in her father's family, now doubly endeared by contrast. Her mother departed this life with Christian resignation, after an illness of one day.

It was now that her soul tore from one after another of its earthly attachments, and wounded in its tenderest relations, began, with *full purpose*, to turn itself to God.

We do not propose to follow all the stages of Madam Guyon's mental experience in her search after peace. She brought to the work all that energy of will and wholeness of purpose, which characterized her in every relation. She found no difficulty in abandoning those gay amusements which had ceased to attract her, and in retrenching the time she had formerly spent at her toilet. She gave bountifully in charity, and observed with great exactness all the outward requirements of the Catholic church, but her heart found no resting place.

Various Providences seemed to strengthen her religious tendencies, especially conversations with her cousin, De Toisei, who had lately returned from his missionary labors. It was not till after a year of anguish and darkness that she was able to open her soul to the heavenly light! The manner of her conversion was somewhat peculiar, and to one who has not studied its antecedents, might give rise to misapprehension.

Her father, who was acquainted with her religious state, desired her to consult a pious Franciscan, who had visited him in sorrow, and afforded him much spiritual consolation. She accordingly visited the friar, and

laid before him her doubts and perplexities. The holy man listened to her with attention, and then closed his eyes in inward prayer. At length he uttered these words: "Your efforts have been unsuccessful, Madam, because you have sought without, what you can only find within. Accustom yourself to seek God in your heart, and you will not fail to find him."

Madam Guyon received these singular and somewhat mystical expressions in the sense intended; viz., that she had been seeking by a system of outward works, what could be gained only by an inward faith. The great Protestant doctrine of justification by faith alone, flashed like a sunbeam in her soul.

"Having said these words," she says, "the Franciscan left me. They were to me like the stroke of a dart, which pierced my heart asunder. I felt at this instant deeply wounded with the love of God;—a wound so delightful that I desired it might never be healed. These words brought into my heart what I had been seeking so many years; or, rather, they made me discover what was there, and which I did not enjoy for want of knowing it."

The anniversary of this memorable day, July 22, 1668, was ever after observed by Madam Guyon as the date of her spiritual birth. She now returned to her family, and to the difficult duties which Providence imposed upon her, with a lightened heart and renewed courage. Finding no longer pleasure in gay attire, balls, and brilliant assemblies, she abandoned them altogether. Her husband quickly marked the change: he was much displeased. Notwithstanding his jealousy, he took pride in her social talents, and noticed her growing indifference to the world with irritation. He saw too that she had internal resources of strength, so that she was no longer depressed by the daily annoyances to which she was subjected. He felt that his power over her was about to cease. Possibly she gave him unde-

signed cause for complaint. Dwelling daily in the serene enjoyment of a higher life, she perhaps failed to conciliate a love which had become less necessary to her happiness.

We infer this from a remark he made to her. "What!" said he, "you love God so much that you love me no longer!" At other times he would be softened, and exclaim, "One sees plainly that you never love the presence of God." Then the spirit of opposition would return, and transform the affectionate husband into the petty tyrant. When he observed her about to retire for her devotions, he would take out his watch and note whether she exceeded the half hour allotted her. The waiting maid before alluded to, she tells us "became every day more haughty. It seemed as if Satan were in her, to incite her to torment me. And what enraged her most of all was, that her vexatious treatment, her fretfulness and her impertinent complaints and rebukes, had ceased to trouble me as they once did. Inwardly supported I remained silent."

But the heaviest of all Madam Guyon's afflictions was the systematic attempts which were made to destroy her influence over her eldest son. There seems to have been some natural perverseness about the lad which made him peculiarly susceptible to evil. His mother's heart was wrung with the keenest anguish as she saw him wholly weaned from her, by the malignant efforts of his grandmother. He even treated her with open disobedience and contempt. Why God permitted this cherished child, to whom she had looked as her solace in her house of bondage, to become perverted by evil influences, was a problem hard for her young faith to receive. In time she was able to understand the bitter lesson.

In 1667 she gave birth to a second son—a lovely child, and the striking reverse of his elder brother. Two years after a daughter was born, a flower of loveliness both in body and mind. She was as an angel to

her mother, and exerted all her little winning arts to beguile her of her sorrows. Whenever she saw her about to retire to her room, she was urgent to accompany her, and seemed to have a sincere love of religious duties.

"When we were alone," says her mother, "if she saw my eyes closed, as would naturally be the case in my seasons of inward recollection, she would whisper, 'Are you asleep?' and then would cry out, 'ah, no! you are praying to our dear Jesus;' and, dropping on her knees before me, she would begin to pray too." Perhaps He who bereaves that he may fill the desolate heart with himself, saw that Madam Guyon was leaning too much on this lovely and remarkable child. She died at the age of three years.

But we anticipate. It is in a religious sense, and connected with a deep religious movement, that the life of Madam Guyon is of significance to us. Her autobiography, a work undertaken in obedience to the injunction of her confessor, reluctantly, and without any view to publication, traces the progress of her spiritual growth with great minuteness. Her trials were mostly inward. Outward piety she found it easy to practice. She found it easy to lay aside those excessive personal adornments which harmonized as little with her taste as with her principles — to abandon light literature and gay company — rigidly to observe all the ceremonials of the church, and to give with princely generosity to the poor. Her private purse was mostly expended in charity. She sought out new and neglected channels for her bounty. At one time she selected such daughters of the poor in her neighborhood as were exposed by their beauty and poverty to a life of vice, and had them instructed in some useful trade.

"I went," she says, "to visit the sick to comfort them, to make their beds. I made ointments, aided in dressing wounds, and paid the funeral expenses of those who died. I sometimes privately furnished tradesmen and mechanics, who stood in need of

assistance, with the means that were requisite to enable them to prosecute their business." And this was the language of her heart: "Oh, my Divine Love, it is thy substance; I am only the steward of it; I ought to distribute it according to thy will."

Madam Guyon was a woman of powerful intellect, and very remarkable energy and enthusiasm of character. When therefore her soul took hold on God as its portion, it was with a concentrated force of will such as few minds can bring to bear on any subject. She gave to it the whole strength of her nature, and the whole warmth of her affections. It is necessary to have reached an elevated state of Christian experience to enter into her feelings. To the worldling they must often appear exaggerated, and even absurd. Allowance must also be made for the language in which she clothes her thoughts. Although in the highest degree impassioned and eloquent, it frequently lacks the clearness and accuracy of logical statement. Her imagination was very large; and while it does not seem to have exerted any disturbing influence on her mental operations, it often colors the language in which she describes them. Her words must be taken in their general scope rather than according to particular expression.

After making every allowance for her peculiar modes of thought and utterance, the question remains whether that sublime frame of mind which she professes to have attained was reality or delusion. Did she really reach that elevated state of sanctification which she claimed, or did she, "under the delusions of a heated imagination," as some assert, "deliver herself up to sublime chimeras?" This is a question for theologians to debate. It is not Madam Guyon as a polemical writer with whom we are engaged, but Madam Guyon, a woman, combining the sweetest graces of person and disposition, with the richest endowments of intellect, casting behind her all the seductions of rank,

fortune and beauty in a sublime search for goodness, and accepting in their stead contempt, imprisonment, and want. Her religious emotions were characterized by great intensity. Describing her state immediately subsequent to conversion she says:

"Nothing was more easy to me now than to practice prayer. Hours passed away like moments, while I could hardly do any thing else but pray. The fervency of my love allowed me no intermission. It was a prayer of rejoicing and of possession, wherein the taste of God was so great, so pure, unblended and uninterrupted, that it drew and absorbed the powers of the soul into a profound recollection, a state of confiding and affectionate rest in God, existing without intellectual effort."

Again: "This love of God occupied my heart so constantly and strangely, that it was very difficult for me to think of any thing else. Nothing else seemed worthy of my attention. So much was my soul absorbed in God, that my eyes and ears seemed to close of themselves to outward objects, and to leave the soul under the exclusive influence of the attraction."

So filled was her heart with the Divine presence, that her very countenance was irradiated. Said a man of the world who observed her in company: "I saw the lady, your niece, and it is very visible that she lives in the presence of God."

Having at one time accompanied her husband into the country, she did not suffer either the novelties or inconveniences of a journey to hinder her devotions. "On the banks of the river, finding a dry and solitary place, I sought intercourse with my God." In her short visits to Paris, filled as it was with attractions for a young woman of rank and fortune, the home of her parents, and the scene of her happiest friendships, she would find pause to turn aside into a church for prayer.

Madam Guyon did not suffer her religious absorption to excuse the neglect of family occupations — the care of her children, attendance on her husband, or her duty to her servants and the poor of the neighborhood. She was even more assiduous than formerly in these relations, but the preoccupation of her mind led her into some indiscretions which she afterward saw and acknowledged. Absorbed in meditation she began to neglect general literature, and even the news of the day; she sometimes found herself embarrassed in company by an entire ignorance of topics of the most common interest.

After walking in her garden, which was laid out with great taste and elegance, her husband, who was confined to the house, would ask her how the fruits and flowers thrived. He was very naturally displeased when he found that she knew nothing about them, and reproached her for a religion which made her so indifferent to his wishes. Thus the breach between them was widened. She afterward saw and lamented this error.

There can be no doubt that Madam Guyon was inclined to asceticism. She took too little interest in the common affairs of life to make her quite companionable. She thus gave the worldling occasion to sneer at a religion which was never meant to cut off one innocent gayety, or abridge a simple harmless enjoyment.

(To be concluded.)

GIVE CHILDREN PURE AIR.

LET our children starve for bread rather than for air. Let us see to it that their apartments at home and in the schoolroom are well ventilated, and that they are not too long confined on hard benches in crowded rooms. Let them learn to play as well as to study. Let us educate their bodies with as much diligence as their minds.

LETTERS FROM QUIETSIDe.—I.

G. . . . , *March*, 1857.

YOU inquire, my dear M. . . . , what I am doing with myself this winter. Were you thus to question a hibernating bear, he would, probably, by way of making an intelligible response, give an extra pull upon his paw. This would be significant at least, and recalls a dialogue I once had with a bright little black boy. He was six years old, small of his age, with all the striking characteristics of African physiognomy, very bright, and ready witted. He always waited with his mother at table, and made me the object of his special care; but kept me constantly on guard against spilled coffee, tea, soup, and gravy. One day I found him alone in the breakfast parlor, and said to him, "Mose, what do you do days?" "Don't do nos'n days." "What do you do nights?" "Don't do nos'n nights." "What do you do any time?" "Don't do nos'n any time." "What do you live for then?" "Live for eat—could n't live wis'out eat." A sad comment upon the little fellow's shadowy present and dark future. But I have often thought of Mose in my almost aimless life this winter, shut out, or rather shut in, from the unceasing agitations of the outside world. This so quiet and retired life, has its pleasures and advantages in a small way. If it does not tend to discontent and apathy, it affords leisure for thought and reflection, without the constant annoyance of social interruptions, and excites the memory to reminiscences, which, if not all pleasurable, are robbed of their pungent elements, by the Lethean course of time.

Circumstances continually occurring under my observation, have directed my thoughts to the awfully solemn responsibilities of life. In every station, irrespective of its position, whether high or low on the graduated scale of worldly influences, every kind of power involves responsibility. Will you, my dear M. . . . , accept a few crude

thoughts on this topic, as a memento of "Lang Syne?" Happiness has been invoked as our "being's end and aim," under whatever idea she may present herself in the abstract, whether "good, pleasure, ease, content," or comfort, or by an analysis of the elementary principles which constitute the great object of life, from the cradle to the grave. In early infancy, demonstrations are made, pointing from the broken toy on the carpet, to the bright mirror, the gilded volume, or the splendid decorations of table, bracket, or eteyère. Not satisfied with the countless variety of toys furnished for his amusement, the little fellow fixes his will upon something which he seems to know intuitively will be refused. All his little energies are directed to its acquisition; he points, and reaches, and crows; employs all the little blandishments of eyes, and voice, and fondling caresses. If this is withstood—and it requires great power to command the gentle impulses of maternal fondness—he tries a new set of tactics. He scolds, frowns fiercely, and finally arranges the whole into a stirring opera; hands and feet aid the performance, until strength as well as skill is brought into requisition to manage the turbulent spirit now fully aroused. This is the important crisis for the little creature; a mistake now may tell upon his life's destinies—yes, and upon his eternal destiny too!

This, too, is the severest trial for a mother—the struggle between her love, and conviction of duty. To gain quiet, but more to satisfy the yearnings of her own loving heart, she either yields the point, or so compromises, as to amount to the same thing; and thus gives her child its first lesson in willful self-indulgence. To what a succession of lessons this may lead; a regular inductive course, until—who shall speak the character and consequences of the last? One inquires, can results so fearful arise from indulging a little child in the possession of an article, the greatest

danger to which, would be the defacement of its beauty, or even its total destruction, which a few dollars can replace! This is a very inadequate view of the matter. The judicious, intellectual parent, enlightened by Christian philosophy, will see in this first outbreak the incipient stage of that depravity which an able divine has described as "the state of the affections in an accountable creature, at variance with the Divine requirements, from the beginning of his accountability."

The precise date of this accountability has not, probably, been ascertained; nor is it germane to the question that it should be. The first budding germ indicates the root. If that is left to send out vigorous shoots, and they not subjected to judicious pruning, what can be expected but the pungent fruits of regret and disappointment? How important then that the earliest buddings of the little heart should be vigilantly watched, all excrescences and redundances carefully removed, or judiciously trained, so that in the gradual development of character, there shall be no unsightly undergrowth left to interrupt the harmony of its parts, or to mar the beauty of a perfect structure, based in Christian principles, the superstructure raised and strengthened by parental admonition, and every part interjoined by a mother's prayers for and with her child, from so early a period that he shall not remember the first time.

Unquestionably the foundation of good citizenship, of the "perfect man in Christ Jesus," is laid in the nursery at a much earlier period than is generally supposed. It requires great self-denial to mark and connect all the little peccancies of budding life; for even these have a charm to loving eyes. But pause, oh mother! Remember that your cherub is but a lent mercy—a frail flower, whose fragrance may be suddenly exhaled to Heaven—a harp, whose tones may be wanted to swell the angel choir. With

hushed breathlessness and shuddering sobs, your very heart-strings crack with the effort to realize that this is inevitable in the future, and may be very soon. In that dread hour, what can soothe the agony of your stricken spirit, if you want the consciousness that you received the gift from God as a loan, and have striven to cultivate and train it, not only as a citizen of this world, but also with reference to its ulterior destination—its translation from this to another, a higher state of existence.

In the momentous relation of parent is involved, not only the present, but the future, and eternal weal of their offspring. Every fond, self-indulgent, parental feeling, should yield to the one thought, that when, the gift was bestowed, the command was also given, "Take this child and bring it up for me." To do this effectually, requires strong disciplinary talent, and great energy of self-possession; for every look and tone of the little delinquent appeals so strongly to parental sympathy, and it is so much pleasanter, as well as easier, to ignore what may seem a trifling obliquity, than to present it in its true bearing, under the fearful sanctions of God's word, and to act determinately upon the admonition, "Train up a child in the way he should go." To this every parent and guardian is encouraged by the assurance, that "when he is old, he shall not depart from it." The performance of this duty may be greatly assisted by keeping present to the mind the thought that upon its faithful discharge depends that happiness, which is the "end and aim" of all human existence.

Is it not then an important duty to contemplate the solemn responsibilities involved in all life's relationships? Farewell, dear M. . . . , says

Yours Faithfully,
JACQUES & CO.

God never fails them that wait for him,
nor forsakes them that work for him.

THOUGHTS OF ROME.

ON the twenty-second day of February we entered Rome, and found the peach-trees in blossom. The modern city is in no respect remarkable. Its walls are of some strength, but readily yielded to the attack of the French in 1849. Its present population is one hundred and seventy-five thousand. All the streets are narrow, and even the far-famed Corso is not over fifty feet wide. In general, the buildings appear to be of modern date, with here and there some grand monument of antiquity peering out from the midst of more recent structures.

On the whole, the aspect of this "Queen of the World" is eminently sad, degenerate, and disheartening. The more imposing relics of antiquity, the Forum, the Palace of the Cæsars, the Coliseum, the Baths of Caracalla, though within the walls, are still on the southern side of the city, and beyond the present center of population. All these are gigantic structures, but mostly of a barbarous character. They show the amazing power and wealth of the emperors who constructed these works, but they also display the actual poverty of art, for there is not one of them that can furnish a useful suggestion to even a house-carpenter. The vain and transitory nature of the ideas and institutions which gave birth to these miracles of labor, strikes the reflecting mind with a deep and painful sense of humiliation.

The Coliseum, the most sublime monument of accumulated human toil, regarded as to its gigantic proportions, was erected for amusements now held to be alike cruel and revolting; the baths of Caracalla, whole acres covered with mounds of brick, were constructed to minister to fashionable luxuries, which at the present day would be regarded as infamous. In modern times, the same accommodations would be obtained with one twentieth part of the labor expended

upon these establishments. The vanity, the boasting, the ostentation of conquerors, which gave birth to the triumphal arches, would at this day be looked upon with universal contempt.

The temples were erected to gods, which have vanished into thin air. The Aqueducts, whose ruins stretch across the gloomy Campagna, looking like long lines of marching mastodons, were erected in ignorance of that familiar fact, visible to any one who looks into a teapot, that water will rise to its level!

The great lesson to be learned at Rome is that of humility. I know not which is most calculated to sink the pride of man, pagan Rome, sublime in the grandeur of its tyranny, its vices, and its falsehoods, or Christian Rome, contemptible in its littleness, its tricks, and its artifices, which would disgrace the commonest juggler.

I speak not now of the treasures of art, collected to repletion in the public and private galleries of this wonderful city. *These* are endless in extent and variety. Among them are the finest paintings of Raphael, and the best sculptures of Michael Angelo, as well as the Dying Gladiator, and the Apollo Belvidere. Here, also, is that rich, gorgeous palace, called St. Peter's Church. But still Rome, on the whole, seems to me the most melancholy spot on earth. Here is a city which once contained three or four millions of inhabitants, now shrunk and wasted to a population of less than two hundred thousand, and these living upon the mere ruins of the past. The Christian church is but little better than a collection of bats and owls, nestling in the ruinous structures erected for the gods and goddesses of heathen antiquity.

Nor is this the most appalling fact here presented to the traveler. Around this place is a belt of undulating land, called the Campagna, eight or ten miles in width, fertile by nature, and once covered with a busy population; this has become desolate, and is now

only tenanted by sheep and cattle. The air is poisoned, and man breathes it at his peril. To sleep in it is death. And this change has come over it, while it claims to be the very seat and center of Christianity, the residence of the successor of the Apostles, the head of the Catholic church, the representative of Christ on earth, the Spiritual Father of a hundred and fifty millions of souls! Is not this mysterious, fearful? — *Recollections of a Life-time.*

MAY.

BY MRS. H. E. G. ARRY.

ADieu to cold Slumber's dominion,
The night's dusky curtains are riven,
And Fancy her magical pinion
Hath plumed for the azure of Heaven;
Yet veiling her face ere she soareth,
She bows in the Deity's sight,
While the warm lip of gratitude poureth
To Him who created the light,
A prayer that the biddings of duty
Were powerless to prompt, or to stay,
For the kingdom of fragrance and beauty,
That springs to the scepter of MAY.

The forests their garlands are wreathing,
The orchards are flushing with bloom,
And garden and vale are bequeathing
A world of delicious perfume;
Scorned petals our pathway are spreading,
And still of their duty untired,
Round the footsteps that crush them, they're
shedding
The fragrance of which they expired;
The atmosphere, taintless and glowing,
Is thrilling with voices of bliss,
And we question with hearts overflowing,
That Eden is brighter than this.

Long shadows around us are streaming
Away from the chambers of dawn,
From the peach-tree in loveliness gleaming,
Or the cowslip that laughs on the lawn;
And we, while the nation is breaking,
Our shallop will poise on the tide,
The dew from the willow boughs shaking,
That weep by the still river side;
And down on the waves' gentle bosom,
We'll glide 'mid these shadows away,
To revel in fragrance and blossom —
The gifts of the beautiful MAY.

All earth, in luxuriance teeming,
Hath woven fresh wreaths while we slept;
And grass-blades and violets are gleaming,
With tears that the night-watchers wept.

Those guardians of Heaven that spread o'er us
Their wings in our time of repose,
And a purified spirit restore us,
When the hours of their watchfulness close,
For they lighten the load of the morrow,
From the sins of the day that is fled,
And the heart from her gath'rings of sorrow,
Is purged by the tears that they shed.

And now, though their wings have uprisen,
They're bending their love-beaming eyes
From yon white clouds that skirt the horizon,
Ere they turn to their rest in the skies,
To learn if the morning hath found us
Refreshed to proceed on our way,
And meet the temptations around us,
With hearts that shall conquer to-day;
Then, with merciful judgments, and lowly,
They fly to the heavenly bowers,
To lay at the feet of the Holy,
The record we've traced on the hours.

Earth spreadeth her garden elysian
For footsteps more worthy than ours,
And, unseen by Mortality's vision,
Are angels abroad with the flowers;
Their whispers around us are swelling,
In lessons of goodness and love,
And our hearts are unconsciously thrilling
To the anthems they hear from above;
Then out o'er the earth's teeming bosom,
We'll rove with the angels to-day;
With thanks for the fragrance and blossom
That spring in the footsteps of MAY.

THE DYING MOTHER.

BY ISABELLA SHELLEN.

Long hath she lain there, motionless and pale,
As though e'en now her weary heart had
ceased

Its throbbings. But she is not dead; her soul
Hath not yet left its prison house of clay,
To soar amid the realms of endless bliss.
Around the bed her tearful children stand,
Watching with aching hearts to see some sign
Of consciousness. They would not have her
die,

Without another word, or look of love.
At length her eyes unclosed, her pale lips part,
And one word, "Father!" falls upon the ear.
Then is the old man to her bedside brought,
But his child sees him not, for ah! methinks
'Twas not her earthly sire for whom she
called,
But that e'en then, her eyes had caught a
glimpse

Of One who loved with more than earthly love;
For when the bright-winged seraphs came to
bear

Her ransomed spirit to its glorious rest,
Did they not leave the gates of pearl unclosed?
And saw she not her Heavenly Father's face?

WILLSBOROUGH, Jan., 1857.

THE DREAM OF CALEB EDMONDS.

"CHRISTIANITY, indeed!" said Mr. Edmonds, as he looked over his books, in the little back parlor behind the shop; "I am disgusted with such hypocrisy."

There was a dark frown upon the brow of the man of business as he spoke these words, and an irritability in his manner of turning over the leaves before him, which spoke of some bad debt troubling his mind, and robbing him of his good temper.

"What is the matter?" asked a cheerful little woman by the fire, at whose side a basket of stockings told of a large family, and a consequent demand for stitchery.

"Matter!" echoed the husband, "do you not know that Westford owes me four pounds ten and sixpence?"

"Well, he will pay I suppose?"

"Notho. The goods were purchased more than a year ago, and I have not had a penny yet!"

"What does he say when you see him?" asked Mrs. Edmonds, who evidently loved to look at the bright side.

"Say? — he does not say much to me, I can tell you. I told him not to worry me with his excuses, but to bring his money; and that he need not cross my door-step again until he could do that."

"I am sorry for his wife," said the little stocking-mender, presently, "for she appears to be a truly pious woman."

"Pious!" retorted her husband; "yes, and so is *he*; 'tis that disgusts me. Religion, indeed, and he owes me four pounds ten and sixpence. I thought the Bible said, 'Owe no man anything.' Christianity, forsooth!"

Mr. Caleb Edmonds was a highly respectable grocer in the town of Marlby — in fact a man of substance, for business had prospered with him. He was industrious and obliging; rising early, working hard; and thus from small beginnings he had risen to

considerable wealth. But although an excellent man of business, Mr. Edmonds was a very ordinary Christian. True he *begun* the race, but he did not *press* toward the mark — alas, for "the care of this world and the deceitfulness of riches!" And as it is characteristic of a low standard of piety to be harsh and censorious in our judgment of our fellow-citizens, so Mr. Edmonds, when he heard of any defect in the character of professors around him, was always the first to exclaim, "*Christianity, indeed!*"

Is not this too common to us all? Do we not, even if we give no expression to our thoughts, doubt and hesitate much more than we *should* doubt and hesitate, regarding the reality of the religion of our "Ready-to-halts" and "Feeble-minds?" Do we not set up a standard of perfection for our fellows, which were too lofty in our view, as a standard for ourselves? And are we not too ready to exclaim against the wanderings of others, even while *we* turn aside into forbidden paths?

Perhaps such thoughts as these had passed through the mind of Mrs. Edmonds, as she sat over her work; for when she arose to leave her basket for some other household duty, she bent over her husband for a moment, and said gently, "Caleb, I do not like to hear you say, '*Christianity, indeed!*' as you did just now. Suppose your fellow-Christians were to judge of *you* as harshly as you of them? You often say it," she continued hastily, "you doubted John Watson's religion yesterday, because he lent money to your rival, and Thornton's because he opposes you in business; and you shook your head because he argued with you against total abstinence! '*Judge not that ye be not judged.*'"

Long after his wife left him, these words rang in Caleb's ear — "*Judge not!*"

At last, as he sat in the twilight, between sleeping and waking — for business was very dull, and he could spare half an hour for rest — a vision

stole upon him, and he passed in imagination, rapidly through the scenes which follow :

At first he found himself in the front parlor of a house in a very quiet neighborhood, and in the presence of three maiden ladies, whose names he knew very well. They had their feet upon the fender, and — their knitting laid aside — were evidently discussing the affairs of their neighbors.

"Such pride!" said the elder lady, whose name was Rayby; "what will come next, I wonder?"

"The most fashionable boarding-school in R. . . ., I assure you," said another, Miss Phillips.

"Ah!" said Miss Rayby, "and I can remember the time — of course, I was *very* young then, but still I can remember — when Caleb Edwards swept out his own shop!"

"Dear me! and now he has the upstart impudence to send his girl to such a school as that!" exclaimed Miss Sophia Milwood, the spinster who had not yet spoken. "O, the pride of human nature!"

"And he a professor, too!"

"Professor!" said Miss Rayby; "*religion* does not teach a man such absurd pride as that!"

Miss Phillips shook her head, and began to lament the increase of false professors.

"Well," thought Caleb, "I believed that in spending some of my cash upon the education of my children, I could not go very far wrong; but I find I am misunderstood, even here."

The next scene was the drawing-room of the very John Watson, of whom Mrs. Edmonds had spoken. A lady was making tea behind a silver urn, and a gentleman, her husband, sat beside her.

"Poor Thornton," said Mrs. Watson — for it was she, "I trust he will succeed."

"He *shall*, if by God's blessing I can compass it!"

"He is a very deserving young man," continued the lady; "the manner in which he bore the loss of all

his property would win esteem, even if he had no other claim."

Mr. Watson did not reply, his mind had wandered to another branch of the subject. "That Caleb Edmonds," he said at length, "I am surprised at the ill-feeling he displays."

"Towards Thornton?"

"Yes! he is evidently annoyed at the opening of another shop so near his own; whereas, in the principal street of a town like this, he should have expected competition. Besides, he has made a little fortune, and has nothing to fear; yet he will not treat George Thornton with ordinary civility."

"I thought he was a religious man," said Mrs. Watson.

"He *pretends* to be," replied her husband; "but I have not much faith in a religion which brings forth so little fruit!"

Poor Caleb! his wife's words — the *Master's* words — still sounded in his ears as they had never done before, meeting with a responsive echo in his heart.

Again a change, and Mr. Edmonds found himself beside a sickly-looking woman, who, leaning on her husband's arm, walked slowly toward the house of prayer. It was impossible to look without interest upon her pale and anxious face — a face which had once been beautiful; and equally impossible to disregard the careful tenderness with which her steps were guided by the strong man at her side. Their conversation, too, was worthy of remark: they were speaking of the consolations of the Gospel.

"Who knows?" exclaimed the invalid, "perhaps there may be words just suited to our case this morning! Words for the *poor*!"

"Poor as regards *this* world only, Mary."

Her eyes brightened as she looked up cheerfully. "Yes, yes; *rich* in treasure far more costly than earth's gold. God help us to look up, and to trust Him for the meat that perisheth."

They walked on for a while, and then the wife said mournfully, "I sometimes fear that it is pride which makes me shrink from meeting Mr. Edmonds; I do shrink from it. Oh, if we could but pay him!"

"We shall be able to do soon, I hope," said Welsford; "it has been a hard struggle, Mary, starvation almost; but I think it is nearly over."

"Ah! it was all for me. I am sure Mr. Edmonds would be patient, if he knew how much you spent in medicines for me, and how little work you have."

"He is patient, after a fashion; and we have reason to be thankful for that; still he has said some crushing things to me; harsh things which he may live to repent—things which have made me doubt his Christianity."

"Nay," said Mrs. Welsford, gently, "I would not judge him; how many inconsistent things *we* do."

"You are right. I may not lift my voice; alas, but little likeness to my Lord is found in me!"

Again the echoing voice thrilled through the soul of the listener—again he heard the words, "*Judge not!*" and as he dwelt upon them, the vision slowly faded, and he, Bunyan-like, awoke, "and behold it was a dream!" But the lesson of the dream was not quite lost upon him, for he awoke to a deeper spirit of Christian charity, a nobler self-denial, a holier humility, a nearer likeness to Jesus. He had been caught in that brief twilight musing, one of the old lessons of the Book of God.

* * * * *

The fireside morning worship was just ended, and Charles Welsford was about to go forth to his daily toil, when a gentle knock at the door spoke of a visitor. How great was the surprise of all when Caleb Edmonds entered!

"You are coming, sir—"

"I am come," said the grocer, interrupting him, "to express my hope that you are not under any concern about that little amount you owe me.

Take your time, my good sir, take your time."

The poor man's eyes were filled with tears, as grasping the outstretched hand, he tried to speak his thanks.

"My wife," said Mr. Edmonds, turning toward Mrs. Welsford, "put something into my hand, just as I left for you, ma'am." And from his pockets came tea, sugar, biscuits, from the good wife's ample store, till Mary's eyes too, filled with grateful tears.

"And now," said the visitor, kindly, "don't forsake the shop; get your little parcels there, and pay just when it suits you. By the way, if a sovereign would do any service to you, I have one which will burn a hole in my pocket, as the saying goes, unless I give it to somebody." And before they could reply, he had laid the coin upon the table and was gone.

"Mary," said Mr. Welsford, "let us thank God for this."

They knelt, and as he breathed forth his heart's gratitude, his wife wept with tears of joy, and even the little ones murmured the "Amen."

But Mr. Edmonds did not stop at this; it was to him Charles Welsford owed a situation which soon after placed him far above the reach of want. It was to him he owed a host of kindly deeds, which came like sunshine to his inmost soul.

We hasten on. Not alone in this regard was Caleb Edmonds changed, for, two days after his strange dream he walked into his rival's shop, shook hands, invited him to drink tea at his house, spoke pleasantly about their "opposition," and even hinted at his own retirement at some future day, when his new friend would have "a better chance."

And from that time the charity which "suffereth long and is kind, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things," held an almost undisputed sway over the heart of Caleb Edmonds; and ever was the maxim of the Bible borne in mind, "*Judge not that ye be not judged.*"

HOUSEWORK FOR BOYS.

"DON'T fret, mother," said a good boy of eighteen years old, the other day, as he came in from a busy day's work of hauling rails, and found his poor mother trying to get supper, while her head was racked with excruciating neuralgia. "You know, mother, you have taught me most all kinds of housework, and now I can pay you for some of your trouble."

And right cheerily did he wash and wipe his hard toil-worn hands, sweep the floor, replenish the fuel, fix her comfortably in the rocking chair, tilted back with a pillow under her head, and then he went to work getting tea as easy and gracefully as any neat, smart girl.

Such a pattern of a cook you never saw, so unlike those dawdling girls who think housework disgraceful; perfect daubs who can work crimson cats in worsted, or unseemly vines and flowers about the edges of scant whitish colored skirts.

"Oh, he's worth a dozen girls!" said the grateful mother, as he left the room after bringing her a cup of tea, whose flavor was a sort of mute eloquence.

With a womanly instinct he led little frolicsome Sammy out of the room, where the patter of toddling feet would not jar upon her ear. "Bread cast upon the waters, that has returned unto me," she whispered to herself; and I thought of those words yesterday, as I heard a young wife blessing the memory of her husband's mother, who had died long years ago.

"He knows," she said, "how most every kind of housework is done; he does the milking, because, he says, it is too hard work for a woman. Oh, he has had such a good mother, I know!" and as her eyes softened in their bright earnest expression, I thought that mother's teachings were like to one's planting beautiful shade trees by the roadside, under whose cool, inviting branches the weary and worn traveler would rest, long after

the hand that had planted had mouldered back to silent dust.

"What a fool old Smith's wife makes of her son John!" said Jennie Gray's husband, as he came home from mill the other evening. "Why, to-night as I came by there, he was going out with the old woman to milk, carrying his tin pail on his arm as big as though it was a portfolio!" And he laughed derisively, as though he thought he was about the right kind of a fellow himself.

Now Jennie had four children, the eldest a sturdy brat of eight years, whose will had never been broken once. Her husband carried on a large farm, and had hired hands, plenty of them, for Jennie to wait upon; and though he cleared over a thousand dollars every year, he could not afford to hire help in the house; and as to milking the four cows, or carrying water up the steep spruce hill, even on washing day, why he never thought of such a dignified fellow doing mere woman's work! not he. Once he did carry a pail of dish-water to the pigs, but when he brought the pail back, he gave it a kick on the kitchen porch, and said, "No more such work for me — umph! carrying slop!"

In spite of Jennie's entreaties to the contrary, he made a round uncouth log pen beside the front gate, and moved the fragrant pigs into it, so Jennie would n't have so far to carry her feed. He made her believe, too, that it was all through pure considerate love for her, that he took this extra trouble upon himself.

Jennie is one of a class, dear reader, kind, patient, forbearing little wife; living a continued struggle, but her angelic sweetness represses it all, and seals her poor lips with a sad smile intended to be bright and cheerful, and in good faith she waits for the final release. Oh, dear! I wish there were no more such real pictures, but every neighborhood frames in too many such sad, sad pictures as this.

I have heard some things in the form of men — great brawny-armed

muscular specimens, without a gleam of softness or beauty, or the glory of soul-light in their blank faces, stand up and say, "Fudge! a woman's work is nothing; mere child's play." Rascals! they did n't deserve a dear kind mother to sacrifice herself at middle age for them, or poor unappreciated wives, to eke out a few slavish years in their service, or unloved sisters, to minister to their wants in fear and trembling. Such fellows merit a Nero's well-shod heel upon their necks, grinding the worthless lives out of them, with a ghastly spectacle, the embodiment of martyred wives and mothers, to whisper in their ears, "Child's play! old horses going the rounds of the tread-mill, and little squirrels in cages trying to find terra firma on a revolving wheel! Child's play, eh?"

Let us learn the little boys to do all kinds of housework, from making bread down to patching pantaloons and sewing on buttons. They may have to go to college and board themselves, or go to Mexico to fight, (hope not,) or to California as miners, or away west to pre-empt land; or maybe poor, and have sickly wives, or rich, and help be scarce, or keep a bachelor's hall; or perhaps their mothers will be infirm, and then they can help her, and pay the interest of that great debt, the principal no child can ever wholly pay.

It will not be lost on them, at any rate; and some time in their lives they will bless "mother" for teaching the mysteries of housework. They should be taught how to nurse the sick with care and gentleness, and how drinks and food should be prepared for them. But best of all, it will smooth over the rough edges of a man's nature, making him more loveable and kind and generous, and teaching him to appreciate the toilsome labors that go to make up woman's life, and to bestow on her her just dues.

Remember, good mothers, that if you receive little or no benefit from these teachings, somebody will, and

will bless you for it, perhaps, when the stone at your grave is embroidered over with green moss and creeping lichens, and your memory is but as a dream of the long ago.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

GLEANINGS FROM THE FIELD OF LITERATURE.

GATHERED BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

HOW sweetly does it operate when life is new, and experience yet unsullied by any deep or lasting stains! How sweetly does it operate, like a kind of second conscience, more tender, more forgiving, yet still more appealing than the first, in all those minor perplexities and trials of human life, whose judgment, bribed by inclination, would persuade the unpracticed traveler that the most flowery path must surely be the best! It is in the beginning and end of evil that this power, though often unseen and purely spiritual, operates with a potency particularly its own: in the beginning to win us back by that simple and habitual reference of a child, to what would have been its mother's choice; and in the end by that last lingering of expiring hope—that hovering, as it were, around our pillow of some kind angel, reminding us at once of the tenderness of earthly love, and of that which is divine. MRS. ELLIS.

John Randolph, some years before his death, wrote to a friend as follows: "I used to be called a Frenchman, because I took the French side in politics; and though that was unjust, yet the truth is, I should have been a French atheist, if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, 'Our Father who art in Heaven.'" ANON.

DISCIPLINE.

In colleges and halls in ancient days,
There dwelt a sage called Discipline:
His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile
Played on his lips; and in his speech was
heard

Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.
The occupation dearest to his heart
Was to encourage goodness. Learning grew
Beneath his care, a thriving, vigorous plant.
The mind was well informed, the passions
held

Subordinate, and diligence was choice.
If ere it chanced, as sometimes chance it
must,

That one among so many, overleaped
The limits of control, his gentle eye
Grew stern, and darted a severe rebuke.
His frown was full of terror, and his voice
Shook the delinquent with such of awe,
As left him not, till penitence had won
Lost favor back again, and closed the breach.

But Discipline at length,
Overlooked and unemployed, grew sick and
died.

Then study languished, emulation slept,
And virtue fled. The schools became a
scene

Of solemn farce, where ignorance in stilts,
His cap well lined with logic not his own,
With parrot tongue performed the scholar's
part,

Proceeding soon a graduated dunce.

What was learned,
If aught was learned in childhood, is forgot;
And such expense as pinches parents blue,
And mortifies the liberal hand of love,
Is squandered in pursuit of idle sports,
And vicious pleasures.

TASK.

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, and bereft of beauty.

SHAKESPEARE.

Woman's loquacious tongue was given
her, in part, to enable and dispose her
to instruct children by conversation;
her large language and parental love
combined, making her love to talk to
and with them. O. S. FOWLER.

We detect not the many delicate
but strong lines of influence, which
connect a man's beliefs, pursuits, aims,
pleasures, pastimes, and associations
with the formation of his character,
penetrating the substance of the latter,
like the almost invisible capillaries of
his body, and conveying streams of

every hue and quality, from the bright
life-current that only purifies and
strengthens, to the dark tide that only
corrupts and enfeebles.

F. IN JOUR. OF ED.

Circumstances define possibilities.
When we have done our best to shape
them and to make them propitious,
we may rest satisfied that superior
wisdom has, nevertheless, controlled
them and us, and that it will be satis-
fied with us, if we do all the good that
shall then be found possible.

WM. H. SEWARD.

As storm following storm, and wave
succeeding wave, give additional hard-
ness to the shell that encloses the
pearl, so do the storms and waves of
life add force to the character of
man.

ANON.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

More constant than the evening star,
Which mildly beams above,
That diadem — Oh! dearer far,
A sister's gentle love.

Brighter than dewdrops on the rose,
Than nature's smile more gay —
A living fount which ever flows,
Steeped in love's purest ray.

Gem of the heart! Life's gift divine
Bequeathed us from above;
Glad offering at affection's shrine —
A sister's holy love!

ANON.

The heart, the heart that's truly blest,
Is never all its own;
No ray of glory lights the breast
That beats for self alone.

ELIZA COOK.

There is nothing purer than hon-
esty; nothing sweeter than charity;
nothing warmer than love; nothing
richer than wisdom; nothing brighter
than virtue; and nothing more stead-
fast than faith. These united in one
mind, form the purest, the sweetest,
the warmest, the richest, the brightest,
and the most steadfast happiness.

FRAGMENTS OF TIME.

ELISHA KENT KANE.

BY FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

[It is long since such a poem as this has broken the monotony of every-day life.]

ALLOFT, upon an old basaltic crag,
Which, scalped by keen winds that defend
the Pole,

Gazes with dead face on the seas that roll
Around the secret of the mystic zone,
A mighty nation's star-bespangled flag
Flutters alone.

And underneath, upon the lifeless front
Of that drear cliff, a simple name is traced;
Fit type of him, who, famishing and gaunt,
But with a rocky purpose in his soul,
Breasted the gathering snows,
Clung to the drifting flocks,

By want beleagured, and by winter chased,
Seeking the brother lost amid that frozen
waste.

Not many months ago we greeted him,
Crowned with the icy honors of the North.
Across the land his hard-won fame went
forth,
And Maine's deep woods were shaken limb
by limb.

His own mild Keystone State, sedate and
prim,

Burst from decorous quiet as he came.

Hot Southern lips, with eloquence a-flame,
Sounded his triumph. Texas, wild and grim,
Proffered its horny hand. The large-lunged
West,

From out its giant breast,
Yelled its frank welcome. And from main
to main,

Jubilant to the sky,
Thundered the mighty cry,
HONOR TO KANE!

In vain — in vain beneath his feet we flung
The reddening roses! All in vain we
poured

The golden wine, and round the shining
board

Sent the toast circling, till the rafters rung
With the thrice-tripled honors of the feast!
Scarce the buds wilted and the voices
ceased

Are the pure light that sparkled in his eyes,
Bright as auroral fires in southern skies
Faded and faded. And the brave young
heart

That the relentless Arctic winds had robbed
Of all its vital heat, in that long quest
For the lost captain, now within his breast
More and more faintly throbbed.

His was the victory; but as his grasp
Closed on the laurel crown with eager clasp,
Death launched a whistling dart;

And ere the thunders of applause were done
His bright eyes closed forever on the sun!
Too late — too late the splendid prize he won
In the Olympic race of Science and of Art!

Like to some shattered berg that, pale and
lone,
Drifts from the white North to the Tropic
zone,

And in the burning day
Wastes peak by peak away,
Till on some rosy even
It dies with sunlight blessing it; so he
Tranquilly floated to a southern sea,
And melted into heaven!

He needs no tears, who lived a noble life!
We will not weep for him who died so well;
But we will gather round the hearth, and
tell

The story of his strife.
Such homage suits him well;
Better than funeral pomp or passing bell.

What tale of peril and self-sacrifice!
Prisoned amid the fastnesses of ice,
With hunger howling o'er the wastes of
snow!

Night lengthening into months; the rav-
enous floc
Crunching the massive ships, as the white
bear

Crunches his prey. The insufficient share
Of loathsome food;

The lethargy of famine; the despair
Urging to labor, nervelessly pursued;
Toil done with skinny arms, and faces hued
Like pallid masks, while dolefully behind
Glimmered the fading embers of a mind!
That awful hour, when through the prostrate
band

Delirium stalked, laying his burning hand
Upon the ghastly foreheads of the crew.
The whispers of rebellion, faint and few
At first, but deepening ever till they grew
Into black thoughts of murder; such the
throng

Of horrors round the Hero. High the song
Should be that hymns the noble part he
played!

Sinking himself — yet ministering aid
To all around him. By a mighty will
Living defiant of the wants that kill,
Because his death would seal his comrades'
fate;

Cheering with ceaseless and inventive skill
Those Polar winters, dark and desolate.

Equal to every trial, every fate,
He stands, until spring, tardy with relief,
Unlocks the icy gate,
And the pale prisoners thread the world
once more,

To the steep cliffs of Greenland's pastoral
shore

Bearing their dying chief!

Time was when he should gain his spurs of
gold
From royal hands, who wooed the knightly
state;

The knell of old formalities is tolled,
And the world's knights are now self-consecrate.

No grander episode doth chivalry hold
Is all its annals, back to Charlemagne,
Than that long vigil of unceasing pain,
Faithfully kept, through hunger and through cold,

By the good Christian knight ELISHA KANE!

COMMON SENSE IN HOME AFFAIRS.

I HAVE sometimes thought there were some people who never did exercise *common sense*; and though I have met many men whose aping after follies made them little else than apes, yet I confess it with mortification that it is among the women I have found the greatest lack of the wisdom which makes home what it should be, and life what it should be, and the heart what it should be. Drop down in the midst of any little circle, where, apparently, is much real worth and exercise of truth, and observe for yourself, O reader!

Here is Mrs., a quiet, sweet little body, whose health is quite gone. She is still working, still ambitious — for what? For *position*; for living as well as her neighbor of the stone house! and in this reckless race she has sacrificed the dearest boon God gave to her — health. No use for her to say, "others do it," "my husband expected it," "my children would not have been noticed without it," for none of these excuses suffice for a positive sacrifice of happiness, a real suicide. *Common sense* would dictate no sacrifice of life-treasures upon the shrine of common usage; but would rather dictate such prudential steps as would not have compromised body-comfort and soul-culture.

There is Mrs., a gay, lightly-stepping creature, the very personification of rosy health and life enjoyment. But, be not hasty in conclusions. She has a home and a husband and children; but that home lacks the quiet air and exquisite presence which ren-

ders it what it should be — a Paradise in miniature; and the husband is just as happy in his counting-room as at his fireside; and the children think little else than of the dresses to wear, the day to spend, and the party at night. There is, to the close observer, an almost total want of soul-culture in that home; and the gaiety of the mother is won at the expense of the truer happiness of her husband, the nobler aspirations of her children, and the higher sphere of her own usefulness.

And then there is Miss, who you would think is pursuing the true life, by avoiding vain show, parties — who practices economy and a modest style in all things; — she, you think, is endowed with the rare virtue of doing what she knows to be right. It may be, but not in its fullest degree; — she does not realize that life is given for accomplishment — that a true happiness consists in developing all her mental treasures to their utmost; and therefore, with all her well meaning, she is not exercising the common sense which God has endowed her with, when she passes through years of comparative listlessness and ease.

So on through the calendar, — we might enumerate the positive faults of our sex. It may be the other sex have as many, or more short-comings; but it is no excuse for us, who are to be the mothers of a race, and who should be the ornament of society. A true life consists in first rendering a home joyous, well ordered, beautiful, and all in it and around it perfectly *at home*; second, in the practice of such thoughts and feelings as tend to harmonize, instead of dividing society; so that *all* may be friends who are good and respectable, without regard to their wealth; third, in so endowing the mind by study and reflection, as to render its converse one of intelligence and usefulness, and its tastes elevated. When women learn to *practice* such common sense, this life will not have so many sad records to write, and so many obstacles to overcome in reaching Heaven.

A CHAPTER ON COSMETICS.

"PRAY, what can you tell me 'of Calista?" asked a fair lady who had come from a distant city to witness our rural celebration, and whose eye had been offended by the cold and supercilious expression of Calista's countenance, so little in harmony with the spirit of the day.

"It is not many years since she was the most beautiful woman I ever saw," replied I.

"You surprise me," said the sunny-haired stranger. "I can not imagine how those sharp, sallow features can ever have been beautiful."

"If you will look at her more closely, you will perceive that every feature is classically perfect in its outline, and that it is expression that renders the countenance so displeasing."

"Can you tell me what has caused this extraordinary change?"

"Discontent with her position, and jealousy of the world's opinion of her. Such traits of character, you have probably observed, are not the best of cosmetics."

"Alas! but too often," said the lady, whose clear brow betokened entire freedom in her own mind from aught so destructive to womanly attractiveness.

"By the way," said I, as the lady stepped into her carriage, "what a nice little article might be written on the passions considered cosmetically."

"Admirable! and I hope you will write such a one yourself," said the lady, as she waved her adieu from the carriage window.

"Yes!" thought I, as I turned again toward the gay throng, gathered under the shadow of a grove of ancient elms; "certainly that is an excellent topic; and here before me is an abundant apparatus for its illustration."

As I mingled with the crowd, each face I met seemed at once to tell me what cosmetic had bestowed upon it its attractive or its repulsive attri-

butes. There was Calista, moving about with the listless gait that long since superceded the floating ease of motion that made her youthful step almost musical. As her indolent eye wandered among that company, there was no expression of sympathy; but, instead, a cold scorn, such as those who have outlived all that child-like freshness and simplicity of taste feel toward those who enjoy, without stopping to criticise that which gives them pleasure. Her lip that once curved in a line of perfect beauty, has so often been made to express the discontent within, that it has gradually become fixed into an ungracious curl, and the former charm is gone forever.

In her youth no girl in our village possessed so many advantages as Calista; for in addition to rare beauty and grace of person, every opportunity of cultivation was within her reach, and nature had endowed her with excellent mental capacity, and the power of ready and agreeable conversation. She had not, however, the good sense, or good feeling, to use her possessions wisely; and valued them far more because she thought they placed her above her companions, than because they afforded enjoyment to herself, or gave her the power of increasing the happiness of those around her. All she desired of society was homage; and she thought herself entitled to receive it without giving any thing in return.

Selfish, proud, and cold in her intercourse with others, she yet expected the utmost courtesy and deference from all her companions. They, naturally, grew year by year more weary of her pretension, while she as steadily became disgusted with what she termed their want of appreciation, gradually withdrew herself from them, and in the midst of a neighborhood of kind and agreeable people came to live more and more the life of a recluse, until, at length, she seems to look even upon air and sunshine as enemies, and is almost never seen in the highways or the by-ways of the

village. When some unusual occurrence induces her to come forth from her hiding-place, those who knew her youthful face look upon her sorrowfully, remembering the former beauty; while the stranger inquires, "Whence this air of haughty pretension and scornful discontent?"

Ah, Calista! had you understood the true theory of beauty, had you known that the soul is perpetually painting its moods and passions on the countenance, and making the face every day more and more like itself, methinks you would have been a little more careful in your selection of spiritual cosmetics.

As I turned from Calista, my eye fell upon a pretty trifter, the village butterfly, her face full of self-consciousness, and her dress an illustration of the newest fashion. This fair lassie is one of those who make dress a science, and can discourse learnedly of every addendum of female loveliness, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. The last time I met her, she talked of the relative merits of a circular and an oval rosette for the slipper, at least half an hour, and proved to her own entire satisfaction that no one could be esteemed other than vulgar who wore any thing but an oval rosette, an inch and a half in length, and — the breadth — I am sorry, but I have forgotten it. She certainly understands the art of dressing her own pretty person to the best advantage, and she deserves her success, which is evidently the result of a mental concentrateness similar to that of the dandy, who explained the superlative grace of his cravat tie to an inquisitive friend by assuring him that he put his whole mind into it.

At the first glance, you would call this lady exceedingly pretty; but after listening half an hour to her silly chatter, you would henceforth remember her countenance as a symbol of all that is rapid and wearisome. Her features always wear the same expression, no matter what may be going on

around her, and that is untiring self-complacency. Vanity has ruled every thought and feeling, until it has fixed its seal upon every feature, and the eye ever looks forth with a glance of inquiry, that says as plainly as words could speak, "Who is admiring me now?" Such an expression is forgiven for a few moments, and the eye dwells on the pretty outline and brilliant complexion with pleasure, unconsciously expecting that presently a change will pass over the features, and a new expression exhibit itself; but the change comes not, and, wearied waiting, the eye soon turns to seek something more satisfying elsewhere.

The face that presented itself to my observation was that of Grace Morgan, a young damsel of romantic disposition, whose floating ringlets of true poet's gold, and hazel eyes of softest hue go far toward making her very charming to look upon; but — alas for these *buts*! — they are almost counterbalanced by a curious combination of indolence and disappointment in her expression. She looks as if she thought the world had not been quite just to her; and besides this, her beautiful hair is never neatly dressed, and there is a want of nicety about her whole costume that spoils an air of picturesqueness that seems natural to her.

An indolent temperament has inclined her to lead a life without any wise aim, and an imaginative disposition has induced an excessive love of novel reading. She has long been watching for an especial hero to whom she may resign the keeping of her heart, but thus far, I grieve to say, he comes not. When she finds "the man," it is to be hoped that she will take a little more pains with her costume, and indulge herself a little oftener with clean muslins. And I dare say she will, for she is amiable and affectionate, and I doubt not would make a devoted wife.

I have always fancied her name has done her a mischief. Had she been called by some one of the hard Jewish

appellatives with which our Puritan ancestors were so fond of endowing their daughters, it might have gone far toward counteracting her spirit of romance. A prescience of some romantic fate in store for her must have thrilled an imagination like hers every time she signed her name Grace Morgan, from her first copy-book to the present hour.

Turning away from pretty Grace Morgan, I was greeted by Alice Stanley, whose face beamed upon me like a bright June morning, while the happy tones of her voice, even more than the words she spoke, expressed the childlike enjoyment with which she entered into the pleasure of those around her. It is rare to find a woman more entirely charming. Her eye sparkles with intelligence, and her mouth is expressive of every gentle affection, while her confiding manner at once inspires the confidence of all she meets. Yet Alice Stanley has not a handsome feature, and her face is so lovely, simply because it is a transparent veil through which every Christian grace is shining. She is beautiful because she is good, and her beauty can not fade, because she is growing better every day. Had she been jealous, or discontented, or envious, she would have been positively homely; but having the opposite virtues, of confidence in others, contentment, and disinterestedness, she wins the world into full faith that she is beautiful.

As I looked into the radiant face of Alice, I thought the advertisements may say what they will of the efficacy of Amandine, Tricopherous, or Balm of a Thousand Flowers; intelligence and goodness are the true cosmetics, and the shortest way to become beautiful is to cultivate a beautiful soul. My eye followed her as she glided from me, and greeted other of her acquaintances. Every one looked happier for seeing her. Her sphere of kindness seemed to make every one kindly whom she met. The little girl in the fairy tale, who dropped pearls and diamonds from her lips as often as

she spoke, symbolized women like Alice Stanley. She long ago found "the pearl of great price," and the soft glow of its beauty radiates perpetually from her countenance.

The mass of mankind do not stop to analyze their feelings, and ask why one person attracts and another repels them; but they are attracted and repelled quite as strongly as, and probably more so, than those who stop to demand a reason for what they feel. The few who criticise, may perhaps prove with ease that Alice is not beautiful according to any rule of art; but the many who feel, will believe that she is beautiful, in spite of the critics; and the critics, in their happier moments, when they forget their rules of art, will be moved to admiration in spite of themselves.

The lengthened shadows of the elms were fast disappearing in the greater shade of twilight, and the sound of parting salutations admonished me that I was rapidly losing the apparatus for illustrating my facial theories; so, following the crowd, I bent my steps homeward. The train of thought into which I had fallen remained with me after I reached the quiet of my own chamber. Memory ran backward to the time when I took my first lesson in writing joining-hand of a woman so ugly that her face was a constant distress to me. She one day aroused the first satirical emotion I ever remember to have experienced, by writing as a copy for me, in a hand so large that three words reached quite across the page, "BEAUTY SOON FADES." "You never could have learned that by your own experience I am sure," said the demon in my little heart, as she turned the final *s*, and then slid the book along the desk under my hand, with what I fancied an expression of triumph sharpening the usual sourness of her countenance. She taught me but a few weeks, and her name, and all the other copies she set me, have long since passed from my recollection; the old school-house where she taught, and where I

imbibed the elemental mysteries of human science during the five summers of my second lustrum, has long since been destroyed, and replaced by a smarter and more modern structure; but that woman's face, and that one copy, stand now as firmly fixed before my memory's eye, as the grand old hills of Massachusetts, amid which that little temple of science was placed, stand upon their foundation.

I can not recall the time when beauty did not excite an emotion of reverence in my soul, or when I had not an intuitive perception that there must be something wrong about a person who was irredeemably ugly. I used to pity all the little children who had uncomely mothers, and often wondered if it were possible that they could love them as well as I loved my mother; little weening that maternal tenderness makes every mother beautiful in the eyes of her little children. Fortunately I was rather a silent child, and felt the subject too deeply to venture upon satisfying my curiosity by direct inquiry. I had not then learned to understand the power of beauty of expression, and when I found that one of the mothers in our neighborhood, whom I thought most repulsive in feature, was very good and kind, I felt as though there was injustice in her having such a very unattractive face. As my observation widened, my delight was great when the harmony between character and expression discovered itself to my seeking eyes; when I found that the discords were only apparent, but the harmonies real. My sense of justice comforted itself greatly in the conviction which gradually grew upon me, that while the beauty that is scornfully said to be "only skin deep" soon fades, "the handsome is that handsome does" grows handsome perpetually. When I read the poet's question,

"What is the blooming tincture of the skin,
To peace of mind and harmony within?"

I answered, that peace of mind and harmony within make the face bloom

with a beauty that time can not touch, a beauty more entralling than the most cunning mixture of red and white can bestow.

The love of beauty is inherent in human nature. Ever the woman desires to be beautiful to charm the man, and ever the man desires to possess beauty in the person of the woman. Strength and courage belong of right to man the protector; beauty and delicacy, to woman the consoler. Man sometimes desires to be beautiful, but this implies something unmanly in his character; just as the want of this desire implies the want of a truly feminine nature in woman.

Believing only in external beauty, the savage tattoos the skin and paints it with glaring colors; the barbarian dyes the teeth, the eyelids, and the nails; and the empty-headed woman of fashion, in what is by courtesy called civilized society, covers her skin with an imitation of the hues of health, while leading a life that renders health impossible. These mechanical efforts after beauty are left off just in proportion as society becomes intelligent. When civilization and cultivation create the higher kinds of beauty, the lower lose their value and cease to be sought after. Everybody now smiles at the cosmetics of the daughters of the good Vicar of Wakefield; but the receipt-books of our grandmothers are still extant, and testify that in their day such things were looked upon as matters of course.

The sale of patented cosmetics is large, even in our most intelligent communities; for intelligence has as yet penetrated but little way into the mass, even in our best communities. The dealers in these articles relate one fact worthy of notice incident to the trade. No lady ever purchases for herself, but asks for the article she wishes with an apologetic assertion that she is buying it for a friend; and it would seem to prove some advance in public sentiment, if women are ashamed to have it known they make use of these absurdities.

It is generally asserted by those of our countrymen who cross the Atlantic, that the women of America are the most beautiful in the world; and without stopping to see whether this be true or no, it were easy to demonstrate that it must be so. Here, more than in any other country in the world, woman holds a truly feminine place, while man takes upon himself to perform the rougher duties of life, protecting the woman from all that might make her masculine. In the Old World, so many able-bodied men in the prime of life, are taken from the ranks of the laborer to fill those of the army, that woman is forced out of her sphere, and must, of necessity, perform many of the duties proper to the man.

Although this is true only of particular classes, it lowers the standard of all women, because men can not be in the daily habit of seeing multitudes of women degraded — and by degraded is here meant unfeminine — without blunting their faith in the truly feminine nature of all women. Society becomes confused in its ideas of the two sexes; men become effeminate, and women become masculine; men lose their strength and courage, and women lose their beauty and delicacy.

In a social state favored as our own, it may be doubted if a woman is excusable for being entirely destitute of beauty. "Handsome is that handsome does" has a more literal significance than is apt to be assigned to it. The commonly received interpretation of this saying is that, if one behaves well, personal appearance is of no consequence; but the truth is, that behaving well makes one look handsome.

A set of well-formed and regularly-proportioned features, with a skin duly divided between red and white, may be considered a positive recipe for forming a physically beautiful face; yet there are many such faces that no one dreams of calling beautiful because they are spoiled by some ugly expression. The combination in the

soul of purity, sincerity, benevolence, and other Christian traits, is just as positive a recipe for forming the face into moral beauty; and though ugly features may obscure this beauty to the eye of a stranger, it is sure in the end to triumph over all such physical hindrances; and its power is the greater because no one resists it; whereas physical beauty, unaccompanied by moral excellence, excites a feeling of resistance in the mind as soon as it is found out.

Nothing is more common than to hear it remarked of celebrated beauties, that one does not see how beautiful they are on first meeting them; and this is precisely because it is not until their affections and emotions are roused by conversation, that their souls look out through their features. Just as a lamp must be lighted before the beauty of a transparent shade can become manifest.

There is an old proverb which tells us, "Every eye makes its own beauty;" and there is certainly no point of fact about which opinion is more various than about beauty; and this shows that its existence is not so much positive as it is relative. When the heart finds a soul that awakens its love, the eye soon learns to perceive the expression of that soul in its features; and by thus making them the type of what is beautiful, they soon grow to seem beautiful in themselves.

Indolence makes us love to believe that most, if not all the accomplishments and graces that attract the admiration of society, are the result of natural gifts, and are to be attained only by a few favored individuals, who have been richly endowed by nature. The truth is that, excepting in cases of absolute genius — than which nothing is more rare, these accomplishments and graces are the result of persevering and laborious industry, and a determined will, far more than of any original gift of nature. Even beauty should be classed among the attainable accomplishments quite as rightfully as among natural endowments;

for it is oftener the result of harmonious training of mind and body, than the free gift of nature. A woman entirely destitute of personal attraction should be looked upon, not as one to whom nature has been a niggard, but as one who has been unfaithful in developing the better capacities of the soul.

Women who clamor for their rights seem to be unaware that it is the peculiar prerogative of their sex to be beautiful, and that in holding fast to this prerogative lies the secret of their greatest power. It is not by making themselves mannish — manly they can never be — but by being truly feminine that they are most strong, most able to attain to their true and highest position in society. It was not the storm, but the sunshine that overcame the traveler in the fable; and it is not by a stormy vindication of her rights, but by a sunshiny performance of her duties, that woman attains her highest power. Not frowns, but smiles, are the weapons of the true woman. When she attempts to become powerful by imitating man, it is only womanish men who admire her, or yield to her assumption.

SPRING.

BY MISS M. A. RIPLEY.

Ar! Spring is here. Her fairy palm hath touched
The snow-robed hills, and changed their stain-
less garb
For one of earth's hue. Her hand hath lain
Lightly upon the crystal chain that bound
The rivulet's dancing waters, and they leap
In the sweet sunshine, and glide musically
Toward the rejoicing river, whose proud
breast
Heaves in its mighty rushing toward the
sea.
The fleecy flocks are on the mountain side,
The herds are in the sunny vale below,
And in the budding trees, the singing birds
Are pouring forth their richest melody.
Soon shall the meadow glow with pure young
flowers,
Whose holy incense will arise to God,
Through the baptismal dew, his hand hath
poured
Into their lifted chalices. The aisles

Of yonder forest, strewn with autumn leaves,
And open to the sky, shall be o'erarched
With a most graceful network, where the
breeze

Shall play as on a magic lyre, and bring
From its still home the very spirit-tones
Of Nature's melody. The airy sprites
Are curiously skilled in that sweet art.
And Spring is but the fair ambassadress,
The gentle herald of a noble queen —
The royal-hearted Summer. When her eye
Glances upon the bowers, they robe them-
selves

In their most courtly raiment. I can see
How the old oaks which crown yon rugged
steep,

Will be a mass of dense dark foliage;
The maples, standing by the portico,
Will throw their longest shadows on the
lawn;

The swaying shrubs in my poor rosary
Will wear a gorgeous robe, when sunny
June —

That "month of roses," shall have passed
this way,

And left her beauty with us. So we greet
The maiden, Spring, most lovingly, yet look
Eagerly for the regal sovereign whom
She gracefully announces.

BUFFALO, April, 1857.

MOTHER, TO THEE I TURN.

BY C. D. STUART.

MOTHER, to thee I turn
When I grow weary of my heavy load;
Thou art the solace of my saddened hours,
The joyous sunshine, and the golden flowers
That cheer life's dusty road.

Mother, to thee I turn —
Thou wert the guardian of my helpless
years;
Smiled ere I knew of sorrow or of guile,
And still dost give me that undying smile,
Brighter, though set in tears.

Mother, to thee I turn
Since others leave me in the hour of ill,
For thou, dear angel, with thy radiant wing,
Sweet semblance of my life's departed spring,
Dost hover near me still.

Mother, to thee I turn —
My balm yet lingers in thy tranquil eyes,
Thy voice is music — and the heart's low wail
Hears it, and thinks thou art an angel pale,
And life a Paradise.

Mother, to thee I turn —
My heart grows weary, and my pulse de-
cays;
But oh! if mingled in life's stormy tide,
I can but toil, then slumber at thy side,
Mine will be happy days!

MONTHLY DIGEST OF NEWS.

THE new license law passed by the Legislature of this State, provides for three Commissioners of Excise for each county, who shall have power to license keepers of inns, hotels and taverns, and also to license store-keepers to sell strong and spirituous liquors or wines, in quantities less than five gallons, not to be drunk on the premises. License fee thirty dollars to one hundred dollars in towns; fifty dollars to two hundred and fifty dollars in cities. Licenses can only be granted on the petition of twenty respectable freeholders residing in the election district, duly signed and verified by the oath of a subscribing witness, nor then unless it be necessary and proper. The country inn-keeper shall keep three spare beds, stabling and provender of hay or pasture, and grain for four horses or other cattle, besides his own stock; and city tavern keepers shall keep six spare beds and bedding, shall put up a tavern sign, and can not recover debts for liquors sold, except to lodgers.

KANSAS.—The Hon. Robert J. Walker has published a letter to the President, accepting the governorship of Kansas, and avows his intention to adopt stringent measures for the restoration of peace to the distracted region. Mr. Walker declares that the will of the majority of the people shall decide the question of the constitution of the government, and that no outside influence will be permitted to influence their action. It is understood that the new Governor is invested by the President with extraordinary powers, in order that an end may be put to the troubles that have harassed the Territory. Immigration is great, and the towns are rapidly growing.

NEW GRANADA.—The government of New Granada have declined to entertain the proposal made to them on behalf of the United States by Mr. Morse. He proposed to establish free cities at Panama and Aspinwall, like San Juan; to purchase a strip of territory twenty miles wide along the railroad, dividing its jurisdiction between the two cities; to acquire three islands adjacent to Panama, now the property of railroad and steamboat companies, and Taboga, nine miles distant, belonging to individuals; to have transferred from New Granada all the rights and advantages connected with the railroad grant and charters with other companies for \$2,000,000, from which the claims arising from the Panama riots were to be deducted. The nominal sovereignty of the Territory was to reside in New Granada, but the practical jurisdiction to be conferred upon the United States and the free cities. Should no compromise be effected, it may

devolve upon the President to lay the matter before Congress for settlement.

NICARAGUA.—The accounts brought by the *Tennessees* give reason to suppose that the career of Walker is nearly run. There can be little doubt that it is ended on this side of the isthmus, and, cut off from communication with the Atlantic ports, it is difficult to see how it is to sustain itself any longer on the Pacific side. The fact that when Walker was last heard from his situation was nearly desperate, and that there is no recent intelligence from him, is ominous.

In Newfoundland, the people are greatly scandalized by the fishery treaty just concluded between England and France, giving the latter the exclusive right to fish and use the strand for fishery purposes, on the east coast of Newfoundland, as well as the five and only valuable fishing harbors on the west coast.

CALIFORNIA.—The last news from this State indicates that the gold yield is uniform, but the financial troubles are very great. The State Treasurer has defaulted to a large amount.

NEBRASKA.—Immigration is setting strongly toward this Territory, and the emigrants already settled return gratifying accounts of their progress.

COL. SUMNER has been ordered by Government to march to Iowa with one thousand men, and there punish the Indians for their recent outrages. He will then proceed to the Mormon settlements and bring those outlaws into subjection to the laws of the United States.

In Canada, the Parliament has voted to refer the vexed question of the location of the seat of government to the decision of her Majesty.

MAPLE Sugar is becoming one of the established products of the eastern states. It will soon rival the corn crop; it does not already do that. There were about thirty-five millions pounds of maple sugar made in the United States in 1850, according to the census. This year it is estimated the crop will exceed seventy millions of pounds, which at ten cents per pound will be seven millions of dollars! This crop, as southern sugars grow expensive, will become really one of the great staples of the free states.

CAPT. JOHN ALLINE, aged seventy-eight years—a hero of the last war with Great Britain, to whom the citizens of Boston many years ago presented a valuable sword for services therein—was married on the 19th of March in Harrington, Maine, to Miss Joanna Strout, aged 73 years. Capt. Alline resides in Brookline, Maine.

On the sixth of February, William Godfrey, of Pee Dee, S. C., received a letter which was mailed to him on the 18th of January, 1888, at Clilo, a post-office in Marlboro' district, about twenty miles from the former place. The letter had been nineteen years and eighteen days on its route, and contained a \$20 bill on the Merchants' Bank at Pee Dee, with a request to return the amount in United States Bank bills.

COMPLAINTS are made of the non-arrival of orders for silk from the United States. The New York merchants decline to purchase silk goods at the present high price, which is thirty to forty per cent. higher than that of last year. There is likewise a large quantity of British silks in New York which can be sold at lower prices than the French, and with which the Lyons manufacture can not compete.

Mrs. JAMES K. POLK has presented to the Tennessee Historical Society a set of curiosities which have been in her possession for some time. Among them are a blue pitcher, used in the Indian Council at Hopewell in 1785, originally the property of Oken-sha-utah, the King of the Cherokees; an Indian pipe presented to President Polk by the head chief of the Winnebagoes, and a piece of oak from the old frigate Constitution.

THE *Evening Post* commiserates the ladies upon the fact that the war in China will prevent the manufacture and exportation of crape shawls, which are made near Canton. For a few years past 300,000 per annum have been imported. But the war prevailing at Canton will put a stop to this trade.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The most interesting foreign topic is the parliamentary election. The English papers are much occupied in classifying the result, and attempting to estimate beforehand what will be the tendency of the new Parliament. The elections absorbed public attention in England. Nearly all the contests in the borough were brought to a close on March 28th, and the result proved disastrous to the Conservatives. Cobden, Bright, Milnor, Gibson, Wall, Layard, Fox, Cardwell, and many other opponents of Lord Palmerston's administration have been defeated. The government has achieved a complete triumph.

CHINA.—The Chinese papers give details of the arrest and interrogatories of the Chinese baker, who was executed for poisoning bread at Hong Kong. He stated that he acted agreeably to the orders of the Viceroy. The orders informed Allums, the baker, that the English having declared war, it was his duty to assist in their destruction; that the soldiers had used fire and sword to fight them, and he was to use poison. If he dis-

obeyed these orders, his family at Canton would be thrown into prison, and his property confiscated.

THE news from China reported that affairs remained unchanged. Admiral Seymour having withdrawn his forces from the forts, and directed his attention to keeping open the mouths of the river, until instructions and reinforcements should arrive from England. It is decided that France shall send a land and sea force to the China station. The Emperor of China has ordered that hostilities against the British shall be confined to Canton. Governor Yeh seems favorable to American interests, and has had some communications with Minister Parker.

In Spain preparations for an expedition against Mexico continued, but the final opinion of the Government had not transpired. It is thought probable that the operations will be limited to a blockade and bombardment of Vera Cruz, and will not extend to the landing of a military force, which the dangers of the country and the climate might render hazardous. The *Espana*, the Government organ, demands that France and England shall call on the United States to remain neutral.

THE Earl of Elgin has accepted the office of Plenipotentiary to the Court of Peking, and will proceed on his arduous mission as soon as he has been made sufficiently acquainted with the views of her Majesty's Government. It would not be easy to name a more unexceptionable man for the office, or even one with so many positive recommendations.

THE Sultan of Turkey being about to give away his daughter to the son of the Egyptian Viceroy, has ordered jewelry for her to the amount of £100,000. Even her slippers are to be set in diamonds, and the setting of her fan and mirror are valued at £20,000.

THE *Post's* Paris correspondent states that an exchange of notes had taken place on the Chinese difficulties between England and France, and that the best understanding existed with reference to the point of operations.

THE Austrian Ambassador at Paris has been ordered by the government of Vienna to leave that capital immediately. The Sardinian government had replied by recalling its embassy at Vienna.

SEVERAL Roman political prisoners made an unsuccessful attempt to escape from the Castle of Palliano on the 14th of March. Four were killed and five wounded. A soldier and a keeper were wounded also.

FROM Turkey we learn that the Sultan has presented to France the Church of the Nativity, also the Palace of Knights of St. John, at Jerusalem.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

WHAT WE SEE.

WE are apt to think that if nature has bestowed upon us the gift of good eyesight, it is all that is necessary to enable us to see properly. But there are probably few of us who would not find upon close examination that our visual organs had, in some way or other, become sadly distorted. There is many a naturally good pair of eyes which, when turned in certain directions, can see with wonderful clearness every object in their line of vision, while if they should happen to look in an opposite direction, they would be affected with almost total blindness. These persons are often wholly unaware of this infirmity of their vision, but it is none the less a misfortune to them on that account.

Many a mother's eyesight becomes so limited by the constant contemplation of the cares and perplexities of her domestic life, that she can see nothing beyond. She becomes near-sighted from habit, and can see nothing but the dark objects which she raises to the false focus of vision she has acquired. And thus, from looking at the obstacles in her way, she loses the power of appreciating the gems that would be revealed by a careful and cheerful removal of these obstacles; and, blinded in her weary toil, she deprives herself wholly of its reward. Occupied with making clean the outside of the platter, she forgets the food for enjoyment which was prepared for her within, and lets it spoil for want of appropriation at the proper time, until it becomes a noisome thing in her house. Thus her eye grows dim, her heart heavy from looking only at the rocks and brambles in the picture of domestic care, while on the other side of her the glorious picture of domestic enjoyment spreads its beauties vainly to an eye that is stone blind.

Some persons can see nothing except upon the line of vision where their own personal interests seem to lie; while the objects that are placed about them in any other direction are seen either with a very distorted vision or not at all. Such a man always takes the best seat that can be found, how-

ever many of the invalid or aged there may be about him; selects the finest apple or orange from the dish; helps himself first at table, and to the best morsels; brushes every other umbrella off from the side-walk in making way for his own; skakes the rain-drops from his coat upon his neighbor's clothing; rubs his hands over every good bargain, however much the victim of his shrewdness may be a sufferer thereby; and always knows that the line of his own property extends a foot and a half beyond the point assigned to it by his neighbor and the surveyor. If he happens to have been trained among well-bred people, he puts on the mask of civility in order that he may acquire the name of a gentleman with those among whom he chooses to wear it, while, the moment he is out of their sight he throws off the mask, and takes revenge upon every thing about him for the restraint he had imposed upon himself in order to acquire this title. Yet he thinks most positively that he is a gentleman, because, for the time, he has seemed to be one. If this person holds a high rank, and has others under his authority, this infirmity of his vision falls in the most oppressive and tyrannical way upon those who have the misfortune to be placed under him. But, if he holds a lower position, and is under the authority of others, his partial blindness is a constant writhing torture to himself. No one ever treated him justly—he has been deprived of his rights and privileges during his whole life, and is ready to commit suicide, because the world in general, and Providence in particular, have so trampled upon his merits and deserts. If he ever gets up in the world, as he intends to do, he will have his revenge for this injustice.

There is perhaps no form which the infirm vision of which we speak, can take, that is so great an evil, or so hard to cure as this. The person thus afflicted may be very affable in society, because the benefits of a reputation for this chances to lie within his range of vision, but in business and at home he is the most unendurable of tyrants.

Some people are dyspeptics, or are troubled with various forms of disease, and their eyes become so turned inwardly, in the gloomy contemplation of their diseased organs, that they are wholly unconscious of any more agreeable objects which may be presented to their vision. They do not see that the sun shines, because they must see whether their blood flows properly or not. They can not see that the air of heaven is pure and fresh, and healing, because they must ascertain whether they do not grow more weak, and frail, and ailing every day. And thus their blindness deprives them of the best medicine they could obtain, and constantly accelerates their disease.

With others business will often in the same way absorb the whole capacity of vision. The sunrise or the sunset may paint their golden landscape on the sky three hundred and sixty-five times a year through all their three score years and ten, and yet they never see it; never recognize the finger of God that traces his wondrous glory on the heavens, or see the fair flowers as they burst out to the sunlight, with their lesson of His love. They may pass them and repass them, but they do not see them. More blind than Peter Bell, of whom Wordsworth said that

"The primrose on the water's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And nothing more,"

they do not even see the yellow primrose. Their eyes may rest upon it, but they are blinded to such objects, and it conveys no image to the mind. And so, seeing only the worry and toil of their world's work they lose the world's beauties, which should form a large proportion of that daily toil's reward.

One person, whether in the street, or at church, or in society, sees nothing but the clothing in which those around are attired; or, perhaps, the finery that is displayed in the shop windows. She sees and recognizes the pattern of every piece of silk and embroidery, scans the shape, and even reads the prices of all the furs and fringes that pass before her, almost as clearly as if they were written upon the articles themselves; but she never looks into the faces of the wearers to see if they are cheerful or weary;

to ascertain whether the sum of life is being properly wrought out by them in the daily problems they have to solve. Indeed, she has an impression that the whole sum of life consists in the unlimited possession of these fine things she sees about her. If she is in a church or lecture-room, her infirmity extends to her ears, and she is deaf as well as blind. This is another very unfortunate form of optical disease.

Some people's eyes seem to have resolved themselves into multiplying glasses, in which they see nothing but themselves, a thousand times repeated. Such persons are usually very well pleased with the contemplation of their own face and figure—probably because they have nothing else with which they can compare it.

But these visional infirmities take an endless variety of forms. There are few who are not affected with them in a greater or less degree. The harm they do is not so much in what we see as in what we fail to see. And the evil does not end with the loss of equipoise in our organs of sight; we also lose thereby that balance of character which we were intended to possess.

If we wish for an optician to heal our diseased eyesight, we must look for him in the mind itself. It is only by turning the currents of thought into their appropriate channels, and allowing them to water the whole garden of the mind instead of some specially favored spot, that we can hope to bring back the proper poise to our vision. There are some things which it is necessary for us to examine more closely than others, but this need not render us blind to other objects. There is no harm in looking scrutinizingly in one direction if we do not thereby lose the sight of some other object which we ought to see. But a perfect eyesight takes in all objects with equal clearness and precision; and a thoroughly healthful mind will receive its proper impression from every object which is thus imaged upon the retina.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. J. C.—The first volume of *THE HOME* has been sent. We shall be glad to hear from you at any time.

O. A. C.—We do not remember to have

seen your specimens. We can by no means undertake to answer all the letters we receive. If we did we should have very little time for any thing else, and we have the charity to think that those who demand it of us so freely do not know at all what they ask. Some of our correspondents, however, are more careful of intruding upon our time than we could wish, and these are sure to be the ones from whom we should wish to hear most.

RECIPES.

COFFEE AS A DEODORIZER.—Fresh ground coffee is strongly recommended as a deodorizer and purifier in sick rooms, and is also an excellent preservative of game to be sent to a distance. Clean the game, cover the wounded parts with blotting paper, and sprinkle fresh ground coffee over and among the feathers or fur, as the case may be, and the game will keep good in any weather.

CURING BACON WITHOUT SMOKE.—To smoke the best bacon, fat your hogs early and fat them well. By fattening early you make a great saving in food, and well fattened pork. Then kill as early as the weather will allow, and salt as soon as the animal heat is gone with plenty of the purest salt, and about half an ounce of saltpetre to one hundred pounds of pork. As soon as the meat is salted to your taste, which will generally be in about five weeks, take it out, and if any of it has been covered with brine let it drain a little. Then take black pepper, finely ground, and dust on the hock end as much as will stick, then hang it up in a good, clean, dry, airy place. If all this is done as it should be—it ought to be done now—you will have no further trouble with it, for by fly time in the spring, your bacon is well cured on the outside, that flies or bugs will not disturb it. Curing bacon is like the Irishman's mode of making punch. He said, "Put in the sugar, then fill it up with whiskey, and every drop of water you put in after that spoils the punch." Just so with curing bacon, after following the directions given above, every "drop of smoke you put about it spoils the bacon."

PROTECTING DRIED FRUIT FROM WORMS.—Place it in a tin steamer, and set it over a kettle of boiling water; then cover it closely

with several folds of flannel or cotton, to prevent the escape of steam. It should remain until thoroughly heated, when it can be put into cotton or linen bags, tied up tightly, and hung in a cool place. Twice in the season, say in May and July, is sufficient. This method is warranted to be effectual. Another way is, to set the fruit in a moderately heated oven, until it is thoroughly hot. Care must be taken or it will be scorched.

HOW TO COOK SALT PORK.—"For the benefit of those who, like ourselves, are obliged to use considerable salt pork, the following method is recommended, by which it is very much improved, especially for frying. Cut as many slices as may be needed, if for breakfast, the night previous, and soak till morning in a quart or two of milk and water, about one-third milk—*skimmed* milk, if not too near souring, is best; rinse till the water is clear, and then fry. It is nearly or quite as nice as fresh pork, both the fat and the lean parts."

CAMPBOR A REMEDY FOR MICE.—Any one desirous of keeping seeds from the depredations of mice, can do so by mixing pieces of camphor gum in with their seeds. Camphor placed in drawers or trunks will prevent mice from doing injury there. The little animal objects to the odor, and keeps a good distance from it. He will seek food elsewhere.

THE HORSE CHESTNUT.—The following is perhaps little known, but may be relied on. It affords a valuable permanent dye for mualia, cotton, etc., varying from a sort of buff to dull nankeen, according to the degree of ripeness of the fruit. When about the size of a gooseberry, cut the whole fruit into quarters, and steep it in soft water, with just enough soap to tinge it; when deep enough for use, pour off the clear water. In all cases, the water must be cold; if boiled, the dye is of a more dingy color. The color from the whole fruit is buff, not unlike that of annatto. The husks only, when the fruit is nearly or quite ripe—not cut, but broken up and steeped in cold soft water, with a tinge of soap as above, yield a dye which will be more or less bright according to the degree of ripeness of the husk. If cut, the knife stains the husks, and the color is less good.

THE HOME:

A Monthly for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

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MRS. SARAH PETER.

THIS lady, foundress of the School of Design, in Philadelphia, deserves honorable mention in the annals of useful women. By directing the attention of her sex to an appropriate and beautiful pursuit, and thus widening the sphere of their industrial occupations, she has earned the highest title to which the ambition of a woman should aspire—that of benefactress.

SARAH PETER, born Worthington, inherited some of the best blood of America. Her father, Hon. Thomas Worthington, belonged to one of the wealthiest families of the Old Domin-

ion, and early signalized his manhood by emancipating his slaves, and joining the pioneers who were then engaged in taming the wilderness of Ohio. He was one of the patriarchs of civilization in the West, and a leader in every advancing movement. He held the highest offices within the gift of the people, being for some time Governor of Ohio, and also United States Senator. Mrs. Worthington was a woman of sterling qualities of mind and heart, and the fit companion of her noble husband.

From such parents Sarah not only inherited a sound mental constitution,

but received such a domestic training as tended to its healthy development. Her education was substantial rather than showy. She made excellent progress in her studies, until they were abruptly broken off at the age of sixteen by her marriage with Edward King, son of Hon. Rufus King, of New York. Although so young, she was probably as well fitted by maturity of character, to assume the responsibilities of married life as many ladies much her senior; nor did she allow her new duties to bar all subsequent improvement.

The death of her husband in 1836 devolved upon Mrs. King the sole charge of her two sons, at an age when boys are most apt to chafe under maternal control. She had the happiness of securing the entire confidence, respect, and love of her children. Unwilling to expose them to a moment's temptation from which her watchful presence could shield them, she removed with them to Cambridge, Mass., that they might pursue their college studies under her maternal guardianship. Her solicitude was rewarded in the most gratifying manner by the manhood of her sons. She embraced the occasion of her Cambridge residence to pursue her own education, that she might still be their intelligent companion as she had been their beloved guide.

In 1844, her sons being happily settled in life, Mrs. King contracted a second marriage with William Peter, Esq., British Consul at Philadelphia. Encouraged by the sympathy of her generous and appreciative husband, she soon began to devote her leisure to the consideration of the wants of her sex. She had no taste for that loud-mouthed philanthropy which exhausts itself in angry declamation. She felt that any plan for female elevation which did not take into account her physical well-being, was worse than idle. But we will let her speak for herself. In a letter to the president of an Institute, for the promotion of the mechanic arts among young men, Mrs.

Peter says: "Having for a series of years observed with deep concern the deprivation and suffering to which a large and increasing number of deserving women are exposed in this city and elsewhere, for want of a wider scope in which to exercise their abilities for the maintenance of themselves and children; and, after bestowing much thought and inquiry with reference to the best means of alleviating the miseries incident to their condition, I resolved about two years since, to attempt the instruction of a class of young girls in the practice of such of the arts of design as were within my reach. I selected this department of industry, not only because it presents a wide field, as yet unoccupied by our countrymen, but also because these arts can be practiced *at home*, without materially interfering with the routine of domestic duty, which is the peculiar province of woman.

"In the month of November, 1848, I gathered a drawing class of some twenty young women, under the instructions of an accomplished teacher. A few months later he was assisted by the gratuitous lectures in perspective, of a gentleman who kindly offered his services. About the same time a class was formed from among the pupils to draw and engrave maps; but after a time, in consequence of the impossibility of procuring a permanent teacher, this part of my plan was relinquished. At the expiration of a year, several of the pupils commenced the art of wood engraving, which they still practice with every prospect of success. Meantime the drawing class has steadily pursued its way, exhibiting a degree of perseverance, which assures to its members sooner or later, the remuneration which they deserve.

"It is believed that such a School of Design wisely managed, and on a scale worthy of its locality, would be conducive of great benefit, by adding to the productive industry of Philadelphia in a department where the demand greatly exceeds the supply; and that it would also prove a valuable

adjunct to many arts and trades which require the invention or reproduction of forms and patterns of use or ornament, as, for instance, household goods and utensils of every description, moldings and carvings, paper hangings, carpets, calico printing, etc., etc., for which patterns must now be procured from abroad, at much expense and uncertainty."

"The School of Design for Women," projected so wisely, and labored for with such disinterested perseverance, was opened in Philadelphia on the second of December, 1850. On that day its friends and benefactors assembled to invoke Divine blessing on their work, and to listen to addresses from Bishop Potter, and Hon. R. J. Ingersoll. It was an occasion of just gratulation to its benevolent foundress.

The success of the "School of Design" has justified her brightest hopes, and it has become the parent of similar institutions in other cities.

THE ONLY GRANDSON.

BY M. A. RIPLEY.

VERY many, indeed, nearly all parents have lost by death one or more children. They have seen them reach an age when they began to exhibit a degree of intelligence pleasing to all observers—peculiarly gratifying to themselves—and then, perhaps without a warning, has the fair bud of promise been blighted, the little form been laid in its last resting-place. The sweet smile no longer plays over the rigid features—the brow is marble. And in after years, if the regretful parent finds their children's children growing up around them, how often they seek to fasten the trembling tendrils of affection, which have so long clung to the shadow of a memory, around their new hopes.

Very loving to her little grandson, was Willie's grandmother. For Willie's father was an only son; nor that alone, he was an only child. And the young wife that he brought to cheer

the old homestead, was warmly welcomed by father and mother. She endeavored to fill, so far as she might, the place of the daughter, whom they had given up in all her beauty, at the call of the angel, Death. And the old lady, as she sat in her arm-chair by the wide fireplace, watching her bright, cheerful countenance—and the gray-haired father, whose eye loved to rest upon her, who looked to her for joy, even as the flowers turn to the sun for light, blessed the choice of their son.

And the little Willie! He was the crowning gift of all. They might watch for his first look of joy, his first word of love. Here was a comfort for hours that otherwise would have been lonely. And the grandmother taught him to walk, and amused him with pictures; and the grandfather allowed him to pull off his spectacles, and do many other things he would not have permitted his own children to do. The reddest apples must be given to Willie to roll about the floor, and in the winter if he wanted a ball of snow, the old man would make one for him, only it must be laid upon the hearth to warm, for fear Willie's fingers would be cold. And poor Willie found, as alas! do older children, that while we are waiting and watching for our pleasures, they melt away.

One day Willie's father bought some new horses. They were fine red ones, very nicely matched, but rather frisky. Willie loved horses, and his mother asked her husband to lead them to the window. She stroked their foreheads, and patted them, and talked to them very much as if they could understand what she said.

"They are well matched," said she "Are they steady?"

"Rather scarish," answered the grandfather. "They've always been used to being drove together, and when they're separated, one don't know where the other is, and I s'pose the other is in pretty much the same case."

"Well hurry father and get them

well trained so that Willie can take a ride."

And then the grandmother took the little boy out of the chair in which he was standing, and closed the window for fear he would take cold, and Willie's eyes grew very bright as he talked about the ponies in his own infantile language. So were the hearts of the whole household twined around that one little being, whose presence shed a light about the old farm-house, more holy than that which gilds many more gorgeous homes, for it was a radiance supplied by love.

At the close of a warm day in summer, as the sun was sinking behind the dark maple-trees back of the meadow, Willie's father drove to the door with the ponies.

"Come, Willie," said he, "come and ride."

And Willie's mother put on his thin nankeen cloak, and tied his hat on his head, and lifted him into the carriage beside his father. And then she stepped in herself, and they drove away, leaving the grandfather at the gate, the sunlight tinging his silvery locks with a golden hue, and the grandmother in the doorway, looking very anxiously after the fleet horses, as they sprang away. They drove up the hill which rose to the south, and then turned aside by a less frequented road, but one which was far more picturesque, passing through a ravine, by a foaming cascade, and beneath forest trees, whose wealth of foliage scarcely permitted a ray of sunshine to reach the ground. It was a rare path for those who loved the wilderness of nature.

But when about half of the distance through this gorge, a part of the harness gave way, and the spirited animals dashed along unmindful of the danger. Willie's mother was thrown out of the carriage, clasping him still in her arms, and his father sprang after them. Fortunately he received no serious injury, and raising his wife, he bathed her head with water, and soon restored her to consciousness. But

Willie had been thrown upon a rock, and his forehead was crushed, and the blood was stiffening on his golden hair. His father took him in his arms, and bore him home. And the aged grandparents bowed over him in their last grief. If tears could have saved his life, little Willie would not have been carried out of the old house in that tiny coffin, and laid in the village churchyard. As they stood beside him and sought to catch one gleam of remembrance in those dull eyes, his spirit found its wings, and noiselessly beating the air about it, flew away—far away, to the angel's home.

And now the weary grandmother sat lonely by the rough hearth. There was no more music in the house, and her trembling form tottered over its grave. The grandfather ceased his light labor, and sat mournfully in the house. And ere autumn reddened the maple leaves, there were two more newly-made graves in the burial place, one on each side of Willie's.

Yes! the old grandfather and grandmother could not live after he had gone, and the little grandson sleeps amid those who surrounded him in life, and who would protect him even in death.

BUFFALO, *March*, 1857.

OTHER FOLK'S EYES.—We spend our income for paint and paper, for a hundred trifles, I know not what, and not for the things of man. Our expenses are almost all for conformity. It is for cake we run in debt; 'tis not the intellect nor the heart, nor beauty, nor worship that costs so much. We dare not trust our wit for making our houses pleasant to our friends, and so we buy ice creams. He is accustomed to carpets, and we have not sufficient character to put floor-cloths out of his mind, so we pile the floor with carpets. Let the house rather be the temple of the fairies of Lacedemon, formidable to all, which none but a Spartan may enter, or so much as behold.—EMMERSON.

UNHAPPY FAMILIES — THEIR CAUSE AND REMEDY.

BY AUNT DOROTHY.

THE number of unhappy families is greater than is generally imagined. My peculiar condition in life has long been such as to enable me to speak on this subject from personal knowledge. In every neighborhood scenes occur daily, which, if the curtain were raised which hides them from common observation, would strike us with painful surprise. Such scenes I have witnessed where their occurrence had been least expected. Many households, supposed to be united in the bonds of love and fraternal affection, I have found divided and torn by discord and strife.

The domestic relation has been ordained by Providence, and made a source of the highest enjoyment. How sad the thought, that any "root of bitterness" should be permitted to spring up within the sacred precincts of this earthly paradise to poison its joys! And how strange, as well as sad, that this should so often happen in families bearing the Christian name! So far as my observation extends, most of the unhappiness of families proceeds from the mistakes of parents. Proper conduct on their part seldom fails to render them happy in each other, and happy in their children. If such is not their condition, they will probably learn from an impartial examination, that they have themselves had no slight agency in their domestic infelicity.

Some parents are naturally discontented, and predisposed to complaining and repining. They seem determined to be unhappy; at least they will not try to be happy. Nothing can satisfy them. They look on the dark side of every thing, and allow the most trivial untoward circumstance to give them uneasiness. Though possessing the ordinary comforts of life in superabundance, they imagine their lot to be a peculiarly unfortunate one, and attribute

their unhappiness to the faults of others. They never look for the cause within their own breasts, although they see thousands in less favored circumstances — many in absolute want, comparatively contented and happy. In general they are governed by Christian principle; but "in whatsoever state they are," to be therewith content, is a lesson which they have never practically learned. I have sometimes doubted whether such persons were not more deserving of pity than of blame. Endeavor to convince them that their repining is without sufficient cause, and you incur their displeasure, and are charged with cruel insensibility to their misfortunes. No family in which either parent is thus disposed, can be a happy one. The unhappiness of a single member of a household, like leaven, pervades the whole mass.

Others are of an excitable, irritable temperament. They are strangers to that capital grace which "suffereth long and is kind" — is not easily provoked." Taking fire at the least offense or indignity, real or imaginary, not only are they destitute of peace and enjoyment themselves, but they keep the whole family in perpetual disquiet. Mrs. M. . . . is a lady of high respectability, esteemed for many good qualities. Her prevailing fault is to be "hasty in her spirit to be angry." The slightest mistake of a child or servant throws her into a violent passion, which vents itself in harsh and censorious language. Nor are children and servants the only victims of her wrath. He whose rank and authority entitles him to "reverence," does not always escape the infliction of her censure. The inflammability of temper is a fruitful source of those domestic broils which afflict and disgrace so many families.

Many parents are rendered unhappy by disrespectful and undutiful children. But this evil, too, may be generally traced to the errors of the parents. The want of filial respect is the natural consequence of the unkind and disre-

spectful manner in which the children themselves are treated. In general, kindness and respect will be reciprocated; hence we find that, in most cases, unkind children have been trained by fretful, fault-finding, scolding parents. Mrs. G. . . . is habitually chiding her children, and telling them how bad they are; and, as in the case of Mrs. M. . . ., the severest reproofs are administered for trifling faults, or unintentional errors—sometimes on mere surmise, or wrong accusation. To this wrong on her part, is not unfrequently added the cruelty of suppressing the very natural attempt of the child to defend itself against the unjust charge. I have known the mere expression of opinion, in respectful tones, treated as a serious offense. Mrs. P. . . . was engaged at a piece of work. A daughter, almost attained to womanhood, suggested a different, and as she thought, a better way of doing it. Whereupon the mother, conceiving this an impeachment of her judgment, flew into a rage, and administered a bitter rebuke to the “saucy, impudent girl,” for assuming to know more than her mother! A copious flow of tears indicated the intensity of the girl’s grief.

The unkindness of others appears in excessive rigor. Their children are denied the means of innocent enjoyment. A reasonable favor or gratification is either bluntly refused, or is granted with such reluctance, or with so many obnoxious conditions, as to render it scarcely worth the taking. There may indeed be excessive indulgence in things in themselves right and proper; and it may sometimes be difficult to determine whether the wish of the child should be gratified. A prudent parent, however, will seldom fail to judge correctly; and the children of such parents will generally acquiesce in their decision.

The spirit-crushing treatment which I have here exposed, alienates that filial regard which is indispensable to domestic felicity, and which gives parents such moral power in the government

of their children. It begets an inimical, malevolent feeling toward parents, which often finds utterance in disrespectful language, and becomes the occasion of a “spat,” which is perhaps followed by a lecture from the parent on the sin to which the child had been so cruelly provoked. Such treatment also induces in children the habit of lying. To avoid the dreaded “scolding” which the commission of a fault usually incurs, they attempt concealment by prevarication or equivocation; or, if that is not deemed sufficient, by positive denial, or direct falsehood. Disobedience, too, is produced by the same cause. A child may be *compelled* to do the bidding of a parent whom it does not reverence or respect. But true obedience regards the wishes and feelings of the parent, and springs from love and affection, which every wise parent will endeavor to secure.

Nor the least of the bad effects of the error upon which I am animadverting is, that it blunts the moral sensibilities, and renders them insusceptible of religious impression. Or, if a salutary impression happens to be made, it is speedily eradicated. An angry word, or an undeserved censure, banishes the subject, and inflicts a sting which rankles in the mind for days, and unfits it for calm and profitable contemplation of religious truth. How often do parents thus counteract the force of pious counsels, and wonder why they are not more effectual! Low ideas of religion must children entertain who are told that “her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace,” when, from morning till night, a smile is not seen upon the countenance of their instructors, nor a pleasant word heard, nor a peaceful hour enjoyed. Surely, either religion must be underrated, or the piety of the parents questioned, by their children.

Another consequence of these parental errors is their *transmission*. Children thus trained, imbibing the spirit and following the example of their parents, in their turn inflict upon their own families the same evil, which

in its progress of descent, will scarcely stop with the "third and fourth generations."

Equally fatal to domestic happiness are *conjugal* delinquencies, properly so called. None of the relative duties are more plainly prescribed in the Scriptures, than those pertaining to the marriage relation. Yet, either from a misapprehension of the import of the Divine precepts, or from other causes, none are more frequently violated. No duties of the wife are more clearly enjoined, or are more consonant to the conjugal relation, than reverence and submission. The case of Sarah is cited as an example. Of her it is written that she "obeyed Abraham, calling him lord." But there are many who *claim* at least equal authority, and in practice actually reverse the Divine arrangement. The wife becomes the head of the husband, and "usurps authority over the man." I could give many specimens of this kind of female dictatorship. I have known husbands dictated in their minutest affairs. Their in-coming and out-going, their down-sitting and up-rising must be according to directions. Even their speaking was subject to the same dictation. I have heard from the lips of a wife the command of "silence!" uttered with an air of authority, and in language which would ill become a master in his conduct toward the most abject menial. Her wishes must be gratified at whatever sacrifice or inconvenience to others, or the domestic peace was interrupted. Cases fully answering this description, are, I admit, comparatively rare; but those bearing a strong resemblance to them are not uncommon.

Many worthy females err in regard to their conjugal rights and duties. To such I commend the brief and pithy comments of Dr. Adam Clark on Eph. 5: 22: "As the Lord, viz. Christ, is the head or governor of the church and the head of the man, so is man the head and governor of the woman. This is God's ordinance, and should not be transgressed. The hus-

band should not be a *tyrant*, and the wife should not be the *governor*. Old Francis Quarles, in his homely rhymes, alluding to the superstitious notion that the crowing of a hen bodes ill-luck to the family, has said:

'Ill thrives the hapless family that shows
A cock that's silent, and a hen that crows:
I know not which live most unnatural lives,
Obeying husbands, or commanding wives.'

But no human exposition can add either clearness or force to the text. In some things the parties are equal; as in their authority over children and servants, and in certain other respects. But in cases of disagreement in opinion or judgment, and in the general regulation of affairs, it is in accordance with the nature of the marriage relation as well as with Scripture, that "wives submit themselves to their husbands." I would not in the least degree abridge the just rights and authority of my own sex. I sympathize deeply with those—and the number is large—who are subjected to the rule of selfish, domineering husbands. Yet I must commend to them a strict observance of this injunction of Infinite Wisdom, as best adapted to give grace, dignity, and *influence* to female character, and happiness to the domestic circle.

Now all the families to which I have alluded, were regarded as among the most respectable in their several neighborhoods. Is it not therefore to be presumed, that happy homes are less numerous than is generally supposed? and that unalloyed domestic bliss is rarely attained? Alas! how many enter the matrimonial state, who are made miserable during the rest of their lives! If they could but be made sensible of the cause of their unhappiness, there would be hope of improvement in their condition. A desire to be instrumental in effecting this object has induced this attempt to call attention to the subject; and I earnestly entreat all whose cases answer to those which I have described, to make a determined, persevering effort at reform. Surely the bringing of

peace and happiness to a household is an object worthy of such an effort. To those who are thus disposed, the following suggestions are offered.

Cultivate a cheerful and contented spirit. Why should we allow our minds to be continually harassed with gloomy forebodings? Troubles come fast enough without anticipating them. By proper effort we may greatly restrain, if not entirely subdue this propensity. Be patient and forbearing. Disappointments, crosses, and provocations are the lot of all in this life: let us not expect exemption from them, but rather be prepared to meet them. Patience enables us to bear the ills of life, by taking from them more than half their burden. Also as much as possible let us conceal our troubles. Occasionally it may be proper to unbosom our griefs; but the habitual disclosure of them only mars the enjoyment of our friends, without affording essential relief to ourselves.

Cherish a charitable and forgiving spirit. Put the most favorable construction upon the conduct of others; and be not too ready to ascribe even wrong acts to bad motives. By many, every instance of inattention or seeming neglect is construed into disrespect, or tortured into insult or abuse. This habit often leads to an estrangement of friendly feeling; but its most unhappy effect is the alienation of the affections between members of the same family. Great allowance should therefore be made for the imperfections of others. We should be slow to suspect them of intentional wrong; and in cases of real injury, we should be ready to forgive them. The exercise of this spirit will best promote our own happiness and theirs.

Scrupulously avoid ill-tempered language. To do this, the temper itself must be controlled. The first motions of anger must be repressed, or, angry words will be almost sure to find utterance. Too much importance can not be attached to this rule. The lowering cloud which rests upon the brow, and daily discharges itself in storms of

bitter words, makes home intolerable, and drives the husband and children to seek enjoyment abroad. The former finds a retreat at the village tavern or store at which to spend his evenings and "rainy days;" the elder children, for temporary relief, escape to a neighbor's, or mingle with the convivial night-party, leaving the "old woman" to pass the tedious hours in ruminating over her unfortunate condition, unconscious of the cause. The daughters, in the hope of bettering their situation, following the counsels of an immature judgment, accept the first offer of marriage, and soon find themselves "taken in" for life. The adage is true: "A scold can not govern." Displeased at every thing, and with every body about her, she is perpetually fault-finding and chiding. Her children are kept, from morning till night, in a state of irritation. Finding it impossible to please her, and being so often "provoked to wrath they are discouraged." Under these repeated provocations, their minds become callous and stupefied; filial affection declines; and at length all desire to please her is lost. The *spirit* of obedience having been "crushed out," her commands are reluctantly obeyed or entirely disregarded; and she finds herself without power to enforce them. She may threaten; but her threats having been so seldom fulfilled, cease to intimidate. She reproves; but, being administered only under high excitement, or in anger, her reproofs are equally powerless for good. The evil spirit of rebellion has taken full possession of the mind, and all her efforts to "cast it out" are worse than in vain. "This kind goeth not out" but by means which we shall presently notice.

Avoid altercations with your children. Some houses are kept in a perpetual din by petty quarrels between parents and children, in which the bad passions of both parties are aroused. If such children become permanently ill-natured, obstinate, and disrespectful, the responsibility belongs to the parents. The practice admits of no

justification or palliation. Does any mother reply, that her children are provoked to anger by deserved reproof or admonition? Then the presumption is that her own feelings are such as to unfit her for the duty. But whatever they may be, there can be no excuse for being drawn into an angry and protracted dispute. The spark is extracted from the flint, only by a collision of the latter with the steel. So no child can quarrel alone. And if children are not in a proper mood to bear kind reproof, then it is better to defer the duty until time and reflection shall have cooled their temper, and restored them to their "right mind."

What a contrast to all this does the family present, in which kind words and a gentle demeanor characterize the ruling power within. To a young gentleman wishing to change his single condition, a friend recommended a certain young lady with whom he was not familiarly acquainted. He asked, "Is she *amiable*?" Often have the ill-humor and cross words of wives and mothers reminded me of this question, so indicative of the good sense of this young man. But I am happy in saying, that I have witnessed, in not a few families, a beautiful exemplification of this amiability of temper. So far from making the wife a more easy victim to the tyrannic rule of the husband, or weakening her authority over the children, it has won the affection and reverence of the whole family, and thus enabled her, unconsciously to herself or them, to lead both husband and children "captive at her will." She reproves, or corrects a fault, without giving offense; and her reproofs are the more effective, because kindly administered. Oh! the magic power there is in a placid countenance and pleasant words! Not only do they enliven and cheer the family circle, and strengthen the attachment of its members; they will also be found an effectual means of regaining lost affections. And I advise every female reader who is sensible of a declension of affection in a once loving compan-

ion and her children, to try the remedy here suggested, assuring her that the effort will be rewarded by a return of their "first love;" and the deserted fireside will again become the chief point of attraction, and the abode of peace and gladness.

But you, dear reader, may yourself be the party whose early love is on the decline — caused, perhaps, by the broken vows of him who is pledged to protect and cherish you. Your case is one in which correct counsel is more difficult. I advise, however, that, whatever change may be wrought in your affections, you conceal from him the unhappy fact, and that you suffer no dereliction of duty on his part to affect your conduct toward him. I believe his knowledge of the alienation of your affections, would, instead of winning him back to duty, rather have its opposite effect. If, as is said, "love begets love," it would be unwise to tell him that you no longer love him. While he believes that he still shares your early affections, his reclamation by your undiminished kindness or increased attentions, is not altogether hopeless. By no means indulge a spirit of retaliation. I have been pained to hear wives assign as a reason for unkind acts, or for refusing favors, that they had been thereto provoked by similar treatment from their husbands. That is to say, "Be kind to me, and I will be so to you;" whereas the Bible rule is to do good even to those who hate and injure us. Not less wrong and impolite is it to indulge a spirit of crimination. I have heard wives almost daily go through a long catalogue of past offenses, and cast them into the teeth of their husbands. Kindly to remind them of their delinquencies, may be highly proper, and gives no just occasion of offense; but this habit of "railing accusation" can not fail to widen the estrangement of the parties.

But to conclude. Endeavor to make religion the controlling power in your family. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Nothing

tends so much to insure the discharge of the several relative duties, and, consequently, to sweeten the enjoyments of domestic life, as a sense of religious obligation. Where it prevails, each member of the family will aim to promote the happiness of every other. Parents will use every proper means to please their children, and will be requited by their children's love and cheerful obedience. Anger, malice, and evil speaking, will find no indulgence; peace, and concord, and pleasant words, will be the order of the house. In short, nothing will be wanted to make a **HAPPY HOME**.

April, 1857.

THE LADY OF FASHION.

THERE she is promenading Broadway, "in all her glory." How showy her appearance! how costly her dress. And its proportions are immense! We may safely say that one thousand dollars would not cover its outlay. With what an air she moves along—so vain, so lofty! Her head is elevated, indicating a feeling of great superiority over the crowd around her. Should one of her sisters—how she would spurn the name—dressed in an humble garb, happen to accost her, she would treat her with the utmost contempt.

Poor soul! I pity her—from my very heart's core I pity her, and would not take her place for all the wealth of that great city. She is a slave—held in bondage by one of the weakest and most miserable tyrants that ever swayed mankind. She is an idolator also, worshiping a god far inferior to the fabled deities of old. And thus, instead of filling the true and noble position designed by her Creator, she squanders her God-given powers and means of enjoyment, and employs herself more foolishly than in picking up pebbles upon the sea-shore. More than all, how meagre her prospect for the future. When this brief,

shadowy life shall have passed away, how can she expect favor of Him who hath expressly enjoined that "women adorn themselves with modest apparel—not with gold or pearls, or costly array." Poor woman! I pity her.

A. C. J.

VICTOR, N. Y.

THE WIDOW'S SONG.

BY F. K. HARVEY.

Oh! this world is a wide one—for sorrow or joy—
And where in this world is my own sailor boy?
With his loud ringing laugh, and his long shining hair,
Do they swell on the breeze yet, and float through the air?
Is there any bright land 'mid the lands of the earth,
That holds the lost child of my heart and my hearth?

I have sat by the fire when the old men have said,
"There be eyes of the living that look on the dead."
Oh! tell me ye seers, in your search of the tomb,
Do you find my fair son in its valley of gloom?
Is there any pale boy with a look of the sea,
'Mid that people of shades, who is watching for me?

Oh! that morn when he left us—mine eyes are grown dim,
And see little that's bright since they looked upon him;
And my heart, in its dullness, hath learnt to forget—
But the light of that morning shines clear to it yet:
No record is lost of that fair sunny day,
When passed my fair boy like a spirit away.

We waited—how long!—but we waited in vain,
And we looked over land, and we looked over main;
And ships—oh, how many—came home from the sea,
That brought comfort to others, but sorrow to me:
In all those gay ships—oh! their answer was none,
To the mother who asks if she yet has a son.

And we fed upon hope, until hope was denied,
Till our health of the spirit it sickened and died:
And his father sat down in his old broken chair,
And I watched *the white sorrow steal over his hair*;
And I saw his clear eye waxed feeble and wild,
And the frame of the childless grew weak as a child!

And the angel of grief that o'ershadowed his brain,
Now wrote on his forehead in letters of pain;
And I read the hand-writing, and knew that the breast
Of the weary with waiting, was going to rest!
So he left a fond word for the lost one — and I,
I linger behind him, to tell it my boy!

Shall he come to his home — perhaps sickly and poor —
And meet with no smile at his own cottage door?
Shall he seek his fair land from the ends of the earth,
And find the fire quenched on his once happy hearth?
None to love him in sorrow, who loved him in joy —
Oh! I can not depart, till I speak with my boy!

I have promised to wait — I have promised to say
What grief was his father's at going away.
Will he come — *will* he come? oh! my heart
has grown old,
And the blood in my veins, it runs languid and cold;
And my spirit is faint, and my vision is dim,
But there's that in mine eye will be light yet, for him!

They tell me of countries beyond the broad sea,
Where stars look on others that look not on me;
Where the flowers are more sweet, and the waters more bright,
And they hint he may dwell in those valleys of light —
That he rests in some home with a far-for-
eign bride —
Oh! this world is a wide one — why is it so wide?

But they surely forget — which my sailor does not —
That I'm sitting whole years in my lone little cot;

He knows, oh! he knows if I may, I shall wait
Till I hear his clear shout at the low garden gate;
He is sure his sad mother will strive not to die,
Till the latch has been raised by her lost sailor-boy!

I believe that he lives — were he laid in the mold,
There's a pulse in my heart would be silent and cold
That awoke at his birth; and thro' good and thro' ill
Has played in its depths, and is playing there still;
When its star shall have set, then that tide shall be dry,
And the widow be sure where to look for her boy!

Oh! will he come never? lost son of the sea!
I hear a low voice that is calling for me:
It comes from that spot the dark yew-trees among,
Where the grave of the sire has been lonely too long;
A voice of love chiding — I come! oh, I come! —
Hath he met my lost boy in the land of the tomb?
April, 1857.

HASTE NOT! REST NOT!

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

WITHOUT haste! without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast:
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine guard it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not! let no thoughtless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed;
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward then with all thy might:
Haste not! years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not! life is sweeping by,
Go and dare before you die:
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time!
Glorious 't is to live for aye
When these forms have passed away!

Haste not! rest not! calmly wait:
Meekly bear the storm of fate!
Duty be thy polar guide —
Do the right whate'er betide!
Haste not! rest not! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last!

OUR MOONLIGHT WALK.

BY ANNIE DANFORTH.

THE broad waters of Lake Michigan roll to the horizon before me, and wash the shore close beneath my window. The unclouded moonlight makes a shining path upon the waters, and weaves into fantastic drapery the shadows of the rocks and hills that overhang the dancing waves. Beautiful and heart-rejoicing as is the scene before me, it woos my heart only to saddened memories, and sets it throbbing in mournful cadence to the sorrowful music which memory sings of the past.

I was an orphan, and the tale of the early years of my life "is a tear." Later, when my uncle and aunt took me to their home and hearts, the sunlight broke so brilliantly upon my pathway that I wondered I had ever wept. My happiness was made more complete by the presence of Arthur, their only child, a brave, happy, noble boy, four years my senior, who became to me as an idolized brother. Lucy Gray, a fairy beauty, whose home was but a few rods from my uncle's door, was my chosen friend and companion.

Time free from care and sorrow fled so swiftly and silently, that we took no note of its passing until we were eighteen, and in the fall Lucy was to be wedded. So good and gentle, and yet frail was she, that we sometimes fancied that an angel had folded its wings among us, to brighten earth and make it more lovely and desirable. She had always held life by so slender a thread, that her friends had felt that any moment it might be sundered; but for a year past she had seemed so much stronger, that we were all looking with hope to the future. She herself had ceased to speak so often of death. "My heart clings so fondly to earth," she said to me, "and Arthur seems almost to have stepped between me and Heaven."

Lucy had learned long lessons of patience and love from the meek and lowly Jesus, to whom she early gave her heart, and her simple piety had

made her so much more dear to us that we daily thanked God for this new promise of a lengthened life. Arthur was truly worthy of the love that had long been his. He had early given himself heart and soul to the gospel ministry, a work which was alone worthy the exalted talent—the glowing zeal and fervid piety of Arthur Mason.

It was just such a night as this three years ago that I heard the sweet voice of Lucy calling me from the yard under my window, to join herself and Arthur for a ramble upon the shore of Lake Erie, on the borders of which was then our home. The moon, as to-night, had almost cheated the night of its darkness, and we were so happy thinking and talking of the past and future, that we did not notice that the increasing wind was bringing the waves nearer and nearer to our feet. We were sitting upon a rock where we had often sat together, and were speaking of the time when I first came among them.

"Let's bathe our faces in the water as we used to then," said Lucy to me; and with a gay laugh she fell upon her knees in the sand, and dipped her forehead in the shining waters. I followed her example, but sprang to my feet at the loud cry of Arthur that a coming wave would reach us, in time to see Lucy fall forward, and her slight form carried by the receding wave some distance out into the lake. Quick almost as a thought Arthur was at her side, and the next instant he sprang to the shore with Lucy in his arms. As he rushed past me I saw that her face was perfectly colorless, and a bright red stream was flowing from her mouth. The moment I comprehended the truth I knew that Lucy must die. As it proved, in the fright of the fall, caused by the concussion of the wave, a blood vessel had been ruptured.

As rapidly as possible I followed to the house of the nearest physician. When I entered the room she was lying upon the sofa. Her wet clothes

were already removed, and they were wrapping her in warm flannels, but the blood still oozed from her mouth, and her feet and hands were icy cold. Friends gathered around her. Arthur knelt at her side, and with a voice tremulous yet patient, drowned though it was by sobs around him, he commended her soul to Heaven. A sweet smile of peace and trust was on Lucy's face, and her lips often moved. We bent low to listen. "Hope and rest," was all we heard.

A few hours more freighted with sighs and tears went by, and the sun shined in a day of cloudless splendor, but Lucy's morning was above. There was a shroud, a coffin, a grave, and a burial, and the waves of life in our little village surged and bubbled on as before, but some hearts were left desolate. The hearthstone of her parents wanted its brightest light, and they both tottered to a speedy grave. Arthur at the funeral bent over the coffin, and with a deep groan he kissed the marble brow, then turned from the grave to go patiently and cheerfully on with the duties of life. None save those who knew him best saw that from that day his voice grew more tremulous and tender, and that although he met those to whom he ministered with the same gentle smile, that he often spent his nights in weeping, and that his face grew daily thin and pale.

But at last when the time came that should have witnessed the bridal, his parishioners joined their entreaties to hers that he would rest and travel. I have never seen him since, for when he returned to his father's house it was indeed "left unto him desolate." The cholera wasted our little village by noonday, and walked abroad in our streets by night, and my loved uncle and aunt were among its victims, and from that hour I have been again a wanderer. Arthur is back again breaking the "bread of life" to the same lock of which his parents and "spirit ride" were once members, and before me is a letter I have just received from

him. "I am no longer a mourner, my sister," he writes, "for the beautiful presence which so suddenly left us seems to me now to be ever at my side. I have long since ceased to think of her as dead and thus lost to me. Sometimes I realize that she is in Heaven, really enjoying the rest and delights of the redeemed; but I most often think of her as still with me. This sometimes seems so real that I seem to hear her voice chiding my impatience, and urging me to greater efforts for the good of my fellows, and more earnest devotion to my calling and my God.

"I realize now what I wonder that I should for a moment have failed to see, that my Lucy was coming between myself and Heaven, and that I was giving to her that angelness of devotion of which *One* only is worthy, and my heart chides me sternly that I should have so wilfully rebelled against the loving kindness that removed my idol from me. At first I felt that I could not live, and almost prayed for death. Now I ask God only for strength, for patient continuance in well-doing, and am only thankful if He count me worthy of 'something still to do or bear' in his service. 'Not dead but gone to Heaven,' and 'Are they not all ministering spirits?'"

A MOTHER'S HAND.

"WHEN I was a little child," said a good old man, "my mother used to bid me kneel down beside her, and place her hand upon my head, while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth, she died, and I was left too much to my own guidance. When a young man, I traveled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations; but, when I would have yielded, *that same hand was upon my head*, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure as in infancy, and sometimes there came with it a voice in my heart — 'Oh, do not this wickedness, my son.'"

LETTERS FROM QUIETSIDE.

II.

G. . . ., April 4th, 1857.

"COMMAND me when you think I can serve you." These encouraging words cost you no effort, dearest M. . . ., because they flowed spontaneously from your kind heart; therefore, you can not know with what sweetness they fell upon mine — like the fall of the gentle noiseless dew upon the arid desert. Our life journey has been aptly compared to a pilgrimage over sterile wastes, scattered all along the way, though at distant points are found those invigorating fountains, so cheering, so precious, as to entitle them to the epithet, "Diamond of the Desert." Such, dear M. . . ., are sympathetic words, flowing from a cordial nature, upon a stricken heart. Besides these life-preserving "diamonds," the traveler when almost exhausted by fatigue and thirst, is often encouraged to effort, by the beautiful mirage in the far distance. Although he finds it an illusion, upon the principle that every counterfeit has its prototype, he derives from it a degree of energy, which inspires the wish to advance, "faint yet pursuing."

Such, dear M. . . ., are the pleasures and pains of social life. The trials and sorrows which are scattered along our pathway, call out our true friends, and teach us that some lovely things have survived the Fall; while those who cluster around our prosperity, teach us, as they fly before the blasts of adversity, that "there is nothing true but Heaven." In our social relations, how very dependant are we, each upon the other, for those enjoyments that enliven the shadowy path of life, and modify the varied anxieties which are thickly strewn in our way. Gentle words and kind offices make even the dark home of poverty bright. Where dwells affection, sympathy, and congenial tastes, there may be found contentment; whatever minor things are lacking, these are the representatives of true wealth. It is a question

worthy of our humanity. Are we as thoughtful of the comforts of others — to scatter gleams of sunlight among the shadows of their pathway as we may be, without any inconvenience to ourselves? To make this easy, it were well to hang the walls of memory's cells with the inscription, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;" and then to contemplate it "with the mind's eye," until it is transferred to the heart, and constitutes a law of life; then we shall delight to "do good as we have opportunity;" feeling toward every man, woman and child, thou art my friend — my brother — my sister.

To cultivate this state of feeling is not always easy. Our judgment approves, but our passions mar the fair proportions of good resolutions, although based upon the kindly affections, when graciously exercised. By and-by the machinery grates; a screw is loose here, a cog broken there, and the wheels turn heavily and irregularly. What is the difficulty? We have met with unkind treatment from those we have tried to befriend; bitter words, expressive of unfounded suspicions have been spoken, and we know that we are aggrieved and wronged. Angry antagonism arises, and a feeling of "*I don't care*" independence predominates; the haughty spirit writhes under a sense of injury unmerited, and resolves to show "its proper spirit" — to return as good as has been received, and to assume hostile attitudes. This is the dictate of the proud, natural heart; but it is wrong, altogether wrong; in direct contravention of the precepts. Rejoice not evil: Love your enemies: Do good to them that persecute you. He who spake the commanda, enforced them by His own example, and made them forever obligatory on us. Nothing can become soul-sickening than the conviction that our high regards have been misplaced; that we must wrench every fibre of our heart from the support to which they have so fondly clung, and change our opinion entirely

of those whom we have long loved, and trusted in implicitly.

The heart is formed to love intensely; it yearns for sympathy, and readily reciprocates every advance of tenderness and love. When this becomes excessive, it engrosses the whole being, to the exclusion of Him who is our Creator, our Preserver, and our bountiful Benefactor. The Lord our God jealously guards His own prerogatives. His right in us is supreme, and He will allow no rival affection in the hearts of his children, but will root them out with a strong hand, if our persistence makes it necessary. Sometimes the work crushes the heart, and paralyzes it to all gentle impressions; but often it subdues the pride which is engendered by a consciousness of our own importance, restores us to a sense of duty and dependence upon that *Friend*, who sticketh closer than a brother; and bows the penitent at the footstool of Mercy, craving forgiveness for the past, and restoration to his "first love."

I knew a lovely child whose mother was poor, and a "widow indeed." M... was beautiful in person, and possessed great natural endowments and sweetness of character. While a child at school she attracted the affectionate notice of one a little older than herself, and her young heart learned to lean trustfully upon him. He became her world; called forth a woman's nature, and "taught her love, ere she had learned its name." She knew of no sweeter tie than brother, and she wished—oh! how fervently, that he were her brother. College life succeeded to school days, and a suspension of their intercourse followed. She grew in loveliness, and having always possessed a religious cast of character, at an early age she consecrated her life to the service of her Creator, by connecting herself with His visible church. In her life she exemplified that change of heart which entitled her to the high distinction of being ranked a *Christian*.

During the vacations which E...

spent at home, their interviews were frequent, and nothing occurred to mar the friendly relations that had so long existed between them. He was uniformly kind, and even affectionate; while her whole soul was absorbed by his image, without an idea of the true nature of her emotions. After he had graduated and returned, his attentions became decided, and resulted in a marriage engagement. Then he was enshrined in her heart of hearts. She worshiped him as her earthly idol, and his apparent devotions seemed to justify in some measure her heart's idolatry.

After many months, passed in this delirium of happiness, her quick sensitiveness perceived a change—a chill; so slight, indeed, that she dared not think it real, much less speak of it. Externally he was the same; but the spiritual communion and intelligence, in which none others shared, was wanting. Truth comes to us with a slow and doubtful step, measuring the ground she treads on; and M... 's heart was not open to suspicion, by its natural constitution. At length the cloud, which had long cast its shadow over her young spirit, burst with crushing force upon her loving heart. E... told her, that his widowed mother was strongly opposed to their marriage; that he had striven to overcome her objections, but hitherto without success.

E... had the advantage of wealth; but M... had greatly the superiority of respectability in family connections, and otherwise; but the early death of her father left his widow and orphans almost entirely dependant upon their own exertions. His mother, who was also a widow, was a proud, mean-spirited, worldly-minded woman, although she was a member of the same church with M... She insisted upon wealth with the wife of her favorite child; and refused to listen to love's arguments. A long season of uncertainty and protracted misery ensued. M... tried to school her heart to acquiescence, and to meet this trying crisis like a Christian

Resolutions to resign and forget, without the strength of purpose to carry them into effect, were rendered nugatory, by the constant struggle between her heart and intellect. While one dilated to her the propriety, yea, the necessity that she should preserve her self-respect by an entire relinquishment of an acquaintance so fraught with misery for her; the other clung with a tenacity, strengthened by a life-long sympathy, to the object who had for so long a time constituted her all of joy—her whole world!

At length came the denouement. E. . . married a young girl of a low, but rich family, very inadequately educated for any station in society; of a most unhappy temper, and unamiable disposition. E. . . brought his bride home, and a large party was given in honor of the occasion. M. . . accepted an invitation, and congratulated the newly-married pair with such emotions, as must be experienced to be understood. He looked the very type of misery, and soon removed to a distant place. E. . . and M. . . met for the last time at that party; his subsequent course fell far short of fulfilling the bright promise of his early life. Some time after he attempted suicide, but did not accomplish his purpose. Whether he still lives, is not known to the writer; but for many years his existence was a weariness, as he "dragged at each remove, a lengthening chain."

M. . . never opened her heart to another love; she had suffered too dreadfully, and her confidence in the sincerity of man's professions was so prostrated, that she doubted if love with him is a principle of truth and disinterestedness. Although the attachment had existed many years previously, she thought that she had acted incompatibly with her Christian profession, in encouraging, or allowing at all the idea of marriage relationship with an alien to the household of Faith. At the time she had quieted her scruples with the fact, that he had always been a respecter of religion—a strict moralist, and had, for years, conducted

family worship with extempore prayer; and she beguiled her hesitations, with the hope that her influence might strengthen and assist him in his quest of Truth. Her heart nourished hopes, that, like the "baseless fabric of a vision," "melted into thin air," faded, but left its track upon all her after life.

Did she harbor vindictive feelings and enmity against him who had wrecked her young life's hopes—had drawn a dark pall over "love's young dream,"—had crushed the first bud-dings of her woman's nature—had rudely arrested the first goings out of her gentle affections, to find rest and dependence upon a kindred spirit? No! she was never heard to utter an upraising word; and if she vindicated when others blamed him, it was not because her moral sense was blunted, or her fine perceptions of integrity dimmed; but from the lingering principle of undying love, which could not relinquish as entirely worthless, an object, once so dear, so cherished, so almost worshiped. She said the greatest pang she suffered, was the necessity that compelled her to change the high esteem, in which she had once held him, to disapprobation.

Long years passed, with their attendant vicissitudes; but the effects of that early explosion of youthful anticipations were occasionally traced upon her naturally cheerful character. She was well fitted for domestic enjoyment, and to embellish the family circle. In relinquishing this fond ideal of her early life, she said it was "sweet to stammer one letter of the Eternal's language; on earth it is called forgiveness."

In giving you this little narrative of an early friend, I have, my dear M. . . , wandered far back on the track of life, and perhaps made myself a tedious trespasser upon your time and patience. If so, forgive me, and remember that in the solitariness of my present life, it is pleasant to chat, even in fancy, with loved friends. That rank you hold in the estimation of

L'AMIE.

HOW SHALL WE TREAT OUR GUESTS?

DEAR HOME: Will you not in your good "Editor's Department," among the "Hints for Home Comforts," give us some hints on this important question? What is the proper treatment of welcome but unexpected guests? In the city, we usually receive a notice in the morning, that "Mother and Mrs. So and So, will take tea with you this afternoon if it's convenient," and we can make our arrangements accordingly; but in the country no such notice can be sent, and now, what I wish you to tell us, is simply this: In case of receiving such a visit, if we find ourselves *minus* the customary three kinds of cake — and who does not so find herself sometimes — if they should happen to come to dinner when we have nothing "kinder better" cooking, is it necessary, in order that our guests may think themselves welcome, that we spend the time of their stay in the preparation of cakes, pies, and excuses? I think not; but would like to know what THE HOME thinks before I dare express myself. Let me relate a case in point.

On a pleasant October morning, not many years since, a lady-friend invited me to visit with her a mutual acquaintance in the country, not a thousand miles from Buffalo. We had eight miles to drive, and, as the roads were good, we expected to spend a very happy day. I hurried through my morning work, prepared my good husband's dinner, dressed myself and little one, and was ready at half-past nine, when my friend called for me in her neat little rockaway. The ride was delightful, and the two little prattlers at our feet kept up a perfect buzz of pleasure. The fresh air and exercise were good appetizers, and when we arrived in sight of the house, Mrs. L... touched up the horse, with the remark that "she hoped they had n't had dinner yet:" we had not driven fast, and it was almost noon. Then

we hoped we should n't put them to any extra trouble, and thus make our visit the less acceptable; — we had been expected on a previous day and could not go — and thus discoursing we arrived.

We found the lady of the house very glad to see us — at least so she expressed herself; "but," said she, "I am only making a pork stew for dinner, and I never *can* make any nice gravy with pork. If you had *only* come last week!" We assured her that we were fond of a pork stew, and begged she would n't make the slightest alteration in her arrangements on our account; so she seated us in the parlor and returned to the kitchen.

We had gossiped over all the last bits of news on the way, and would have preferred following her to the kitchen, but were not intimate enough to venture such a liberty; so we waited and waited, and kept the children from saying *very* loud how "hundry" they were, until *half-past two*, when we were summoned to the table. A magnificent shanghai was spread before us, with all the accompaniments of hot apple pudding, coffee, etc., etc., etc. You may be certain that we, as well as the children, did ample justice to that dinner. When it was over she returned to the kitchen — "her baking was n't quite finished," and at four o'clock, when we were obliged to ask for our horse, as we had promised to be home at sundown, we had not visited half an hour with the friend we came so far to see. She protested loudly against our leaving before tea; "she had expected us to stay;" but that was "impossible;" so we tasted of her various cakes, which were indeed excellent, and started for home, feeling that we had subjected our friend to a very hard day's work, and had had no visit with her. How much rather we would have eaten of the plain dinner which she was preparing, and spent the day in conversation with her, for she is a very intelligent woman.

This case is no exaggeration, and is, I fear, too frequently encountered.

Will not THE HOME suggest a remedy? Let us welcome, and be welcomed by our friends, but do not let us exalt mere eating to such an important place, that it spoils all our enjoyment if we have company when we are not quite prepared for them.

KEZIA.

We are glad that "Kezia" has introduced this subject to us, for there are quite too many housekeepers in the country who think more of treating their guests to a good dinner than to a good visit. And all through the country the predominance which is given, in our social intercourse, to the good things that feed the body rather than the good things that feed the mind, is simply ridiculous. No matter how rapid may have been the conversation, or how listless and weary the mind of every one present, if the food brought upon the table has been well prepared, and every thing connected with a meal has *gone off* well, the mistress of the house considers the entertainment she has given a success, and not a failure. If she were entertaining a hospital of invalids, or had called in the starved and famine-stricken from the lanes and alleys, this view of the matter would do very well, for the physical entertainment would be all they sought or could appreciate.

But where our guests are in our own circumstances in life, and are supposed to perform the duty of *feeding*, (excuse the expression—it really seems the only appropriate one in this connection,) liberally at home, why should we insult them, when they chance to visit us, with the supposition that they come to enjoy our skill in cookery, rather than our society? Every good housekeeper should have the manner of treating such chance-guests settled in her own mind as a part of her theory of housekeeping—not upon the ground upon which her neighbors appear to have settled it, but according to the mode which her own

reason dictates as right. And though such guests may sometimes come upon her at a time when her affairs are in such a state as will make her manner of housekeeping appear below its real average, still she will much sooner make her guests see that this is the case if she puts a cheerful face on the matter, and enjoys their visit with a will to make the best of it, than if she bustles about and tries to remedy the evil in a way that shows her to have been made thoroughly uncomfortable and wretched by their appearance. For the really good and systematic housekeeper will have few of the evils of maladministration to encounter, and can afford to be habitually cheerful, and accept an accident when it comes in good grace, while an appearance of anxiety and worry will always appear to result—whether it really does or not—from mismanagement and want of forethought.

Suppose the year's soap or candle-making of a country housekeeper falls upon a day when she has no other resort but to send the children to "keep house" in the parlor, while she attends to the not over-nice work in the kitchen. Every such housekeeper knows that she is as liable to chance-guests on such days as any other; and if they come, she will add nothing to their happiness or their respect for her, if she falls into a flurry of excuses, and overheats and worries herself in a vain attempt to remedy the evil. There should be something in the ladder provided against such chances, and a cheerful bringing of it forward, as if she had done her best to provide against such emergencies, will do more to preserve her credit as a housekeeper than any apologies or after-preparations she can make. A bit of cold ham, or potted meat, or dried beef with the good bread and butter, and other little accessories, that are always in a comfortable, well-managed house, ought to satisfy any chance-guest upon such an occasion. And if her guests are in circumstances in life which lead her to suppose that they

are never subjected to such plain fare at home, she will nevertheless gain more respect from them if she lets her conduct acknowledge her real position than if she tries by flimsy pretences to raise herself to their own level. There is no such dignity as comes from a full understanding and acceptance of one's real position in life. If it were sifted to the bottom it would appear that a large share of this anxiety of our housekeepers to spread their tables laboriously and luxuriously in the presence of strangers, comes from a wish to make their style of living appear better than it is, and this effort is not a particularly honest or useful one. If a friend comes to visit you, and your society is worth any thing at all, it is worth more to them than the delicacies with which you can overload your table, by depriving your guests and yourselves of the enjoyment of each other's society.

We remember once rising up to excuse ourselves for a few moments to a friend who had managed to secure a half day to spend under our roof in the midst of a journey, and being met with a request that we would let the family dinner, (with whose pre-arrangements we had not thus far interfered on account of our unexpected guest,) take care of itself.

"But," said we, "there's a new girl in the kitchen, and the forks will lie awry upon the table, and the bread-plate be tilted against the gravy-dish if I do not go."

"Never mind," replied our friend. "I must leave directly after dinner, and it will be much more pleasure to me to enjoy another half-hour of your society, than to see the forks and bread-plate just in their place. You can attend to these things when I am gone, but just now I would rather feel that I am more worthy of monopolizing your attention, than the forks and plates."

And there are but few guests who visit us because they wish to see us, who would not decide in the same way.

LITTLE THINGS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

KATY CLEVELAND had been married only a single month. What ails the sweet young bride? Her eyes look as if she had been weeping. That curve upon her lips is not the arching beauty of a smile. Has Edward spoken unkindly? or refused some darling request? Has he left her to be gone a week? or failed to return at the appointed time after a few days' absence? No; none of these. Then why has grief visited her gentle bosom? — for grieving she is, as she sits there by the window, still as an effigy.

Do not smile at the answer we give you: "Edward has only forgotten the expected kiss at parting, and gone forth to his daily business, leaving a shadow upon the spirit of his young wife."

You smile in the face of our caution! It is such a little thing! And you say, if Katy Cleveland is going to make a bracket to hang troubles upon out of every trifle like this, she will soon have her whole house tapestried with gloom.

But, it was no trifle to Katy. The young husband's kiss may be nothing to you — not even held to the value of a pepper-corn — but it was of priceless value to the bride. She had even come to look forward to the daily partings and meetings with a pleasant anticipation of the unfailing kiss — that sweet token of love.

But, the token had been withheld at last; and on the closing day of their "honey-moon." How ominous! Was the husband's shadow already thrown across the threshold of their home?

Acts we all instinctively regard as the representatives of thoughts or feelings. The kiss, with Katy, was an expression of love; its denial an evidence of failing warmth on the part of her idolized young husband. She had no other interpretation. No wonder, therefore, that tears dimmed her eyes; no wonder that a veil was on her

countenance. It was the bride's first sorrow.

Away to his store Edward Cleveland had gone, wholly unconscious of the shadow he had left behind him. He did not even remember that, in parting, he had withheld the usual kiss. Thoughts of business had intruded themselves even into his home, and claimed to share the hours sacred to domestic tranquillity. The merchant had risen for the time superior to the husband.

When Edward met his wife at the falling of twilight, it was with a lover's ardor. Not only one kiss was bestowed, but many. In the warm sunshine of his presence, the clouds which had veiled her spirit for hours, were scattered into nothingness.

And yet, the memory of that forgotten kiss remained as an unwelcome guest. On the next day, and the next, and every day for a week, the expected kiss was given; yet, ever and ever, in her hours of loneliness, would thought go wandering back to the hour when her husband left her without this token of his love, and trouble the crystal waters of her soul.

At the end of a week the kiss was forgotten again; nor was this all: Edward had shown, on one occasion, a spirit of impatience, and spoken words that smote upon her feelings with a sharp pain. He had not meant to speak unkindly — had not even felt so; but Katy had seemed unusually obtuse in some matters about which Edward sought to interest her, and her dullness provoked him.

"You are a little simpleton!" he spoke, half in sport, half in earnest, his brows slightly contracting. "Why, a girl fourteen years of age could see through it all!"

He observed that the color on her cheeks deepened, that the expression of her eyes changed, and that she turned her face partly away from him; but he never imagined the degree of pain his lightly spoken censure had occasioned. It never entered his heart to conceive of the darkness of the veil

which suddenly came between her spirit and the sunlight.

And so Edward felt a degree of contempt for the quality of her understanding! "A little simpleton!" Ah! if the words were half-playfully spoken, they had a meaning. He would not have said them, if he had not discovered a feebleness of comprehension below what he had believed to exist. Could the young wife's thoughts reach to any other conclusion? No!

These were little things — trifles compared with the great troubles of life that come to all, and that were in store for Katy Cleveland as surely as for the rest. But they need not have been, and would not have been, if Edward had thought as much out of himself, and had felt toward Katy as tenderly as in the beginning. How very guarded was the lover in all his words and actions. He never forgot the parting kiss; never was betrayed into a lightly spoken word, that carried with it a sting for the heart of his betrothed. Oh, no! Had he deceived Katy as to his real character and feelings? We can not give a freely spoken yea or nay to this. He had not meant to deceive her. And yet, certain semblances were put on, and the lover appeared to have more perfections than really existed in the man.

"Ah, well, is not this ever so!" Perhaps it is. With certain qualifications to the sentiment, the lover is always a dissembler. If not, when he assumes the husband he thinks it no longer needful to give voice to the tender sentiments that pervade his bosom. It is enough for his wife to know that he loves her. But she looks for signs and tokens as of old, and these failing, she sits, often, athirst by the dried up fountains, from which once gushed out refreshing waters.

Almost timidly did Katy look into her husband's face when he returned home. Every hour during his absence, and almost every minute of every hour, had she thought of his depreciating words; and she felt that

he, too, must be thinking of them all the time, and with something of disappointment, if not alienation. But, she was in error, here. Edward had forgotten them almost as soon as uttered; and nothing would have surprised him more than the fact that Katy was grieving over them. He met her with the most ardent of kisses, the sweetest of smiles, and the tenderest of words; and she was happy again.

But, the evening did not pass wholly free from shadows. Edward was coming more and more in the true external of his character, which had many aspects not yet seen by his wife. He had selfish qualities, as all men have, and peculiarities, that, to some, would show themselves as offenses. One fault was impatience. This he had repressed, though often under strong temptation to let his feelings leap into unseemly words. He was, moreover, a man disposed to musing in silence. His business fully occupied his thoughts during business hours, and intruded itself even into the times and seasons that should have been sacred to domestic peace. A thorough mercantile education had given him habits of order and punctuality. He was one of your minute men. Orderly, punctual, a little sarcastic, and impatient! Ah, Katy Cleveland! you have a trial before you with this husband of yours, who is far from being the perfect man your girlish imagination pictured. And yet, he loves you as the apple of his eye, and would, on no account, give you pain.

"There it is again!" Edward had gone to the bookcase which stood in their sitting-room, to get a volume. Irritation was apparent in his tones.

"What's the matter?" inquired Katy, whose heart began to beat quicker.

"Who is it that disarranges these books so shockingly?"

"No one, dear. No body touches them but myself," replied Katy.

"Then it is time you had learned a little order. Just look here! Do you,

see this volume of Byron upside down, and out of its place in the series! And here are two books laid on the tops of others, instead of being set in upon the shelf, and here is another with the front, instead of the back turned outward. Such disorder annoys me terribly! Of all things, I like to see order; and most of all in a woman. I hardly expected to find it so seriously lacking in my wife!"

Edward was annoyed, and did not very carefully modulate his tones. They struck very harshly, and with an angry intonation, upon the ears of Katy, whose heart was too full to permit her to make an answer.

"The fact is," continued Edward, "I am a little disappointed in you."

Ah! This was too bad! The blow given, with not a thought of its force, reached instantly the fountain of tears, and they gushed in a flood over the cheeks of Katy.

Now, what had Edward said to occasion such a burst of grief? He was not conscious of cruel words. Only lightly had he laid his hand upon her—lightly if not lovingly—and this was the effect! Must he never speak out when he saw affairs go wrong? Must he let all things fall into disorder, and yet hold his peace? This was asking too much. It was unreasonable.

"Katy!" he spoke rather sternly, "I thought you a reasonable woman. But, all this is very unreasonable!"

Now, Katy, for all her sensitiveness, had some spirit; and there was sufficient pride in her heart to cause it, even in pain, to lift itself indignantly against the one who thrust at her too sharply—even if that one were her husband. Her tears ceased to flow, and she made answer.

"And I thought you a kind and reasonable man!"

People who utter harsh words usually evince surprise—often indignation—when coin of like quality is returned to them in exchange. Edward Cleveland was for the moment or two half confounded at this

unlooked-for response. He had, in as mild a way as possible, (!) pointed out a disorderly habit that was exceedingly annoying, and, lo! his wife assumed an air of injured innocence!

"And pray, madam, in what respect have I shown myself lacking in kindness and reason?"

Edward turned full upon his wife, as he made this interrogation, and looked with knit brows into her face.

"In making the position of two or three books on a library shelf of more importance than a kind and gentle demeanor toward your wife, who has no thought or wish but to please you."

Well and timely spoken, Katy Cleveland! There are always two sides to every question — two aspects in which to view all misunderstandings between individuals, husband and wife not excepted. Far better it was to give Edward this revelation of your thoughts, than to hide them away from his perceptions, and leave him under the wayward influence of his own partial views. It was a statement of the case altogether unexpected; yet so forcibly put that the young husband found himself shamed by an irresistible conviction of wrong.

"Right, Katy, dear!"

It took a few moments for common sense and kind feelings to overcome the young man's pride. But the closing sentence of his wife had dispelled his trifling anger, and left but small resistance. He spoke cheerfully, even tenderly — shutting the bookcase door at the same moment — and drawing an arm around her waist, pressed her closely to his side.

"Yes; you are right, darling!" he said. "The position of a book is a small matter compared to words and tones that make the heart bound with pleasure, or flutter in pain. These little things annoy me, sometimes. It is a weakness. But I will overcome it, and never speak to you in unkindness again, though every book in the house be scattered on the floors."

Katy smiled lovingly into his face, through eyes that swam in tears.

"I did not dream that such things annoyed you, Edward," she made answer. "Father never seemed to notice them; though mother has scolded a great deal about my want of order."

"Men are different in this respect. Any thing in disorder is sure to disturb me. I have many times wished it were otherwise. But, habits are strong."

"Bear with me a little while," Katy made answer, "and I will endeavor to reform my bad habits. Want of order is, I believe, one of my most serious failings; but it shall not stand between me and my good husband, as an originator of strife. Only Edward —"

The young wife paused. A slight unsteadiness of voice betrayed itself on the last word.

"Say on, love. Only what?"

"Have patience with me. New lessons are not learned in a day. I shall often forget — often act but imperfectly."

"And will you have patience with me also, Katy?"

"With you! In what?"

"Patience with my impatience. One of my besetting sins lies here. I feel quickly and speak quickly. When things are not just to my mind, anger stirs in my heart."

"It will be very hard for me to bear with your displeasure," said Katy, growing more serious. "If you speak to me harshly or unkindly, I shall not be able to keep back the tears. Will you have patience with them, dear?"

"Yes, yes; and kiss them away, or smile them into rainbows," replied the husband with love-like ardor.

Here was a good beginning. Katy's reaction upon Edward — a reaction that surprised herself almost as much as it surprised him — had brought him back to reason. She had held up a mirror before his eyes, and rather startled him with his own distorted image.

But, the world was not made in a day, as the old adage has it, and habits of mind are too real things to be overcome, and set aside on the first earnest effort. Katy's want of order and punctuality, and Edward's impatience, came into rather strong conflict ere a week had passed; and there were frowns and anger on one side, and tears upon the other. After a brief estrangement, good sense and right feeling brought back the discordant strings of their life into harmony again.

One of the little things that annoyed Edward Cleveland, was his wife's habit of lingering in conversation with friends, when she knew that he was waiting for her. As for instance: They were at a social party, and the hour for returning home had come. They left the parlors together, he going to the gentleman's dressing-room for his hat and overcoat, and she to one of the chambers for her bonnet and furs. Of course, he was ready first. It did not take him two minutes to draw on his coat, and take up his hat. At the end of the fourth minute, he began to think it time for Kate to make her appearance. But, Katy and an old friend were in earnest conversation about some matter in which both had an interest, and she had not at the end of five minutes even taken her bonnet from the bed. At the end of ten minutes, she said, "I must be going. Edward is waiting for me."

And she drew on her bonnet and tied the strings.

"How becoming!" said the friend, referring to the bonnet. "I never saw you look so well in any thing."

This turned their talk into a new channel, and five minutes more were consumed; at the end of which period, Katy said, as she took up hastily her furs:

"I'm forgetting myself! Edward is waiting."

But, the friend started a new subject, and five minutes more were consumed. When Katy came, at last,

with slow steps, talking still to her friend, and her husband met her on the stairs — she saw that his face was clouded. To him, the time he had been walking impatiently the dressing-room floor seemed full an hour; to her, the time she had been chatting with a friend, not over five minutes.

Edward was able to keep back from his tongue an indignant rebuke only long enough to get fairly out of the house. Then he said:

"Katy! This is insufferable! And if you treat me so again, I'll leave you to get home as best you can!"

Upon the pleasant state of feeling left by the evening's social recreations, what a chilling pall was this to fling! Katy had drawn her hand within his arm, and was leaning toward him; but, the pressure of her hand relaxed instantly.

"More than half an hour have you kept me waiting, with my heavy coat on, momentarily expecting you to appear!"

"No, Edward! it was not ten minutes," replied Katy, in a husky voice.

"Beg your pardon! It was three times ten minutes! But, one ten would have been more than twice too long. I never saw such a thoughtless creature!"

Katy had done wrong, and she saw it; but, not to an extent that warranted such an angry state of feeling in her husband. The time she had talked with her friend passed so quickly, that she could not believe more than ten minutes had flown away — but even to keep her husband waiting, under the circumstances, for ten minutes, she felt to be wrong; and had he not spoken so angrily, she would have acknowledged her error, and promised never again to offend in a similar way. As it was, she simply remained silent, while he, in the excitement of his unhappy state, added other words of rebuke no more carefully chosen.

It was very, very hard, under the circumstances, for Katy, suffering as

she was from the indignant rebuke of her husband, to think clearly, and feel rightly. The punishment was, in her view, altogether beyond the offense. He talked on; but she remained silent.

At last, he began to feel that he was saying too much. Katy had not meant to offend him. Hers was only a thoughtless act, which his impatience had magnified into a crime, and which he had punished as if it had been a crime. Had his young wife given way to her feelings, she would have wept herself to sleep that night, refusing to be comforted. But, there was common sense, right feeling, and a great deal of true perception in that thoughtless little brain of hers. She knew that her husband loved her; and she knew that she had done wrong in trespassing on his naturally impatient disposition. So, as soon as they were home, and she could say what was in her thought in a manner to give it the right effect, she spoke to him these words, in a low voice, that slightly trembled:

"Edward, forgive my thoughtlessness. I will try and not offend you again in this particular. And forgive, also, the frankness that accuses you of a far greater wrong than mine. I do not remember any thing in the marriage contract, to which we both assented, that gave either of us the right to be angry with, or to speak harshly to the other. We pledged mutual loves, forbearance and kind offices; and little things, no matter how annoying, should not make us forgetful of our pledges. I was wrong—very wrong—but wrong from thoughtlessness. Oh, Edward! if you had only spoken of it in kind remonstrance, I would have seen my error quite as clearly, and resolved to do better quite as earnestly; and loving instead of painful emotions would have trembled in my heart. It is not good for us to be angry with one another. The trite old precept of bear and forbear, must never be forgotten, if we would be happy together. I am not perfect,

and can not attain perfection in a day. Bear, then, with my infirmities, for the sake of the love in my heart—a love that, to save you, dear husband! would smile even in the face of death! Such love should cover a multitude of small offenses!"

Edward Cleveland caught his young wife to his heart, and while he held her there tightly, covered her lips with kisses.

"Oh, these little things! These little things!" he said. "How like foxes do they spoil our tender grapes! But, dear Katy! it must no longer be. Do not try my faulty patience overmuch, and I will hold my hand hard against the weaknesses of character which have, already, troubled our peace."

"Speak freely and frankly, Edward," was the reply; "only speak kindly. I will never of set purpose give pain or annoyance. The dearest wish of my heart is to make you happy; the light of my life is in your loving smiles."

It was far better thus to understand each other. A world of unhappiness in the future Katy saved herself and husband. A true word, firmly spoken, will bring a man to reason quicker than a gallon of tears. Calm, firm remonstrance, is always better in a wife, than weeping or moody silence. The first a husband can understand; to the latter he has no key of interpretation.

Many trials had Katy, with her order-loving, impatient husband; but she knew his heart to be full of love for her, and the little things that some wives would have magnified into barriers of separation, she swept aside with a gentle hand, and set herself to the work of preventing their future interpositions. She had her reward.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

"FAITH is the Samsonian lock of the Christian. Cut that off, and you may put out his eyes—and he can do nothing."—*Spurgeon.*

TO MY SISTER.

I AM thinking now, my Sister dear,
Of the days when we were young,
When all the friends we loved were near,
And our home with music rung.
Around our hearthstone warm and bright,
A family group we gathered there,
And though Time swiftly winged his flight,
To our happy hearts he ne'er brought a
care.

And that dear home was a farm-house old,
Guarded by the locust trees,
Whose perfume in the bright month of
June,
Loaded down the balmy breeze.
And dost thou remember the little brook
Where we often went to play,
Gathering the flowers along its bank,
Which we found in early May?

In that happy home were merry hearts,
And the days swiftly passed away,
And we took no thought of the busy parts
In life's drama, acted each day.
And we ne'er thought in those childhood
hours
That Time would ever mark with *change*,
Blasting the hopes, and early flowers
Which Fancy cherished in its range.

But how those scenes have sadly changed :
That Mother who always welcomed us
there

With loving words and gentle smiles,
Ever ready our childhood griefs to share,
Was also loved by the angels in Heaven,
And they who mourned her lengthened
stay,
Besought the "*Great I am*," who rules our
destinies,
To call her from this earth away.

And that Father, then in his manhood
strong,
Has passed to the old man gray;
And though it may our heart-strings wring,
We know he is passing away.
A brother loved and a sister dear,
Have gone to the spirit land
Since the time when we were gathered
there,
A loving and happy band.

And those who are left are scattered afar —
Not one remains in the dear old home;
Brothers and sisters have wandered away —
All have left it deserted and lone.
It is sad to think of our broken band,
But be thy prayers as is my own,
That we all may meet in that happy
Land,
Where pain and parting never is known.
LOUISA.

HOME.

BY KATE CAROL.

OH ! tell me not that the theme is worn,
And of home we may not write,
For thither oft the spirit is borne,
And there it *will* roam to-night !

To home of our childhood, dearer now,
Than when at our mother's side
We were taught in lowliness to bow,
And pray that no ill betide.

The cherished ones, who were nurtured there
By parents passed to the sky ;
That all at last might be garnered where
No tear ever dims the eye.

Oh ! tell us not that "old is the theme,"
For memory lingers oft,
Where later near by a rippling stream
We dwelt in our own loved cot:

Where hand in hand we were borne adown
Life's ever varying tide ;
With a fondly loved and gentle one,
In our home the brook beside.

That spot endeared by a fragile flower,
Which we proudly called our own,
Till, soon it lay in a shady bower,
Near by our own cottage home.

Oh ! tell us not that we may not write
Of the theme we love the best ;
While steadily points yon beacon light
To a home among the blest.

That home, where after life's fitful dream
The weary and worn repose,
And joyfully chant the exulting theme —
Redemption from all earth's woes.

February, 1857.

THE DEPARTED.

WHERE'S the snow — the summer snow —
On the lovely lily flower ?
Where the hues of sunset shed
O'er the rose's crimson hour ?
Where's the gold — the bright pure gold —
O'er the young laburnum flung ?
And the fragrant sighs that breathed
Whence the hyacinth drooping hung ?
Gone, gone — they are all gone !

Maiden, lovelier than the spring,
Is thy bloom departed too ?
Has thy cheek forgot its rose,
Or thine eye its April blue ?
Where are thy sweet bursts of song ?
Where the wreaths that bound thy hair ?
Where the thousand prisoner curls ?
And the sunny smiles are — where ?
Gone, gone — they are all gone !

MADAM GUYON.

BY MRS. C. A. HALBERT.

(Concluded.)

WHEN Madam Guyon was twenty-two years old she had the small-pox. This fearful disease was not then robbed of its terrors by vaccination. She had it in its most malignant form, so that her whole body became a fearful and loathsome spectacle. Her friends came around her bedside, loudly condoling with her in the loss of her beauty. They imagined that she would be inconsolable, and were astonished to hear only expressions of thankfulness and praise from her lips. Her piety was now severely tested. Could she cheerfully relinquish charms so prized in society, and wear with equanimity and cheerfulness a face disfigured and rendered almost repulsive by her terrible malady.

We learn that she was able to rejoice even at the loss of that which had so often proved a snare and temptation to her. Lying on her couch of pain, her soul was filled with ineffable peace. "I praised God," she says, "in profound silence. * * * When I had so far recovered as to be able to sit up in my bed, I ordered a mirror to be brought, and indulged my curiosity so far as to view myself in it. I was no longer what I once was. It was then that I saw that my Heavenly Father had not been unfaithful in his work, but had ordered it in all its reality."

An affliction heavier than the loss of beauty awaited her recovery. Her youngest son, the consolation of her domestic life, and a boy of great promise, was seized with the same disorder, and she soon followed him to the tomb. Ten years had not elapsed when her father died so suddenly, that she was unable to reach him to receive his blessing. She felt this blow the more keenly, because he was the only member of her family who fully sympathized with her feelings, or appreciated the elevated motives which had induced her withdrawal from the

world. Thus one idol after another was demolished, that, torn from all human props, she might cling wholly to Him whom she had chosen as her portion. One by one the lights of home were put out, and life looked cold and dim before her, but the lamp of Divine Love burned unconsumed in her inmost soul.

God next tried her by the withdrawal of that Heavenly light which had consoled her hitherto. This experience was more bitter than the loss of friends, and it was long before she was able to understand it—long before she learned to walk by faith instead of sight, and to resign God's gifts that she might receive the Giver. This season of darkness lasted more than six years. She emerged from the long eclipse with a purified brightness. From this time her soul entered into peace. The heartiness of her consecration had been established by many infallible proofs, and we do not learn that the discipline was ever repeated. Outward trials multiplied about her, persecutions and imprisonment awaited her, calamities cruel as death followed her everywhere, but far within its own purified sanctuary her soul abode in serene and joyful peace.

She now began to lay aside those austerities with which she had burdened herself in the earlier stages of her experience. She attached to these a significance very different from that commonly received by Catholics, and was as far as Luther from holding the doctrine of justification by works. Upon this point she guarded her language with great care, making an important distinction between meritorious and disciplinary penance. She regarded acts of mortification as useful only for a time, and to subdue inordinate propensities.

"It is impossible," she says, "to subdue the inordinate action of this part of our nature, (the appetites,) perverted as it is by long habits of vicious indulgence, unless we deny it for a time the smallest relaxation. Deny it firmly that which gives it pleasure;

and, if it be necessary, give to it that which disgusts, and persevere in this course, until, in a certain sense it has no choice in any thing which is presented to it. * * * From this time, when the senses have ceased from their inordinate action, we should permit them to accept, with indifference and equanimity of mind, whatever the Lord sees fit in his Providence to give them—the pleasant and the unpleasant, the sweet and the bitter.”

About this time an incident occurred, which showed Madam Guyon's readiness to turn herself to worldly affairs when the occasion demanded. A suit was brought against her husband for the recovery of two hundred thousand *livres*, which, it was unjustly pretended, were due to certain parties from Madam Guyon and her younger brother. The Duke of Orleans, brother to the king, was induced to espouse the cause of the claimants, and M. Guyon thought it hopeless to contend against an influence so powerful, and revenged himself by venting his ill-humor on his uncomplaining wife. She resolved to apply herself personally to the judges for relief.

On the day of trial she nerved herself for her trying task. “I was wonderfully assisted,” she tells us, “to understand and explain the windings of this business. The judge whom I first visited, was so surprised to see the affair so different from what he thought it before, that he himself exhorted me to see the other judges, and especially the Intendant, or presiding judge, who was just then going to the court, and was quite misinformed about the matter. God enabled me to manifest the truth in so clear a light, and gave such power to my words, that the Intendant thanked me for having so seasonably come to undeceive and set him to rights in the affair. He assured me that if I had not taken this course, the cause would have been lost.” Her husband, she adds, was exceedingly pleased at what she had done.

The year 1676 brought great changes

to Madam Guyon. Her husband had long been feeble, and death was evidently approaching. In this solemn crisis she could no longer bear an estrangement, and resolved to make one more effort toward a reconciliation. Approaching his bedside just as he awoke from a refreshing sleep, she knelt down and asked his pardon for her faults toward him. She assured him that, however much she might have erred, she had never intentionally displeased him. He received her confession with the greatest emotion, and exclaimed, “It is I who have done wrong rather than yourself. It is I who beg *your* pardon. I did not deserve you.”

Most auspicious was this reconciliation to the dying man. With it the softening influences of the Spirit seemed to drop upon his heart, and he turned eagerly for religious instruction to her whom he had reviled. Seated by that bedside, whence no harsh command of jealous mother-in-law could now drive her, she became both nurse and spiritual guide to her husband. For nearly a month preceding his death she seldom left his side, seizing such intervals of ease as his disorder left him. She unfolded the plan of salvation with an earnestness and unction which carried conviction to his soul. As the shadows of earth gathered around him, the peace of God descended into his heart. He died July, 1676.

Madam Guyon, whose varied experience of life would seem to cover many more years, was but twenty-eight when her husband died. A new class of duties now rested upon her, calculated still further to test her piety which, fortified against pleasure, might still fall before the entanglements of business. The settlement of her husband's large estate devolved mainly upon her, and was rendered difficult by the negligence into which his affairs had fallen during his long sickness. Madam Guyon was very little acquainted with business, and wholly ignorant of the forms of legal procedure.

She entered upon her duties with characteristic ardor, and, from her great clearness of intellect, was soon able to understand all its intricacies. She arranged her husband's papers with accuracy, paid the legacies, provided for the claims, and administered the estate in a manner highly satisfactory to all concerned. Her success procured her much commendation from her friends, and a reputation for great abilities.

Another affair, growing out of the settlement of the estate, still further illustrates her character. A large amount of property was in dispute between various individuals in her neighborhood. The parties, over twenty in number, had submitted their claims to M. Guyon for adjudication. The papers were still in his hands, and partly examined when increasing infirmities obliged him to lay aside the onerous task. After his death, his widow wished to return these papers, but was unanimously urged to step into the place of her deceased husband, and decide the matter. A proposal so novel would have been at once rejected had she not foreseen that great embarrassment would follow her refusal, and perhaps the ruin of some of her friends. For thirty days she devoted herself to the investigation of the case, stopping for nothing but meals and worship. Having drawn up her decision in writing, she placed it in the hands of the parties. They accepted without reading it. When it was read all parties were satisfied with it, and lauded Madam Guyon as a second Solomon.

She continued to reside at the mansion of her late husband. Her mother retained her implacable enmity. Even the dread presence of death had not softened that stern cold heart, but rather fixed it in its sullen and relentless hatred. Gladly would Madam Guyon have taken her little ones and left that house of bondage, but she felt it her duty to make one more attempt toward a reconciliation. On the first Christmas morning after her husband's death, she approached her with every

mark of affection and said, "My mother, on this day was the King of Peace born. He came into the world to bring peace to us. In his name I beg peace of you." The mother remained immovable, and soon after gave her daughter formal notice "that they could no longer live together." Gladly did she accept the intimation. Silently and quietly she withdrew from the house where, for twelve years, she had borne the most trying humiliations. She had suffered in silence — she left without reproach. Gathering her little flock about her she went out in the depths of winter to seek such accommodations as she could at that season find.

For the first time since her childhood she now found herself in a position to follow her inclinations. Emancipated from the surveillance of jealous eyes, she began a life of quiet enjoyment, living in great retirement, and seldom going out except on some mission of charity. Even such labors, her health, enfeebled by long suffering and constant attendance on her sick husband, did not permit her to seek to much extent, but personal appeals she never rejected. On one occasion she learned that a disabled soldier was lying sick by the roadside near her house. She had him brought in, and although he was a debased and loathsome creature, she did not hesitate to nurse him herself, and to watch over him with the tenderness of a sister for the few weeks that he survived.

Freed from all interference, Madam Guyon addressed herself to the education of her children. Here, as everywhere, she manifested the energy of her character, and her fruitful mind suggested many new ways of arousing their enthusiasm. She found her own education deficient, especially in Latin, then so material to the scholar. Instantly she commenced repairing the defect, and placed herself under the instructions of her eldest son's tutor. She was soon able to read understandingly in the mother tongue of the church, and thus to avail herself of

the rich stores of devotional literature of which the Latin was the sole depository.

The first four years of her widowhood require no special mention. Outwardly they were the most peaceful of her whole life. Inwardly she was still suffering that dearth of spiritual life which she calls her season of privation. Of her joyful deliverance from this state we have already spoken. Entering upon this higher stage of Christian experience, her first impulse was to retire into a convent, where she might devote herself wholly to meditation and charity. Inviting as such a course seemed to her in her present elevated frame of mind, the welfare of her children forbade its immediate indulgence.

It was at this time, in consequence of the numerous offers of marriage which were made her, that she came to a final decision of a subject so materially affecting the interests of her family. She says, "There was one person, in particular, whose high birth and amiable exterior qualities, might, under other circumstances, have had an influence on my inclinations. But I was resolved to be God's alone."

Madam Guyon was delightfully located in the suburbs of Paris, with all the refined luxuries of wealth at her command, surrounded by her children, and courted by the most cultivated society in the world. But she could not rest in this pleasant land. Thoughts of a foreign mission, perhaps to Siam, where her cousin had labored, seem to have suggested themselves. She carefully watched the developments of Providence, and was led by some striking indications to decide upon Savoy as the field of her labors. There, among the inhospitable fastnesses of the Alps, she determined to toil, sharing the privations of its humble peasantry and ministering to their spiritual wants. During the winter previous to her departure, remarkable as a season of great scarcity in France, she was instrumental in relieving much distress. For several weeks she distributed several hundred loaves of bread from her own door, besides other more private

contributions. Yet she tells us that God so blessed her alms that her own family lost nothing by them. Her preparations for leaving Paris were made with careful reference to the welfare of her children. The two boys were committed to the care of persons well qualified to superintend their education. Wise precautions were taken for the security of their property, for their mother had no intention of encroaching on their part of their father's estate in the furtherance of her benevolent aims. She even assigned to them a part of her own share. She did not part from her sons without deep sadness. She had many doubts as to the propriety of leaving them even to the most judicious guardianship, but on the whole the will of God seemed to her plainly expressed. Her little daughter accompanied her. They left Paris July, 1681. As they floated down the Seine an affecting incident occurred. The little girl busied herself in cutting the leaves and twigs which she snatched from the river bank into crosses. After a while she came to her mother, and silently attached them to her dress. A female attendant who watched her said, "My pretty child, give me some crosses too." "No!" replied the prattler, "they are all for my dear mother." Madam Guyon, who sat lost in thought, did not at first observe her, but seeing herself covered with crosses, was struck with the ominous portent. Soon the little girl was again at work weaving a crown of river blossoms. When it was finished, she placed it softly on her mother's head, saying, "After the cross you shall be crowned."

After a fatiguing journey the wanderers arrived at Gex, a small city twelve miles from Geneva, and took lodgings at the House of the Sisters of Charity. Madam Guyon had met D'Aranthon, Bishop of Geneva, in Paris, and gained his hearty approval of her plans. In settling at Gex she had marked out no definite course, but left herself free to follow Providential leadings. She made no noisy demonstrations, but waited quietly to see

what the Lord would have her do. Very soon the noiseless presence of the gentle stranger began to be felt in the town. Her bounty diffused smiles in many an humble dwelling. Her costly ointments, which she compounded with peculiar skill, were freely dispensed to the wounded and disabled poor. At one time she contemplated devoting her whole time to the lowly offices of a nurse. Her influence on the Community with whom she dwelt was great, and many of the Sisters attributed their first impulse toward a higher sanctification to her conversations. Gradually her sphere opened before her. The mysterious voice which had been whispering in her heart for so many years began to utter itself. What the Spirit had been fourteen years in unfolding to her she was now to proclaim to others. *Christian Sanctification*, wrought in the soul by faith, to be sought after and expected in the present life, was the doctrine which Madam Guyon taught, and for which she was about to suffer. Little did she dream as she sat in her quiet room, conversing with those who sought her on the union of saints with their Head, and the blessedness of losing the will, that her teachings were wholly at variance with the spirit of that church of which she was an humble daughter. Little did she suspect that she was propounding heresies of which the Holy See was less tolerant than of the greatest crimes,—heresies which had piled faggots and crimsoned stakes.

No sooner were these sentiments repeated to the worthy but narrow-minded D'Aranthon than he took alarm. As a good son of the church he could not rest. He called to his aid Father La Comb, the religious director of Madam Guyon, and desired him to interpose his spiritual authority to close her mouth. La Comb, who had become himself deeply imbued with the same sentiments, respectfully but firmly declined to interfere. The bishop himself was wholly unable to resist the eloquence of her words when in her presence, but his favorable feelings were

soon dispelled by the insinuations of those about him. Still he was unwilling to lose the benefit of her munificent charities to his diocese, and formed a plan to meet the exigencies of the case, most sagacious in his own eyes. Could she be persuaded to endow a religious House at Gex, and to become herself its prioress, her wealth might be secured to the church, while her vast energies would be directed into such channels as should stifle all inclinations to dogmatic teachings. She perceived the snare, and, although she would have found no difficulty in relinquishing that property of which she considered herself only stewardess, she was unwilling to do any thing which should embarrass her in the free expression of her convictions. This decision alienated the bishop still more, and determined him to effect her removal. Her situation became every day more unpleasant. An active hostility sprang up in the Community, which was fostered by the foulest aspersions of her character and designs. Some of the Sisters who had once been loud in her praise became jealous of her growing influence, and readily seconded the wishes of their bishop. It was in their power to cause her many annoyances. Frightful apparitions were made to appear at her windows in the night, and the sashes were broken in. Her two waiting-maids, whom she had brought from Paris, and whose services she had relinquished in part to the Community, were not allowed to render her any aid, so that she was compelled to perform herself those menial labors for which her health and former habits unfitted her. Her letters were intercepted, opened and used for mischievous ends. Thus all prospect of present usefulness being destroyed, Madam Guyon resolved to leave Gex.

In the early spring of 1682, a little boat bore herself, daughter and maids, across the placid Leman, to the pleasant town of Thenon, on the opposite shore. There La Comb resided, the only person who fully sympathized with her views, and understood her

character. She looked to him for counsel respecting her future movements. She found him just leaving on a long journey, and quite uncertain whether he might not be detained at Rome, where he was carefully watched, expressing his regret in leaving at this trying conjuncture. She replied, "My father, your departure gives me no pain. When God aids me through his creatures, I am thankful for it. But I value their instrumentality and aid only as they are subordinate to God's glory, and come in God's order. When God sees fit to withdraw the consolations and aids of his people I am satisfied to do without them. But much as I should value your presence in this season of trial, I am very well content never to see you again if such be God's will." Such dispositions were the fruit of those sentiments for which she was denounced!

Some rumor of Madam Guyon's remarkable character had probably preceded her, for her rooms at the convent were soon filled with eager inquiries after this new doctrine of the interior life. She turned no one empty from her door. Many who had long felt the deadness of mere ceremonies, and were darkly groping toward the liberty of the gospel, heard, from her eloquent lips, the Word that giveth life. A few came to cavil, but most of her visitors were honest inquirers. A great work commenced in Thenon. The new doctrine was everywhere spoken of. Young girls formed themselves into little circles for religious improvement, one reading while the rest pursued their humble tasks. Madam Guyon saw the seed springing up with a quiet gladness, but her heart was not lifted up. Said a friend: "The whole town commends you." "Observe," she replied, "what I now tell you, that you will bear curses out of the same mouths, which at present pronounce blessings."

After a residence of two years in the Convent, she was obliged, by the infirm state of her health, to seek a dwelling at a greater distance from the water. She thus describes her next

home, it being the only one she could procure in the desired locality. "It had a look of the greatest poverty. It had no chimney except in the kitchen, through which one was obliged to pass to go the chamber. I took my daughter with me and gave up the largest chamber to her, and the maid who took care of her. The chamber which I reserved to myself was a very small one, and I ascended to it by means of a ladder. Having no furniture of my own except some beds, which were quite plain and homely, I bought a few cheap chairs, and such articles of earthen and wooden ware as were necessary. I fancied every thing better on wood than on plate. Never did I enjoy greater content than in this hovel. It seemed to me entirely conformable to the littleness and simplicity which characterize the true life in Christ."

The Bishop, within whose diocese she still resided, continued his persecutions. He complained that she won every body to her side. Although leading a perfectly retired life, she did not long remain unmolested. The rabble were set upon her steps, so that her personal safety was endangered. Her little garden was ravaged in the night, and her windows were broken with stones which fell at her feet. Threats of violence were heard in the darkness, but a Divine Hand restrained the ruffians from breaking into the little asylum of unprotected females. During these disturbances, Madam Guyon rested in perfect peace. She accepted the evil and the good with the same calmness of spirit. It is thus that she records her emotions: "The love of God, and of God alone was my soul's great business. I seemed so entirely lost in God, as to have no sight of myself at all. It seemed as if my heart never came out of that Divine ocean. Oh! loss, which is the consummation of happiness, though operating through crosses and deaths."

Driven from Savoy, Madam Guyon turned toward Piedmont, accompanied by her little family and one or two

ecclesiasties. She ascended the Alps by a route both tedious and perilous, and reached Turin in safety. She had been invited hither by the Marchioness of Prunai, a lady of very high rank, whose early history, trials and religious views corresponded remarkably with her own. This eminent person had long watched the course of her French sister with admiration, and welcomed her warmly to her mansion.

In this refined Christian home Madam Guyon rested a few months. With returning health she found herself longing for France, and strengthened to enter upon those labors and sufferings which yet remained unaccomplished. The following autumn we find her at Grenoble, a city of considerable size. There the early scenes of Thenon were repeated with even greater power. Her rooms were so crowded daily with persons desiring religious conversation, that she scarcely found time to eat. Persons of every rank in church and state, as well as the lowly and obscure, testified to the wonderful unction with which the truth flowed from her lips. "Marvelous indeed," she tells us, "was the work of the Lord."

Although Madam Guyon's proceedings were attended with some publicity, we do not discover that she departed from the *spirit* of female decorum. Her interviews were private and informal, and she conversed with those present separately or unitedly as her judgment dictated.

While at Grenoble she composed a little Manual of Prayer which embodied her peculiar views, and was afterward honored with ecclesiastical censure. Another work, entitled "Spiritual Torrents," was composed still earlier. In it she traces the growth of grace in the soul under the figure of streams, which rise from some obscure stream in the mountains, and move on with ever increasing volume and momentum to the sea. She was author of more than forty volumes, some of which passed through many editions. Her commentaries on the Bible

were written at night, in time stolen from sleep. In their composition she believed herself under the special illumination of the Spirit, and wrote only while the supposed Divine impulse lasted. Her writings exhibit great eloquence, force of conception, and power of illustration.

Madam Guyon was not long suffered to labor unmolested. The former persecutions were renewed, and it was thought best for her to leave the city for a time. Unwilling that her daughter should share her hardships, she left her in the care of her faithful maid, while she turned her fugitive steps toward Marseilles. She landed in that ancient town one spring morning in 1685, and before night "all was in uproar against her." A legion of enemies could scarcely have produced greater consternation, than this solitary, defenseless woman. We can not stop to trace all the causes of this opposition. It originated in the jealousy of the clergy, who had begun to snuff heresy in the very air around her. In eight days she was again a wanderer, seeking an asylum with her beloved Marchioness at Turin.

By a strange series of disasters she was driven hither and thither, till she began to feel that earth had no resting place for her weary foot. Her heart was very sad. Affectingly does she describe her emotions: "Alone as it were in the world, forsaken of all human help, and not knowing what God required of me, I saw myself without refuge or retreat, wandering like a vagabond on the face of the earth. I walked in the streets; I saw the tradesmen busy in the shops; all seemed to me to be happy in having a home—a dwelling place to which they could retire. I felt sadly that there was none for me."

Passing over some eventful months, in which she experienced marvelous interpositions of Providence, we find her again in Paris, after an absence of five years. Gladly she gathered her divided family about her, and resumed her quiet domestic life. The history

of her missionary labors had preceded her, and opened to her many Christian hearts. These new friends were many of them of the highest rank, and led her into a sphere still above that in which she had formerly moved.

About a year after her return, La Comb, who had accompanied her to Paris, and was greatly distinguished for his eloquence and sanctity, was thrown into the Bastille. Heresy was the ground of his cruel imprisonment. Madam Guyon felt keen sorrow on his account, more especially because she had led him to entertain those views for which he suffered. He was never released, but, after twenty-seven years of patient suffering joined the glorious company of martyrs above.

Madam Guyon well knew that the blow which had fallen on La Comb, hung suspended over her own head. Several who sympathized with her had been banished; and the king, grown bigot in his old age, was becoming uneasy at the prospect of a new heresy springing up under his eye, and in his own capital. He ordered that the person of Madam Guyon should be secured. She was carried to the Convent of St. Marie, and shut up in a small room, with a stern and morose nun for her jailor.

The only thing that really affected her in this imprisonment was the separation from her family. She earnestly begged that her young daughter might remain with her, but her enemies bore the child away with malicious satisfaction. Her apartment was so situated as to admit the full glare of the summer's sun, and her health soon gave way under the distressing heat and confinement, so that she nearly died for want of care. A servant and physician were at length granted, and she recovered. She relieved the monotony of her existence by composing hymns, writing her autobiography, and corresponding with her friends. She sustained several judicial examinations, which, so far from eliciting any thing against her, rather impressed her judges in her favor.

She was long kept in ignorance of her daughter's abode, and discovered it at last only to learn that attempts were being made to force her into a marriage with a man of profligate and irreligious life. The king approved the project, but required the consent of her mother. Madam Guyon was promised her liberty if she would grant her sanction. She rejected the tempting offer with indignation, although with the prospect that her captivity would be rendered perpetual.

At length, through the powerful intercession of Madam De Maintenon, she was released in the autumn of 1688. She was received with open arms by her former friends. The powerful lady to whom she owed her deliverance sought her acquaintance, and honored her with much attention.

In the year 1690, Mademoiselle Guyon, then fifteen years old, was married to the Count de Vaux, a man whose principles and character met the cordial approbation of her mother. The happy settlement of this dear child afforded her great satisfaction. She had bestowed unwearied care on her training, and, as she opened into womanhood, was comforted in finding the sweet promise of her childhood fulfilled. For some time mother and daughter resided together at the country house of the Count.

It is at this point that the life of Madam Guyon became connected with that of Fenelon. It is unnecessary for us to describe this eminent man, whose name is diffused like a fragrant oil through the church universal. He had long watched the course of this heroic woman, and been drawn toward her by a secret Christian sympathy. Coming to Paris soon after her release, he sought her acquaintance. They met at the house of a mutual friend, the Duchess of Charost, and held a long conversation on the subject of the interior life. The intercourse thus commenced extended over many years, and exerted a marked influence over Fenelon. Although a sincere Christian,

he had not yet reached that elevated state of consecration which he believed attainable in this life, and he had many difficulties to propose to the larger experience of his friend. She on her part labored for his more complete sanctification almost with an agony of spirit. She perceived the great designs God had for him, and believed herself the agent through whom greater grace should be imparted. Her conversations and letters had a marked influence upon him. His mind was too clear and his heart too simple in its aims to be led into any mystical illusions. While he subjected her views to a most searching analysis, he was ready with the docility of a child to receive them so far as they seemed to express the mind of the Spirit. It would be instructive to pause longer over this remarkable correspondence, for it was one of the most interesting passages in the lives of both these eminent persons.

From year to year Madam Guyon was constantly witnessing the springing of the seed she had sown with tears. The leaven of her doctrines was spreading in France. Many persons of distinction in the Catholic church were becoming imbued with its spirit. It was at work in the provinces; in Paris, at the Institution of St. Cyr, that foster child of De Maintenon, and in the very palace of the king. Sermons, preached years before by La Comb, were now bearing fruit, and the works of Madam Guyon, armed with the same power as her living words, were becoming widely circulated.

In this state of things Bossuet, the first orator and theologian of his age, and one of the highest ornaments of the church, felt it his duty to lift his ponderous arm against the growing heresy. He had passed it by with contempt so long as a woman stood at its base; but when he saw Fenelon supporting it he became alarmed. He solicited an interview with Madam Guyon, read her works, and after some months held a second protracted conversation. Bossuet raised objec-

tions to her views, and criticised the looseness of her language. He showed her that in many instances she had indulged in vagueness of expression, calculated to mislead unstable minds. She had never been subjected to so searching an examination, and trembled under the dictatorial roughness of her censor. Often she nearly lost her self-possession, but in a moment "recollecting herself in God," her serenity returned. Bossuet was, in the main, satisfied with her opinions, as explained by herself, but the public was not quieted.

A commission was next appointed by the king to examine her, of which Bossuet was the chief member. The whole subject was again renewed with great minuteness, without eliciting any thing to warrant a condemnation. Bossuet did not however seem quite satisfied. Madam Guyon offered to place herself under his special instruction, that she might be enlightened in respect to her errors. He willingly acceded, remarking to a friend that it would be as good as the Archbishop of Paris or a cardinal's hat—thus confident was he of a speedy victory. But he was mistaken. After a residence of six months in his diocese, she returned to Paris with unshaken belief in the Scriptural nature of her doctrines. The Bishop was unable to withhold his testimony to the Christian simplicity of her life while under his observation.

No sooner was her return known, than her enemies renewed their outcry, and she was obliged to hide herself from their violence. For five months her abode remained a profound secret, unknown even to her daughter. She was then discovered by the police, and borne by royal mandate to the prison at Vincennes. The faithful maid who shared her concealment, was confined with her, and was a great consolation to her mistress. We learn how little outward circumstances were able to disturb the calm current of her happiness, from the following entry in her Autobiography:

"I passed my time in great peace, content to spend the remainder of my life there if such should be the will of God. I employed part of my time in writing religious songs; I and my maid, La Gautiere, who was with me in prison, committed them to heart as fast as I made them. Together we sang praises to Thee, Oh our God! It sometimes seemed to me as if I were a little bird, whom the Lord had placed in a cage, and that I had nothing to do now but to sing. The joy of my heart gave a brightness to the objects around me. The stones of my prison looked in my eyes like rubies."

After a captivity of nine months, Madam Guyon was transferred to Vangirard, and allowed more freedom. The controversy respecting her doctrine had been transferred to Fenelon and Bossuet. These mighty champions fixed the eyes of the Christian world, while she who was its first expounder was nearly forgotten. But as soon as she was suffered to communicate with the world, her power began to revive. Louis regarded her with an almost superstitious dread, and determined to crush her effectually.

She was transferred to the Bastille in 1698. Of the secrets of that terrible abode we know little. Madam Guyon kept the oath of secrecy which was extorted from all prisoners at their entrance, with religious fidelity. Several commissioners were appointed to examine her from time to time, and it is recorded that she defended herself "with great ability and firmness."

The rumor of her death was circulated, and reached Fenelon, then suffering banishment for his adherence to her doctrines. He believed her beyond the need of all human vindication, or the offices of personal friendship. It was thought that he might now make his peace with his king, but with a noble disinterestedness he defended her memory in these words: "It would be infamous weakness in me to speak doubtfully in relation to

her character, in order to free myself from oppression."

After four years spent in one of the towers of the Bastille, Madam Guyon's imprisonment was exchanged for exile. So great was her influence still, that the king would not hazard her residence in Paris, and banished her to Blois, a city in the south of France.

Here terminates the historical career of Madam Guyon. For more than twenty years she had been followed by a persecution as relentless as it was unjust. She had endured all with a fortitude worthy of the martyr age. The greatest theologian of his times had met her in debate without being able to vanquish her. The first monarch in Christendom had feared her more than legions of foes. Even the Pope could be brought to give only a qualified and nugatory condemnation of her doctrines. Truth, courage, and faith had conquered.

We have little more to relate concerning Madam Guyon. She retired to Blois in the year 1703, and passed the remainder of her days in honored tranquillity. She had the satisfaction of being near her eldest son, who was married and settled in her neighborhood, and also received many visits from distinguished foreigners. Old age, hastened by want and sorrow, came prematurely upon her, and she suffered much bodily weakness. But the serenity of her soul remained unchanged. She entered into rest in the month of June, 1717.

THE race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we can not exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid have a right to ask it from their fellow-mortals. No one who holds the power of granting can refuse without guilt.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

THE LITTLE JONESES.

I HAVE often wondered why so many of the dear little children I meet have such big sorry-looking eyes with brown circles under them, and not a bit of fresh rosiness about their complexions. I have wondered most at the little Joneses, with their dry yellow faces and skinny hands, that instead of all the winsome, fat, no-shaped chubby hands that healthy happy young ones have, are so like bony, miserly claws, made just for grabbing money; but I guess I won't wonder any more.

A sultry morning last fall, I ran in to Polly Jones' bright and early, to get her little sack pattern for Tab, and there she was was busy as a bee making up the many great puffy feather beds, and fussing around in a wood-chuck's hole of a dark room, that they call their bed-room, with the two windows closed, and her long brown hair wadded up under a winter hood, sweeping and scolding and suffocating, almost, among the dust and feathers and heat. I flung up both windows, slammed open the door, and turned in to help her scold, and in a few minutes the good-hearted impatient woman was laughing gloriously.

I told her to look up the pattern, and I would do whatever she had to do while she got it for me. She was just fixing the children off to school, and told me I might put up the dinner for them. She said she had plenty of mince pies baked, but it took one apiece for their dinners, and so they did n't last very long.

Lute began to mutter that bread and butter wasn't good enough, and that he'd starve on it, etc.; but Polly was overhauling sacks, and baskets, and wallets for the mislaid pattern, and did not hear him.

I set out a nice plate of hard yellow butter, with the cool drops like dew all over it, and took up nearly a whole loaf of moist yeast bread, and as I cut the knife into it, I said, "How many slices shall I put up for your dinner, Luty?"

He was standing by the window filling his pockets with parched corn and nuts, and looked up carelessly with his wan face and great stony eyes, saying:

"Oh, I gueth 'bout theven thli-ceth."

"Only seven, Luty?" said I, brim-full of surprise and laughter, but preserving the gravity of a deacon.

"Yeth! cauth I don't like bread and butter very well."

"Mary," said I to the little girl two years younger, who sat on the broad door-stone eating dried apples with the voracity of an ostrich, and feeding little bits to the baby on the floor, "how many slices will Rosa put up for your dinner to-day?"

"How many did Lute take?" said she, without raising her eyes.

"Only seven," I replied.

"Well, then, put in eight for me."

I dropped the knife, and away went all gravity, as I burst into a long and loud laugh.

Polly was surprised that I should laugh so heartily at such a little thing. She said that was nothing for the little Joneses, that they were wonderful hearty eaters, and yet they were so poor and yellow, and did n't seem to have any life or animation in them. She said she tried to be a good mother to them, and kept them warm and comfortable, and out of cold water, and they had excellent soft feather beds to sleep in, and two pillows apiece, and she did n't allow them to run and weary themselves, or swim or climb, or go hungry, or wake up in the night and suffer for want of something to eat. They were naturally delicate, and she gave them blue mass, or calomel, and lots of good medicines, for she wanted them to grow well and strong, and be useful men and women. Why, she started her children to school at four years of age, and they didn't learn as fast as some of her neighbor's children who had never been inside of a school-house at seven years. She thought perhaps though the reason was that teachers now-a-days did n't teach hours

enough in a day, and then allowed them a whole hour for noon.

Alas for the poor Polly Joneses! and the poor little Joneses!—*Ohio Cultivator*.

CHANGES OF TIME.

A STRAY LEAF FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF
WILLIE WARE.

ONE of the most striking features of life, is change. To-day, we enjoy the blessings of health; to-morrow, the hand of sickness is heavily laid upon us. To-day, friends gather around us; to-morrow, they are numbered with the dead. The flowers that bloom in their beauty to-day, fade and die beneath to-morrow's scorching sun.

I saw a young girl beautiful and lovely, as she gaily entered the brilliantly-lighted saloons of a princely edifice, proudly leaning on the arm of her handsome cavalier. I saw her as she was whirled past me in the giddy waltz—I saw her graceful form as it swayed to and fro in keeping with the rich music that was wafted on the midnight air. I heard a merry laugh break from those ruby lips, and a look of satisfied pride rested on her sunny countenance. She was happy then—no thought of the future entered her mind. Sickness had never visited her couch. Care had never troubled her, and she knew not what anxiety was—her only thought was how she might best while away the weary hours that, unemployed by gayety hung heavily upon her hands.

Again I saw her, but it was not at the midnight hour, and surrounded by scenes of mirth and pleasure, but it was at the early dawn of day. The glorious sun was shining brightly, but its bright rays were closely shut out of the sick chamber by the heavy drapery that hung the windows—not the faintest ray found its way to the bedside of the sick and dying. The voice of music and gladness was hushed; the heart that so lately beat

with gratified pride, now lay in the agonies of death; the countenance so lately lit with radiant smiles, now distorted by pain. Silence, deep silence, reigns, unbroken save by the cries of anguish that rise from those lips that were wont to send forth such merry peals of laughter. The gay and rich must die—alas! how true these words. Friends gather round the bedside of the dying, to take a last look of the one they love. No voice of prayer is raised in behalf of the dying, for the minister has not arrived in time, and not one among that number knows how to pray. What! not know how to pray! And can that be said of any who live in this enlightened age, with the Bible at their right hand and left? Even so, there are many—alas! that it should be so.

Shriek after shriek of agony fills the air, and with the cry of "Save—oh!—save me!" the dying girl sinks back upon her pillow lifeless. No smile of joy rests upon that countenance, but the look of pain and misery that rests upon the countenance of all who are not at peace with God.

I saw a bright and lovely babe, full of joy and innocence as he fondly and trustingly rested upon his mother's breast. He grew to manhood, and a change was wrought—a bitter change. The name of his Creator was often lightly and carelessly used; the lips that once lisped infant praises, now cursed the God who made him. He was often to be seen in the haunts of vice and wickedness.

Again I saw him—another change; he was stretched upon his dying bed; a smile of heavenly joy lit his pallid countenance. Wife and children had gathered around to receive his last blessing. Raising his feeble voice he said: "Mourn not for me. I am going home, to dwell with my Saviour who died for me. Mourn not, I say, but join me in the land of love and peace!"—and with a heavenly smile he bade adieu to earth. Time, indeed, effects a change.

BROOKLYN, 1857.

MONTHLY DIGEST OF NEWS.

HEAVERY rains were remarkably prevalent during the first few days of May and the last of April. Melting the snows which had only preceded them a short time, and which still lay deep in many places, they caused numerous freshets, some of quite serious importance. The Hudson at Albany once more swelled above its banks, and for several days lay at a depth of from one to three feet in the stores on the dock, and much damage was done in the lower part of the city.

IMPORTANT information is received at Washington to the effect that the Dallas-Clarendon Treaty, as amended by the Senate, has been rejected by the British government. This announcement has taken the Administration by surprise, the tenor of Lord Napier's recent communication having rendered such a result wholly unexpected. It is understood that the principal difficulty arises from the determination of Great Britain to retain possession of the Bay Islands, which, by the terms of this treaty, are surrendered to Honduras.

HON. ROBERT J. WALKER has taken the oath of office as Governor of Kansas, and immediately left Washington for the Territory to assume the duties of his office. At a dinner-party given to him by his friends in New York, he declared his fixed determination to do every thing in his power to secure for the people of the Territory a full, free, and unbiased vote upon the Constitution which might be offered for their adoption. He believed this to be their right—a right guaranteed to them by the fundamental law of the Territory, and by the Constitution of the United States, and he should consider it not only a point of law and official duty, but a point of honor as a man and a gentleman, to do every thing in his power to secure them such a vote. The Governor's remarks were received with great favor.

AN extensive conspiracy to escape from the N. Y. State Prison at Sing Sing has just been defeated. At breakfast time on Sunday morning, May 10th, about sixty prisoners, having knocked down the guard, formed in two parties, one of which made for the river and the other for the village. They were pursued, and after a short chase every one of them was captured. No one was seriously hurt in the melee.

THE wagon roads to the Pacific which were ordered to be constructed at the last session of Congress, will, it is supposed, be completed before the close of the present year. The different corps for the execution of the work are already organized and in motion. This is the way to get a railroad, or railroads, to the Pacific in due time.

QUARANTINE.—The Legislature last winter passed a bill removing quarantine from the old locality, and the commissioners subsequently appointed to select a new location have had much difficulty in doing so. The New York people would not let it stay at Tompkinsville. The New Jerseyans would not let it come to Sandy Hook. The owners of Coney Island would not let it come there, because it would spoil the bathing. The people of Princess' Bay declared they would not let it come there, because it would spoil the oyster trade. Finally grounds were purchased near the latter point, and the over-terms commenced active hostilities by setting fire to the mansion and farm-houses at midnight. The buildings were completely destroyed; they were occupied at the time by nine persons, who had an almost miraculous escape. Governor King offers a reward of twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of the offenders.

INFORMATION has been received at the State Department at Washington from St. Paul De Loanda, that the slave trade on that coast is now flourishing. It is said that five vessels have lately left with slaves. The Congo river and its neighborhood have been the headquarters, and American gold is now quite plenty there, having been brought in vessels which clear from New York—some for Cape de Verde, and some for Loanda, but which seldom arrive at those places.

FROM THE MORMONS.—Advices have been received at St. Louis, from Salt Lake to the 25th of February. The Legislature has passed an act for the organization of militia in the territory, and a school has been opened to teach infantry and cavalry tactics. The *Deseret News* has an article intending to prove that the Federal Government has no power to appoint territorial officers.

THE trial of Mrs. Cunningham, charged with the murder of Dr. Burdell of New York, has closed, and she has been acquitted. Eckel, her supposed accomplice, will also, undoubtedly, be cleared. This whole Burdell affair is a mystery of iniquity, crime, licentiousness, and murder, the particulars of which should never have been published.

CANADIAN SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.—An exchange states that the British Government transmitted dispatches this week to the Canadian Parliament, signifying Her Majesty's assent to fix the seat of Government in one of the Canadian cities. The *Montreal Herald* states that the Queen and a majority of the people in England are in favor of conferring the honor on Montreal, with the understanding that its name is to be changed to that of the "City of Victoria."

NICARAUGUA.—There can be little doubt that Walker is done for. The Costa Ricans, after sending home the entire army of filibusters, have taken possession of Punta Arenas, the sandy cape which commands the only Atlantic port of Nicaragua. They are thus able to control the transit across Nicaragua, and a territory which Costa Rica has coveted for years, and will have no difficulty in future in stopping all similar invasions of the country.

LADY FRANKLIN proposes to send out another Arctic expedition in search of her long lost husband. It is perfect madness, but "hope springs immortal in the human breast," and there may be another motive. We have heard from parties that we have reason to believe acquainted with the facts, that Lady Franklin and her husband parted on bad terms, and that it was this that induced him to engage in his unfortunate expedition. Repentance on the part of the lady, in addition to her natural love, now induces her to feel that it is her chief duty in life to make what reparation she can for her unwitting but fatal offense. If this be so, it will account for what, otherwise, would seem almost monomania. The world is full of tragedies, and not the fewest are found in domestic life.

A WRITER in the London *Lancet*, after a full discussion of the consequences of the immoderate use of tobacco, recapitulates by saying that to smoke early in the day; to smoke, as people are generally constituted, more than one or two pipes of tobacco, or one or two cigars daily; or to smoke in youth, is an injurious excess in the use of tobacco. The article concludes with this sentence: "We most earnestly desire to see the habit of smoking diminish, and we entreat the youth of this country to abandon it altogether." Mothers, see to it your sons do not fall into this most detestable habit—*using tobacco*.

THE Vicksburg Whig states that ninety-six thousand dollars were subscribed in that city toward purchasing a plantation for Ex-President Pierce. The sum asked for the property is one hundred thousand dollars—leaving four thousand dollars yet to be subscribed to complete the purchase.

INFORMATION has reached England that upward of ten thousand Norwegians will proceed from Norway to Quebec during the present summer. Several of these will remain in Canada, but the larger portion will pass on to the north-western States of America.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY, it is stated, are to be allowed by the English government to retain their vast landed possessions, on condition that they shall give up such portions as, from time to time, may be required for the purpose of colonization.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society, have selected the Fort grounds of Buffalo as a suitable place for holding the State Fair.

THE PIANO FORTE was invented by J. C. Schroder, of Dresden, in 1717, and the first instrument was made in London, in 1776, by a German named Zumble.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE had been received with royal honors in every part of France which he had visited.

AN ARMISTICE, by last accounts, was just formed between the English and Persian troops, in prospect of peace, now probably ratified.

RUSSIA.—Letters from St. Petersburg say operations for raising the sunken vessels at Sebastopol have commenced. Sixteen have already been recovered.

ITALY.—The Austrian ambassador at Naples repeats the statement that Naples is more and more disposed to make advance toward the re-establishment of diplomatic relations with the western powers.

AUSTRIA.—The diplomatic rupture between Austria and Sardinia is now complete. As Austria will consider it beneath her dignity to recede, and Sardinia will not make the first advance, the rupture will doubtless continue.

ENGLAND.—The chief items of English news are the birth of another princess—the ninth child of Victoria—and the ceremonies of laying the foundation of the Free Library and Museum, presented to the citizens of Liverpool by William Brown, M. P.

THE FEDERAL COUNCIL of Switzerland, by a unanimous vote, has agreed to accept the proposition of the four powers for the settlement of the Neuchâtel question. The King of Prussia is to get his million francs, but the Swiss will not recognize his title as Prince of Neuchâtel.

FRANCE.—A Paris letter represents Louis Napoleon as a successful mediator between Spain and Mexico, and between Turkey and Persia, and as endeavoring, in conjunction with the United States, to prevent the English contest at Canton from obstructing the commerce of other nations. Between Austria and Sardinia, too, French negotiation is at work in a friendly spirit to both.

THE LATEST ACCOUNTS from Finland continue to give a most distressing picture of the famine raging in that unhappy country. Great sympathy is excited in Stockholm and throughout Sweden. Subscriptions are made, and balls, concerts, and theatrical representations are given for the charitable purpose of raising funds for the relief of the starving Finns. Several vessels have been chartered and laden with corn, but can not move till the ice breaks.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

WEALTH AND CHARITY.

THERE are many persons in moderate circumstances, who pass the whole duty of charity benevolently over into the hands of their more wealthy neighbors, exonerating themselves from its burdens and privileges on the ground of their narrow means. It is true that persons of very limited means are obliged to deny themselves almost wholly the pleasures of benevolence: For we must be just before we are charitable; and where the utmost care and vigilance is necessary to make the income of a family supply its real wants, there is little room for the exercise of benevolence, whatever the dictates of the heart may be.

But there is a much larger class than this, who are always reckoned as people of moderate circumstances, because their means, although not limited to the necessities of life, never get so far ahead of their daily wants and expenditures, that they can be considered otherwise than narrow; and it is to these that we refer. This class is larger than the one last mentioned, because where real poverty drives people to the exercise of constant care and economy in order to make both ends meet at the close of the year, they will either possess this care and economy or they will not. If they possess these qualities, their constant exercise thus sharpened by necessity, is apt to enable them eventually to get ahead of their circumstances, and become the possessors of property which may at last be raised to the dignity of wealth. Or, failing to possess them, they must necessarily fall behind, and drop into the class of those who are the probable recipients of charity, rather than the possible givers of it. Thus the class of those whose wants, real or imaginary, have always kept a pretty even pace with their means, and always will whatever those means may be, is more numerous than the one above or immediately below it.

Now we think that these people often look with mistaken views upon their own non-possession of property, and the possession of it by their more wealthy neighbors. In the first place, their present relative position in

regard to the good things of this world, does not by any means render it certain that those in moderate circumstances have not, if their whole lives were taken into the account, been the stewards and disposers of more of these good things than their neighbors who now possess them in a much larger proportion. This certainly is not always the case, yet it is often true; and those of whom it is true are probably the very persons who are most liberal, not only in throwing off the duty of charity upon their wealthy neighbors, but in making a grumbling mental demand upon the uses of that neighbor's wealth for their own benefit.

Probably the great burden of charitable giving always has rested, and must continue to rest most freely upon the real possessors of wealth. But the question whether some people do not make this division of duty altogether too much at random, is surely a legitimate ground of inquiry. At least it will be worth while for the man who lays no claim to the possession of a fortune, in settling his own relation to the subject, to inquire what has caused the difference in wealth between himself and his neighbor. Was it the result of a native difference of capacity which enabled him to gather of the things of this world, while they flowed through your hands, you scarce knew how even when you would fain, with wise forethought, have suffered them to accumulate for your own or other's wants? Or has misfortune attended you in your efforts to provide for future and unforeseen wants, so that your plans have been upset by things which no foresight could have prevented? Or has no train of circumstances ever been opened to you, by a wise use of which you could have done more than to supply for yourself the daily necessities of life? Each and all of these may be a good and sufficient reason why you should be exonerated from the duty which humanity assumes, with regard to those who are perhaps only a little less fortunate than yourself.

No account will be required from us, of a stewardship which was not placed in our hands. Such people must adhere to the

homely old adage, and let their charity begin and end at home. But there are many with whom the duty of charity has never begun, even at home — with whom immediate personal self-gratification is the only law of expenditure or of liberality. And this is true, too, not only among the openly selfish and abandoned, but among professedly moral people — those who suppose they understand their own duties very thoroughly, and who speculate freely upon those of their neighbors. When this is true of a man, no other reason need be sought for the difference between his present possessions and those of his wealthy neighbors. Whatever may be said of such a man's relation to the work of benevolence abroad, the duty of charity at home rests very heavily upon him. It is as much his duty to secure the young and helpless of his household as far as possible against the chances of suffering poverty, which may be caused by death or change, as it is the duty of the husbandman to secure the harvest which the summer's sun has ripened against the winter that will surely come.

But suppose such a man has none of the helpless ones of a household dependant upon him for present support or contingency against future suffering. Is it for him to say that it is any more the duty of his wealthy neighbor to give from the abundance which he has accumulated by the constant exercise of toil and self-denial, than it is his own duty to exercise present self-denial for the sake of giving? If the man of wealth has been the carrier of his own fortune, he has only accumulated it by the constant giving up of present ease and gratification, and he has done this because the possession of wealth seemed to him a greater good than these. But if present ease and self-gratification has been to you the chief good through life, is it any easier for him to give up for the purposes of benevolence a portion of that which he has made his chief good, than for you to give up a portion of yours? We do not speak of the ultimate duty of charity, but only of its relative bearings upon different people, and the manner in which we judge of our duties and those of others. For, notwithstanding the injunction of St. Paul, we do still "measure ourselves among ourselves." If every one looked properly upon

these differences in the possession of property, there would be far less envy and uncharitableness in the world than there is.

It may never have occurred to some people, that it was worth their while to exercise charity toward those above, as well as those below them in life. Not that those above us are likely to stand specially in need of our charity, but our own hearts may be very sadly in want of the exercise of this feeling. The man who finds himself rasped and annoyed continually by the display of his neighbor's wealth, is much in need of the exercise of this kind of charity. Does the pride he shows in the fine horses and carriage with which he passed you cause you to curl your lips in bitter scorn? It would be well to search to the bottom of this feeling and see whether the bitterness is not more than the scorn. If he really feels an absurd pride in his fine establishment, the possession of this pride will be a sufficient torture to him — why need it torture you? Very likely you might have possessed an equal share of wealth with him, if you had been willing to pay for it the price which he has paid. If you chose wisely then, it is wise to be contented with it now. Why should you envy him the purchase which you could, but would not make? If it seemed chaff to you, while it was grain to him, you need not growl, like the dog in the manger, over his possession of it. And if the difference between you has not depended at all upon your own choice, your manner of looking upon it should be still the same.

The possession of an over-abundance of this world's goods is but a questionable blessing. The duties and cares of wealth increase in ten-fold proportion as the wealth and the reputation of wealth increase. However it may look to those that see only the surface, we obtain no good without first paying its price. If we obtain an object without this payment it will be no good to us.

It is far easier to judge charitably of those in our station of life, whose trials and temptations are similar to our own, than of those either above or below us. We can not tell how far habit and education have rendered those things that seem luxuries to us, necessities to others. Our requirements may be just as much the result of education as theirs.

Z. . . looks up from the hard problem he has been trying to solve, of making his income meet the wants of a trying year, and sees through the humble window the splendid mirror which is being carried into Y. . .'s house.

"What useless expenditure is that!" he exclaims, as he looks at its ornaments. "He might have spared me half the price of his mirror. It would have supplied my family with fuel for the whole year."

Try again, neighbor Z. . . . When you find that you really can not solve your problem, it will be quite time enough for Y. . . . to inquire whether he can spare some of the ornaments from his mirror for the sake of supplying you with fuel. But until that time comes you will find yourself much more warm and comfortable if warmed with your own fuel, than with the ornaments of your neighbor's furniture.

Mrs. Middleton sits between her lace curtains, and sighs that Mrs. Croesus does not call upon her — even with her new lace curtains does not think it worth her while to call upon her. Really, Mrs. Middleton, there are very likely two thousand people in your town who are nettled in the same way with yourself, because they have failed to attract the attention of Mrs. Croesus. Suppose Mrs. Croesus should take her carriage and call upon and try to keep up an acquaintance with each of these two thousand. Would she not be assuming a very arduous task, and making a very improper and unnecessary use of her time? Besides, what have you done to recommend yourself to Mrs. Croesus? You may be a very worthy person, but in what way has she been made acquainted with your worth, and of the amount she would gain by placing you upon her already numerous list of acquaintances? Have you shown it in the laborious purchase of those curtains upon which you pride yourself? And is it the curtains you wish her to recognize, or yourself? Moreover, what do you know of Mrs. Croesus' worth as a valuable and agreeable acquaintance? Is it your knowledge on this point that makes you desire to know her so much? Or is it your knowledge of her husband's worth, as represented by the largest property in town?

Is it by the wealth, or the individual that you wish to be recognized? Possibly you are in want of a new acquaintance, but probably Mrs. Croesus is not — for with the wealthy the list of professed friends may increase so rapidly as to make them an annoyance rather than an enjoyment.

If this is so, inasmuch as Mrs. Croesus does not call, suppose you spend the time in making a call upon Mrs. Middleton. We have no doubt that a thorough and intimate acquaintance with her, would be of more value to you than any other you could form. Or, suppose you apply to yourself the rule by which you wish Mrs. Croesus to be guided, and step round the corner to call upon your new neighbor in the little brown house. To be sure you thought her furniture very humble when it passed, and you know nothing of her, but she may be a very worthy person. You saw that she tore a sheet in two to make curtains for her chamber windows, and this may have been the best thing she could have done under the circumstances. If so, it is an index of her worth. You will not object to call upon her because she is your inferior in position, for you certainly will not allow pride to rankle in your heart while you complain of it in others.

A thorough acquaintance with ourselves will aid materially in the charity we exercise toward others, whether rich or poor. And if our means are such that our charities must be confined wholly to the charitableness of our judgments, we have done a very good thing when we have dispensed this charity equitably and truly.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We sometimes receive letters from those who have been at work for THE HOME, with the names of the list so written that we can not tell who is the getter-up of the club, or to whom the desired premium shall be sent. We are obliged to our friends when they work for us, and send the proper premiums in all cases, where the directions are sufficiently explicit. But a slight failure in such matters on the part of those who write to us may put us to a great deal of inconvenience, or subject them to a loss of the premiums due. Will you bear this in mind?

L. L. K. N.—Your articles are accepted. Let us hear from you again.

A. K.—Thank you for your kind words and offers. The ripe fruits of a life-experience never come amiss to our columns.

Mrs. D. W. C. S.—We shall be glad to obtain the result of your observations. The sunbeams bring gold to the eyes of the clear-sighted.

"MINNIE."—Your songs would be worth singing if they were not out of tune. There's something the matter with their feet. They stumble where they should give us only the undulations of beauty.

G. R. R.—Thank you for your efforts, and your wife and daughter for their kind remembrances.

D. O.—Thanks. We rejoice that you have been so fortunate in the country of your adoption.

Several valuable communications have been received, that are crowded out of the present number.

HINTS FOR THE NURSERY.

ACCIDENTS.

When a child meets with an accident, and it is suspected that a bone is broken from the nature of the complaint he makes, and the deformity of the limb, such as being bent, shortened, or twisted, much immediate additional suffering to the patient, and increased mischief to the injured part, may often be saved by a little care and management. In lifting the child from the place where the accident happens, and carrying him to a couch or bed, let it be one person's business to take charge of the broken limb, and instead of allowing it to dangle loosely, carefully support it in a natural position, and, as much as possible, steady it from jar or shock. Then do not attempt to undress him, but place the limb upon a soft pillow, in the most easy position, and thus let things remain until the arrival of the surgeon.

BULL.

SCALDS OR BURNS.

The danger to be apprehended from a scald or burn must always be mainly in proportion to the extent of surface scalded, or the length of time that the burning body remains in contact with the skin.

SCALDS.—Immediately remove the child from the source of the injury. Undress him, but in doing this be very careful that the blistered part is in no way rubbed, so as to endanger the breaking of the blister or the tearing of the cuticle; this would increase the danger of the accident. The outer garments may generally be taken off without fear, but the body-linen requires great caution, lest any portion of it adhere to the wounded parts; if this is found to be the case, the linen or flannel shirt must be cut away by piecemeal, leaving that portion untouched which adheres to and covers the sore. Having put the child to bed, cover the injured parts with three or four thicknesses of cotton wadding, and so apply it as completely to exclude the external air; a bandage or something of the kind will best accomplish this object by keeping the cotton in contact with the part.

If the scald has been severe, or if not, and the extremities are disposed to be cold, or the child to shiver—and delicate children are very prone to be thus affected, even when but very slightly scalded, from the shock which is given to the system—apply warm-water bottles to the feet, and give a small quantity of wine and water. And now wait till the medical man arrives.

BURNS.—Should the clothing of a child take fire, let it be remembered that an upright posture is obviously not only favorable to the spreading of the flames, but to their reaching the more important parts of the body, the neck and head. Any motion of the body to and fro gives great advantage to the flames by bringing fresh currents of air in contact with the burning materials, and it is therefore utterly absurd to allow the child to run screaming about. Throw him down upon the floor; keep him rolling over and over upon the carpet; if possible, seize the hearth-rug or table-cover, or strip yourself of your shawl, and envelop the child in it as closely and completely as possible. In this way you will most readily put out the fire. With regard to treatment, the same plan must be pursued as in scalds. It might so happen that cotton wadding is not at hand, in which case you may use in its stead linen well soaked either in spirits of turpentine, brandy, or even milk. IBID.

HOUSEKEEPER'S DEPARTMENT.

RECIPES.

CREAM TARTAR CAKE.—Half a cup of butter, two of sugar, three of flour, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one do. of soda dissolved in one teacup of milk, one tablespoonful of flavoring. Stir together quickly and bake in a quick oven.

GINGER COOKIES.—"One cup and a half of sugar, one cup of new milk, half a cup of butter, and two eggs; one teaspoonful of saleratus, one tablespoonful of ginger, flour to make it stiff enough to roll out well; roll thin, and bake quick."

TO PRESERVE SMALL FRUITS WITHOUT COOKING.—Strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, cherries, and peaches can be preserved in this manner: Lay the ripe fruit in broad dishes, and sprinkle over it the same quantity of sugar used in cooking it. Set it in the sun or in a moderately heated oven, until the juice forms a thick syrup with the sugar. Pack the fruit in tumblers, and pour the syrup over it. Paste writing paper over the glasses, and set them in a cool, dry place. Peaches must be pared and split, and cherries pitted. Preserve in this manner, and the fruit retains much more of its natural flavor and healthfulness than when cooked.

CHEAP AND EXCELLENT CANDLES.—"I kept both tallow and lard candles through last summer, the lard candles standing the heat best, and burning quite as well, and giving

as good light as tallow ones. Directions for making good candles from lard: For twelve pounds of lard, take one pound of saltpetre, and one pound of alum; mix them and pulverize them; dissolve the saltpetre and alum in a gill of boiling water; pour the compound into the lard before it is quite all melted; stir the whole until it boils; skim off what rises; let it simmer until the water is all boiled out, or till it ceases to throw off steam; pour off the lard as soon as it is done, and clean the boiler while it is hot. If the candles are to be run, you may commence immediately; if to be dipped, let the lard cool first to a cake, and then treat as you would tallow."

CREAM CHEESE.—Take one quart of rich cream, a little soured, put it in a linen cloth, and tie it as close to the cream as you can. Then hang it up to drain for two days; take it down and carefully turn it into a clean cloth, and hang it up for two more days; then take it down, and having put a piece of linen on a deep soup-plate, turn your cheese upon it. Cover it over with your linen; keep turning it every day on to a clean plate and clean cloth till it is ripe, which will be in about ten days or a fortnight, or perhaps longer, as it depends on the heat of the weather. Sprinkle a little salt on the outside when you turn them. If it is wanted to ripen quick, keep it covered with mint or nettle leaves. The size made from a quart of cream is the most convenient, but if wished larger, they can be made so.

THE HOME:

A

Fireside Monthly Companion and Guide,

FOR

THE WIFE, THE MOTHER, THE SISTER, AND THE DAUGHTER.

"The homes of true women are the nurseries of national virtue."

EDITED BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

VOL. IV.

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1857.

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VOL. IV.—JULY, 1857.—NO. I.



MARY HOWITT

ONE of the best known and most beloved of living authoresses, was born in Staffordshire, England, near the beginning of the present century. Her ancestors on her father's side were for many generations Quakers, and she was herself reared in that faith, with even more than Puritanical strictness. How uncongenial to her buoyant, cheerful disposition she found

the severity of her early training, she has herself recorded: "My childhood was happy in many respects. It was so, indeed, as far as physical health, and the enjoyment of a beautiful country, of which I had an intense relish, and the companionship of a dearly beloved sister went—but oh! there was such a cloud over all from the extreme severity of so called religious

education, it almost made cowards and hypocrites out of us, and made us feel that, if this were religion, it was a thing to be feared and hated. My childhood had completely two phases, — one dark as night, one bright as day; the bright one I have attempted to describe in 'My own Story,' which is the true picture of the cheerful side of the first ten years of my life. We studied poetry, botany, and flower painting, and, as children, wrote poetry. These pursuits were almost out of the pale of permitted Quaker pleasures, but we pursued them with a perfect passion — doing in secret that which we dared not do openly; such as reading Shakspeare, translations of the classics, the elder novelists; and, in fact, laying the libraries of half the little town where we lived under contribution.

"We studied French and chemistry at this time, and enabled ourselves to read Latin, storing our minds with a whole mass of heterogeneous knowledge. This was good as far as it went; but there wanted a directing mind, a good sound teacher, and I now deplore over the secrecy, the subterfuge, the fear under which this ill-digested, ill-arranged knowledge was gained."

In 1821 she was married to William Howitt, and at about the same time became an author. The first labor of the married pair was a joint collection of their poems, which was approvingly received by the public.

Mrs. Howitt was now in a situation most congenial to her tastes. Her passion for literature was appreciated and fostered by her talented husband. With a rare sympathy of tastes and pursuits, these two gifted authors have passed nearly forty years together, and still continue their interesting companionship. We recollect but two or three similar instances in the history of English literature.

About the year 1835, Mr. and Mrs. Howitt with their children went to Germany, for the purpose of acquiring its language, and acquainting them-

selves with its literature. They resided there three years. There Mrs. Howitt first read the works of Miss Bremer, and resolved to become her translator. She applied herself so successfully to the Swedish language, that she was soon able to introduce her friends to the charming tales of her northern sister. She has translated nearly all the works of Miss Bremer, besides many others from the German and Danish.

Mrs. Howitt is also a voluminous original author both in prose and verse. As a ballad writer, she is scarcely surpassed in the present age. Her "Fairies of the Caldron Low" is equal to the best of Southey's and Wordsworth's. Her tales will always be popular, and evidently aim to make mankind happier, better, and more hopeful. All her works are characterized by purity, tenderness, and truth, and breathe the faith and earnestness of the Christian woman.

Notwithstanding her literary avocations, Mrs. Howitt has performed the sweet offices of wife and mother with faithfulness. Her daughter, Anna Mary Howitt, inherits her genius, and is regarded as a young author of great promise.

MOTHERLESS.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO ANNIE W. LEONARD.

BY WILLIE WARE.

DEATH has with its dark pall,
A shadow o'er thee cast;
Many the tears that fall
In memory of the past.

Weep not! thy mother's rest,
So free from pain or fear,
Is on her Saviour's breast,
Far from our trials here.

Weep not! the sainted dead
Thou'lt meet in heaven above,
Where joy will crown thy head,
And all is peace and love.

There parting is not known,
And sorrow cometh not;
And flowers forever bloom
In that celestial spot.

BROOKLYN, May, 1857.

AIMS AND ENDS.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

CHAPTER I.

"O H, dear! I'm sure there's no sense to this verb," said Amanda Wilmington, shutting her French grammar impatiently; "but that hic, hec, hoc, of yours is wonderfully expressive, Emily," she added, looking over the shoulder of the one addressed. "Well, I believe one thing in the Bible is true," she continued, with a scornful air, "and that is, 'much study is a weariness of the flesh'; so you see, Emily, I am fast becoming a convert by your faithfulness. Come, Sarah," said she, going to the mirror to arrange her curls, "come; don't trouble your head any longer with those angles and quadrangles; let's dress for dinner, and plead the headache for poorly-learned lessons. Ho-hum! well, I'm glad it's coming summer, for pa has promised me some beautiful thin dresses—a new style entirely they were, only put on in Paris quite late in the season; so, of course, will create a great sensation here among the natives."

The three school girls sat together in their apartment, each incited by different aims, as they followed the same pursuit. Emily Benton, the youngest, was amiable and winning in her manners, though possessing a strength of will sufficient for any purpose. Her face was fair, yet its chief attraction lay in the inward beauty that her countenance so gracefully reflected. Amanda's charms belonged almost solely to the material, yet they were vested with such power that their skillful exercise always insured success. With her, the tenement was more than the soul, and the casket of greater moment than the jewel it enshrined. Sarah Whitney, another of the trio, had unconsciously deified intellect until its impulses and incentives held over her an entire sway; but her broad forehead grew paler, and her dark eye more lustrous, as the hope within grew strong.

"And you think, Sarah, that you should always like such delving?" said Amanda, referring to a previous conversation.

"Yes; I know of no higher pleasure than such delving as you are pleased to term it," replied Sarah.

"The head should not govern the heart entirely," interposed Emily.

"I am satisfied," said Sarah, "science brings to me a world of enjoyment, and if always permitted to grasp its truths, I am sure they would never lose a charm. Yes, Emily, the visions of brightness that crowd my dreams must be realized; it may be ambition has given them birth; if so, I wonder not that Napoleon was led on from conquest to conquest with a will so irresistible."

"Science is not all of life, Sarah, neither does it afford the strongest and noblest pleasures of which we are capable—else the attributes of the soul were given for a secondary purpose—and, to be plain, Sarah, I think you cherish the visions of fancy quite too much; an ideal personage might subsist in an ideal world; but in this supernal sphere of ours, we have a large spare of the real to follow our dreams, and the one often unfits us for the other."

"If I was going to dream," said Amanda, "I'm sure it would be of something different from what either of you have spoken; it would be of the old world and its storied palaces, its titled lords and ladies, its chivalrous sons and gallant knights, who would scale towers, or wage a kingdom for the love of some fair lady."

"You must capture one of these knights," said Sarah, "in your contemplated tour, and bring him home to astonish our American eyes if the genera is not yet extinct."

"And whom shall we hear that you have won?" asked Amanda. "If you hear that I am married, you may be sure it was a last resort. But these thoughts of Europe make me feel very studious," said Amanda, after making her toilet much to her satisfaction.

Pa spoke again in his last letter of my going whenever I had completed my studies. So where's the old grammar again, for French you know will be indispensable, and the unnecessary I will gladly leave for you."

"How can you be satisfied with so superficial an education?" said Sarah.

"Oh, fie!" said the Broadway Miss, with an indignant toss of the head, which misplaced her patience as well as her curls, "I would n't give a fig for your ambition or education either."

CHAPTER II.

Two years had passed, and the quondam school-friends were far from the roof of Madam Dillaye. Amanda, in accordance with her plans, had joined a gay party, and was making a tour of the Continent, being delighted with sight-seeing, the fashions of court, and the constant routine of excitement at her command. Sarah was at home, sad and dispirited, for the day-star of her life was folded in heavy clouds. She had partially recovered from an illness of weeks, but was forbidden to resume her studies for months to come. Her friend Emily was spending vacation with her, beguiling with happy effect the tedium and weariness of the sick room.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Sarah, with a look of sad impatience, "here are so many weeks' lost time; how hard I must labor to regain them!"

"Not lost, dear Sarah, for you know life is a school; and when wisdom's God is directly our teacher, we ought, certainly, to profit thereby." A look of weariness was the only response. "Supposing," said Emily, "that this castle of yours was blown down, and in its stead was one of loftier dimensions, illumined by an unfading light; the hopes you cherish to-day might still lend their brightness to the temple, though they would be subordinate to those more glorious. I tell you, Sarah, and I speak from experience, that though our fairest hopes must

sometimes be laid in the dust, it is often like precious seed, hid for awhile in darkness, and anon bearing fruit unto eternal life. But you are tired, Sarah — forgive me for talking so long."

"Oh, no! dear Emily, not tired," said Sarah, as the blinding tear-drops fell from her eyes.

"Let me give you a pleasanter seat," said Emily; and she hastened to arrange the arm-chair with its soft cushion, not forgetting any of the little kindnesses which gladden a sick chamber.

Fair flowers exhaled in the sunlight, and the crimson flush deepened on the invalid's cheek; but the flowers were exhausted by their fragrance, and the fever flush was wasting the fountain of life.

"See!" said Emily, holding up a slipper she was embroidering for Sarah, "how well the drab and blue silk work with the gold thread — but here comes Bridget with a letter for you, post-marked 'Paris;' and I'm sure it's Amanda's superscription."

"Read it aloud, Emily. It's a long time since she has written."

The letter from Amanda gave a glowing description of her travels, conquests, etc; though it was evident that the same spirit of unrest and dissatisfaction still had a place in her heart as of old. She expressed some regrets for the past, especially that her German and French were not at better command.

Amanda's letter had opened a new train of thought, and the busy hours of the past were crowded into the narrow present, while Sarah and Emily sat amid those tableaux of the olden time, until the golden glory of the sunset became a sable cloud.

* * * * *

Many months passed by, and the spring-time came again to redeem the earth from a stern and icy bondage. Its balmy breath had clothed with verdure a thousand hills; soft show-ers descended with the twilight, and

meadow blossoms, glittering with pearly drops, rejoiced in the morning sun. "But the grass withereth, and the flower fadeth." As in the dark bosom of the earth diamonds are gathered for kingly crowns, so, beneath the surface of humanity, angels find jewels for the Redeemer's crown.

There were hushed voices and noiseless footfalls in the chamber of death—there was weeping below, and brightness above; but the light of heaven and the tears of earth, formed a bow of resplendent beauty, whose promise should never fail: Sarah was no more; the spirit had departed, but a smile of triumph lingered on the pale brow, like a heavenly seal, awaiting the resurrection morn. She had drank of that knowledge which satisfies the soul, and learned of Him who giveth beauty for ashes, and garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Aye, truly hath England's poet said:

"How very vain
The greatest speed of all these souls of men,
Unless they travel upward to Thy throne,
Thou satisfying One."

Hope, radiant with the sunlight of her native sphere, ministered to the bereaved, echoing the welcome-song of the angels, and its chorus was this saying oft heard upon the earth, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

CHAPTER III.

A FAIR lady, robed in mourning, sat in the soft light of a curtained window, with a pupil at her side.

"You understand me, don't you, Jennie?" said the patient teacher; "the Indians, alarmed at the increased population of the whites in North Carolina, formed the horrid plot of destroying all the white people in Roanoke; twelve hundred were concerned in the plan, and they went from house to house slaughtering men, women, and children. Only think—one hundred and thirty-seven families were put to death in the hours of that

fatal night. You understand clearly, do you, Jennie?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, what plot was this of which we have been speaking?"

A dull, stolid expression met the teacher's gaze, as the child replied, "A grass plot, ma'am."

"A grass plot, my dear? why! do you not remember about the Indians and their cruel murders?" A look of dull bewilderment was the only reply. "Your head aches, doesn't it, Jennie? You may go to your room, and not study any more to-day," said her teacher.

In the person of Mrs. Allen, the teacher, we recognize the Emily of other years. The bloom of early womanhood had not yet faded from her cheek, and her soft, waving hair fell over an unwrinkled brow. There was a grace and dignity in her bearing, and a polish of manner which admirably fitted her to sustain the high social position she had attained. Her husband had died two years previous, leaving her a fine property invested in the boarding-school, of which they had for some time had charge. Located in one of the pleasant, aristocratic towns of New England, it shared largely the patronage of the wealthy and fashionable.

Mrs. Allen employed teachers, so that the most of her time, excepting the general oversight, was at her own disposal, thus securing leisure for whatever purpose she chose. And she still pursues her accustomed course, exerting a salutary influence on those around her, and laboring with watchful love for her children, so early bereft of a father's care.

Amanda, after her return from Europe, had married a millionaire of her native city, and the years of fashionable life were passing with her amid scenes of hilarity and excitement, or of depression and ennui. She had two daughters, one of whom we have already noticed as the Jennie of Mrs. Allen's school. When an infant, she had fallen from her nurse's arms,

receiving an injury which had palsied or destroyed all the finer faculties of the intellect. At times her mind was partially clear, so that by patience and perseverance on the part of her teachers, she had progressed somewhat in the elementary sciences; then, a mist and darkness would gather about whatever she attempted to understand, or had previously learned. Already a small fortune had been expended on her education, and she was yet a constant pupil in the boarding-school of B. . . . And why?—ah! the injured child was but a burden and annoyance in her fashionable home.

The gay mother, her love so adulterated that it was but little better than a poison, lavished on the daughter who mirrored her charms the care that both should have shared. Yet the unfortunate Jennie was happier than at home, though often subject to the scorn and taunts of rapid school-girls, and depending upon strangers for the kindness and sympathy that should spring from parental love.

THE CHILDREN'S NIGHT.

BY M. A. RIPLEY.

MR. and Mrs. Marston were very indulgent parents. Not only had they the disposition to be so, but they possessed ample means to gratify their children, in any of their reasonable desires. They had arranged their house, with a view to the pleasure and instruction of their family. One large, airy room was called the play-room; and there the boys could play with their balls, and the girls could swing, or jump the rope. Mr. Marston also found a great deal of happiness in meeting with his children occasionally, and sharing in their amusements. And very frequently he had them all in the library, and told them entertaining stories from history, and in this way he combined pleasure with instruction, so that he hoped they would grow up intelligent, thinking beings, fond of home and its associations; an honor to their parents, and

ornaments to the circle in which they might find themselves.

One of the "institutions" of the Marston family was the "Tuesday evening re-union." All the family were on that evening expected to be at home, and often the children were allowed to invite some of their friends. Their plays commenced about seven o'clock, and were finished by half after eight, so that the little folks could be at home and in bed at a proper hour. Mr. Marston, with his wife, was always present with the children, and engaged with them in their amusements; and when the evening was nearly over, the nuts and apples made their appearance, and were heartily enjoyed by all. So you see the Marston children had such pleasant times at home, that the boys never cared about going into the street for company, and the girls were well pleased to remain within the guarded home-sanctuary.

I once had the pleasure of being among the Tuesday evening visitors. There were a few of the children of the neighborhood present, and I shall never forget the care which the little boys and girls manifested, that their behavior should be perfectly correct. They were all neatly dressed, and were very quiet in their conversation. On this evening the library, as well as the play-room, was given up for their use. The first play was "Hiding the Thimble." All of the children but the one who was to hide it, would go into the play-room, while that one would remain in the library. Sometimes it would be hidden in a place where it could be easily found; then again the hider would take a great deal of pains to perplex the finders. When the signal was given, they came into the library, and the search commenced. Hot—cold—hot—cold, would be continually heard, but I could not imagine how the children, scattered as they were all over the room, one or two searching among the books, some about the mantel, and others quietly looking about our chairs or heads, could tell who was hot or who was

cold; in other words, who was near the thimble, or who was ^{and} away from it. But some one always found it in the course of a few minutes, and that one was to hide it next time.

This play was a very still one, and the children had a rule that none but the one who hid the thimble should speak. If they spoke they were to go instantly to the play-room, and remain there until the thimble was again hidden. These children were just as happy playing according to rule, and, I think, a great deal more so, than if they had allowed themselves to have been noisy and unruly. I think when children play in a rude, boisterous manner, they are likely to get into difficulty with each other.

They played many other games, among which were "Magic Music," "Blind Man's Buff," etc. Some of the older children amused themselves with dissected maps, and after the refreshments had been brought in, Mr. Marston told them laughable anecdotes, and puzzled them with charades, and in this way the entire evening passed very agreeably.

Now, Mr. Marston had business to attend to, or books to read, and might have excused himself from these weekly gatherings, had he not felt that the future peace of his children, as well as his own, depended in a high degree on the strength of their love for home. So he endeavored in every way to fasten the interests, the pleasures, and the affections of his children, to the altar of home. He always had a plan with regard to these evenings, always prepared himself to diversify the amusements by some story, or by introducing new plays, and the little ones were never satisfied without his help.

When he came home from his business, the news was telegraphed from one little heart to the other, until even the baby learned that the great event of the day was "papa's" return.

In after years, let these children be thrown where they may, they will ever look back upon childhood as the Eden of their life. They can not go

far astray, with their tastes formed, their characters developed, in the atmosphere of such a home, around such a fireside, where love and charity are the presiding genii; where they are taught to cling to all that is beautiful and kindly in life, and to flee from what is low and debasing. When they go out into the world, they will find allurements to sin on every hand, and if not kept from falling by the pure and holy examples ever set before them in their own home, our faith in parental influence may well be shaken.

These parents considered that on Tuesday evening, the children's night, they were engaged — engaged to be with them, to add to their happiness, and allowed nothing that could be postponed to prevent their fulfilling this appointment. We scarcely feel that "they are casting bread upon the waters, to find it after many days," for they now reap the fruit of their efforts, in the love of parents and home, which seems to have taken such firm root in the hearts of their children.

MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

BY A. C. JUDSON.

GENTLY, mother, gently
Chide thy little one,
'T is a toilsome journey
It hath just begun;
Many a vale of sorrow,
Many a rugged steep,
Lieth in its pathway,
And full oft 't will weep —
Oh! then gently — gently.

Kindly, mother — kindly,
Speak in tender tone,
That dear child, remember
Echoes back thine own;
Teach it gentle accents,
Teach it words of love,
Let the softest breezes
Its young heart-strings move —
Kindly, mother — kindly.

Would'st thou have the setting
Of a gem most fair,
In a crown of beauty
It were thine to wear?
Mother! train with caution
That dear little one;
Guide, reprove, and ever
Let the work be done
Gently, mother — kindly.

WHAT A POOR MAN'S WIFE OUGHT TO BE.

"THE majority of young women, indeed, enter the married state wholly unfit to discharge the important and responsible functions of their new office. The consequence is, that we find them at open war with their husbands before they have been married a month. The art of making home happy is not understood by them. Exceptions, of course, there are; but the majority lack cleanly and tidy habits—habits of order, and habits of punctuality. When children cluster about them, their work is more difficult; but a large number lose their influence over their husbands before the difficulty is increased by these maternal troubles.

"It is mere thoughtlessness. They are out gossiping and idling when they ought to be preparing for their husband's return from his work. The man comes home from the field or the factory to find an untidy room, and no symptoms of preparation for the evening meal. His wife has made no attempt to smarten herself; and his first growl of disappointment, in all probability, is responded to by a sulky face and a sharp tongue. It may almost be laid down as a rule, that the man returns home, after his day's work, more or less in an ill-humor. He is tired, hungry, and thirsty, and has, perhaps, had to endure some hard rubs in the course of his day's labor. He has been rebuked, and threatened with dismissal, justly or unjustly, by his task-master; or he has quarreled with his comrades, or he has had bad weather to encounter, he has broken or damaged his tools, and been altogether unsuccessful in his work. He goes home out of humor with the world, but still hoping to find comfort and consolation where he has a right to look for it. He is disappointed, and he is at no pains to conceal his disappointment. The wife excuses herself, and resents his querulousness. There is an end to the happy, quiet

evening he had promised himself. And he does not betake himself to the pot-house, he sulks in the chimney corner, over an unsociable pipe, and wonders he was such a fool as to marry."

There are two sides to this. If the wife has performed her duties at home, she too has had her trials. And if it is her duty for her husband's sake to keep back the fretfulness which these daily annoyances tend to bring, so it is the husband's duty for her sake to bury the discontent which his own cares have caused. And neither party should wait for the other. It is just as much the duty of each to do this, whether the other does it or not. For each by the preservation of his or her own cheerfulness will most effectually secure it in the other.

But if the wife has been out gossiping and idling when she ought to be preparing for her husband's return, we do not know how she is to meet him cheerfully, for she has the shame of her own misconduct and the sting of conscience to bear, which is the hardest trial of all. And if she can not rouse herself to a better performance of her duty, we know of no way in which she can secure cheerfulness or comfort in her family. [ED. HOME.]

FLOWERS.

LOVELY flowers! Ye are the harbingers of joy and happiness; and your presence is sought by the refined and cultivated mind, as being a source of pleasure and improvement. Mark the various flowers which decorate our lovely land, and in what can you find a truer type of human life? Ever varied and changing as is the fate of man, a human history can be traced in every blossom.

When the tender plant first springs into existence, fresh and vigorous, it shoots upward and is nourished and strengthened by the soil around it. It

continues its growth till it reaches the full developed flower. Here it seems to remain for a time, conscious of its beauty and reveling in its brightness; then takes its way to decay, and is soon lost to view. Thus is the life of man. The child received impressions quickly, and matures rapidly, till he reaches manhood. Here he seems to pause and act his part on the great stage of life, and then passes down the decline of age, into the grave as does the flower.

Flowers seem the fit companions for the human mind. Let us gaze on them in what mood we may, they have always a silent lesson to teach us. If we are angry, they seem to look on us reprovingly, and if we will but listen to them they will soften our feelings and implant within our hearts the seeds of love and forbearance. If the storms of misfortune and sorrow have raged over us, let us mark the tender flower that the storm has nearly crushed; soon it raises its head toward heaven, and 'hope' is written on it in characters not easily mistaken. Oh, ye children of poverty, cherish and cultivate flowers. They will cheer you through the rough path of life, and, though poverty is your portion, they will impart a pleasure which wealth can not give.

PAULINE.

THE LITTLE DANCER.

IT is twilight: that point of time when Day and Evening seem to meet quietly, the one to yield the scepter awayed over one-half this earth during the last twelve hours; the other to assume it. And many a light foot patters by my window, but none awaken thought, save the graceful step of yon fair child, going, as I know she is, to the theater. And her mother is with her. While many a childish head bows low at the hushed tones of a mother's prayer for her darlings, this little one must find her way to the green-room, where she is arrayed, not

for the smoothed couch of rest, but for the glaring, glittering stage.

There, beneath the flashing of the brilliant lights, beneath the chained eyes of the crowds in the galleries, she will trip before them in the dance. And instead of the evening song, calming each troubled feeling, and bringing pure thoughts to the young heart, she must hear the loud, vulgar applause of the pit, or the more welcome cheering from the boxes; she must learn to bear the rude gaze of a mixed multitude, gathered from every haunt of vice, as well as from the refined homes of our city. Instead of a mother's word or look of love and approval, she must seek the homage of the crowd. Haply, there be some lookers-on who think of their own little ones, and pity her. It is a deadly atmosphere for that young soul—that green-room, haunted by vice in its varied forms—the air laden with the profanity of its frequenters.

Mother! lead your child back again to your own quiet fireside, if you have one. It may be your eye sees but this one way of earning bread. It is costly then! You may not afford the price! Better for your child that she slept in her coffin, with the white pillows lying about those sunny curls, the lithe limbs and elastic form clothed in the pale garments of the grave, than that she should follow the trodden path stretching before her! Your bright bud will not become a sweet blossom under such culture. We almost feel that it were better it should bloom the other side of the wall which separates Time from Eternity, than to be so blighted and unsightly as we fear it will be. May He who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," care for this lamb, and amid the roughness of life's mountain track, bear her in his bosom!

BUFFALO, May, 1857.

Of all the people upon earth, the Greeks dreamed the loveliest dreams of life.

HE, OR SHE?

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

"MR. Wilson," said the wife, in *falsetto*.

No answer from the gentleman.

"I say, Mr. Wilson!"

"I know you said so," the husband replied *sotto voce*.

"Said what?" the lady flashed out, a note higher.

"Mr. Wilson," he returned, in a still more subdued tone.

"Well! and why did you not answer me as you used to do?"

"Because, I suppose, if there was any reason, that you did not speak as you used to do."

"I know I am changed, very much changed, and it is no wonder at all. If you will be patient with me, I should like to have a talk with you."

"I am all patience; a man has need to be, in these times," Mr. Wilson replied superciliously.

"Do n't tell me that now — please do n't, for my temper is all gone, which rose because you did not answer me when I first spoke to you. I am sorry I purchased a more costly carpet than you wished, and will go and countermand the order if it remains uncut."

"No! you won't, Mrs. Wilson. What would they think of us to buy a cheaper article after an order was once given? I told you to get it if you *thought best*, but I did not suppose you would *think it best*, after I explained to you how cramped my affairs were at present. *You* did as you pleased, and now *I* must abide the bill."

Mr. Wilson rose, and was about going out to spend the evening somewhere else, when his wife looked up beseechingly into his face, and asked if he *must* go, and received a short "Yes!" with no look, or excuse for absence.

The outer door had hardly received the slam — which is one of the safety valves of ill-temper — when Mrs. Wilson did, as most women do, had a

good cry. We will leave her, weeping out her troubles to the sofa pillow, while we go back to the dear little New England village where Mrs. Wilson had romped in pantalettes, and grown beautiful in the healthy atmosphere of a happy home. There is no need to draw on our imagination to paint her picture with the pen, so I will describe her as she looked the morning Mr. Wilson arrived at the door of her father's parsonage.

Her pet canary had escaped from its pretty cage, and had led her a rollicking chase before he would allow himself to be captured. She came into the great hall panting and laughing, with her two white hands holding the tiny captive up to her smoothly-rounded chin, and her cheeks glowed in the sunshine of that autumn day. Her hair hung in long, loose curls, which the wind had tumbled over and over, till it looked like a mass of wavy golden clouds, kissed by the lips of the morning, and left like a bright blessing upon her forehead. Her eyes were like the deep blue above her, and the same wind which frolicked with her curls, had left a soft brown tint — which increased the beauty of her complexion. She was neither short nor tall, neither stout nor slender, but there seemed a completeness to her person which left it difficult to describe, except by saying — she was altogether a charming picture of unstudied beauty.

George Wilson had been sent to Doctor Philips, from Old Hall, to *rusticate*. Every student knows what that means, but some know far better than others. George Wilson was perfecting his knowledge of the term, for the first time, much to his annoyance. He dreaded this first visit to a New England village more than he had ever anticipated he should, but of course he never expected to travel among her hills under such peculiar circumstances. He had been put down by the stage-coach that morning in a very blue condition, and was sitting in the great hall of the old

personage awaiting the return of the good old man, who was to tutor him for awhile. The aspect of blue took another color as Miss Mary Philips flitted past him, scared at the idea of the rush she had made into the presence of the young city gent. Rusticating seemed to have a very different meaning, as he heard the young lady call Mrs. Philips "mother!" and the idea of the vision becoming a permanency.

It is not to my purpose to follow these two through the few months that succeeded their first meeting. George Wilson was young, fine-looking, and had a prospect of wealth from the fine business talents he possessed naturally, and the no inconsiderable capital at his command when his college course should be completed.

Pet Philips — as she was called at home and in the village — was the pride of her household and the good people of the congregation. She had been educated by her father, with all the care the great mind and warm heart of such a man could give. She knew few of the conventionalities of the world, but she was too graceful and too naturally polite to be out of her sphere in any condition of life. It was no strange thing that these two should find in their hearts a growing affection for each other, and part with a solemn promise to share the future whatever it might be.

The fastidious mother of George tried to consider it a boyish flirtation, and break off the engagement; but with all his defects, George had a true heart in his bosom. Mrs. Wilson being a widow, and fashionable in her tastes, was very desirous her son's future wife should be in all respects worthy her son; that is, she must be in every way presentable to Mrs. Wilson's high-bred friends. George knew this very well, and had no fears for the impression his future bride would make either in conversation or manners; but the wardrobe was common, very common, and by that crite-

rian his friends would judge her, and her position at home. She must have her tastes elevated, and the means to gratify them must be in her reach.

He commenced very adroitly by making her such presents as would contrast strongly with her former possession. Her two silk dresses, which had been a source of anxiety to her beloved mother, lest some one of the people of the parish should think her vain, were gifts from the generous of the flock. These, George said, were tawdry and common; and when the flush came upon her cheek at the disrespect shown to the pride of her small stock of clothing, he changed the blush of indignation to one of modesty, by saying nothing was fine enough for her beautiful figure, or sufficiently recherche for her exquisite loveliness. Gems must replace the roses she wore in her hair, and the little knot of ribbon which fastened her snowy collar was changed for a superb pearl pin. The little thin gold ring which had been the precious gift of her grandmother, must be cast aside for a diamond from Mrs. Wilson.

Pet's own hands had made such cunningly-wrought collars for her neck, that her simple-hearted mother thought them wonders of art, while George laughed at the hieroglyphics her fairy hands had traced; and when the tears came up at the contempt he threw upon her needle-work, he laughingly called her a magician, tormenting him with her unearthly tracery. Then he remembered very suddenly that his mother had given him a package for Pet, which he had entirely forgotten till that very moment, and by some strange coincidence it was several samples of the very article in question, of exquisite pattern, and to the simple girl, of fabulous costliness. It was not so easy to approach her bonnet, and cloak, and so they were left to the ingenuity of the future mother.

Pet was invited to spend a month or two in the country, near New York, where Mrs. Wilson had gone ostensibly to escape society for a time, but in

truth to put poor Pet through a thorough drilling and renovating. She must loose all her simple-heartedness, cultivate a distaste for the pure and true of her village surroundings, and then how proud Mrs. Wilson would be to show the bride elect of her only son!

It is unnecessary to go through the ordeal with our heroine, but suffice it to say, the love of the seemingly lovely grew upon her, and as gift after gift was lavished upon her under one pretext and another, she learned to enjoy them for the sake of him for whom she did all things, and to look back with wonder at the paltry gifts of her old friends which so delighted her at home. The simple straw hat with its white ribbons and rosebuds, was displaced for one of those nondescripts, which nothing but reality or a highly-colored print in *Godey* could picture to the imagination of the uninitiated.

All these changes from her old ways of living were made to appear indispensable to the credit of her future husband, and, of course, any thing which was of importance to him, became a serious matter of consequence with the loving girl. She knew well that her dear old father would not approve, but then he was ignorant of the requirements of society, and could not understand how people differed in their estimates of what makes the man or woman in a small village or in a large city. One point she would not yield. She would be married in the dear old church where she was christened, and her mother should bestow the bridal costume. The pure white muslin like the other village brides, and the white roses from the garden at home must be worn, and so it was. The fan of pearl was left in its case; the jeweled boquet handle did not displace the knot of white tassel about her flowers, and the bracelets did not hide her dimpled arms.

The good man wept, when he pronounced the solemn words which gave his darling child to another, and the

unselfish mother smiled through her tears to cheer the father and daughter now about to be severed; though her own heart throbbed with anguish over the future desolation of their hearth, yet she still smiled on.

The parting over, and its tears and sobbings no more between Pet, and the future, scenes of dreamy magnificence rose before her, and she almost forgot that she married George Wilson because she loved him; and all that might ever be hers, rather than the happiness she was to create for him, made up the sum of her anticipated bliss.

For a time after their bridal tour they were to remain in the home of Mrs. Wilson. The autumn and winter was one of unimagined enjoyment and brilliance to the bride. Everywhere she was courted and admired—everybody told her she was lovely, till she grew to think her very presence a favor wherever she might bestow it. Nothing was too costly to deck her person, and her wishes were entirely boundless. Nothing remained fresh in her heart save the love of the dear ones at home, unless it was her *pride* in her husband. Had she married one for whom she would have to make sacrifices, or even assist in his toil up the hill to a comfortable competency, her love for him would have been the strongest element in her nature. But her poor little head was turned, and it was difficult to find her heart in the general confusion.

We will pass over the few successive years till the opening of the chapter. Mrs. Wilson the elder had laid aside her fashionable drapery for one in common with all, the shroud, and her beautiful residence was exchanged for the "narrow house prepared for all the living." Mrs. Wilson's elegant mourning told by its shade of black and purple, and the precise depth of crape, the exact number of months since she had been mistress of the mansion. No children had *interfered* with her fashionable career, and except a visit now and then to her native village, there

was little in the present to remind her of her girlhood. True, there were times when her aimless existence contrasted strongly with her father's holy life, and her mother's simple duties carefully performed came up before her, but she shut them out, and tried to remember that she bestowed more on charities every year than her father received during the same time. Her punctual attention to the externals of religion had in its remembrances a consolation and panacea to her startled sense of duty.

She must, of course, as the possessor of the house, make many changes, for it is unfashionable to keep any thing to remind one of departed friends, so every thing must be renewed. Mr. Wilson had engaged in many speculations of late, the results of which were still uncertain, and he felt a little uneasy at the thoughts of the future wants of his expensive establishment. His wife greatly desired to replace their carpets by some still more elegant ones just imported, and for almost the first time, her husband remonstrated, but as usual with us ladies, arguments were plentifully offered in favor of her own wishes. Mr. Wilson then laid the state of his affairs before his wife, in a candid way, and left it with her own judgment to decide upon the expensiveness of her purchases.

She, poor woman, had too long cultivated her tastes by express wish of her husband, to relinquish any thing which seemed desirable. At first she resolved to follow the suggestions of her husband, but when the new designs were temptingly displayed by the ingenious salesman, and the number of notable Parixians were enumerated who had purchased carpets of the same pattern, her husband's advice was forgotten, and the order filled.

The evening came, and Mrs. Wilson informed her husband of her decision, and in return for the first time he adopted the late tirade upon "expensive women," "ruinous styles of liv-

ing," "fashionable tastes," etc., which quite shocked the nerves of his fastidious wife. She was, of course, indignant, and kept silent during the tea-hour, and resumed the conversation in the evening, as we have sketched it at the beginning of our story.

She lay sobbing for awhile, and then the remembrance of all the years of tender solicitude her husband had given her, and how like a warshiper he had bestowed his gifts, and rendered her homage, and now, for the first time, asked a sacrifice in return, and she had refused his request, rose up to chide her growing selfishness. She resolved to wipe away the tears, and await his return in the parlor, to ask pardon for her petulant display of temper, and promise to regard in future the suggestions which were as much to her own interest as his own to follow.

Hour after hour passed, and no footstep was heard on the marble entrance. The snow fell heavily downward, and the cold wind moaned through the almost silent streets. She looked out upon the dull light, and watched the ghostly figures which at long intervals strode heavily past, but no one lessened their space before her own door. Her fancy wandered to her own dear old home, and to the long ago of her girlhood. How long, how very long it seemed since her young feet pressed down the earliest snows, and made the first path to the poor and wretched of her native village. How the blessings of her childish years grew in her thoughts to be the realities of life, and the present a beautiful dream, from which there was to be a bitter awakening. She imagined her father's long white locks were waving in the midnight winds, and her mother's sweet low voice had grown to resemble its low wailing.

Where was her husband? Why did he stay when she so longed for his coming? He had never absented himself in this way before, though she knew he had often been urged to join a fashionable club on the same avenue

and but a few doors away. He had often seen his wife's blue eyes light up with a glad consciousness of her own power, when he replied to solicitations of this kind "that his home was far pleasanter than the club room," and then look at her as though all the blessings that the word *home* could mean, were centered in her.

This evening he was vexed beyond measure at her refusals to yield to his wishes, and all the bitter cant of miserable spendthrift husbands of more miserable spendthrift wives rose up in his heart, and he thought he was one of the latter day martyrs. He never stopped to reflect how adroitly he had cultivated her expensive tastes, how it had been the one thing needful to make her perfect in his eyes, in years ago. He did not remember that he had built the car which was crushing him.

He went out and wandered in the snow for a time, resolving, as many a husband has done before, to punish her by his absence. He felt too cold to remain out very long, and looking up to the brilliantly-lighted club room, thought he would just look in a minute, as he had often been invited, and then go home.

What a shout greeted his entrance! What exultation shone on every face! George Wilson had been a long-desired acquisition. His ready wit; his well-stored mind, was a treasure which would, if secured, brighten many a dull evening. They must celebrate his first visit with an extra quantity of champagne.

Before Wilson was aware of their intention, he found himself so comfortable, and the wine so exhilarating, that he forgot his watching wife at home, and the vexation which sent him out on that cold stormy night. He was not a drinking man — scarcely ever took a glass except to please a friend. They drank, and drank again, grew funny as the hours passed, and the times were discussed in all their length and breadth. The price of silks, of laces, of diamonds, and household or-

naments were held to be exorbitant, and the selfishness which led women to ruin their husbands, and daughters their fathers — but not a word of the cost of wine.

Wilson, not used to such heavy potations, grew careless, and told the story of his quarrel with the repentant woman who was peering out into the snow to catch a glimpse of his approaching form. Had Wilson been clothed in his right mind, the rack would not have wrung a reproachful word of his wife, but the wine did it, and there were fiends in the shape of men who gloated over the story, which was to be bestowed on the eager world on the morrow.

Wilson could not reach his home alone; and when in the small hours of the night he tried to wend his way, he had to be supported by those as guilty, but more hardened than himself. Mrs. Wilson saw them ascend the steps of the mansion, and her already anxious heart stood still in its great forebodings for the loved one. Not a thought of the reality burst upon her — she had never dreamed that *he* could fall, and the cold fingers of fear clutched at her very soul, and she stood like a statue, unable to speak or move.

The bell summoned the domestics, and he was brought in and laid upon the very pillow where she had wept out her repentant tears, and still she stood, gazing with a stony look upon the intruders, unable to break the silence, which had grown to be agony itself. The knowledge of the men who brought him home, told her the dreadful cause of her husband's helplessness, and by degrees her power of action returned, and she knelt by his side in that bitterest of all the griefs a woman's heart can bear, and begged him to tell her if her own words had sent him out on the that stormy night, to forget his unhappiness in the wine cup. Language which had never soiled his lips before, and which had been rung in his half-deadened ear during the evening, replied to her beseeching tones, and turned her very

heart to lead. She spoke not another word, but gave one look to the polluted shrine on which she had bestowed her young warm heart, and left him, hoping never to look upon his face again. Her proud willful spirit had slumbered in the sunshine of prosperity, and now rose a new element in her nature, and controlled her every thought and action.

She went to her chamber, and with the coolness of every-day life, she penned her husband a note of adieu. She told him how she had waited his coming, and what thoughts and reconciliations had filled her eager soul. She told him of her grief at his condition, but said the altar on which her love had lain was crushed, and henceforth they were to be separated — separated forever! She should go to her father, and make amends by endeavors to be useful, for the vanity which had filled up the years they had spent together. She bade him not seek to recall her, for there was no lingering love in her heart for him. She had loved an ideal, and supposed it embodied in him, but found she was mistaken. She still worshiped the ideal, but it bore no resemblance to the drunken man she left on the sofa, in the place so long her happy home.

Taking no part of her elegant wardrobe, only that which was indispensable, she started by the first train for her father's house. She did not care now for what the world said; she did not heed the bitterness which her husband's consciousness would bring — she only felt the sting in her own bosom. Once her soul would have spent its grief on her husband's suffering, but she had been schooled too long in the idea of her own importance, to think of any thing save herself, and the way she could expiate the sins of folly which had been hers. She had little of the true Christian spirit in her resolves for the future.

In this defiant state of mind she reached her dear old home among the hills, and laid her burning brow and tearless eyes in her mother's arms.

Not a word of justification for herself or husband escaped her lips, but the bare stern truth sank down into the aching hearts of those whose happiness was bound up in their only child. The good old man sternly chid the course she had taken, while his spirit rose in indignation at the man who should fall before a tempter whose power the holy man had never felt. The sweet face of the mother was paler than the muslin folds about her cheeks, as she wondered how a *woman*, and her child too, should know any feelings save forgiveness for injuries received from any one. She would have sent her back to the man she had deserted at the first offense; but the father saw his own spirit in the child, and knew too well that to subdue her, she must be conscious of the evil she had done.

Days passed, and a burning fever kept her in blissful unconsciousness of her miserable condition. At first, Mr. Philips determined to wait till she should recover before a reconciliation should be attempted, but the physicians feared they might never meet if the summons for the absent husband was longer delayed.

We will go back to the one we have left behind. He awoke from his deep sleep, and slowly a consciousness of the past night came over him, and strong self-accusations rose in his heart as he thought of his wife alone in her chamber. He supposed she was perfectly oblivious of his condition, and in his returning manliness he resolved to tell her all, and seek in her affection strength against a future temptation. Besides he had heard of a great rise in the stock in which he had invested, and felt annoyed that he had in one thing refused to gratify his wife's every desire. He saw her once more as he won her from her quiet home, and felt that she deserved all and more than he could bestow as a recompense for beautifying his home with her loveliness.

He rose and sought their chamber to find it empty! How his heart beat with apprehension as he drew aside

the curtains and found no sleeping figure. The note lay upon the bed, and his eyes burned, and his head and heart throbbed, till he could scarcely read those lines in which not a tremble of the hand was visible.

A thousand thoughts hurried through and through his brain, of every possible way of taking the great weight off his heart. Remorse for his fall, and his unkindness to her, who till that evening had never spoken a harsh word to him, and above it all, the huge specter, "the world's opinion" rose to confront him. He started out, and met upon the pavement one of the very men who bore him home the evening before. He was waiting, no doubt, to poison his heart against the woman who was so dear to him.

"Good-morning, Wilson! You were top-heavy last night. I was delighted with the cool way your pretty wife took the affair, after being the cause of your frolic."

"She the cause of my silly spree?" Wilson returned indignantly. "What do you mean, sir?"

"Mean? why, you told us all about it last night at the club, carpet, and all. She stood without moving a muscle, or fixing the pillow for you. You are a sly fellow, to have her so used to it, and we know nothing about it. Good-morning!"

Wilson stood petrified for a few moments, at the idea that his wife's pure name should have been the subject of discussion over the wine at midnight, and he the one to expose the secrets of their sacred hearthstone. He knew his wife would hear it, and there was no possibility of a reconciliation.

More than half-crazed, he went to his office, and finding a man in waiting who wished to make him an offer for his recent investments, he sold all his interest at the high rate of the day, and resolved to go somewhere—anywhere to forget the ruin of his happiness.

He found during the settlement of his affairs, that the world was wiser than himself—that they had passed

their judgment on his affairs, and decided that his wife's extravagance had driven him to secret indulgence of strong drink, that she had left him for this vice. They said he had sold out his investments to meet demands at a time, when if he could have delayed a little, he would have made a vast sum of money. Woman's love of dress and show had driven him to ruin himself, and prevented his making a splendid fortune. She was nothing but a country minister's daughter after all, but such people are the most unreasonable in the world. Everybody except the husband condemned her, particularly those who had oftentimes been feasted and exhibited at her expense.

A few days of heartache, and resentment to those who offered him sympathy, and said what a generous fellow he was to take the blame upon himself, when everybody knew how it was, passed away, when the summons came for him to hasten to his wife, if he wished to see her alive.

We will not attempt to paint the scene as he entered the little chamber from which he had led her a bride years before, and listen to the delirious calls of the poor creature, with her golden curls ahoen away, and the peachy bloom of her skin changed to a glossy purple and white, of fever. She gave him no look or word, but murmured of the days when he first knew her, and then shuddered, and said she had been dreaming of just such a scene as the last evening with her husband.

Days passed, and he with a womanly tenderness sat by her bedside, and nursed the suffering woman as if her decision had not parted them. Life and reason seemed coming back to her, and old Mr. Philips wished Mr. Wilson to absent himself, lest seeing him should bring back the first cause of the illness. Hard as was the demand, he knew it to be right, and watched in an outer room to get a glance within, whenever the door of her room was ajar.

After her reason was restored, and

every hope of her restoration indulged, her father brought in a paper in which was an account of the failure of the entire scheme in which her husband had so largely invested.

"Thank God!" was the exclamation; "George and I may yet be happy. I have looked back from the very brink of the Dark River, and seen the mere tissue which held our former happiness, and wonder it continued so long. He is a noble-hearted man, and sinned but once, and I — I forgave, not as I would be forgiven. Now he is poor, and I can labor for him, and he for me, and we shall be happy. Had he known my illness, he would have been by my side long ago. Dear George, none are perfect! and your poor Pet least of all."

When her mother told her of the days and nights he sat by her bedside, and bathed her burning brow, the tears of tender affection which had been dry during her life of fashionable forgetfulness of the holiest emotions of our natures, came forth fresh from a purer fountain than those she wept upon the pillow in the splendid home in the great city.

What a meeting between two forgiving ones it was we will not describe, nor how little pleasure it gave her to know that they were not poor, but still had the same temptations to meet as before.

George Wilson knew who was tempted, and who was the tempter, in the only dark passage in their lives; and when the world judges others as it did his own wife and himself, he says, "Man begins by offering gifts, which are to be prized for their value, more than the love which prompted their offering; and then when she learns new wants, he turns upon her the world's decision, that the fault must be with the woman, and never asks was it 'He, or She?'"

FORTUNE knocks once, at least, at every man's door.

VOL. IV.

2.

TO MRS. C. F. WRIGHT.

DEATH is the common fate of all upon this mundane sphere;

O'er some loved form, o'er some cold clay,
who hath not shed a tear?

What mother but hath some time wept, and
moaned in accents wild,

As God's hand beckoned from the sky and
called her precious child?

What father, but in manhood strong, or in
advancing age,

Hath seen the cruel spoiler's hand, a fearful
warfare wage

Against the treasures of his heart — the dear
ones God hath given,

And one by one, go up to join the blood-
washed throng in heaven?

Tell me of one who hath not wept o'er some
loved one in sorrow,

And I will sable robes prepare, for he may
weep to-morrow;

For Death is looking round his home, his stay
perchance is brief,

But ere he leaves, that joyous heart shall be
immersed in grief.

For neither home, nor heart, nor life, was
ever free from death,

O'er earth's bright homes he ever breathes
his pestilential breath;

And leaf, and shrub, and cherished flower fall
'neath his mighty tread,

And all the soul calls beautiful sleep with the
silent dead.

Who but hath seen death's shadow dim the
brightness of his life —

Who but hath seen life's horizon with clouds
of sorrow rife?

None! All have wept, and all have mourned
to see the spoiler's form

Mantling the life's sweet sunshine, with tem-
pest and with storm.

All are mourning then in sadness, all have
shed the bitter tear,

Then we'll mingle griefs together as we stand
around the bier,

And one loud wail of anguish shall express
our common grief,

Though the tears and bitter weeping bring
the soul but poor relief.

I am called to sing a requiem o'er the cold
and silent tomb,

Of one who, in life's springtime was called
from earthly bloom;

To weave a lay of sadness, to repeat the
mournful strain

That shall stir the founts of feeling in the
saddened heart again.

Oh! why was I a minstrel but to sing the
saddened song,

To tell of earthly sorrows, and the dirge-like
sound prolong?

Oh! why was I a minstrel but to fill the
mighty, deep,

O'erwhelming tide of sorrow — but to weep
when others weep?

Why call my powers of minstrelsy to stir the
floods again,
That have swept in such wild 'fury o'er the
heart, the mind, the brain?
Why call me not to mingle strains of friend-
ship sweet with thine,
And for the brow of lovely youth a rosebud
garland twine?
For I would rather sing of life, of summer
flowers that bloom,
Than tell the tale of saddened death — of
anguish 'round the tomb.
Yes! rather would I sing of life, of those
sweet kindred ties
That bind our souls together here — that
break when loved ones die.
But I must sing, tho' sad the song, of youth
in early bloom
Cut down in morning freshness — consigned
to the chilling tomb.
Of one, a mother's pride; a loved, a pre-
cious child,
A son — how oft in days gone by she looked
on him and smiled!
And when the dreadful fever came and burned
his tender brain,
Consumed the life-blood in his veins, and
racked his form with pain,
That mother watched beside his bed in ago-
nizing grief,
And prayed as only *she* could pray, that
Heaven would send relief.
God heard that prayer — an angel came —
then ceased the raging pain,
But on her William's living face she never
looked again,
For Death had come in angel form and woo'd
her boy on high,
And with his youthful spirit passed the por-
tals of the sky.
"Have pity on me, Oh my friends! have
pity!" then she cried,
"For God hath surely touched me now, or
William had not died!"
Grief's frenzy seized upon her mind, she sank
beneath its powers,
And poet's pen can never paint the darkness
of those hours.
We laid him in his grave to rest beneath the
valley's clod,
His body sleeps in quiet there, his spirit is
with God.
Fain would I offer comfort now to that lone
mother's heart,
And bring the offering alone, which kindness
can impart.
I'd say that death is but a sleep — the pas-
sage to the skies,
By it we enter a new life, for spirit never
dies;
It lives beyond the dreaded tomb, freed from
death's cruel powers,
Which thought, alone, may comfort you in
all your lonely hours.
I know that words seem idle now, that o'er
your troubled mind

The waves of bitter sorrow roll — you cannot
feel resigned;
And minstrel's lays, however kind, however
sweet his strain,
But stir the floods of anguish deep, move but
to tears again.
Well weep you may, for Jesus wept in the
lone garden, where
He knelt at midnight's lonely hour, and
breathed the fervent prayer;
And He, who in Gethsemane breathed out
his sighs and fears,
Shall come, lone mother, each sad hour to
wipe away your tears.
We all are mourners — death has come in
bitterness to all,
And o'er our hopes, our homes, our hearts,
has thrown the funeral pall;
We'll mingle then our flowing tears, and
make our common grief,
And dream that when life's storms are o'er,
we'll find in heaven relief!

H.

BUFFALO, March 24, 1857.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

THE beautiful:

Breathing Spring so soft and mild,
Wreathing nature with a smile;
Peeping buds on fairy stems,
Nature's fairest, sweetest gems;
Hills and vales of verdant green,
Blooming trees, and skies serene.

The beautiful:

Summer flowers, rich and gay,
Drooping 'neath the golden ray;
Dancing rills, and cooling shades,
Forests dark, and winding glades;
Shadowy prospects from the mount;
Nature's pearly, glittering fount.

The beautiful:

Autumn fruits of tempting cast,
Autumn's pleasures flitting past;
Nature's robe of varied hue,
Teaching lessons ever true;
Fading flowers, sighing wind,
Solemn beauty ever bring.

The beautiful:

Winter wreathed in snowy white;
Evening's fairy, sweet moonlight;
Fireside books, and social band
Grouped around the dear old stand;
Cheerful voices joined to raise
Tuneful hymns to heavenly praise.

The beautiful:

Closing scene at set of sun,
Life's great work now nobly done;
Faith with clear and upward ray,
Pointing to the perfect day;
Calmly sinking down to rest,
Ever tranquil, ever blest!

April 25, 1857.

KISTA.

DISCIPLINE.

"And God who hears,
Through seraphs' songs, the sound of tears."

"NO more frolics to-night, Bertie; Aggie's so tired. It's quite time those mischievous eyes were shut with sleep."

And, unclasping the grasp of the rosy, baby-hands in her tumbled curls, Agnes Leigh sank into a great arm-chair; while the boy, still clinging to her, laid the soft bloom of his cheek close to hers.

Softly rocking to and fro, the sunshine in her heart stealing out in a peaceful smile upon her face, there, in that home so guarded by love, comfort, and luxury, with no ungratified desire, did any shadow of coming darkness cross the vision of the dreaming girl? No; her thoughts wandered backward through the pleasant ways her life had been led into; and forward with a hopeful, joyous confidence in that future, to her expectant hope overhanging with no clouds too heavy for their relieving rain—no burdens heavier than the light and precious weight in her arms.

Grief had not yet come, testing the sweet, grateful confidence which sought the Father with its daily and nightly thanksgiving, and, in the unbroken home, the graces of a pure, true, and loving spirit had won her a charmed place. The flower had been nurtured by the sunlight into fragrant bloom. How would the desolating midnight leave it?

As her dreams led her through their pleasant maze, a chaise drove quickly to the house and stopped. She rose as the front door flung back, admitted her father, just come from business in the neighboring city. He looked careworn and troubled; and, though little Bertie welcomed him with his most eager, dancing smiles, he hardly spoke, but refused the offered baby-embrace with—"Not now, Bertie, boy; papa's head aches," and passed up stairs into his wife's room; while Agnes, following, carried the baby, quite grave from his expected repulse.

In her spacious chamber, pacing to and fro, they found Mrs. Leigh. Few days of the last year but had found her an invalid, though patient prisoner, in this room. She received her husband with her usual cheerful, affectionate manner, though his abstraction and gloom attracted her notice at once.

She endeavored, with delicate tact, to cheer away this despondency, and discover the cause; but a headache was pleaded as excuse; and, after Agnes had poured his tea, he went immediately to the library, saying he must work till bed-time; and through the door, which he had left ajar, she heard his impatient walking to and fro and muttered exclamations.

"Agnes, what can trouble your father so?" said her mother, as she entered Mrs. Leigh's chamber. "There must be some trouble at the bank, I think; or, perhaps some speculation has gone wrong."

But Agnes could throw no light on the matter. After seeing little Herbert quietly asleep in his crib, she opened a volume on the table, and read to her mother till after midnight, and then stole down to her father.

"I can't fix it! It's of no use!" he exclaimed. But, starting back when Agnes laid her arm about his neck, he said, quickly, "Do not disturb me, child! Go to bed! There's not much sleep for me." And then, noticing the shadow his words had thrown over her face, he drew her toward him, and said, kissing her, "You mustn't think of what I say, I am so perplexed and troubled now. Do not wait for me to retire. Good-night, dear! God bless you!"

Till the morning came he sat there, and then flung himself upon his uneasy pillow; and, in the restless sleep that followed, his dreams were all of trouble and danger.

As Agnes bade him "Good-morning" at the gate, a gentleman detained him.

"Matters must be looked into at the

bank, Mr. Leigh to-day," he said, somewhat sternly. "I came to say I would be there to-morrow to see how matters stand."

Her father's white face, as he answered, haunted her all day. Mrs. Leigh was unusually anxious, and longed for evening to come to cheer and advise her husband. But, at noon, a note arrived, saying he should not be with them at night, and bidding them not to be anxious about him.

As evening drew on, the heavy clouds announced an approaching storm. As a faint flash of lightning broke through the darkened sky, Mrs. Leigh said, nervously, "How I wish your father was here—he will be so lonely in the storm! If I could *only* convince him how useless these speculations are—how content we are with what we have!"

As she spoke, a vivid flash crossed her face; and, starting quickly from the window, she sank down, pale and terrified. But Agnes still lingered with intense pleasure watching the lightning as it rifted asunder the masses of cloud, and the crash of the following thunder. One moment, the sky seemed all aflame, and she saw her mother's white face, and the shaft that cut asunder a great oak beneath the window, and struck it groaning to the earth; the next, in the sudden darkness, she heard her mother's cry of terror. Hastily springing to her side, in the quiet that ensued, she thought she heard a footstep in the hall; but, occupied in doing for her mother, she did not go down, and, hearing nothing more, concluded she had been mistaken.

As the night wore away, the violence of the storm subsided; and, after she had left her mother quietly sleeping, she went to her own room. She passed the crib where little Bertie lay in all the unconscious, rosy grace of sleep. As she bent over him, the little lip quivered, and beneath the shining lash a tear stole. Some sorrowful thought was mingling with his baby-dreams; or perhaps the scene of the

rejected embrace returned. The tears gathered in her own eyes as she pressed her noiseless kiss upon his mouth; and then, leaving the door ajar, she passed to her own room. But a strange and feverish fear, that had no name, vague and misty, haunted her disturbed slumber. Once she fancied she heard her mother's voice, and stole quickly beside her. But no; she lay in a refreshing sleep. Going back, she lighted a candle, and tried to read; but that only increased her unrest.

At last the faint light of morning came in at the eastern window; and, hastily dressing, she stole out for a walk. In the cool of the early day, she grew refreshed; though the phantom that had haunted her disturbed sleep followed her still. Down through the lane; across the tiny bridge that spanned the tripping brook; then, pausing upon a hight that overlooked the town, her sight was arrested by the breaking glory in the east, circled after cloud receding before the approaching monarch of the light.

As she stood watching the breaking splendor, a voice behind her called her name.

"Good-morning, Miss Aggie! I did not think of meeting you so early."

And, turning, she greeted with cordial pleasure their beloved minister and friend, Mr. Clifford, a man of rare gifts of intellect, with a character whose unimpeachable truth, purity, and dignity were a living sermon; with the unaffected simplicity of words and manner that discover true greatness of mind and heart, his fervent eloquence was most fitly clothed; a man whose courageous independence won him the very popularity he would have so scorned to seek; whose principles of right, immutable and fixed, were yet crowned with the charity which counts itself "not so absolute in goodness," but that it may stoop to aid and pity the tempted and erring, with the humility which brings every victory for good to the feet of the risen Redeemer.

He said he had come out for a little breathing-time before his waiting labor claimed him; and that he intended, now they had met, to go back with her to borrow a volume from their library he wished to refer to. She smiled assent, adding an urgent invitation to breakfast; but he refused, on the plea of an unwritten lecture; adding, with a smile, that Mrs. Clifford would suppose he had been spirited away, as he had left her before she awoke. Lingered, and looking back at the flushed east, that flung its rosy light over the waking earth, the daylight advanced with them. As they crossed the orchard-path to the house, the usual morning bustle and stir were visible within doors.

Flinging open the hall-door, and leaving Mr. Clifford engaged with an old painting in the drawing-room, Agnes started for the library for the book he wished. The door, which was never locked, was now tightly fastened. Going up stairs, she inquired for the key, but no one had locked it. Quite alarmed, Mrs. Leigh ordered the door to be broken open. As it flung back, she heard a smothered groan—a fall—the exclamations of horror that followed! Hastily descending the stairs, she saw the insensible form of her daughter borne from the library. Pressing forward with a desperate haste, she entered the room before the detaining hand of the minister could reach her. Blood! blood! How the air reddened with the blood of the suicide, driven by dishonor to this daring crime! How upon every heart smote the sight of the ghastly corpse, that lay bereft of all the dignity of manhood!—a mute acknowledgement of the cowardice that dares to leap into the presence of infinite Purity, with the sin-stained soul it dare not reveal to erring humanity.

They bore her away, and consciousness returned, but not the reason, sent astray and shattered by the blow; and for days she lay quiet, without any thing but the restless glitter of her eyes giving sign of life; and then the wait-

ing angels bore away the stricken spirit, but not before an hour when the clouded mind awoke, clear and intelligent; and calling Agnes to her in that solemn time, she gave her the sacred gift of her baby-boy.

For several days after her father's rash death, Agnes had dwelt in a fearful nightmare, haunted all the time by that upturned face in all its rigid ghastliness. But at last her mother's danger roused her from the stupor, and unweariedly she watched beside her till the death-shadow lay upon the serene face.

When the grave had received her, and there were no more affairs for anxious tenderness to busy itself with, no more suspense to keep the mind unnaturally awake, the icy weight returned again, and fell upon her heart with numbing force. No tears came to relieve or lift it; and the settled despair and murmuring quiet were more terrible to see than the most passionate grief. Even little Bertie could not attract her notice; and, seeking and accepting no consolation, a desolating night fell over her. In its gloom of dreadful doubt and recklessness, it wrapped her till escape seemed impossible.

Though the Cliffords were constant in their delicate and judicious kindness, and though, constantly with her, the minister tried to interest and comfort her with holy peace, there was no change. Concealing from her his intense pain, he did not weary her with advice, but by earnest praying that God would bring a revulsion in his own good time, trusted all to him.

All that Mr. Leigh had accumulated went to wreck. The immense speculation in which the last dishonorable venture had gone swallowed all. When his brother came to break the news to Agnes, he might have spared himself the trouble to choose his words so carefully, for the news was received with indifferent coldness. He praised her fortitude, little imagining the danger outward coldness covered; a man punctual in all outward things, a very

Simon, who weighed the world's opinion before the thought of heaven crossed his mind.

She left the home once so precious, without a tear or regret. The books, pictures, statues, gardens, the piano she had loved as a friend, all that had been most beloved, that had ministered to her love of beauty, were parted with without any emotion.

"Oh, if any thing could arouse her, even to suffer!" said Mr. Clifford, as he watched the returning carriage that bore her to her uncle's home.

The aunt and cousins soon tired of the pale, statue-like girl, who seemed to fret and sit, and think nothing. As the months stole away, they took little pains to conceal their fatigue; and hints were dropped, intended to reach her, but they only fell on indifferent ears. In the dull routine of life, nothing seemed to awaken her, till one day little Bertie came sobbing to her from some undeserved harshness; and then, noticing how thin and wan he had grown, the deadened feelings woke to sudden life. Claspng him in her passionate embrace, and weeping with a vehemence that frightened him, the long stifled grief found vent.

"Bertie, my poor darling," she said, through her sobs, "I do love you! I will protect you from all the world — my boy, my baby, my precious one!"

Like a reproach arose the dying face of her mother for her long neglect of him. The storm swept through heart and soul, and cleared off the unhealthy life of both. In the interval of quiet that ensued, while the fevered earth received the refreshing rain that purified, she knelt and prayed. Then were broken words and exclamations of remorse, a broken but fervent plea; but it was answered — she felt it even then.

In her awakened state, the slights she had received, the meaning words that had meant to wound, returned, not to accomplish their purpose — she was even now beyond that — but to rouse her to think and act for the future. Thinking at once of her best friend, she wrote to Mr. Clifford:

"I know my friend will forgive my long silence; for in my heart there has been darkness and silence *so long*. I dare hardly tell you of the doubt that has so long imprisoned my soul in its sepulcher; but the Lord's angel has rolled away the stone at last. On that season of midnight gloom I will not linger; in the present I must think and act. Heaven keep me from thinking my way a hard one! But nothing was saved from our household wreck; and I am unwilling longer to trespass where I seem to have so slight a claim. Will you — can you help me to help myself? The education which cost such anxious care may now be put to use. So heart-stricken am I that I could not rouse myself to this, were it not for my little Bertie, whose health and bloom I am most anxious to win back. I shall wait for your advice and decide upon it at once. You will not forget my kindest love to Mrs. Clifford; and believe me always yours,
AGNES."

On the receipt of this letter, Mr. Clifford wrote at once, urging her to come to them immediately, and proposing a plan which he promised to aid her in carrying out.

At once communicating her intention to her uncle and his family, she could not but perceive the illy-disguised satisfaction which accompanied their praise of her "commendable energy." Mr. Leigh considered himself quite exonerated from the blame; though, as he bade her farewell, the pale, spiritual face contrasted strongly with the strength and health in his daughters'; and the thought crossed his mind, how much more able for the strife for daily bread were they than the frail creature whose strength came only from faith and prayer!

Mr. Clifford was not at home when they arrived; but his wife welcomed them with a cordial warmth that moved her to tears. Soon afterward he joined, and greeted them with his usual sincere kindness. Startled by the change that had been wrought in the merry, blooming little friend of the by-gone months, he was yet glad the dreadful apathy, over which he so sorrowed, had gone entirely. In the cool twilight they strolled about the grounds, and he entered at once into a discussion of her plans. Wisely judging it best that the interest awakened in life should

bring back health and peace by constant demands upon it, he did not discourage her desire to enter on her life of usefulness at once.

In this happy home she remained, loving and beloved, the little school growing beyond her utmost wishes. Doubly endeared to the Cliffords by the graces of her patient sweetness, and the trials that had disciplined her heart into a submission and trust nothing earthly could disturb long, she had learned much of precious wisdom during her stay with them. About the "man of God" dwelt a perpetual influence of truth and peace, that charmed all within his reach into a purer and loftier life. It was with sincere regret they parted, when the Cliffords took a summer vacation to go abroad. They separated on the deck of the outward bound vessel, with promises to write constantly, and meet again the following autumn.

Little Bertie was rather feeble for want of change of air; so, for a while, they went to the beautiful town of L. . . , that faced the sea. In the boy's rapidly developing character she found a rare study. Richly rewarding her prayers, her earnest love and care, with his childish devotion, she found her deepest affection for him; loving him truly, and seeking not to shield him from the pain of life, but to strengthen and discipline him to meet and conquer it; teaching him to love goodness, not for rewards or approbation, but for its own high and blessed sake; leading him, little child as he was, from the broad, smooth path of selfish pleasure, to the narrow way of sacrifice and self-renunciation; tuning this young harp of God, not to the world-music that wanes so early, but stringing it to the diviner airs and anthems of the heavenly harmony.

Already he had caught her enthusiastic love of beauty; and his dearest joys were to ramble with her through the lanes and woods; or to climb the jagged rocks that fronted the sea, and watch the coming and disappearing sails that glided on its blue expanse;

or to go down and battle with the restless waves that flung their surging waters over them, and dash handfuls of the glittering drops upon each other; or, when the fresh gale favored, to sail across to the fair island that lay in the embrace of its blue waves.

* * * * *

Night had come, and pale with agony, yet constantly praying for strength to endure, Agnes hung over the little couch, where, raving in the delirium of fever, tosses her precious child, calling constantly for the gentle sister, who never leaves him, but whose face seems afar off to his wandering mind. Some one speaks; it is Mr. Clifford, come back from his summer tour strengthened and refreshed.

"Agnes, you *must* go to rest now; you are exhausting your strength, and to-morrow will be ill yourself."

A second time he speaks; and then, laying the little head upon the coolest pillow, she unclasps the twining arms about her neck, and crosses to the window.

"I shall rest here quite as well," she says, in answer to his reproachful look as she sinks down; and he, seeing the weariness of heart in her face, that nothing can refresh till this suspense is past, does not urge her further.

The wind sweeps up from the shore, with a briny scent in its freshness. The sea, which the storm of a few days ago, outside, lashed into fury, is unquiet still; and its surging murmur comes to her as the waves approach in an army, and dash themselves white on the sandy beach. Down, far along on the coast, the revolving light is slowly turning round to guide the returning ships; and over all shine the stars, that glitter in the deep blue above her. Those stars—how many of her griefs have they looked down upon! Will they be silent witnesses to the greatest now?

Death may come, will most likely come, and still those little restless limbs into a cold silence, and strike out the fever-radiance from those brilliant cheeks and eyes, and hush the moan that struggles on his lip; yet

Agnes will not doubt the wise Providence that orders this, or rebel against the decree that takes this most treasured joy away. She has been too long the faithful child of her Father to doubt any thing he sends is "good;" dwelling in too constant a communion with him to question his will now. She will mourn, thinking of Him who "wept," sanctifying the grief of the mourners by his own holy tears; but her sorrow will not leave her wholly desolate while thus trusting and loving.

All the thoughts of her heart have been given to her boy. That he might grow to a wise, pure, and true manhood, she has toiled and prayed. Every hope of the future, its every picture, has its beloved image in the foreground. How *will* she bear the desolate silence that will come when his ringing laugh is not? How will the sight of other children waken that passionate longing for her lost one? Only a little time ago, they sported in those restless waves together; but now she will have no heart for those ocean frolics. She will always miss that buoyant figure and soul-lighted face.

Is the shadow falling, even now, in this hush which has fallen upon the room? She fancies those snowy clouds, that drift in such fantastic shapes across the deep blue over her, are a band of descending angels, coming to claim the child for the heavenly mansion. Is death coming with its downward-floating wings? No! for He who stayed the patriarch's hand in that hour of faith's severest trial, will give her back her own. This falling silence is only the healing and refreshing sleep that saves. He will wake to recognize her face with his wan smile and feeble caress. This crisis past, he shall bless her love once more.

The doctor comes in; and, as Mr. Clifford follows his earnest face, he sees the hope in it he dared not trust himself to feel. When the doctor's encouraging words give him the right, he crosses with the joyful news to

Agnes. He does not need to speak; for the uplifted, prayerful face, the eager grasp of his hand, tell her all. Rolling away from her spirit are the clouds that threatened so long. What a thanksgiving is in her heart! what a song of praise is her prayer! These fancied angels may bear that upward, but not the child *God* has given this time.

The days that bore in their rapid flight the fever pain, brought back color and strength to him again. Like one who had dwelt half-way within the heavenly threshold, he seemed to her, as she took him to the re-united home they had left, with a strengthened and grateful heart beginning her duties anew.

* * * * *

The minister's hoary head has become a "crown of glory," and his deeds "still live." And the years that gave and took so much, took Agnes Leigh from earth; but the high-souled boy, grown to mature manhood, is her lasting memorial. When weary with the business of State, with the wrongs and abuses he has dedicated his life to erase from the national honor, there is nothing cheers him more than her last *prophetic* words:

"I know you will seek to enthrone justice and right where the usurping powers of evils have reigned so long. I know you will consecrate yourself to this work, not from the wish for personal popularity or ambition, but for the sake of establishing Christ's eternal kingdom upon earth, for the victory of right, to be gained — for the glory of the ascended Intercessor."

PLEASURE is comparative, and enjoyment relative; the Spanish peasant basking in the scorching sun, and rolling in the dust of his parched up plains, is as happy as the French shepherd enjoying the balmy air, and the luxuriant vegetation of Languedoc or Provence.

TWO RECORDS OF A BEREAVED MOTHER.

BY MRS. C. A. HALBERT.

THEY tell me it is a week since my blessed one left me — four days since my fair boy, my pride, my hope, was laid in the grave. They tell me so, for I know not. It might be a month — a day; for I remember only that he *was and is not*. A weary, weary time separates me from hope and happiness — a wretched, unmeasured, intolerable blank. All things look misty and unsubstantial! a film is on my soul — a thick benumbing stupor creeps over me. I wander about the great vacant rooms like one in a dream. Familiar things loom up hideous and distorted; familiar faces look shadowy and strange. I rouse myself with desperate courage, and shake off the terrible nightmare, but it is only to feel the sharpness of my woe cutting like a knife into the depths of my soul. I endure again the agony of the day which tore my babe from my arms. I feel the chill of his passive icy hand — I see death settling on his brow — the look of patient suffering on his lip. And now his eye wanders searchingly around — I know whom he seeks. Oh! that look! it follows, it haunts me everywhere — that look of mingled doubt, and faith, and love, and agony! How it smote me that my darling, whose little griefs had been rocked to rest on my bosom, should find his faith in a mother's power failing him now! I saw that look fade away, and one more beautiful succeed, but it consoled me not. I remember only that in the last anguish my love appealed to me in vain.

I saw them part his silken hair, and compose his rounded limbs, and lay him in his coffin, for I would not be led away. I stood by while they lowered him into his little grave, and looked down on my boy resting there with a frightful calmness. Once, for a moment, an indescribable sweetness and peace stole over me as words of

sacred comfort were recited. Thinking of it now, it seems as if cool and fragrant airs from the Heavenly Gardens then diffused themselves over my withered heart, or as if the good Lord with his own hand drew aside the veil, and showed me my little one among the innumerable company of redeemed children, all radiant with a golden glory, but wearing the same beautiful smile with which he left us. Oh, how I longed to clasp him in my arms and assure myself of his continued recognition. But he, the pure one, looked not down — he saw me not — he gave no glance or token to his weeping mother. Then I felt the full anguish of my separation; I saw that a gulf deeper than the grave separated me from my child; I saw that I was no longer necessary to him in his present blessed estate. He felt no want, no longing, no void, and, shall I own it? I rebelled against a happiness to which I was not a party. Then the Divine Hand withdrew, the curtain fell, and I saw my lost one no more.

Childless and a widow! I sit alone in my desolate chamber. The casements are fast closed, for I would not have even the sun look familiarly on my grief. The scented blossoms will send up their odors from the garden, but even they are unpleasing, for they speak of life, and health, and happiness. They remind me of those bright mornings when my Charlie sat on the lily banks, and tore the gay flowers in pieces. The birds sang blithely in the branches above, the kitten purred at our feet, and with uneasy caress sought to make her presence welcome, and we were happy. How pleasant was it then to look forward to the long summer mornings when my darling and I should sit on the soft turf under the maples, and I should fill his hands with flowers, and listen to his gay prattle. I shudder now to look down lest I should see his little footprint in the deserted walks.

The roses, just budding when my Charlie sickened, have opened, blossomed, and faded since, with none to

tend or gather them. The little birdlings among the lilacs, into whose nest he looked each day with wondering delight, they too have tried their wings and fluttered away.

All sights, all sounds, all times, all places do nourish my grief. When I lie down to sleep, I miss soft breath by my side, softer than the dropping of spring showers, more musical than the murmur of summer brooks. I miss that little sigh, so gently breathed that it seemed as if the shadow of the future hung over the babe in his dreams, and filled him with the burden of a grief. With what an unutterable pity and tenderness has that little sigh filled me, and how have I longed to throw the true arms of maternal love around him forever!

I miss him in the morning. Oh, there is nothing in the world so beautiful as the waking of a young child! How often have I stolen softly to the couch of my babe to watch the first breaking up of quiet slumber—the uneasy movement—the baring of soft fair limbs—the gentle strife between sleeping and waking—the dreamy flutter, and the conscious opening of the fringed lids, then the look of pleased, curious wonder with which he looked around, as if each morning awoke him to a fresh and untried existence. I have watched him as his eye traveled slowly from object to object, pausing now to notice the wave of the curtains in the morning breeze, the swing of the pendulum, and the pencil of sunlight on the wall, till, resting at last on his mother, he gave an exultant spring, and raised himself eagerly to her outstretched arms.

I miss the stamp of an impatient little foot by my side, the bounding of a light, elastic form into my lap, the patter of a soft hand on my cheek. I miss him at that twilight hour, when, his little garments laid aside, he sprang from my knee, a naked Grace, an infant Apollo, whose limbs, divinely molded, mocked all the studies of the artist. I shall no more watch him as with dancing foot, and pleased con-

scious glances he takes his evening romp, now receive him panting to my arms, to be sung to sleep with his vespere lullaby.

They tell me I shall not always mourn thus—that Time will ease the soreness of my wound, and wipe the tears from my eyes. They tell me that after a little the present anguish will subside into tender recollections. Miserable comforters—my soul loathes their cant consolations. Think they that I would purchase peace by forgetfulness, or cease my plaint as the sod thickens over the grave of my child? Oh! that I might find a Rachel that *would not be comforted*! With her, weeping, these tears would lose their saltiness, and I should be beguiled back to peace.

I hear the merry voices of the school children just let loose on the street. That, too, reminds me. How often have I said to myself, "In a few years my Charlie will be one of such a laughing group. I shall single him out from them all—I shall watch him as he moves among his companions, the freest, lightest, happiest there. I shall listen for his bounding step on the stair, and meet him for our evening walk. I shall rest on my old seat in the shaded lane, while he seeks the wood-bird's nest in the thicket, and chases the squirrel from his covert in the old wall. Wearied, he will lie down on the grass at my feet, and tell me of his day's studies, his sports and games, and I shall watch the favoring moment to drop into his young heart lessons of manliness and truth. I shall teach him, too, the love and watchfulness of nature, and occupy his mind with pure thoughts and beautiful images, so that when the Tempter comes he may find it already garnished."

Thus have I mused as I sat by the cradle of my babe, listening to the music of clear voices on the street, and I have loved and blessed those children for *his* sake. Then I have looked down on the little dreamer, and perhaps a sigh would heave his

bosom, and part his lips, but quickly a soft, sweet smile would flit across his features, and all would subside again into the quiet current of sleep. Then would arise the prayer, "Thus may it ever be—smiles chasing sighs—light following shadow, and neither moving the soul from its stilled calmness and repose."

What sweet and tender fancies has my heart woven of the coming years? How often, when I have returned in loneliness and desolation from the fresh grave of my husband, this little one has stretched out his hands and raised his smiling face to mine, and I have exclaimed, "All is not lost! Thank God! I may yet be happy!" And when I have seen in him such a day more and more of his father's look, the same molding of the brow, the same expression of lip and eye, I have trembled and wept, and my heart has said, "The old beautiful time will come back; the lost happiness will be restored, changed, but not less sweet. Soon this house shall have a master. The vacant chair by the fireside and at the table, to me shrouded as with a pall, shall be filled, and peace and cheerfulness shall return to this roof. My son shall build again the desolate family altar, in which only the broken, silent petition of a widow now ascends. Tenderly will he lead me to the house of God—proudly shall I lean on his manly arm. He will sit at the head of the old family seat, a devout worshiper, or, it may be, he will himself lead the praises of the great congregation." Then, like a shadow from the pit, the thought will intrude—perhaps he will be a graceless son! perhaps the precious seed sown in his youth will fall on stony ground, and he will bring down a mother's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. My soul shudders at the terrible thought. It is too painful for me, and I raise a prayer to the All Merciful that he will not deal bitterly with the widow, nor scourge the bleeding heart without pity.

To-day, these fears are all at rest, but the hopes, too, are crushed. No impatient foot let loose from school shall dance to a gladsome voice on these stairs, or lead the way to brook-side or shaded lane. Never shall I draw him with sobered step to the green turf in the churchyard, and whisper, "My son, he who sleeps beneath this turf, laid his trembling hand on you and blessed you, dying. You lay a smiling and unconscious babe in your mother's arms. Live, my child, as if that father's hand still rested in tenderness on your brow, and strive that when you meet him on the other side of the grave, he may again bless you."

Twenty years later. All is right. I shall soon rejoin those beloved ones whom, for so many years, I have mourned in sorrow of heart. They have told me, with tears and studied caution, that my disease is incurable, and they wonder at my cheerful composure. Resignation! It is not the word—joy, release, triumph; these describe my state. I see nothing in the past but mercy and ingratitude, nothing in the future but thanksgiving and eternal reunion. The waters of Marah are already sweet on my lips.

Tenderly has the Lord dealt with his handmaid, though in her great weakness she perceived it not. Had he spared the child in whom I trusted to this hour, how would my divided heart have clung to earth? With what tears, and doubts, and bitter anguish should I have left him to battle alone with the temptations of life? Now, consoling thought, *he is safe!* No ravening wolf shall enter the Heavenly fold to pluck him from the arms of the Almighty Shepherd. Very soon—it may be to-night, or to-morrow—I shall embrace my child on the eternal shore. I know not by what token we shall recognize each the other, but I feel no anxiety. The golden links that have been

brightening through so many years of separation, will not be sundered now. My son, once a weak nursing in my arms, is now an angel bright and strong, but I feel that by some mysterious lore unknown on earth, but taught in heaven, he will know his mother from all the throng of waiting spirits. He who caught his first lisping accents from me, shall be my guide and teacher then, and with that other lost one, earlier sainted, shall lead me before the throne.

PARENTAL DUTY.

THE father who plunges into business so deeply that he has no leisure for domestic duties and pleasures, and whose only intercourse with his children consists in a brief word of authority, or a surly lamentation over their intolerable expensiveness, is equally to be pitied and to be blamed. What right has he to devote to other pursuits the time which God has allotted to his children? Nor is it any excuse to say that he can not support his family in their present style of living without this effort. I ask, by what right can his family demand to live in a manner which requires him to neglect his most solemn and important duties? Nor is it an excuse to say that he wishes to leave them a competence. Is he under obligation to leave them that competence which *he* desires? Is it an advantage to them to be relieved from the necessity of labor? Besides, is money the only desirable bequest that a father can leave to his children? Surely well-cultivated intellects, hearts sensible to domestic affection, the love of parents and brethren, and sisters; a taste for home pleasures; habits of order, regularity, and industry; a hatred of vice and vicious men; and a lively sensibility to the excellence of virtue, are as valuable a legacy as an inheritance of property; simple property, purchased by the loss of every habit which could render that property a blessing.— *Wayland.*

HOME.

BY REV. L. LOVEWELL.

We sing of "Sweet Home," we speak with emotion

Of scenes that were passed in our childhood's career,
And kindles the soul with unwonted devotion,

As crowd on the mind such remembrances dear:

The "well" with its "bucket," the "chair" of our mother,

The "Bible," the "glasses" that aided her sight,

The dolls of a sister, the toys of a brother,
In fond recollection all seem to unite.

Such then is home, whose every impression

With vigor immortal the mind will retain;

The scenes there enacted, each look and expression

Are brighten'd by Time, while they ever remain!

Events far more recent have claimed our attention,

Employ'd for a moment the empire of thought,

They pass'd, and no trace of their busy intention

Returns to the mind when their purpose is sought!

Home's influence then, in vain would we measure

The field for rich harvests that broadly expand!

Its value compute by contrasting the treasure—

The gold which earth's rivers have wash'd from their sands!

'Tis Life's own support, the grand inspiration

That pleasure or woe to the future imparts,

For know that thus early is laid the foundation

For Happiness self, or the breaking of hearts!

Then pause, ye fond parents! whose hearts ever beating

With fondest desires for the children you love,

Tho' precious the moment, as Time it is fleeting,

Make home even *now* such as God can approve.

And never in vain such effort is given,

For earth will rejoice while the struggle is made,

And all unimpaired in the fulness of Heaven,
The fruit of that influence be fully displayed!

KENSINGTON, MICH., May, 1857.

THE DESERTS OF AFRICA.

THE northern coast of Africa has long been known to the civilized world, and once formed no unimportant part of its political and social system. But though Egypt took the lead in science, and Carthage in commercial enterprise, yet the progress of civilization does not appear to have extended at any time beyond the tracts of land immediately bordering on the Nile and the Mediterranean. A few days' journey into the interior placed the traveler on apparently endless plains of shifting sand; a boundary which arrested the victorious career of Cambyse and Alexander, and which has, in all subsequent ages, baffled every attempt at colonization and improvement. Till within the last few years, the immense region which extends from the fertile shores of the Mediterranean to the country called Soudan, or Nigritia, has been left a blank or dotted space on our maps, marked in large letters "Sahara, or the Great Desert;" as though nature, departing from her usual diversity of operations, had here adopted the rule of monotony and uniformity, and had spread in every direction a sheet of burning sand. The imagination of poets has availed itself of the silence of geographers, and represented this as a region without a blade of grass, and traversed by no living thing, except wild beasts of prey, and here and there a tribe of savages, ignorant of the primary wants of individual life which attach man to the soil, as well as of the first elements of social existence which unite him to his fellow-men.

Travelers from England have from time to time ventured into the mysterious abyss; and the few who have returned to tell what they saw, have furnished some interesting particulars concerning the route they pursued, and the people they encountered. Their aim, however, was rather to get through the Desert than to become acquainted with it, the great object of curiosity being the Negro country which lies

beyond. But since the French assumed the sovereignty of Algeria in 1830, they have felt, like all preceding conquerors of this territory, the impossibility of colonizing and civilizing it, without exercising a corresponding influence on the adjoining desert; and thus the Sahara itself has become an object of deep attention. They have labored assiduously to understand its resources, the social condition of its tribes, and the relation which subsists between them and the inhabitants of the surrounding countries. It must be added, that they have made attempts as futile as unwarrantable, to compel the Saharians to receive law and civilization at their hands. Their utmost success in this respect has been, to obtain a scanty tribute from some of the Oases; to plunder and devastate others whose inhabitants fled before them; and to drive the streams of commerce from their own province to the neighboring states of Morocco and Tripoli. Meanwhile, a vast body of information has been collected, chiefly with reference to the northern and western parts of Sahara; while Mr. Richardson, who penetrated the Desert farther toward the east in the year 1846, has made us acquainted with a portion which the French could only know by hearsay. Recent discoveries in Central Africa have thrown new interests around the deserts which form its northern boundary; and the more so, as it is the present opinion that the most eligible route to Nigritia is across the wastes of Sahara from the Mediterranean shores, rather than through the pestilential forests and savage population which are found between the Senegal and the Niger.

The desert region which we propose now to describe is bounded on the north by the states of Barbary, on the west by the Atlantic ocean, on the south by Soudan, or Nigritia, and the river Senegal, and on the east by Egypt and Nubia. Adopting the ancient classical figure, we should call this vast expanse an ocean, dividing the continent of the black race from the abodes of white.

men; as such, it is traversed by powerful fleets, infested with daring freebooters, and studded here and there with single islands or numerous archipelagoes. It is difficult to assign its precise limits to the north, on account of the interruptions to which it is subject in that direction. It has been usual to consider the Great Sahara as reaching from about the sixteenth to the twenty-ninth parallels, and to call by various names — as the Little Desert, the Desert of Anghad, the Desert of Shott, etc., those gulfs of the sandy ocean which project farther north; while the region of numerous oases, which form the northern skirting of the Sahara, have been denominated Beled-el-Jerid, or the Date-Country.

The French have taken great pains to distinguish the last named region, with its numerous, intelligent, and industrious population, from what they call the Central Desert, or Falat. Nay, they have made up their minds that, in consequence of its commercial dependence on the Tell for some of the first necessaries of life, it can not possibly exist under a separate *regime*. In the maps, therefore, which were published by order of the government in 1844, Algeria is made to comprise the whole tract of country southward to the thirty-second degree of north latitude in the west, and about the thirty-fourth degree at the eastern extremity. At the same time, these geographers have been considerate enough to suppose that their neighbors would like a slice as well as themselves; and they have allotted to the other Barbary states respectively all the oases which lie scattered on their southern frontiers. Thus have the Little desert and Date-Country completely disappeared; having become the *Sahara Marocain*, *Sahara Algerien*, and *Sahara Tunisien*. The partition and appropriation have been made prospectively on paper, than which nothing is more easy — our friends in France having never, in all probability, seen the recipe of our shrewd countrywoman, Mag Doda, commencing with "First catch the hare."

It is certainly convenient to have a general name for these comparatively fertile portions of the Desert. The term Date-Country is in many respects ineligible, as it conveys the idea of great fertility; and by no means suggests the fact that it is, as a whole, a desert region, absolutely barren and uninhabitable in many places, though abounding toward the east in the fertile spots called oases, which are generally, but not universally, congenial to the date. The fact is, that this fruit attains its greatest perfection in some of those verdant spots which are found in the very heart of the Central Desert; and were it only on this ground, the appellation Date-Country is unsuitable for distinguishing the regions of numerous oases in the north from the more thinly-sown portions in the center. We may therefore so far adopt the French nomenclature, as to call this interesting, and now pretty well-known country, "the Northern Sahara," in contradistinction to the Central, which it might confuse the English reader to denominate the Falat, as the term Sahara is retained in our best maps.

The inhabitants of the Desert know no other division of their country than that of tribes and oases — the very names of which were long unknown in Europe, but are now to some extent ascertained and defined. Instead, however, of burdening the reader's memory with a large number of names which he might find in no map within his reach, and perhaps might never again meet in the course of his reading, we shall merely point out the oases which are most important from their external relations, and which we may have occasion afterward to mention.

Beginning from the west, and proceeding along the northern border, the first fertile spots to be noted are El-Harib, important as a resting-place on the direct route from the city of Morocco to Timbuctoo; and Taflet, the capital of the Shereef tribe, and the center of an extensive commerce with the negro country, the interior of Morocco, and the East. Taflet is not a

single oasis, but a cluster; for fertile spots are both few and small west of the second degree of east longitude, owing, it is believed, to the circumstance that the wind blows from the east nine months in the year, rushing into a hurricane at certain seasons, and that, in the course of time, it has accumulated the sand toward the west. In the Algerian Sahara, the most southern oases are El-Abied-Sidi-Sheik, Wad-Miah, Wad-Reklah, Wad-Reer, and Wad-Soo, forming a chain of fertile spots, south of which all is sterility, and not even a village is to be seen during several days' journey. The fertile belt which stretches along the shores of the Mediterranean, and by the natives called the Tell, is from fifty to one hundred and twenty miles broad in the province of Algiers, but it becomes a very narrow strip in the regency of Tripoli; and an English traveler remarks here, that the distinction between Great and Little Deserts is quite fictitious: it is all Sahara, and the sands reach the very walls of Tripoli. Two great oases, or rather archipelagoes, facilitate the intercourse between the above named points and the interior of Africa; they are Fezzan, of which the capital is Mourzouk, and Twat, whose chief towns are Aït-salah, Agabli, and Timimoom. The space, however, between these and the nearest of the northern oases is very formidable, and would be almost impassable if nature had not placed two resting-places on the two principal routes. El-Golea lies between Algeria and Twat; Ghadamis between Tunis and Fezzan. Timbuctoo and Kashna are the great marts in the negro country with which commercial relations are maintained in a manner we shall hereafter describe.

The eastern part of the Desert, sometimes distinguished as the Libyan, offers no points of similar interest, except Bilaa, the chief town, famous for its immense salt beds, whence large quantities are annually exported to Nigritia. But we must not overlook the line of oases which is found running north and

south near the extreme eastern limit of these dreary wastes. Here are Darfoor, Selimeh, the Great and Little Oases of Thebes, the natron lakes, and the Baha-bela-ma, or dry river. The Great Oasis is one hundred and twenty miles long and four or five broad; the lesser, separated from it by forty miles of desert, is similar in form. In the Valley of Nitrium is another beautiful spot, which was a favorite retreat of Christian monks in the second century. Here remain four out of three hundred and sixty convents, and from them some valuable manuscripts of ancient date have recently been obtained. Another oasis in this direction contains splendid ruins, supposed to be those of the famous temple of Jupiter Ammon.

Returning from the ancient to the modern, from the poetical to the useful, we remark that the route almost directly south from Ghadamis to Kashna has, since the adventures of Lyons, Richardson, and others, become pretty well known, and is ascertained to be a line of great commercial activity, and abounding with towns and villages. Of the former, Ghat is celebrated as a market or fair, and Agades as the capital of the Targhee tribes in this district. Aheer is another important town, as it is on the way from Morocco (by Twat,) to Kashna; and also as it maintains commerce with Bilna, Ghat, and Mourzouk. We know little of the tracts which lie west of Aheer, but on the line from Twat to Timbuctoo we find Mabrook, thrice welcome to the traveler who has met with no water for ten days before reaching it. Tishet, Touden, and Wadan are generally marked on modern maps on account of their salt beds, which form a valuable article of commerce.

The knowledge which we possess of the physical structure of the Desert is still very incomplete. We may, however, add some general views of the nature and aspect of its surface, and notice some of its most remarkable features. If we begin our examination with the western portion, a journey along the coast offers nothing but low

sandy tracts, broken here and there by rocky headlands, neither bold nor lofty; the land is not perceived at sea beyond a very short distance, which is doubtless the principal reason of the numerous shipwrecks that have occurred on this inhospitable shore. Leaving the coast, the shifting sand extends but a few days' journey at most, and we arrive at a somewhat elevated plain, which appears very extensive. It is close, uniform, stony, and arid in the extreme, but here and there interrupted by a hollow or large ravine, one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet deep, whose steep sides afford occasional springs of water. That part of the Desert which lies between El-Harib and Timbuctoo is extremely arid, and destitute of wells, indicating that in this space there must be some point of culmination, or a line of rising ground to separate the waters, for we find much sand on the route of Caillie; and it is well known that sand and springs abound chiefly in low grounds, and that it is especially near the lines that divide the waters that there appear few inducements to bore. A similar swelling has been remarked between Twat and Timbuctoo. On leaving Agabli, the most southern point of the former, the route lies over sand for a few days, and then occurs a trace of stiff red earth, and the utter absence of water for eight or ten days. This does not extend far to the west, for in that direction it is bounded by a sandy waste.

The central part of the Desert seems to be considerably more mountainous than the eastern or western portions of it. Between Algiers and Twat is an uninhabitable desert of sand without water, separated by a hilly district from another similarly dreary waste between Algeria and Ghadamia. The country which lies between Twat and Ghat is all hilly, but its particular topography is quite unknown, on account of the deadly enmity which we shall afterward have occasion to notice as existing between the populations whose territories it separates, and which renders its exploration perilous in the ex-

trême. The Targhee country abounds in hills and stony plains. Mr. Richardson describes himself as traveling six days southward from Ghadamia without meeting fifty yards of sand; the route lay over hard-baked earth and huge blocks of stone, but chiefly beds of very small pebbles. Afterward he met sand in abundance, masses of it quite loose and four hundred feet high. Toward Ghat it was heap upon heap, pile upon pile, every succeeding feature of the landscape appearing more hideous than the former, and the whole presenting "a mass of blank existence, having no apparent object but to terrify the hapless traveler, who, with his faithful camel, pursues his way through the waste." The country about Ghat is intersected in every direction with dark gloomy mountains. Here, it is said, that spirits of the air live in harmonious alliance with the tribes of the Desert, in consequence of a kind of Magna Charta, a treaty offensive and defensive, made between them ages ago. The *jenoum* (demons or *genii*), who had chosen to build their palaces in these mountains, offered their friendship and protection to the sons of men, on condition of being allowed to remain unmolested, promising especially to endue their human allies with vision and tact, during the hours of darkness, to surprise and overcome their enemies. And the Targhee fathers alone of mortals vowed them eternal and inviolable friendship on these conditions, swearing that they never would employ Marabout, holy Koran, or any other means, to dislodge them from the black turret-shaped hills. The treaty has never been violated; the demons dwell unmolested in their lofty castles; and many an unfortunate traveler or hapless negro family witnesses the fearful efficacy of the powers which they have conferred upon the *Touarik*. Standing out conspicuously among the private dwellings of the demons is an immense rock; this is their council-hall; and here, from thousands of miles round, do the spirits of the air meet to deliberate on the affairs of their social

polity. Here, too, are their public treasures — caverns full of gold, silver, and diamonds — all, we presume, of a spiritual nature, like their possessions, or we doubt if they would remain invisible. Nor must we omit to mention a rocking or logging-stone, about fifty feet high. It was the spot on which a wealthy Marabout of great sanctity met a violent death. The murderer, seized with remorse for his deed of blood, entreated the genii to cover up the body from sight, as he had not courage himself to bury it. They listened to his prayer, and detached this piece of rock from their great palace to form a sepulchral stone; and here it has rested, occasionally rocking, say the people, to this day. The murderer then begged that the genii would accept some of the spoil in token of his gratitude; but they refused to touch the blood-stained gold, and pelted the wretch to death.

The topography of Fezzan presents a mixture of mountains and plains; and the soil is sterile enough except in the oases, which are said to be about one hundred in number. The most remarkable feature of this part of Sahara is the chain which separates it from Tripoli, and which runs from east-south-east to west-north-west, like the coast from Benghazi to Khaba. The whole country south of Fezzan consists likewise of hills and stony plains, sandy tracts being met with only here and there. A long range of black balsatic mountains forms the western boundary of the Tiboo country or Libyan Desert, where the continent shelves down toward the Mediterranean in a series of sandy or gravelly terraces, divided by low rocky ridges. This shelving country is cut transversely by the deep furrow in which is the long line of oases to which we have adverted as of ancient classical celebrity. A hideous flinty plain, several days' journey across, lies between it and the parallel valley of the Nile, which forms the eastern boundary of the great Deserts of Africa.

It appears thus, that insulated hills, or groups of them, generally of naked

sandstone, or granite are by no means uncommon throughout the Sahara, where they appear like islands in the vast expanse. The stony plains also are somewhat elevated, as are those of stiff clay; the sandy tracts lie lower; and deeper still are the ravines and basins which constitute the most peculiar and interesting feature of the Saharian landscape. The Desert boasts of no permanent river; but the winter rains give rise to temporary streams, which fill these hollows, and then sink to some unknown depth in the sand, or evaporate in the scorching heat of the summer sun. *Ouad* or *Wady* is the term used to designate the channels of these temporary streams, which sometimes acquire, on account of the rapidity of their fall, a velocity which uproots trees and spreads desolation everywhere in its course. This is especially the case in the northern oases. At that of Mزاب, for instance, when the sky darkens toward the north, a number of horsemen set out in that direction, and station themselves at regular distances on the highest points of land. If the torrent appears, the farthest of them fires a gun; the telegraphic signal is repeated from post to post, and reaches the town in a few minutes. The inhabitants run immediately to the gardens, to awake the men who may be sleeping there, and in haste they carry away every object of value that might become the prey of the devastating flood. Presently a dreadful noise announces the irruption of the torrent; the soil of the gardens disappears beneath the water; and the Saharian city seems transported, as if by magic, to the banks of a broad and rapid river, whence arise, like little isles of verdure, innumerable heads of palm-trees — an ephemeral ornament, which disappears in a few days.

Some of the basins are very extensive, and contain beds of salt considerable enough to be worked: such are the famous Trazza, Toudani, and Tishet. In latitude about thirty-four degrees north, and nearly on the meridian of London, are two large basins, called Shott, situated in a frightful desert, and divided

from each other by an isthmus from twenty-five to thirty miles broad. They present a very singular formation, which would open an interesting field of geological inquiry. The eastern basin is about one hundred and twenty miles long, and the western about eighty-five, the mean breadth of each being about six miles. These basins exhibit a fall of the earth from thirty-five to sixty feet deep, nearly vertical, and so perfectly clean and smooth that they appear as if wrought out with a chisel. Dr. Jacquot, who examined them minutely in 1847, asserts that they could not have been produced by any gradual action of water; that they are evidently *cratères de soulèvement*, and bear the appearance of having been torn open by the convulsion which upheaved the Atlas, their greater axis being parallel to that chain, like most of the accidents of the Northern Sahara. Several pluvial streams flow into these basins, and various small plants are found in them; but they become perfectly dry in summer. The local tradition of the origin of the Shott is, that at a remote period of antiquity, the Saharans, jealous of the fine sheet of water which forms the boundary of the Tell, resolved to have a sea of their own. With immense labor they excavated the two basins, and then the question was how to get them filled. A numerous caravan was equipped for the shores of the Mediterranean, with skins to bring water for their artificial sea. Allah, incensed at their presumptuous enterprise, destroyed them all by the way, and let loose a fearful tempest on the splendid city which they had built for a port on the sea which they contemplated. The ravages of time have effaced the last vestiges of the unfortunate city; but the basins of the Shott, long, dreary, sterile craters, remain a witness of the power of God and the vanity of man. If this explanation of the origin of the Shott affords little satisfaction to the geologist, it is fraught with interest to the lover of Scripture truth, who finds here, as in almost every country under heaven, a traditionary record, however

imperfect, of the events which took place at Babel.

Many of the depressions of the Sahara, whether in the forms of wadis or basins, enjoy a constant supply of water by means of natural or artificial wells, and have consequently been planted and inhabited: these are the oases of the Desert; not to the eye of the geologist like islands which rise above the surrounding expanse, but hollows affording to animal and vegetable life not only the vivifying moisture, but no less needful shelter from the storms of the Desert. These verdant spots, which are often hundreds of miles apart, present considerable encouragement to the labors of the husbandman, and are in general most favorable to the cultivation of the date-palm and other fruit trees. Onions, with various herbs and vegetables, also find a congenial soil; but grain does not appear to yield abundant crops. The wide wastes abroad furnish for the most part a scanty supply of coarse grass and small shrubs, serving as pasturage for the cattle of many a nomade tribe; but there are also extensive tracts where not a morsel of verdure is to be seen. Nothing can exceed the desolation of these regions: where there is no vegetable there can of course be no animal life; day after day the traveler wends his way without seeing bird, beast, or insect; no sound, no stir breaks the dreadful silence; the dry heated air is like the breath of a furnace, and the setting sun like a volcanic fire. The desert plains that are most exposed to storms present an equally terrific scene, but somewhat different; the sand is blown into clouds that fill the atmosphere, darken the sun at noonday, and almost suffocate the traveler. Now the whirlwinds form it into columns; and one of the most magnificent and appalling sights in nature is presented. "In the vast expanse of desert," says Bruce, "we saw toward the north a number of prodigious pillars of sand at various distances, sometimes moving with great velocity, sometimes stalking on with majestic slowness. At intervals we thought they

were coming in a very few minutes to overwhelm us, and small quantities of sand did actually reach us more than once: again they would retreat so as to be almost out of sight, their tops reaching to the very clouds; then the summits often separated from the bodies, and these once disjoined, dispersed in air, and did not appear more; sometimes they were broken in the middle, as if struck by large cannon-shot. At noon they began to advance with considerable swiftness upon us, the wind being very strong at north. Eleven ranged alongside of us about the distance of three miles; the greatest diameter of the largest appeared to me as if it would measure ten feet. They retired from us with a wind at south-east, leaving an impression on my mind to which I can give no name, though surely one ingredient in it was fear, with a considerable deal of wonder and astonishment. It was in vain to think of fleeing; the swiftest horse could be of no use to carry us out of the danger, and the full conviction of this riveted me to the spot." Another traveler had an opportunity of seeing one of these pillars crossing the river Gambia from the Great Desert. "It passed," he says, "within eighteen or twenty fathoms of the stern of the vessel, and seemed to be about two hundred and fifty feet in height; its heat was sensibly felt at the distance of one hundred feet, and it left a strong smell, more like that of saltpetre than sulphur, which remained a long time."

Dunes or sandhills form a prominent and remarkable feature of the Saharian landscape. They are rounded elevations, smooth as the cupola of polished marble, sterile as the rock of naked granite, and of so uniform a color that they never appear to blend or confuse with surrounding objects. During the day, they wear the somber hue of a landscape at sunset; but by the moonlight one would think them phosphorescent, from the brightness of the light sparkling in the bosom of the shadows. In some situations, the sandhills seem to be at the mercy of the wind, travel-

ing at its bidding, and settling here or there to rise and wander forth again. Others seem to have found a permanent resting-place; and this is generally, if not always, in the shelter of a mountain-chain. Yet strange to say, the sands are not, in such a case, heaped against the mountain sides, nor yet gathered into the hollows; they form a distinct, secondary chain of themselves, corresponding in form and direction with the primary, and separated from it by a broad valley, which is covered here with pebbles, there with sand; now with herbage, and again with barrenness itself.

The camel, the sheep, and the goat, are the domestic animals of the Sahara; few wild ones of any kind are to be found in the open Desert. When the natives are asked about the lions which the learned of Europe have given them for companions, they answer with imperturbable gravity, that "perhaps in Christian countries there are lions which browse on herbage and drink the air, but in Africa they require running water and living flesh; consequently they never appear in the Sahara." The wooded mountains are infested with them, but they have no inducement to descend into the sandy plains. The only formidable creatures are of the viper and scorpion kinds. Few else except timid and inoffensive species are natural guests here: the principal are the gazelle, the ostrich, the antelope, and the wild ass; but even these seem to venture little beyond the skirts of the Desert, except in the neighborhood of mountains. The chameleon is common in the gardens of the central oases, where it is allowed to roam unmolested, being rather a favorite than otherwise. It is described as a most unsightly creature, changing its color continually, but never exhibiting a handsome one. Its hues are dunish red or yellow, and sometimes a blackish brown; it is often varied with spots or stripes, but frequently without either. The construction of the eyes is remarkable; they seem to turn on a swivel, and are directed every way in a moment.

The Saharian traveler has frequent occasion to admire the facility with which the camel turns his head and neck completely round, and looks north, south, east, and west, without pausing, or even slackening its pace for an instant; but he ceases to wonder if he has ever observed the rapidity of the chameleon's eye.

Another singular creature is the throb, (perhaps *Monitor pulchra*,) a large species of lizard not unlike a miniature alligator. It is sometimes twenty inches long, and ten round the thickest part of the body. It is covered with scaly mail, shining, and of a dark-gray color, and has a tail four inches long, composed of a series of broad, thick, and sharp bones. The head is large and tortoise-shaped, the mouth small. It has four feet or rather hands, on which it runs awkwardly enough, owing apparently to its bulky tail. It hides in the dry sandy holes of the Desert, and the Arabs say that a single drop of water kills it. The traveler is glad to make a meal of the throb; and, prejudice apart, it is palatable food, not unlike the kid of the goat.

Nor must we omit to mention the ourdel, or waden, an animal described as between the goat and bullock in appearance. It is hunted in the sands of the Central Desert, and its flavor is said to resemble that of coarse venison. Three or four of these animals were sent to the Royal Zoological Garden of London a few years ago.

The geology of the Desert is still involved in much obscurity. Humboldt proposes the question: "Has this once been a region of arable land whose soil and plants have been swept away by some extraordinary revolution? Or is the reason of its nakedness that the germs of vegetable life have not yet been fully and generally developed?" The most recent opinion seems to be, that the latter is the true state of the case; that this expanse of desert has risen from the bosom of the ocean at a very recent period, subsequent even to the throes which gave birth to the regions of the Atlas and Soudan. The

present aspect of its surface is exactly that which it must have had while as yet submarine. The rocks hid beneath the ocean, and continually swept by its waters, must tend to become even; the loose materials of the mountains being detached and precipitated into the hollows till the culminating points present only masses of smooth and solid rock. Travelers have remarked this feature of the desert mountains as contrasted with those of Morocco: the latter exhibit wooded craggy heights, bared by winds, bitten by frosts, and hoary with age, though they are considered to have appeared after the formation of the tertiary strata — that is, while the crust of the earth was in its present state of development; but the hills of the Sahara are quite naked, dull, and dead, smooth as velvet, and exhibiting a black or purple hue of painful uniformity. This is Mr. Richardson's report of those he met in his route south from Tripoli; and he mentions what is yet more important, their disposition north and south, which, if a general rule of distribution, would go far to decide that they were not coeval with the Atlas range. The immense quantities of sea-shells found not only in the limestone-rocks, but in the sandy and pebbly plains, and the salt which prevails everywhere, seem to favor the view that the sea has, till very lately, covered the whole of the space now under consideration. Diodorus Siculus mentions a lake of Hesperides in the interior of Africa, which, according to ancient tradition, was suddenly dried up by a fearful convulsion of the earth; and Malte Brun conjectures that this lake could be no other than that which once covered the Sahara. If we were to accept this hypothesis, we could at once find the long lost isle of Atlantis, without supposing the submergence of a country whose summits only remain in the Canaries and Azores. The region of the Atlas Mountains, including the fertile shores of the Mediterranean, still wear the appearance of a great island, washed on the south by the Sahara-belama, (sea without water,)

whose sands reach from the ocean to the Gulf of Syrtis. If, however, the Atlantides of Plato must be placed in the Atlantic, and beyond the Pillars of Hercules, might not such a convulsion as submerged this country have been sufficient to upheave the Sahara?

HOUSEHOLD DUTIES OF HOUSEWIVES.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT.

IN Greece, during its most free and enlightened age, the women belonging to the common classes worked in the fields and on roads, as they now do in Italy, Hungary, Bohemia, Venetian Lombardy, Styria, and the Danubian Principalities; while the men played soldier, as they now do in these countries. But in Greece, as in the dependencies of Eastern Europe at present, there was an elegant class, composed chiefly of officers in the church and of the state, of philosophers and men of wealth; and the wives which belonged to this class had duties assigned them similar to those imposed by the laws of the Jews.

Dr. Edersham, in his History of the Jewish Nation, says: "The wife was 'to grind the meal, to bake, to wash, to cook, to nurse her children, to make her husband's bed, and to work in wool.' These regulations were modified if she were wealthy. If she had brought with her one slave, she was not required to grind the meal, to bake, or to wash; if two slaves, she was also freed from cooking, and nursing her children; if three, she was not required to make the bed or work in wool; if four slaves, it is added she might sit in her chair. However, this indulgence was limited, and under all circumstances, the wife was expected, at least, to work in wool. If, by a rash vow, a husband had forsworn himself not to allow his wife to work, he was bound immediately to divorce her, as it was thought that idleness induced insanity."

Among the ancients, the most ele-

gant women worked at weaving and embroidery, as they do now in some parts of Italy. At present, almost every lady in Genoa knows how to weave silks, velvet, how to treat silk-worms, and how to embroider. Many ladies in France understand these arts, as well as lace-weaving. In Switzerland, many of them understand watch-making, painting, and the manufacture of toys. In all the countries of Europe, the lady of the house supervises the domestic expenses. Especially is this the case with the wives of merchants and artisans, who not unfrequently assume the responsibility of keeping the house, and defraying all the household expenses, for a stipulated sum agreed upon by and between the husband and wife, and graduated according to their income; and the sum is increased or reduced from year to year, according as they are blessed with prosperity or suffer pecuniary reverses. And, as the merchant of the present day is absolutely higher, in respect of the wealth and powers of the world, than were those of Venice under the republic, or the merchant-bankers in Holland when she held the reins of the commerce of the world, so should their wives now realize their responsibility for setting the examples of industry, economy, and intellectual cultivation, which have, in such an eminent degree, contributed to the elevated position now enjoyed by their husbands — the enjoyment of a power and influence which enables them to divide the world into avenues of commerce, as the horticulturalist does his garden, by *parterres* and gravel-walks. For the past few years we have heard more about "woman's rights" and the "oppressed sex," than we have of domestic economy; and while we hold up both hands for woman's equal rights, both socially and pecuniary, it does not blind us to the growing fault of the day, to a portentous fault in our cities, which require immediate reform. Since the "woman's rights" movement first began, domestic servants have steadily increased in power, ignorance, and

impudence; so that a good-natured and competent maidservant is more rare than the imperial equipages. The fault must be great, to produce so grave a misfortune as the inhabitants of cities now labor under, in the matter of domestic economy; and we fear that the housewife is not altogether free from blame in the premises.

How were maidservants ever taught their business? That is the main question. It is not one of the things that come by nature. The child who is to be the future cook or housemaid passes her early years in one or two rooms, where the whole family sleep within hearing, probably within sight of one another, and where the potatoes are kept under the bed. On the shelf, or in the cupboard, the candles and the butter, and the tea and the cheese, and the Bible, and the money, and the bread, are all shut up together. There is hardly a knife and fork apiece, and a dish or two must serve all purposes. In one such house the dinner is always of potatoes; in another it is always hard dumpling; in another it is always "pasty"—the most abominable thing ever put into a human stomach. If there is ever a better dinner, it is meat and potatoes cooked at the baker's, or a costly plate of ham from the shop. The child's frock is her only one, and it is worn on all occasions while it will hold together. The same with her bonnet and shoes.

Now, how is a child from such a home to become a servant? Somebody must teach her. If she has the good fortune to go to school, she will learn to have a clean face and tidy hair, and possibly to make a point of having two frocks and two pair of shoes. She will learn something of method and order, and her general intelligence may be quickened and enlarged. So far so good; but it is a small preparation with which to enter on service. And then recurs the question, who is to teach her? Who did teach the girls in the days of our grandmothers? Why, our grandmothers themselves, unless they were great

enough to have housekeepers, to whom the business was then deputed. And who does it now?—for there must be somebody. We imagine that the training is given in part by the housewives who keep one servant, but much more by servants to whom the training of young helpers is most improperly turned over by those who ought to do it. What chance has the girl in such a case as that of being ruled and educated by a servant who is (more likely than not,) herself ignorant, and not at all qualified for the use of power? In no relation is good sense, a reasonable and amiable temper, unflagging diligence, and inexhaustible good-will more necessary than in the trainer of a young girl to service. It is no light business, presently dispatched. It is heavy work, and, for a time, there seems no end to it. The girl does not know the use of half the implements she sees, does not know where to put them, or how to take care of them. Every thing is different from all her notions; she feels solitary, and ashamed, and bewildered; forgets almost every thing she is told; creeps to bed to cry herself to sleep, and is thoroughly stupid next day; or, which is more common, suddenly becomes so a week or a month after, according to the tension she can sustain. If sent away upon this, she is probably ruined for service; and if not sent away, what an affliction it is upon the mistress! Every order forgotten—every undertaking spoiled—every implement put to a wrong use—vulgar habits appearing in the parlor—fear or grief showing itself in the kitchen—many a doubt every day whether this will do, after all; and when all is right and promising, and teacher has reason to reckon on good service, some neighbor intermeddling to unsettle the pupil, with flattering speeches, and news of higher wages to be got elsewhere. Is this a discouraging prospect? It can't be helped; for it is the fact of the case where servants are really trained to their business.

The truth is, that the few good

trainers are ill used. Others profit by their labors; and the proper remedy is to increase the number of housewives who will undertake this truly womanly duty. There ought to be no difficulty about it. If young ladies are sent to boarding-schools so early and so long as to grow up ignorant of housewifely employments, there is just so much wrong done to their natures. Every little girl whose nature has free play, likes to have the charge of the keys when mamma is ill, and to go to the apple closet, and make a cake for tea, and pastry for dinner. The laundry is a pleasant place for little girls; and so is the market, with its poultry, and vegetables, and dairy produce, and flowers. Girls hate to feel at a loss about household business; they are proud and pleased to feel competent to its direction; and it is a business which can not be directed without a practical knowledge of it. The mischief is, that between the silly cowardice of parents, who will not let a girl put her hand to any thing real, or speak to the servants, and the low, false refinement of a good many husbands of our day, who require their wives to sit finely dressed in the drawing-room, scenting their flimsy pocket-handkerchiefs, and doing nothing, under the pretense of elegant employments—it is less easy than it should be for young ladies to emulate the household virtues of their grandmothers. It is hard to say what they could do better than train candidates for domestic service, or how their time could be better employed than in smoothing the path and sweetening the atmosphere of daily life for the domestic group who depend on them for so much of comfort.

Household occupations are in themselves an intellectual and moral exercise of no small strength, and they leave plenty of time for books and the arts. But if the old source of supply of good service is not to be restored by the return of young ladies to the duty of training domestics, some substitute must be found; for a condition of chronic discontent between parlor and

kitchen can not be permitted to go on without some attempt at a remedy. Industrial schools, if sufficiently multiplied, might do something; training schools for service, analogous to those for training school-teachers, might do more; but no scheme, or combination of schemes, can ever supply the defect of that personal care, instruction, and rule, which it was once considered the first duty of the mistress to exercise. Improvements in the mechanical arts may alter the nature of the work to be done; family prayers may keep up the profession of a Christian relation between the different orders of the family; but the obligation to see that all who dwell under one roof discharge their mutual offices with a single heart, and to the best of their ability, as far as instruction, authority, and a wise tenderness can do it, is one from which no change of social modes and incidents can absolve the heads of families.

FORGIVENESS.

"I'LL never forgive him—never!"
"Never is a hard word, John," said the sweet-faced wife of John Locke, as she looked up a moment from her sewing.

"He is a mean, dastardly coward, and upon this Holy Bible, I—"

"Stop—husband! John! remember he is my brother, and by the love you bear me forbear to curse him. He has done you wrong, I allow; but oh, John! he is very young and very sorry. The momentary shame you felt yesterday will hardly be wept out with a curse. It will only injure yourself, John; oh! please do n't say any thing dreadful."

The sweet-faced woman prevailed. The curse that hung upon the lips of the angry man was not spoken, but he still said, "I will never forgive him—he has done me a deadly wrong."

The young man who has provoked this bitterness, humbled and repentant,

sought in vain for forgiveness from him, whom in a moment of passion, he had injured almost beyond reparation. John Locke steeled his heart against him.

* * * * *

In his little store sat the young village merchant one pleasant morning, contentedly reading the morning paper. A sound of hurried footsteps approached, but he took no notice until a hatless boy burst into the store, screaming at the top of his voice :

"Mr. Locke ! Johnnie is in the river, little Johnnie Locke."

To dash down the paper and spring for the street was the first impulse of the agonized father. On, on, like a maniac, he flew to the river pallid and crazed with anguish.

The first sight that met his eyes, was little Johnnie lying in the arms of his mother, who, with her hair hanging disheveled around her, bent wildly over her child. The boy was just saved ; he breathed, and, opening his eyes, smiled faintly in his mother's face, while she, with a choking voice, thanked God.

Another form laid insensible, stretched near the child. From his head the dark blood flowed from the ghastly wound. The man against whom John Locke had sworn eternal hatred, had, at the risk of his own life, been the savior of the child. He had struck a floating piece of driftwood, as he came to the surface with the boy, and death seemed inevitable. John Locke flung himself on the green sward, and bent over the senseless form.

"Save him !" he cried huskily, to the doctor who had been summoned : "restore him to consciousness, if it be only for one little moment ; I have something important to say to him."

"He is reviving," said the doctor.

The wounded man opened his eyes ; they met the anxious glance of his brother-in-law, and he trembled forth, "Do you forgive me ?"

"Yea, yes ! God is witness ; as I hope for mercy hereafter, I freely forgive you ; in turn, I ask your forgiveness for my unchristian conduct."

A feeble pressure of the hand, and a beaming smile was all his answer.

Many days the brave young man hung upon a slender thread of life, and never was more devoted friends than those who hovered over his sick bed. But a vigorous constitution triumphed, and pale and changed, he walked forth once more among the living.

"Oh ! if he had died with my unkindness clouding his soul, never should I have dared to hope for mercy from my Father in heaven," said John Locke to his wife, as they sat talking over the solemn event that had threatened their lives with a life-long trouble. "Never, now that I have tasted the sweetness of forgiveness, never again will I cherish revenge or unkindness toward the erring. For there is a new meaning to my soul, in the words of our daily prayer, and I see that I have only been calling judgments upon myself, while I have impiously asked, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.'"

A GOOD WIFE.

IN the eighty-fourth year of his age, Dr. Calvin Chapin wrote of his wife :

"My domestic enjoyments have been, perhaps, as near perfection as human condition permits. 'She made my home the pleasantest spot on earth to me.' And now she is gone, my worldly loss is perfect." How many a poor fellow would be saved from suicide, from the penitentiary and the gallows, every year, had he been blessed with such a wife ! "She made home the pleasantest spot on earth to me. What a grand tribute to that woman's love, and piety, and common sense ! Rather different from the testimony of an old man, some three years ago, just before he was hung in the Tombs' yard of New York : "I did n't intend to kill my wife, but she was a very aggravating woman." Let each inquire, "which wife am I ?"

THE TEN DOLLAR PIANO.

A BEAUTIFUL child of seven summers, with the golden light of youth streaming all over her bright curls, childhood's fresh luster in her dark eyes, June's reddest roses on her dimpled cheeks, came rushing up to me.

"Oh!" she cried, tossing the stray curls from her brow, "we've got the splndiest new piano over home, and mother wants you to come and try it. She says you shall play on it first."

Now, I am a child with children; my heart bounds, my pulses leap in unison with their sportive natures, when they are by. And when the locks are silvered on my temples, and my step grows slow upon the staircase, when the voices of my loved are only like remembered music — when my hand's grasp becomes tremulous like the loosening tendrils of the dying vine, still may the dear Lord grant to me the trusting tenderness of childhood: still may the feet of infancy patter around my knee, and its red lips breathe perfume on my withered cheek.

Away went ink and pen, and up bounded I to catch the hand of little Nellie, and off we ran, in at the beautiful mansion, into a room softly lighted, where Nellie's mother, who was an invalid, laid upon her accustomed couch; and up to the new piano to soothe the weary sick one with strains of music. The instrument was one after my own heart, rich-toned, full and melodious, and the soft strains answered liquidly to my touch. Now the sweet verse of Burns' "Highland Mary," and now the sweeter music of Tappan's, "There is an Hour of Peaceful Rest," occurred to my memory, and thus I played and sang till Nellie's father came. He was a handsome man, in the full vigor of manhood, and from him his little daughter inherited her golden-tinted hair and hazel eyes. He took a seat near his wife, and drew her thin hand into his, as he spoke to her. Then when I praised the new piano, he turned to me, laughingly, saying:

"Yes; and the best part of it is, it only cost me ten dollars."

I expressed my astonishment, and my look of wonder drew another laugh from him.

"Let me tell you the story," he said, drawing little Nellie toward him, and encircling her little form with his arm, while she looked with as much astonishment as myself, and he began:

"A few years ago I went to Chicago. I had been there but a few days, when, in one of my morning walks, I encountered a girl some twelve years old, a very intelligent bright-eyed child, whose face wore such a sorrowful expression, that I almost stopped to speak with her as she passed. The morning air was raw and chilly, the ground wet from a light fall of early snow, and I noticed that, as the wind blew her thin garments about her form, she shivered with the cold.

"As she went by, she half turned, and I had gone but a little way before I heard quick footsteps behind me, and stopping, the girl lifted her hand, as if to place it on my arm; drawing back, she said, 'Please, sir, if you could give me a little money to buy bread.' 'Are you hungry?' I asked. 'Yes, sir — real hungry!' and her lips quivered. 'Doesn't your father work, and bring home bread?' 'Father is sick,' she said, 'and mother sprained her arm; and my brother, who used to help us, was drowned not long ago.'

"Something in my heart, and in her face, told me that her story was true. I took her into a baker's shop, bade her hold out her tattered apron, and filled it with loaves. Then putting five dollars in the shopman's hand, I stipulated that the poor family was to have bread every morning till the money was used up. Then I slipped another five dollars into the girl's hand, and turned hastily from her tear-filled eyes.

"Well, ten dollars were gone, and I was by no means rich enough to spare it; but I felt as if, no doubt, the Lord would make it up, and at any rate, ten

dollars was cheap enough for the rare pleasure of giving to God's poor children.

"I went back to my hotel just as the gong sounded for breakfast, and took my seat with a hundred strangers. No sooner had I commenced eating than I felt a hand laid on my elbow, and looking up, there sat an old friend I had not met for fourteen years. When I last saw him, he was a young man just starting in the world, with little means and few friends.

" 'I have not grown rich,' he said, after the first surprise of recognition was over; 'but I am able to pay my debts. Do you remember one day, fourteen years ago, you lent me ten dollars in my extremity, and told me never to pay unless I was able? How I have tried to find your address many times since, but could not. Here is a ten dollar gold piece, and I am only sorry that I can not double it, for your kindness to me when I was in trouble. But come and see me on your way through Iowa, and my wife and children will thank you with me.'

"I was very much astonished and affected, for I had totally forgotten his obligation, but I could not refuse the just return. Truly, I thought, giving to the Lord does not impoverish even in worldly means, and I said to myself, I will see what this ten dollars will bring me. So, looking about, I made a little investment in the new land, and went on my way fully satisfied with myself and the world in general. Three weeks ago I had an offer of five hundred dollars for my wee bit of land; I accepted it; and, as my little wife and little Nellie have long been teasing me for a piano, I bought this for them."

"It seems like a dream," said I, gazing with a sort of reverence on the beautiful instrument; "you ought to commemorate the incident in some manner," I added.

"I have thought of inscribing on a small silver plate the words, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days;' but it does

not seem exactly appropriate to the case."

"Did you ever see the girl again, papa?" asked Nellie.

"No, my dear, but I have heard from her through a German missionary. She is a good scholar, and teaches school herself, now, in Chicago. She has become a handsome and refined young woman, and is educating her only brother younger than herself. I learned from him that my little gift put new life into the sinking heart of the poor, sick father, and the nourishment procured with some of the money gave strength to his weak frame. The father obtained employment, the little brother found work to do in an office, and the girl obtained the favorable notice of a celebrated pianist, who saw that she possessed musical gifts of a high order, so that by his cultivation she became enabled to support herself. So, you see, ten dollars made a whole family happy, grateful, and useful, and bought me this beautiful instrument."

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

WHILE passing along the streets of a beautiful village one day, I overtook a couple of little boys, and overheard the following conversation which passed between them with much apparent earnestness. Said one of them, the larger of the two:

"Well, . . . , have you decided to go with me this afternoon? Some other boys have promised to go, and we are sure to have a great time."

"No!" replied . . . , "I can't go."

"Why not?" inquired the first speaker.

"Because," said . . . , "it is *wrong*."

"What makes you think it is wrong?" asked the former.

"Well, I think it is not right, and my *mother* says it is *wrong*."

"You are forever telling what your *mother* says. Do you think *she* knows every thing? And do you always expect to do just as *she* says?" continued the questioner.

"I think," returned . . . , "that my mother knows what is right and wrong a great deal better than you or I do, and I do not mean to do any thing *she forbids*."

To this noble declaration the other boy exclaimed, "Well, I have no mother now, and as for my father, he don't trouble himself much about my affairs. He sometimes scolds me, when he catches me in a scrape."

At this stage of the conversation, having arrived at the corner of the streets, they separated; one, the larger, turning into a side street, down toward the canal; the other, who, I observed, had a book under his arm, continuing on up toward a school, while I passed on, reflecting upon the great difference in the condition and prospects of the two. One, under the care of an ever-watchful, affectionate, and wise mother, how almost certain is he, if spared, to grow up an intelligent, useful man. While the other, with no other parental encouragement or restraint than that of a cold, indifferent, and mistaken father, how almost as certain is he to become the companion of the dissolute and the depraved! And yet, how large a class there are in our villages and cities of whom it may be said this last mentioned boy is a fair representative in character. Oh, how do such need the constant watch, care, and influence of a faithful Christian mother! Not that I would, in these remarks, be regarded as a disparager of a father's just and firm influence and example. I would give each their proper value. But, oh! how early in life is a *mother's* influence felt, and how abiding and permanent its effects!

I doubt not but that, in my own case, I owe much more to the stern, unbending integrity, the strong sense, and the faithful discipline of my father, than I am accustomed to realize. But this seems something that I must remember, or upon which I am obliged to reason, in order to appreciate it. Whereas the sleepless, holy, unselfish love and consistent example of my sainted mother is ever a living, present

reality — a very sea in which I would delight to bathe my entire being, certain of becoming purer and better by every ablution. And so far are the soft breathings of her gentle voice from being lost in the distance, they seem to fall more and more distinctly and sweetly upon my ear, the farther time removes me from the days and scenes of my childhood, and the longer I listen to the discordant jarrings of man's selfishness and inhumanity. Sure am I, that if there is a man among all my fellows for whom I sorrow, it is he whose ear never listened to the voice, whose head never felt the soft hand, whose eye never witnessed the smile, and who was never blessed with the prayers of a kind Christian mother. And if there is a being whose cup is being filled to the very brim with sweetest memories, it is she who, however poor, obscure, and afflicted, is yet permitted to mold and train a bright, affectionate, obedient son. Her work is a noble and an enduring one. Her labor of love shall not be lost, nor her prayers go up in vain.— *Mother's Magazine*.

CHILDREN'S TEETH.

THE importance of preserving children's teeth seems but poorly understood by those having the care of them, or if understood, sadly neglected. Children properly fed, clothed, and exercised in the open air, seldom if ever have any difficulty with their teeth, after they are once fairly through the gums. The roots of the first teeth gradually absorb as the permanent ones grow to take their places, and in due time fall out or are more easily extracted with the fingers. Never take out one of these first teeth simply because it is loose, unless you can see the new tooth coming to take its place.

But why do children's teeth decay so early? Doubtless the most fruitful causes are bad diet, or indulging the appetite to excess. The child is fed

from the mother's plate, is denied neither mince-pie, nor pound-cake, relishes, or pickles cured in diluted acid, and is not forgotten when the mother goes to the candy shops. These things, with many others, tend to bring on a derangement of the stomach, and a consequent acid condition of the saliva, which cause an early decay of the teeth, even long before the second set has begun to appear. This early loss is unnatural, and the consequent shrinking of the jaws and gums is the cause of much of the irregularity of the teeth at the present day, and this early trouble is increasing and will continue to increase until mothers give more attention to the proper diet of their children, and care for their teeth, for there is no time in life when care is more needed than from the appearance of the first to the completion of the second set.

HOW TO SECURE PEACE AT HOME.

IT is just as possible to keep a calm house as a clean house; a cheerful house, an orderly house, as a furnished house, if the heads set themselves to do so. Where is the difficulty of consulting each other's weaknesses, as well as each other's wants; each other's tempers, as well as each other's health; each other's comfort, as well as each other's character? Oh! it is by leaving the peace at home to chance, instead of pursuing it by system, that so many homes are unhappy. It deserves notice, also, that almost any one can be courteous and forbearing and patient in a neighbor's house. If any thing go wrong, or be out of time, or disagreeable there, it is made the best of, not the worst; even efforts made to excuse it, and to show that it is not felt; or, if felt, it is attributed to accident, not design; and this is not easy, but natural, in the house of a friend. I will not, therefore, believe that what is so natural in the house of another is impossible at home; but maintain, without fear, that all the

courtesies of social life may be upheld in domestic societies. A husband as willing to be pleased at home and as anxious to please as in his neighbor's house, and a wife as intent on making things comfortable every day to her family as on set days to her guests, could not fail to make their own home happy. Let us not evade the point of these remarks by recurring to the maxim about allowances for temper. It is worse than folly to refer to our temper, unless we could prove that we ever gained any thing good by giving way to it. Fits of ill-humor punish us quite as much, if not more, than those they are vented upon; and it actually requires more effort, and inflicts more pain to give them up, than would be required to avoid them.

DO-AS-YOU-LIKE PRINCIPLE.

THE *Independent*, in an article on the physical degeneracy of the American people, speaks as follows:

"The child's will governs too much. If they do not choose to go to bed they sit up; if they choose certain articles of food they must have them, parents forgetting that instinct is no safe guide in a child, whatever it may be in an animal. So we see them in their delicate organization, keeping late hours when they ought to go to bed with the birds; sleeping often in warm and lighted rooms, when the sleeping room should be cool and dark; and eating hot bread, pudding and cakes, and drinking tea and coffee to the infinite detriment of nerves and stomach. The injury thus early done can never be repaired; as a machine imperfectly constructed at first can never be made to run faultlessly.

"This is the secret. Parents should know that instinct is no safe guide to a child, particularly when the child is surrounded on all sides with poisonous delicacies. To ask a child seated at a modern table what it will have, and give it what it asks for, merely because it asks for it, is a very common practice. But it is as cruel as it is common. Have mercy on the children!"

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

RESPONSIBILITY.

THERE is perhaps no lesson that we learn in life of more importance than the lesson of personal responsibility. And it is only in proportion as we learn it thoroughly and well that the full manliness of manhood and the true worth of womanhood can be fully developed. It is the lesson which divides the child from the man; the slave from the freeman; the weak, helpless, and dependent, from the active and strong — which creates the most marked difference between the power of the master hand, and the impotence of his humble, vacillating follower.

The difference of intellect in different individuals is very great, but the greatest intellect is worthless until it understands and rests upon its own responsibility; and the weakest one is dignified and elevated by a full appreciation of it. It is rarely that any one learns this lesson so long as those are near him upon whom he can rely, or at least those upon whom he has been accustomed to rely. It is easier for indolent human nature to lean upon something out of itself, rather than to build up that internal strength which will enable it to meet the storms of life alone. The young child rests with happy confidence upon the responsibility of its parents rather than its own, and it is this which distinguishes the careless weakness of the child from the self-reliant strength of mature life. The native self-reliance with which different minds are endowed will be found to differ very widely; and where a child possesses but little of this quality, it should be cultivated as far as possible by those who have his training in charge. The mother bird, when she casts her young out of the nest in order that they may learn the use of their new-fledged wings, is giving them their first lesson in personal responsibility. They may find it hard to be thus cast from the shelter of the maternal wings, but they must try their own, or they will never learn to fly. And it is very well that they should take their first lessons while the nest where they were fledged remains, so that, when they are very weary with their efforts, they can go back and find rest and consolation in its shelter.

There are some human parents who do not think of this, but leave their children to be cast helplessly upon the world by some unforeseen accident, before one trait of self-reliance or personal responsibility has been cultivated in their characters. No wonder that such children find the lesson of self-dependence a very weary one to learn, but where it has been taught to the child, as it should be, by slow degrees, the exercise of this quality will be a constant source of pleasure and enjoyment.

It is possible for a child to possess too much, as well as too little native self-reliance, for judgment and experience are needed as a support in the proper exercise of this quality. Otherwise it would not have been necessary to place the child so helplessly as he has been placed in the hands of his parents. For if the responsibility of manhood could be exercised without the aid of judgment and experience, it could be entered upon at the beginning of life as well as at any other time. But where a strong self-reliance manifests itself without these necessary adjuncts, it can hardly be called personal responsibility, but rather a blind willfulness and obstinacy, and this trait of character needs quite as much if not more care in training than its opposite weakness.

It seems a plain inference from the order of nature, that a child should be taught his responsibility in certain things as soon as his judgment and experience in those things have been developed. He will thus learn the lesson of his responsibilities easily and cheerfully, and the exercise of them will never be a weariness but a pleasure to him. Let him, while he is yet a child, be responsible for something — if it is no more than putting his toys in place.

Some parents who are strongly self-reliant in themselves, seem to cultivate, or at least permit an opposite weakness in their children, either from a blind forgetfulness, or from a fear that a proper calling out of their child's self-reliance will interfere with the due exercise of their own authority. But this can never be, if their authority is worth any thing, for the only real obedience springs from

principle and love of obedience, and not from want of strength to resist.

There are very few whose full strength of character is ever called into exercise until it has been driven out by necessity. "Occasion makes the man." But he who has never learned to hold himself responsible in minor matters before he is called upon to act for himself in the more important affairs of life, will rarely find that occasion makes him very much of a man. The vine which has twined firmly round some strong support through all the winds and storms that blew upon its growth, will not find that it has grown suddenly into a tree when that support is removed, but will sink to the earth and be crushed and trampled under foot. The oak that grows from its first growth amid the monarchs of the forest, surrounded and hemmed in by these armed legions, will find, if the shelter in which it grows is suddenly removed, that however nobly its head may tower toward heaven, its trunk will be racked to its foundation, if not utterly overthrown by the tempests to which it is exposed; while its brother tree that grows in the open field has so braced by slow degrees its tender fibres in the earth, that it can stand almost without a jar the shock of the same storm that overthrew its fellow. Just so it is with human life. The daughter who goes forth from the too careful shelter of her father's home, at once to the fond protection of a husband's strength, will not be nearly as well prepared to enact her duties there, as if some seeming misfortune, or a fondness less unwise, had taught her first her own responsibility. And if she should, after being thus trained, be left a widow with young children depending upon her, how little will she be fitted to cope with the trials she must meet. The daughter who has an invalid mother, or who has had the misfortune to lose her mother in early life, so that the cares of the household have devolved upon her, will be likely to perform her domestic duties better than the one who has had the best of training under her mother's eye, because necessity has called all her powers into exercise, while she who has a mother to whom she can refer, will lean, unconsciously perhaps, upon her mother's strength.

But all that is necessary to be taught of

domestic care can be taught to a daughter under her mother's eye, if it be wisely done. Let the mother and daughter change places; and while the mother secures the rest which she undoubtedly needs, let the daughter assume the cares of the household, and hold herself responsible that every thing goes right during the time of her administration. What if she fails in many things at first, as probably she will? How much better for her to fail here, where she has an experienced mother to whom she can refer her failures when her work is done, and learn the reason of them, and the manner in which they should be corrected, than in the house of her husband, who knows nothing about such things, and least of all how to excuse them. Such lessons should be repeated again and again in a daughter's home education, intermitting them when the household grow weary of the administration of inexperience, and letting the experience of the mother assume its place.

And they should be given not merely to the daughter who "expects to be married,"—for it is no matter whether she ever expects to marry or not, she probably expects to live, and she should lose no opportunity of learning the proper ways and means of living. She will thus learn not only the proper management of her own hands and feet, but also the proper management of those who may be called to assist her in her work. How much more self-possessed—how much more interested and interesting will be the manner in which such a daughter moves about the house, than the lolling, apathetic movement of one who has no interest in the household, and indeed no worthy object of interest anywhere.

There are some unfortunate children who, either from the imbecility of their parents, or from having lost their parents and been thrown upon the world in helpless poverty, have had their self-reliance cultivated at too early an age, and in a very unhappy way. Their physical natures make their early demands upon them, and finding themselves wholly, or almost wholly responsible for the gratification of these bodily wants, their self-reliance has been drawn out in the form of a low cunning, or a sharp defiance of the world, before their judgment or their moral natures are at all developed. They learn to hold

themselves responsible for the gratification of their physical natures alone, without any acquaintance with their moral natures, which are more tardy in development; and this early assumption of physical responsibility, without regard to any thing beyond, will through all their lives stand sadly in the way of their learning, or assuming any moral responsibility. The existence of such a human anomaly is a great evil, not only to itself, but to every thing with which it comes in contact; and a wise government should strive by every means to guard against the existence of any such exhausting fungi on the trunk of the body politic.

On the other hand the slavery, which supplies for the slave, to a certain extent, all his bodily wants, thus releasing him from physical responsibility, and giving no cultivation to his moral nature, transforms him into a being whose heedless irresponsibility is as much an evil to his owner as to himself. Look into the face of one who has descended through a long line of ancestry thus trained, and see if it does not contain a look of idle irresponsibility which could only be obtained from such a long and ill-advised inheritance. The human being has grown as nearly into a machine as is possible for humanity; and though there may occasionally be a strength of character infused into such a nature, sufficient to overcome this evil training, such a case will be the exception, not the rule. We were made for responsible and accountable beings, and whatever fate it is that turns us aside from the exercise of this responsibility, it does us an injury, and unfits us for the duties of life. And he only has a full understanding of his responsibilities as a human being who studies them equally in their relations to himself, to his fellow beings, and to his God.

A friend sends us the following hopeful remonstrance with the lingering of the last winter, that came as the first flowers did, too late to ornament the spring:

"What has become of April and May? We know that if the calendar be true, we are now in the midst of these months, yet strange fancies sometimes cross our brain, of sad mistakes on the part of almanac makers,

and we are led to believe ourselves still in February or March. Oh! how we long for the warm breath of spring. Alas! for 'April showers' which were so sure to 'bring May flowers!' They are but remembrances of childhood, things that were. The robins, too, thought it spring, for many a cheerful note accompanied the few rays of sunshine and warmth felt in early April. But even these few merry warblers that were lured from their sunny home in the south, are convinced of their mistake in time, and for many a day their glad notes have been hushed, and instead, the wind creeps around the chimney-corner and through every crevice, whistling its cold and cheerless song of snow and storm; not as enlivening as the robin's notes, by half. Can it be that nature has grown fickle and false — a friend we can not trust? Has she too learned a lesson of human friendship — a lesson that teaches her to betray those who confide in her smile? Ah, no! we have the assurance that 'seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, shall never fail.' The God of nature is still the same; and though the clouds are dark, we will yet trust Him. Spring will come. The flowers, and foliage of every tree will yet burst forth, clad in new beauty, only the more to cheer and gladden our hearts by their tardy footsteps. JAMES."

HINTS FOR THE NURSERY.

A nurse should be of a happy, cheerful disposition; this has a most beneficial influence on the character and health of children. The youngest child is sensibly affected by the feelings apparent in the faces of those around him. How beautifully is this circumstance illustrated in the following quotation from the diary of a titled and amiable woman of former times, which, although a fiction, the paragraph I quote is so true to nature, that I can not refrain from inserting it. Speaking of her first, an infant boy, she writes:

"Yesterday it happened, as I nursed him, that being vexed by some trifling matters that were not done as I desired, the disturbed expression of my countenance so distressed him that he uttered a complaining cry; made happy by a smile and by the more serene aspect that affection called forth, he

nestled his little face again in my bosom, and did soon fall asleep. It doth seem a trifling thing to note, but it teacheth the necessity of watchfulness."

An active, cheerful, good-humored nurse, by regular affectionate attendance, by endeavoring to prevent all unnecessary suffering, and by quickly comprehending the language of signs in her little charge, will *make* a child good-humored. Yet, on the other hand, the best-humored woman in the world, if she is stupid, is not fit to have the care of a child, for it will not be able to make her understand any thing less than vociferation. A careless, negligent, and passionate woman will not only injure the temper of the child, but its health too. If possible, avoid placing children under the charge of an individual suffering from any great natural defect—a person who squints, for instance, or who may have lost an eye, or who is lame, or particularly ugly, or even one who has a bad expression of countenance. Any one who stutters, or has any kind of impediment in speech; nay, any one whose voice is particularly harsh and loud, or whose manners are rough and clumsy, is not a fit person to have charge of children.

DR. BULL.

RECIPES.

STRAWBERRY SHORT CAKE.—Make a short cake according to your most approved method. Those country housekeepers who have plenty of sour cream, know best how to make them; but if you are without this, use your best rule for light biscuit. Roll it out a little more than half an inch in thickness, and of a size that will fill a common square baking tin. Slash it across in diamonds, with a knife cutting through the surface of the dough, but not deep enough to break when it is divided. Place it in an oven of just the right heat, and bake till it is done, and no longer. Turn it bottom upward upon a clean napkin or molding slab, and split it neatly with a knife. Spread each half with butter. Have your strawberries picked and stewed with sugar an hour previous. A pint will

answer for the cake, but twice the quantity will be an improvement. When the hot cake has been split and spread with butter lay the strawberries evenly over the surface, smoothing with a knife, and replace the lower half of the cake, sandwiching the strawberries between. Turn it right side up upon a platter of the right size to receive it, and send at once to table. Your husband as he sits opposite you at the table will probably divide and serve it out with such a look of gratification as will amply repay you for your trouble.

ST AWBERRY JAM.—Take some scarlet strawberries quite ripe; bruise them well, and add the juice of other strawberries; take an equal weight of lump sugar; pound and sift it; stir it thoroughly into the fruit, and boil it twenty minutes over a slow fire, taking off the scum as it rises; pour it into glasses or jars, and when cold tie them down.

RASPBERRY JAM.—To every pound of fruit use a pound of sugar, but always boil the fruit well before you add the sugar to it—it will be a better color; put your fruit in your preserving pans, mashing them with a long wooden spoon. After boiling them a few minutes, add the same quantity of sugar as fruit, boiling it for half an hour, keeping it well stirred. When sufficiently reduced, fill your jars.

GOOSEBERRY JAM.—Take what quantity you please of ripe gooseberries, and half their quantity of lump sugar; break them well, and boil them together for half an hour or more, if necessary; put them into pots, and cover with paper.

CHERRY JAM.—Having stoned and boiled three pounds of fine cherries, bruise them and let the juice run from them; then boil together half a pound of red currant juice, and half a pound of loaf sugar; put the cherries into these while they are boiling, and strew on them three quarters of a pound of sugar. Boil all together very fast for half an hour, and then put it into pots; when cold, put on brandy papers.

THE HOME:

A Monthly for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

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HANNAH MORE.

ONE of the most admirable and distinguished women of modern times was born at Stapleton, England, February 2, 1745. Her father was a teacher by profession, and educated his large family of daughters in a thorough and classical manner, although he was absurdly fearful of their becoming learned women. The elder sisters opened a school at Bristol, in which Hannah was assistant and pupil.

At the age of sixteen she commenced authorship, by the composition of the "Search after Happiness," a drama which was not published till

some years later. When twenty-two years old she accepted proposals of marriage from Mr. Turner, a gentleman of fortune, who had a beautiful country-seat near Bristol. She relinquished her share of the school, and made preparations for her nuptials suited to the mistress of an elegant establishment. As the wedding-day approached, Mr. Turner displayed much indecision, and postponed the fulfillment of his engagement from time to time without assigning any satisfactory reason. At last the friends of the lady interfered, and matters were concluded by his reluctant

withdrawal of his suit. It was soon after this unfortunate affair, and in consequence of a second offer of marriage, that Miss More made a resolution to remain single for life, and devote herself to literature.

When nearly thirty years of age she formed the friendship of Garrick the actor, and through him of nearly all the literary celebrities of the day. Burke, Johnson, and Reynolds became her intimates, and her society was soon courted by the highest circles of rank and fashion. At this period her London letters were mostly filled with the gossip of high life, and are very sprightly and entertaining.

While she entered freely into the gayeties of the world, she was a silent and thoughtful observer, and afterward embodied her experience in a work entitled "Thoughts on the Manners of the Great." It is a striking proof of the solidity of her character and the goodness of her heart that she was only improved by the flattering attentions of persons moving in a circle so much above her own.

The literary career of Hannah More extends over a period of sixty-three years. She tried almost every species of composition, and it is high praise to say that she failed in none. Of her principal dramatic work an excellent judge remarks: "'Percy' is a good play, and it is evident that the authoress might have excelled as a dramatic writer, had she devoted herself to that difficult species of composition."

"*Cœlubs in Search of a Wife*" has been the sneer of novel critics, and as a work of art can not rank high, but it draws the contrast between true domestic education and its opposite with great fidelity, and contains admirable suggestions to Christian parents. Her principal prose works, besides those we have mentioned, are an "Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World," "Hints toward Training the Character of a Young Princess," "Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education," and several religious and devotional works, besides her Cheap

Repository Tracts. These tracts, though humble in form and subject, have enjoyed a great popularity, and are still read with interest. "*The Shepherd of Salisbury Plains*" has traveled all over the world, and been translated into many languages. All her works are characterized by soundness and vigor of thought, practical views, and unostentatious benevolence.

It is as an educator and benefactress of the poor that Miss More commands our love and veneration. In 1786, tired of the frivolous pursuits of the great, she retired from London society to the humble cottage of her sisters near Bristol, and devoted the maturity of her splendid powers to the most self-denying labors for the lower classes of society. Her sisters sympathized with her, and it was a beautiful sight to behold this whole gifted family united not only in the tenderest attachment, but in daily walks of charity.

Miss More realized a large fortune from the sale of her works, and left by will about £10,000 to charitable purposes, besides the large sums she expended during her life-time. She died, venerable in years and piety, September 7, 1833. The following estimate of Miss More is selected from her "*Life and Correspondence*:"

"All the powers of her mind were devoted to the solid improvement of society. Her aims were all practical; and it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to name a writer who has laid before the public so copious a variety of original thoughts and reasonings, without any admixture of speculation or hypothesis. * * *

Her indefatigable pen was ever at work; kept in motion by a principle of incessant activity, never to stop but with her pulse; never to need refreshment of change; and never to be weary in well-doing. Thus to do good and to distribute was no less the work of her head than of her hand, and the rich and the great were among the objects of her charity. The specific relief of which they stood in need she was ever forward to supply; and as

she passed so many of her earliest years among them, she knew well their wants, and how to administer to them. She was a woman of business in all the concerns of humanity, refined or common, special or general, and had a sort of righteous cunning in dealing with different cases; exposing without irritating, reproving without discouraging, probing without wounding; always placing duty upon its right motives, and showing the perversity of error by bringing it into close comparison with the loveliest forms of truth and godliness."

THE SCULPTOR AND HIS STATUE.

There stands my Thought! Men gather round and gaze;
And eyes of brightness — maiden's eyes — are dim

With the unspoken burden of their souls.
To crowds, 't is but a marble statue, wrought
With most consummate skill; each flowing tress

Hangs o'er the Parian brow, as carelessly
As 'were the silken locks of laughing boy;
And each proportioned limb seems bent to spring

Yeth 'mid the eager crowd. They say it needs

Naught but the crimson life-tide — naught but breath

To match creation's masterpiece; they name
Old artists, who were crowned in Grecian fane,

Who worshiped reverently at Art's pure shrine,
And wore her wreaths of glory; likening me

To Phidias — and I hear and seek to find
One word that tells they comprehend the form

They look upon for hours. Ah! none can see

That 't is but the embodiment of a thought,
Which through long years has nestled in my soul; —

A thought which sought to be incarnated,
And dwell among the throngs of sordid men,

Mayhap to be a silent teacher — yet
Most eloquent in its silence.

I have wrought
Through the still hours, when earth was overhung

By the bright starry slopes of heaven; when
Day

Spread o'er the hills her golden canopy,

Her vaulted ceiling, where the floating clouds
Seemed winged like the angels; when the flowers

Wooded me with their soft eyes, to cast aside
My dusty toil-worn robe, and bathe my brow
In the free air and light, I heeded not,
But grasped my chisel tightly, and carved on.

Ay! yonder statue hath my life's warm blood,

And my faint breath within it. 'T was my task; —

Now 't is my finished work, and I may rest.
Oh wondering crowds! will ye not learn to mold

Your lives into a form of such rare grace,
That 'mid the sculptures of the mansioned land,

Or in the temple of the glorified,
Of spiritual beauty, ye may speak?

I saw yon figure on the mountain-side,
Where it was quarried. There it lay among
Rough masses of unshapen stone; a block
Of earth-soiled marble, hiding in its heart
The beauty which should robe my struggling thought.

And so the human form is but the thought,
The breath of God, arrayed in fleshly garb;
And when the breath he gave it shall have passed,

The robe will molden, and take other forms,
But the undying soul will live for aye.

Ay! in all hearts there is the breath of God, —

His image, which would shine from every brow,
Would but the sculptor hand bring out the lines,

And disenthral the tracery, which lies
Under the rubbish heaps, which Sin hath piled

Above the fallen treasure.
June, 1857.

THE EARTH IS BEAUTIFUL.

BY CAROLINE GILMAN.

THE whole broad earth is beautiful
To minds attuned aright,

And wheresoe'er my feet are turned,
A smile has met my sight.

The city with its bustling walk,
Its splendor, wealth and power;

A ramble by the river side,
A passing summer flower;

The meadow green, the ocean swell,
The forest waving free,

Are gifts of God, and speak in tones
Of kindness to me.

And oh! where'er my lot is cast, —
Where'er my footsteps roam,

If those I love are near to me,
That spot is still my home.

TEACHING COMMON THINGS.

THE following extracts from a speech of Lord Ashburton, before the elementary school-teachers at Winchester, contain matter of interest and importance to all parents and educators :

"I do not require you to remit in the slightest degree your attention to the mechanical arts of writing and reading, or the practice of arithmetic; but I do ask you to turn your attention and the attention of your scholars to the acquirement, at the same time, of other principles of knowledge which will continue fruitful of improvement, as reading and writing are fruitful of improvement in after life.

"I ask you to show, not only by your lessons in school, but still more powerfully by your example out of school, how the garden can best be cultivated; how the dwelling may be most efficiently and economically warmed and ventilated; upon what principles food and clothing should be selected; how chronic ailments may be averted by timely attention to premonitory symptoms, and recourse to the physician. You can teach the measurement of work, the use of the lever, the pulley, and the windlass; you can, in short, expound those methods suggested by ever-advancing science, by which toil may be lightened, and subsistence economized. All this is capable of being taught, and well taught.

"Why is one mother of a family a better economist than another? Why can one live in abundance, where another starves? Why, in similar dwellings, are the children of one parent healthy, of the other puny and ailing? Why can this laborer do with ease a task which would kill his fellow? It is not luck nor chance that decides these differences; it is the patient observation of nature, that has suggested to some gifted minds rules for their guidance which have escaped the heedlessness of others.

"Why should not these rules, systematized by science, illustrated by

your didactic powers, why should not they be imparted to the pupils of your schools, to enable youth to start at once with the experience of age? or, if this be not in every case possible, why should not all be taught betimes to read those lessons in the book of nature from which some have derived such unquestionable advantage?"

After referring to the strikes among factory operatives, just then occurring, and the ignorance they showed of the simplest principles of political economy, Lord Ashburton proceeds to say:

"After these remarks, it is but just that I should be called upon to explain distinctly what it is that I propose that you should teach, how the topics are to be selected, how connected, in what manner brought forward. Allow me to begin by reminding you that yours is not the only education given in life. There is yet another, beginning earlier, continuing later, producing greater results; and that is the education of home. It is there that the child, by the side of parents or of its neighbor, is familiarized, partly by imitation, partly by precept, with the rudiments of its future occupation. It is there that the girl is trained to love a mother's cares and duties; it is there that the boy learns to demean himself as a member of society, as a father of a family.

"Let any man pass over in his own mind the business of a given day; he will there see how much the larger, the more important part of that business he has learned at home. Let me give you an instance. The Chelsea school for the education of the female orphan children of soldiers was given up, because it was found that the girls there educated became an easy prey to the temptations of the world. This was not because they were less religiously, less morally brought up than other girls, but because, being withdrawn as infants from a home education, they lacked that knowledge of the world which home alone can give; because the only experience they had gained at school was how to deal with their girl

companions. They had no experience to guide them when brought into contact with other companions and other trials. Such children must have been equally incapable of performing the duties of good housewives, good mothers; in short, they had received a mere school education, which, at the best, under the most careful, the most accomplished teaching, left them ignorant of the great indispensable duties of life. And be it remembered that when, with reference to orphan children, I speak of the advantage of home, I speak of a home under perhaps a harsh relation, or under a stranger more harsh, more unfeeling still. But even in that home, under that severe training, experienced from the tenderest years, nature provides compensations for the lack of a mother's care, which no school can give; for, thrown on her own resources from earliest infancy, in the midst of that world in which she is destined to live, the child grows in experience as danger springs up in her path. Her quickened perceptions, her rapidly matured character, become her safeguard.

"Now, with this education at home, it is not for us to compete, for it is the education of nature. It is acquired not through the medium of words only, but through the medium of the senses also, which senses God has given us to employ for that purpose, graciously allotting to each exertion of their powers its appropriate pleasure to sweeten and stimulate their use. Your education, on the other hand, is an artificial education, imparted chiefly through the medium of words, appealing mostly to the reason instead of the senses, divested, I regret to say, too often through the fault of the teacher, of the pleasurable excitement which God intended to accompany the acquisition of each new idea.

"Your mission is to assist and complete the home education. Your care should be so to work as to stimulate rather than impair the instinctive craving for knowledge; the vigor of the

attention, the retentiveness of the memory, the practical character of the understanding. You will do this best if you take the successive facts in the child's life; facts with which he is familiar; and upon his knowledge of those facts you engraft first the principle of theory which explains them, and then all the kindred facts — deductions from the same principle — which may be useful in after life. For example: the child sees the fire kindled by his mother at the bottom of the grate, and asks why. She can not tell it why, but you can; you can do more — you can not only explain why fire spreads upward rather than downward, but having done so, you light, by way of further illustration of the principle, a strip of paper; you hold it with the flame downward, and show how instantaneously the whole is consumed. You light another and throw it on its side; it scarcely burns. You then proceed, upon these facts witnessed and understood, to build up other kindred facts, hitherto unobserved, but good for use and improving to the intelligence. You show how, if a girl's frock catches fire, she should at once, in obedience to this same principle, be like the paper shred laid flat; and then you might further show how, in conformity with a second principle, illustrated by the way in which a candle is put out by an extinguisher, the air might be excluded from the burning frock, by throwing a cloak over it, and the flame extinguished. Take another case. As the flame of the candle used up by the air confined under the extinguisher, and went out for want of more, so we also, sitting in large numbers in a small room, use up rapidly the vital part of the air, and sicken for want of more, and would absolutely die, were the doors and windows altogether air-tight.

"Again: water is brought in for breakfast. The child has pumped it. He has seen the pump repaired, and witnessed how his father strained to pull up the very same sucker by hand, which, with the help of the pump

handle, he has been working up and down with ease. This is one familiar fact whereon to rest the knowledge of the lever. The use of the spade presents another, when it enables the child to tear up a block of clay from its adherence to the soil beneath, which block he would vainly attempt to lift afterward one inch with his hands. The water is put into the kettle, of which the bottom is purposely left uncleaned, on the plea that the water will on that account boil the more quickly. You confirm the fact; you explain why this is the case, and you show that two principles are involved: one principle teaches, also, that paint exposed to the sun should be of a light color, in order to stand without blistering; the other principle leads to the further result, that a bright metal teapot will retain its heat longer, and therefore make better tea, than one of crockery, black and unglazed.

"Again: the water boils in the kettle by the same law which diffuses the warmth of the fire in the room, and creates the draught in the chimney. By this law the cause of smoky and ill-ventilated rooms may be explained, and the proper remedies suggested.

* * * * *

"Social questions are more difficult, not because it is less easy to explain them, but because the minds of children are less interested by their discussion. The child understands when and why nuts are cheap. It would be no difficult task to extend the results of superfluity on price to the effect of over-population in the New Forest, where numbers, exceeding the demand for their labor, have been attracted by the prospect of enjoying for their pigs, and geese, and ponies, unstinted rights of common. Again, the child knows by hard experience that the family must go on half rations when bread falls short on Friday night, and the shop gives no more credit. But ask it what England must do when there is but half a crop. Ask it who will do for England what their mother did for them, when she prevented them from

consuming all they had at one meal. You may perhaps lead them, step by step, to see at last that the rise of price is our only safeguard against famine, and that this rise of price is not the work of any one man, or of any set of men, but that it originates in the expectation of those who hold corn that they will sell dearer if they sell later. You may perhaps succeed in showing, further, that God has not left the many to be preyed upon by the avarice of the few; that, on the contrary, he has ordered things in this case, and indeed in all other cases, so to make it the interest of the few to consult the interest of the many, and to visit with actual loss those of the few who, out of ignorance, act in opposition to the interest of the many. If, for example, Farmer Styles holds back his supplies in spring, and, by refusing to sell at the price then offered, raises prices to such an extent as to prevent the spring from having its full share of the year's supply, the part of that share which has been unconsumed will be added to the share of the summer, and prices will then fall, when Farmer Styles expects to sell at an enhanced price.

"You may thus go on founding the unknown upon that which is known and familiar, gratifying and exciting, but never satiating the natural appetite for knowledge, inculcating what, once heard and understood, will never be forgotten, at the same time that you cultivate those faculties which distinguish the man from the brute; and you impart an elevation, a self-reliance to his character, which will tend more than any thing to raise him above sensual pleasures. By such training as this you will give him more than mere information — you will give him habits of observing, reflecting, and acting for himself.

"If I want to equip an emigrant for the backwoods, should I encumber him with ready-made articles, with chairs, and tables, and stools? Do I not rather teach him how to make these articles for himself out of the material beside

him? You are sitting out the youth for the rude campaign of life. How shall he be equipped? Shall it be with cut-and-dried ideas, the fruit of the working of other men's minds,—or shall he go forth trained to gather, combine, and use ideas, the materials for which encompass him round about? You teach him to read, in order that he may in after-life use the thoughts of the wise among men; teach him also to read nature, which is wiser and more powerful still. Books he may or may not have in his emergencies; nature is always with him. That is not the best army which has the most baggage. What the packs of hounds, and the bands of music, and the services of plate were to our army in Afghanistan, the million facts of modern education are to the boy on his entrance in life; the first serious conflict, the first encounter with realities, dissolve the charm, and the hard-earned inutilities are discarded as superfluous lumber; and yet

'The world is still deceived by ornament.'

"By adopting my suggestions you will not satisfy the majority of those who attend annual inspections. Their admiration is reserved for the brilliant results which are to be exhibited by drawing from the minds of children thoughts transplanted there without roots, the produce of wiser minds. Your pupils will be of altogether a different stamp; they will know comparatively little, but the notions they have will be of home growth, of slender, immediate, apparent value, proportioned as they must be to the infant minds, in which they have sprung, but capable of subsequent development, to meet the emergency which may require their use.

"The man of sense will distinguish at a glance their earnest, intelligent eye, their alert manner, their pertinent answers. He will give due credit to your work and to your system; but you must resign yourselves for a time to the fate of being decried and slighted by the majority, who are too apt to value things as they are destined to

be, and, above all, to underrate the sure and slow growth which is generally the characteristic of the highest merit. Our busy, thoughtless world is too disposed to despise little gains, and yet little gains store most wealth; little moral gains, triumphs over petty temptations, make the firmest characters. So also little intellectual gains, made hour by hour, and minute by minute, at every step in life, the result of early habit and wise education, do more to ripen the intellect, and even to mature the character, than any instruction that can be hammered in from without.

"It is given to you, teachers of the rising generation, to bend their minds in this direction. The misery which can be remedied by the charity of rich men is purely physical, the relief can only extend to few; it neither elevates those who receive it, nor their children after them. But the misery which the teacher can avert, by substituting self-support and self-respect for dependence and beggary, has no limits to its amount; it multiplies blessings both on the present and on succeeding generations."

And the following remarks from the *London Times* on the same subject are quite as applicable on this side of the water as in England.

"It should never be forgotten that household service is the only school that many a woman ever passes through, and to many a woman it is a pernicious school. If she has never learned to save in the midst of plenty, she can not begin to save under the pressure of small means. As she has never had reason for turning small things to account,—to make the most of odds and ends,—she is often reduced, and reduces her husband, to a recurring vicissitude of one day's feasting and three or four days' fasting, with an intermediate day of scraps. And she is utterly ignorant of the thousand ways of dressing vegetables with a little meat or fish, so as to make the absence of a more substantial dish unregretted. And this happens in a million

homes in a country which has, on the whole, the finest fish, the richest and most succulent meats, and produces or imports poultry, eggs and butter to an extent which precludes their excessive dearness at any season. And while this happens with us, the French peasant, with lower wages, with fewer materials of food, is making savory dishes and healthy condiments out of the simplest produce of the field and moor. Who can wonder, then, that while an English army is half starved, despite of numerous appliances and supplies, a French army feeds itself out of the rudest of Nature's gifts? Miss Burdett Coutts and Lord Ashburton, who took the lead which she has so well followed, will have earned the gratitude of the country, if they have done nothing more than set people thinking about the amelioration of their cookery, and lead high teachers to consider that the art of feeding is really a science which affects the well-being of some twenty million citizens in England, and may often affect the existence of a quarter of a million soldiers abroad; and our social reformers will do well by following her example, and teaching the people of England that which to the majority of them is still a great secret,—what food to buy, and how to cook it."

AGE.

BUT few men die of age. Almost all die of disappointment, passion, mental, or bodily toil, or accident. The passions kill men sometimes, even suddenly. The common expression, choked with passion, has little exaggeration in it; for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong-bodied men often die young—weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength, and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves; the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to

break, or like the candle, to run; the weak burn out. The inferior animals, which live, in general, regular and temperate lives, have generally their prescribed term of years. The horse lives twenty-five years; the ox fifteen or twenty; the lion about twenty; the dog ten or twelve; the rabbit eight; the guinea-pig six or seven years. These numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to grow to its full size. But man, of all the animals, is the one that seldom comes up to his average. He ought to live a hundred years, according to his physiological law, for five times twenty are one hundred; but instead of that he scarcely reaches on the average, four times his growing period; the cat six times; and the rabbit even eight times the standard of measurement. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and the most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard-worked of all animals. He is also the most irritable of all animals; and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his own secret reflections.

THE HOME CIRCLE.—Correct conversational habits cannot be laid aside and resumed at pleasure. Would you converse with ease in a social circle, practice the same at your own firesides. The domestic circle claims your attention. There are hosts of men who make their homes the scenes of all their ill-humor. Does business go wrong, the inmates of the domestic sanctuary are sure to be made the victims of their evil temper. When a man leaves his place of business, he should leave the cares and annoyances of the traffic with his goods. If there is any place in the world where a man should be a thorough gentleman, that place is his own house.

HELEN LOWBER.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been!'"

"Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And in the hereafter angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!"

MANY summers ago, a youthful band came together upon the shores of wisdom, gathering beside those pleasant waters sunlight for the future, and pearls of matchless beauty to adorn the mind. Two of the many are before us now, in the varied phases of hope, happiness, and grief. The one was noble and manly, aspiring and hopeful, his soul seeking to cast off the fetters of passion and sense, caught through the vistas of ignorance and wrong, glimpses of the truth that should eventually enlighten the world. The other, a girl of seventeen, came from beyond the far blue hill toward the setting sun, her heart laden with love for the beautiful and the sublime; nor was this wealth of love lavished upon a few creations of the great Artist, but gushing forth, full and free, till in its onward flow it embraced all that the Godhead had pronounced "good!"

It was the hour when twilight revisits earth with peaceful quiet, that she sat looking into the west; shadows were gathering upon the silvery lake, and "the pale child, Eve, leading her mother, Night," came with silent footfall along its shores; yet she thought not that in after years, so should the shadows of memory darken the present, and blight the future.

"So, Helen, you can never love me," said the youth, rising to depart; "then let our pathways separate, and as we go forth amid the scenes of life, let us labor for the right, believing that our trials here are necessary to the inheritance of the kingdom and the crown. May you be happy, Helen: farewell!"

Thus they parted; Helen knelt and besought the Father who had so tenderly guarded her, to guide and watch over the interests of her friend, and di-

rect her own footsteps in the path of duty.

Edward Latimer returned to his room; darkness and gloom enshrouded his hopes; banished was the light that had gilded his brightest visions; but in that hour he made resolves, which gave the "form and pressure" to his noblest deeds.

* * * * *

The school-term closed; students were scattered hither and thither, many to meet no more on earth, and others when time and care should have left their impress on brow and cheek.

Our friend Helen returned to her western home, to brighten her parents' declining years, and as opportunity might allow, to teach the children of the west the sublime truths of the finite and Infinite; of humanity and God. And happily were those tasks performed. To her parents she was faithful, dutiful, and kind, ministering to their many wants with filial tenderness, and by unwearied efforts seeking to detain life's hastening sands. They who called her friend and teacher, saw, in the face of science, beauty where deformity had seemed, and in the gift of friendship, greater value.

Years passed by, adding their silvery footprints to the crown of age, and lines of thought upon the brow of youth; and with those years came days that were freighted with sorrow, hours that were laden with sighs.

On an autumn day, after the flowers had faded and the leaves fallen, a messenger came to bear the father away; true, he had come from a world perfect in beauty and holiness, and to whose perfection was added the seal of immortality; yet the passage thither was called — death. The footsteps of love attended him to the brink of the Dark River, and blessing his companion and child, he cast off for the other shore, and they, the bereaved, turned back to the mechanical duties of life.

The winter months came and went, bringing alternate cheer and gloom to the little cottage of our friend; but

when the spring-time dawned, when the snow from the valley had well nigh fled, and the unfettered brooks were singing in joyous notes, when the warm sun-rays gave promise of life and beauty to come, and had sent the blue-eyed violet to insure the gift, though its coming was delayed, *then* came *again* the summons to depart; an angel called for the mother to go with him; hastily was the farewell given; and the last prayer offered, hastily the earth ties severed, and they were gone.

Orphaned and alone! God pity such! Returning from the graves of buried love, darker, lonelier, seems the way before us, weak and frail the bonds that unite us here; and as Helen looked about the vacant rooms, as her eye fell upon "the old arm chair," beside the stand whereon lay the well-worn family Bible, as she gazed into the future, the shadows deepened into darkness, even as they had done upon the fair bosom of the lake in her school-days. In these hours of loneliness, came there not remembrances of one whose youth-dreams had faded at her bequest? nor a wish for the guidance of that spirit which had met her own in earlier days?—"It might have been." Was it strange then, that amid the lowering clouds, Helen's chief desire was, for an early entrance into that world whither the loved had gone?

Oh! in the night-time of life, ye afflicted, look above! there sitteth the Ruler, who, though he governs worlds and systems of worlds, noteth even a sparrow fall! Then fear not, ye who are his by creation and adoption, for the night shall wear away! lo, the east already brightens; behold! the morning dawneth!

* * * * *

Weeks have passed by: in an eastern city, surrounded by elegance and wealth, we find the gentle Helen. A maternal uncle, who at the home treasury had feasted while others starved, one who rarely yielded to the calls of others, had welcomed her to his home.

He remembered again the golden-haired sister of his boyhood days, seeing the child of that sister a homeless orphan, and his strongest sympathies were moved. So the door of his heart turned once more on its rusty hinges—a door which many had sought to enter in, but had not been able. And now the recipient of affection's choicest care, with every want supplied, how can she be otherwise than happy. Aye, so she is; yet in the past there is a path—a spirit-path, leading beside new-made graves, and anon into pleasant fields, which memory often treads.

Helen, not to be entirely dependent on the kindness of others, had resolved to aid herself. Upon inquiry, it seemed advisable at present to teach a class in drawing. Taking the names of her pupils the first day of the term, she came to a bright-eyed little girl, the smallest of the group, who gave her name:

"Helen L. Latimer."

"What is the L. for, my dear!" said the teacher.

"Lowber," replied the little namesake.

"And who gave you that name?"

"My father, because he liked it so well."

Ah! had she not met the gaze of those dark, speaking eyes in the days that were past? Did not that chord, so long silent, vibrate with youthful life at the mention of a name for years unheard?

Days, weeks, and months passed by, enriched by social pleasures, and improved amid the wondrous beauties of art and nature; and now, the drawing-term has nearly closed; pupils meet for the last lesson. "Why will not Miss Lowber continue to give instruction? Her class shall be enlarged—her remuneration increased." Nothing changes her purpose, so the connection of teacher and pupil ceases.

Another spring-time gladdens the earth, and the home of Edward is the

home of Helen. How have the passing years dealt with him, the hero of our humble tale! Ah! his is the experience of us all: he had found life as it ever is, interspersed with its joys and sorrows, its rough places and smooth. By dint of perseverance and industry, he had risen high in his profession, and even now had gathered laurels which older heads might have proudly worn. After finishing his studies, he married one whose gentle ways and confiding love had won his heart. And, though he loved his home with its mildly-beaming light, and wept with heart-broken grief when that light went out, yet there were sympathies in his nature that had never been met—a love in his soul which had had no recipient; still he looked lovingly back upon the past, fraught with cherished memories of the departed, feeling that as the charms of earth were fading, those of heaven grew strong; yet, for his child and his fellow-men, he would still live and labor.

Slowly the darkness wore away, but in the light which beamed through the parted clouds, he trod life's paths with a firmer step and nobler purpose. Then came the resurrection of a hope buried beneath the weight of years; then came the joy so long deferred, a tree of Life, according to the promise, bearing earth's choicest fruits.

"Father!" said Helen, one day, looking up from a wreath of flowers she was twining, "father, did the same angels that carried mother away, bring my new mother here?"

"Why, my daughter?" asked her father.

"I guess they thought they'd make us as happy as we had been unhappy; don't you?" was her artless answer.

As no good is perfect, so neither is any evil at its highest pitch. That which proceeds from heaven requires patience; and that which comes from the world, prudence.

THE VILLAGE BELL.

BY EMMA.

HARK! hear ye not the village bell
Tolling no solemn funeral knell,
But summoning with joyous sound
The village and the country round;
To bid their worshipers appear
In Zion's courts with hearts sincere.

Oh, welcome sound! how gladly all
Obey with thankful hearts thy call;
How gladly turn their willing feet
To that loved spot where they may meet
Their God, their pastor, and their friends,
And taste the joy which Heaven sends.

I love thee when at break of day
Thou bid'st us rise to watch and pray;
To take in busy life our place,
With hearts imbued with heavenly grace;
And bravely, nobly labor on,
Until the work of life is done.

I love thee when the day is o'er,
And in our homes we meet once more,
For then I hear thy warning chime
Reminding of the flight of time;
And as it floats on evening air,
It calms my mind, and soothes my care.

But sadder thoughts are those which rise
Within my breast, when dearest ties
Are severed by death's cruel power,
And thy sad sound proclaims the hour
When earth to earth again is given,
And dear ones part to meet in heaven.

Yet, village bell, thy merry chime
Or solemn tone, in every clime
Awakens feelings pure and calm,
Conveys to weary hearts a balm;
It points their troubled souls above,
And bids them trust a Saviour's love.

BUFFALO, June, 1857.

CHILDHOOD'S DAYS.

DELIGHTFUL scenes of childhood's days,
They swiftly fled, they'll come no more,
But memory oft dejected, strays,
Recalls their joys and counts them o'er;
She loves to trace that reckless mirth,
Those fearless, thoughtless joys I won,
When happy round the halcyon hearth—
Of home, my home, my father's home.

Sweet halcyon scenes of early years,
Your fadeless glory I must mourn,
Yet like your fields and flowers appear,
Or, like your elm I'll brave the storm;
Be fortune's smiles, or frowns my lot,
Like this lone bird where'er I roam,
My wildest, saddest, fondest note,
Shall tell of home, my father's home.

UP A COURT.

WE give place to the following touching story, from *Chambers' Journal*, because it so strongly appeals to the affectionate and sympathetic emotions of our nature. People who have children, and those who are poor, or who have a spirit of pity for those who are so, will read the story of "Little Willie" with deep interest. For other persons it is not here, inserted. As we pass the laboring poor, let us not count him mean and immoral because he is not tidy and well-dressed. Perchance he is compelled to live "Up a Court" which wealth has built to rent, and which sets the price on the poor man's labor, as well as prescribes what shall be his habitation, and the rent he shall pay for it.

Two or three years ago, I established myself in one of the large manufacturing towns of Lancashire, with the intention of there commencing my career as an artist. I was young and little known; and though I had studied assiduously, and felt confident in my own capabilities for the so-called higher walks of art, yet, as the public at that time showed no particular admiration of my productions, I found it convenient to abandon for a time my ambitious dreams, and apply myself to portrait-painting, in order to procure daily bread. I soon obtained a tolerable amount of miscellaneous patronage, and the constant succession of sitters of every grade made my occupation an amusing one.

I was about to cease from my labors one Saturday afternoon, when a low knock at the door attracted my attention.

"Come in!" I cried; and the door opening, a man entered, whose soiled mole-skin dress, sprinkled with cotton flakes, bespoke him a factory "hand."

"Beg pardon for disturbin' yo'," said my visitor; "but aw coom to see if yo'd do a bit of a job for me?"

"What sort of a job?"

"Why, it's a little lad o' mine as is ill, and we thinken as we could like

to have his portrait ta'en wi' them colored chalks if yo'd be so good as to do it. You 'd ha' to coom to our house, 'cause he's bedfast; but we'd be quite willin' to pay summat moor than the usual charge for th' extra trouble as ye'd hev."

"Oh, I'll do it with pleasure," said I. "But when do you want me to come?"

"Why, now, if yo' con," said my new patron; "for you seen we han but one place, an' it's not allus fit for a gentleman to go into; but of a Saturday afternoon it's clyeaned up an' quite tidy; an' Willie'd be finely pleased to sit, if yo' could coom wi' me now."

I assented at once, packed up what I required, and we sallied forth.

"You are employed in a mill, I suppose," said I, as we walked on.

"Ay, aw'm a spinner at Wotton's. We stop'n sooner of a Saturday, an' so aw took th' opportunity o' coomin'."

"And what is the matter with your little boy?"

"Why, aw'm fear'd he's in a consumption. He geet his back hurt when he wur a little un, an' he's never looked up sin'. Poor thing! he's worn away till he's nowt but skin an' bone, and has a terrible caugh, as well'y shakes him to pieces. But he's allus lively, though he can not stir off his little bed; an' he's as merry as a cricket when he sees me coomin' whoam at neet, especially if he spies a new book stickin' out o' my jacket-pocket. He likes readin', and aw' buy him a book when aw've a spare shillin'. But here's Grimes' Court. We mun turn up here, if yo' please'n."

Turning out of the dingy street we had been traversing, we entered a gloomy little court, containing much dirt and many children; where the heat from the closely-packed houses, combining with the natural warmth of the air, produced an atmosphere like that of a baker's oven. The contributions of the inhabitants, in the shape of rotten vegetables, ashes, and dirty water, formed a confused and odorous

heap in the center of the court; and among these ancient relics a wretched, misanthropic-looking hen was digging with the zeal of an antiquary.

"Why is this rubbish suffered to lie here?" said I; "the scent from it must be both offensive and injurious. Are there no receptacles for these matters? no sewers to receive this filthy water?"

"There's a sewer, but it's choked up; an' when we teem'n ony watter down, it breyks through into that cellar at the corner, and then th' owd mon as lives in it grumbles, 'cause it runs on to his shelf an' mars his bit o' meyt. So we're like to teem it down th' middle o' the court, an' let it go where it will. As for th' ashes, an' 'tato-pillin's, an' sich like, we'n nowhere else to put 'em, for we can not brun 'em."

"Have you no yard behind your house?"

"No; th' cottages as they build 'm now are mostly set back to back, to save room an' bricks. There's but two places in 'em, one above, an' one below; so we're like to put th' victuals an' the coals under th' stairs. They think us poor folk need no breathin'-room."

It seemed to have been cleaning-day at all the houses; the women, in clean caps and aprons, were setting the tea-things, while their husbands, most of them pale-faced operatives, lounged outside, enjoying their Saturday evening's leisure.

A pleasant-looking, neatly-dressed woman met us at the door of the house before which my conductor halted, and with a smile and a courtesy invited me to enter. The room, though small, and crowded with furniture, was extremely clean, and as neatly arranged as the heterogeneous nature of its contents would permit. An old clock, with a dim, absent-looking face, ticked merrily in one corner, and on the chest of drawers opposite the door were a number of books, a stag's horn, and a stuffed owl, which squinted with one of his glass eyes, and stood on his legs

with the air of a bird who was more than half-seas over.

"Is that Mr. Worthington, father?" said a small, weak voice.

"Ay, this is him, Willie," said my companion, going toward the window, beside which I now perceived a small bed, and in it a little deformed boy. He was propped up with pillows, and held out his thin hand with a smile as I approached. The pale face, the transparent skin, the large, bright, eager eyes, and parched lips of the little patient, told but too plainly the nature of his disease. His mother was still busy with his toilet, or, as she phrased it, "snoddin' him up a bit;" so, taking a seat beside him, I arranged my paper and pencils, while the good woman brushed his hair and smoothed the collar of his night-dress.

"There, aw think he'll do now, John; will n't he?" said she, addressing her husband, who had watched her operations with great interest.

"Thou's made him look gradely weel," answered John; "an' so now, Mr. Worthington, we'll leave Willie an' yo' to keep house, while my wife and me goes to th' market."

The worthy couple departed; and I commenced my sketch, feeling rather doubtful whether I could reproduce on paper the little wan, half-infantine, half-aged face that looked up at me with a strange, quiet smile.

"Are you not weary, sometimes, Willie, with lying here constantly?" I inquired.

"Sometimes," he answered, "but not often: there's always somethin' to look at, you see; either th' childer outside, or th' old hen, or the donkey-man as sells blackin'. Once," continued Willie, growing confidential, "there was a real Punch an' Judy came into th' court, an' the man as was with it saw me through the window, an' asked mother if I was bedridden; an' when she told him I was, he brought Punch an' Judy close to th' window, an' let me watch 'em ever such a while; an' he said he'd come again some time."

"Have you some plants there, Willie?" said I, pointing to two black jugs, filled with soil, in which some small brown stumps were visible.

"Yes; they're rose-trees as mother set for me. She says they're dead; but there may be a little bit of 'em alive somewhere, an' so I water 'em every day still. An' see, father's made me a garden in th' window here," added he, proudly exhibiting a large plate, covered with a piece of wet flannel, on which mustard-seed had been strewn. The seed, sprouting forth vigorously, had covered the surface of the plate with bright green vegetation. "Is'n't it nice?" said he, looking up with sparkling eyes. "Sometimes I put my eyes close to it, an' look through between the stalks, an' then I can almost fancy it's a great forest, an' every little stalk a big tree, an' me ramblin' about among 'em like Robinson Crusoe."

"Have you read Robinson Crusoe, Willie?"

"Yea, many a time," he answered. "Look, I've these books too;" and he drew a couple of volumes from beneath the pillow—Bruce's Travels and Typee. "An' father's promised me a new book when he gets his wages raised."

He had talked too eagerly, and was stopped by a dreadful fit of coughing, which left him panting and exhausted. He lay quiet, and listened delightedly, while I described to him what I had witnessed in the course of my own limited rambles; yet showing, by his minute questions, that eager and painful longing for a sight of the open country which the sick so often display. When, finally, I promised to bring him some flowers at my next visit, his joy knew no bounds.

We had become fast friends by the time the father and mother returned; and great was their delight when I had exhibited my sketch, already more than half finished, and in which I had succeeded beyond my expectations. The child's artless talk, and the simple kindness of the parents, interested

and pleased me, and I continued to work zealously at the portrait till the twilight, which fell in Grime's Court two hours earlier than anywhere else, compelled me to cease. Promising to return on the following Saturday to complete the work, I departed, after receiving a kiss from Willie, who held me by the collar, while he enjoined me to be punctual, and to mind and bring the flowers.

Saturday afternoon arrived in due course, and having furnished myself with a bouquet as large as a besom, I betook myself early to Grime's Court. Willie was watching for me at the window, and clapped his hands for joy at the sight of my floral prize. While I resumed my task, he busied himself in examining, arranging, and rearranging his treasure, discovering new beauties every moment, and peeping into the flower-cups as if they were little fairy palaces, filled with untold wonders, as they doubtless were to him. The portrait was just finished when John came home, and he and his wife vied with each other in expressing admiration of my performance.

"I'm sure yo're nother paid nor hauf paid wi' what yo' chargin'," said he, as he placed the payment in my hand; "but aw'll try to come out o' yer debt some time, if aw live."

"An' mony thanks to yo' sir," said the mother, "for the pleasure as yo'n gin to the child. Nothin' pleases him like flowers, an' he seldom gets ony."

"Willie's full o' presents to-day," said John; "see thee, lad!" and he drew forth a new book, and placed it in the child's outstretched hands.

"Look, look, Mr. Worthington!" cried Willie, his little face flushed with excitement and pleasure; a Journey Round the World, and full of pictures—only look!"

"Ay, aw thought that would please thee," said his gratified father. "Now thou can ramble round th' world bout stirring off thy bed. But stop a bit, Mr. Worthington," he added, as I was preparing to depart, "aw've summat

to fetch down stairs before yo' go'n; sit yo' down a minute; and John vanished up the stairs, whence he speedily returned with a small parcel in his hand. Unfolding the paper he displayed a long, narrow box, formed out of a piece of curiosity-marked wood. On the lid, an owl's head, evidently copied from the squinting individual on the drawers, was carved with considerable skill.

"Is that your work, John?" exclaimed I, in some surprise.

"Ay!" said John, with a grin. "Aw see'd as yo' carried yer pencils an' t'other things lapped up in a piece o' paper, an' aw thought a box would be a deal handier; so aw've made this at neets, when aw'd done my work, an' aw's feel very proud if yo'll accept on 't."

"That I will," said I; "and thank you heartily. But how is this, John? why, you are quite an artist! Where did you learn to carve so well?"

"Aw took it up o' mysel' when aw wur a lad, an' aw carve bits o' things now an' then for the neighbor's childer; so aw geet th' designer at our mill to draw me that owl's yead fro' this on th' drawers, and then aw cut it out. Willie can draw a bit; aw'll warrant he'll copy most o' them flowers as yo'n brought him, afore they wither'n: will t'ou not, Willie?"

The boy lay still, with his face turned toward the window, and did not answer.

"Willie! Willie! — why surely he has n't fall'n asleep already," said his mother, approaching the bed. He had — into the long, deep sleep from which there is no earthly awaking. With the book clasped in his breast, the drooping flowers falling from his hands, the child had died, without a sigh or a struggle.

I stood long beside the bed, listening silently to the mother's wail and the father's smothered sobs, feeling it vain and useless to offer words of comfort till their wild grief had spent itself.

"Hush, Martha, woman!" said John

at last, laying his hand on his wife's shoulder, and trying to command his shaking voice; "hush! dunnot tak' on so. It's a comfort, after a' to see him die wi' smiles on his face, than if he'd gone i' pain. He went when he wur at th' happiest, an' we'll hope he's happier still now."

"John," said the mother, looking up, "let's not stir th' book an' th' flowers; it would be a sin to tak' 'em fro' him; let 'em be buried wi' him."

Two days later, I helped to carry little Willie to a quiet churchyard, some distance from the town, where we laid him in a sunny corner, with the book and the withered flowers upon his breast.

LABOR.

MEN who live by manual labor are looked down upon and pitied, and it is not until they become independent of it — until their brown, horny hands grow somewhat white and soft — drop the tool and wear the tawdry ring, that they are considered respectable and happy. It comes not within our plan to trace the origin of this monstrous idea, which has risen to such a reigning power over the civilized world. We aver, however, that it springs neither from true philosophy nor the Bible. *Physical labor is a divine institution.* In the days of human innocence, man was put into the garden "to dress and keep it." As a divine institution, instead of being an obstructure to true progress, it is one of his most effective and necessary means to promote vigor of body, mind, and character. Why does the Almighty require man to labor, think you? Why has he left us to build our own houses, to weave our own garments, and dig out of the soil our own food? Could not he, who adorns the lily, and feeds the fowls of heaven, have prepared all to our hands? Manifestly, yea. But he has not done so, because we have souls, and physical labor is adapted to develop their moral powers.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

"Then mourn no more—'t will sadden her in glory,
To know how ceaselessly flow forth thy tears."

"And yet at last thy griefs' wild storm
Will sigh itself to rest."

GRACE GREENWOOD.

IT sometimes seems as if the deep maternal instincts implanted in woman's heart, when called up in their strongest conditions, could foresee the shadows which lie in the future, to darken the way and dim the eyes of her best beloved—her children. Sometimes the very intensity of the affections create a dim fear which take an almost tangible shape from present circumstances.

But Mrs. Winthrop's anxiety for the future was based upon a more reasonable foundation. She knew that she was constitutionally predisposed to the terrible epidemic which was desolating hearts and homes by thousands throughout the country. Their village was as yet exempt; and having no great commercial connection with the busy world without, its inhabitants feared very little for themselves, if we may except Mrs. Winthrop. She was too loving—too thoughtful for the happiness of the dear ones about her, to let the growing forebodings of her own heart depress their young happy spirits. To her husband she only conversed of the *possible* in the future, and of death, as they had often done before, as a certainty, which was not far even at the farthest from any. If she spoke more earnestly, or her tones were more touching, Mr. Winthrop found reason to excuse, or account for it in the terrible intelligence which the press brought daily to their hearths. Cheerfully he spoke of the future as still the noon time, and the long evening of life they were to spend together, yet this only made the wife thank him in her heart for wishing it might be, and more unwilling to leave him to be father and mother both to the three dear little ones God had sent them.

Mrs. Winthrop had a friend a few years her junior, whom she dearly

loved. She was an orphan with a small income, barely sufficient for her comfortable support. She was one of God's chosen children, and everybody loved her very dearly, who were capable of loving goodness embodied in mortal shape. She had spent much of her time in the family of her friend, and relieved the young mother of many cares by her constant thoughtfulness, and her earnest desire to do good in whatever shape it was ready for her hands. The little ones loved this friend very much. Even baby Herbert could crow out his rejoicings when her pleasant face looked into the nursery.

Mary Elton had not married, though many of her girlhood playmates were settled in domestic life. Why she, the sweetest and best, was still unmated was a great wonder to her acquaintances, but hidden away from all eyes, deep in the very core of Mary's heart lay the reason, and she expected to carry it to her last narrow home, buried away till the day of the great revealing of all secrets.

Miss Elton had been for several weeks an inmate of the house, and both Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop could not have her absent while the dark pall which hung about them so overshadowed their spirits. Mary's cheerful voice mingled like a sweet contralto with the silvery soprano of the children's merry laughter. Mrs. Winthrop's forebodings for herself, and the loss that her death might bring upon her children, made her greatly anxious that her place might be supplied to her little ones. She had none of that selfish affection in her heart which would forever consign her husband to a lonely companionless life, because her Heavenly Father thought it best to bereave him of his first and best beloved. If she could leave him and the babes to Mary Elton's love and care, she would find the river of death not nearly so deep, nor its clouds so dark and impenetrable. She could not divest herself of the belief that her days were numbered—and they were few.

Secluded in her own room one evening, she seated herself to write her desires to her husband, to be sealed till after she should have taken her place among the beloved that were, and are not. It was a sad task, but when was true affection not strong? When could not woman's heart yield its dearest prerogatives to bless its idols? She wrote her wishes, sealed them carefully, and directed them to "My Husband: to be read when the grass is long above my grave."

She felt relieved of the great burden upon her heart, and went about her duties softly and cheerfully as of old. Mr. Winthrop thought the shadow was passing away, but she was brooding it in secret, and preparing unwittingly and unintentionally her frail body for the approach of the very disease she dreaded. But her fears like her griefs were folded away in her own loving heart till the Messenger came. It was the first stride the grim specter of the pestilence took in the quiet village, and he waited at the threshold for the one for whom he came. The struggle was resisted a little, and then all hope was lost. Mrs. Winthrop even then forgot not the dear ones, but desired Mary Elton to seek her own and their safety in flight. She knew her husband too well to make such a request of him, and supposing her only one was granted, she told him of the settlement of all her worldly affairs, and that he would find it deposited in her writing-case. Hardly had she time to say thus much, when Mary Elton came back and took her place as nurse, for the fear-stricken neighbors dared not enter the house.

"Where are the dear children whose faces I may not see again, and whose care I reposed in you?"

"Safe," Mary Elton replied: "Dolly Temple, the pastor's sister, has taken them in the stage-coach to your mother's house. They are provided with every comfort for their journey, and Dolly will stay with them till she gets word from us. I shall remain here, and my Master will protect me."

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"God bless you!" was all the dying woman could reply; and the death-film gathered over her eyes, and deep stillness rested upon their household, broken only by the sobs of the almost heart-crushed husband.

A hasty burial, for the safety of the living, was soon over. Mary assumed the duty of purifying the house, and sent the mourning heart of the desolate one to find comfort with his little motherless ones. In this act of forgetfulness of self, Miss Elton could not foresee that she was planting thorns to grow rankly, and in her own soul. She only did that which none else dare do, even if their hearts contained a wish to be of service to their stricken neighbor.

Mrs. Winthrop's mother, Mrs. Dillon, was unlike her late daughter in more things than one. She was in the main a good woman, a kind friend, but prejudice, when once rooted in her heart, took firm hold, and sapped it of much of its natural milk of human kindness. She had looked at the world from the same stand-point, which the greater part of the thoughtless do, and took for granted, and with undoubted faith, all that was written and printed. She sorrowed over her lost child with all a mother's deep grief, which was redoubled by a sight of the helpless children cast upon her insufficient care, so late in the evening of life. She loved her grandchildren dearly, and no sacrifice on her part should ever fail of gratifying their wishes, or increase their happiness. The husband's heartache she thought would soon wear away among his ledgers, or "sigh itself to rest" in the forgetfulness which comes over a buried sorrow.

The old lady thought, as many do, that men have a power to exorcise grief which is denied to woman, and in a few days her belief shewed itself after this wise: The great burden of sorrow which lay so crushingly upon the mourner's heart had been sufficiently lifted that he might speak of the "dearly beloved so early called,"

when he related to his mother-in-law, hoping it might be a source of comfort to her, that her daughter had a friend in her last moments — Mary Elton's heroism in endangering her own safety by staying by the side of the dying.

"She knows what she is about I dare say, and was not so much a heroine for my poor child's sake as for her own," the mother replied, with not a little asperity in her tone.

However unkind this remark seemed to Mr. Winthrop, he was in no mind to meet it then with the spirit of rebuke, but contented himself by thinking it would be forgotten, and Mary seen in the light she deserved at no distant day.

A few weeks passed in struggling to master his grief, when imperative business called him from his babes to the active duties of life. It was a sad leave-taking. He almost lived over again the dreadful parting from his wife in this severing of the bond which death had doubled. The grandmother claimed them as hers to protect and care for by right, and Mr. Winthrop, if he had any other wish in regard to them, had no power to express it now. The eldest child was a girl, and they called her Puss, though she was really entitled to her mother's name of Lizzie Dillon. She was a warm-souled, high-spirited child, and whichever way her heart led, her words and hands followed. She was peculiarly impressive for good or evil, if her affections led the way. For her the father's heart ached most. The next, who was six years old, and two years his sister's junior, was a manly boy, though with strong self-will which only a gentle hand could guide. He had all the elements of a great and good nature, but the very one to be lost if the pilot should in the least vary the course of his little bark just drifting out on the great sea of life, whose outward tide only looses itself in the surges of the sea of eternity. He was grandmother's pet, and the ruler of the household. Baby Herbert seemed scarcely

to have adjusted the wing which bore it earthward, and required most all grandma's attention. He only missed his mother, because his pillow of rest and fountain of food was gone from him, and these he soon forgot.

The eldest children, Puss and Henry, often conversed of their mother who "wore wings," and if they grieved for her, some new pleasure was in readiness for them carefully prepared by grandma, to win their thoughts from the very one who should have been their subject of meditation, and the attraction in the home which all hope to reach. The grandmother tried to win their entire regard from their father by telling them he would soon bring them another mother, and they would share the fate of other step-children, and so bade them be happy while they could. Puss would flash out her indignation at the thought, and then manifest her unbelief that dear papa could do so wicked a thing. Harry was going to do to her every thing he thought was bad if she came, for Puss had read him stories of orphan children being abused, and he and Puss would do as the babes in the woods did, go off to the forests and eat berries till they died before they would live with another mother.

Mrs. Dillon fully believed all the stories she had ever read of abused children by cruel step-mothers, and thought a half remained untold. She never supposed there could be any trials to a woman who stepped into a house already filled with every thing of several year's gathering, and never imagined there were thorns under all this. And so, the thoughtless old lady was planting the seeds of misery unintentionally in the hearts of the children, and the ones who loved them dearest. She questioned them about Mary Elton, and when their cheeks glowed and their eyes flashed out their satisfaction at the very mention of her name, grandmother reminded them that she did not come with them, but got some almost stranger to care for them. She did not love them half as

well as they thought. Their little hearts grieved and rebelled over this idea, but 't was to them a fact, and "facts are stubborn things,"—to children especially.

The summer wore away, and trailed its emerald mantle far into the autumn. The grass had grown long and wavy above the grave of Mr. Winthrop's sweet sleeper, when he sat closeted in the room once sacred to himself and one other, holding the sealed note that that one had left for his perusal. How his heart throbbed, and his hand trembled over the unbroken seal. He concluded it would be natural that his children should be left to Mrs. Dillon's care, but the great change which had come over them in the few months of their separation demanded a new mode of discipline. They were no longer gentle and yielding to the judgment of those who ought to rule over them, and if they were still affectionate at times, it was only when they were allowed to follow their own inclinations. He would gladly have placed them under Miss Elton's care, who had taken a cottage with an elderly friend in an adjoining town. But he remembered with bitterness Mrs. Dillon's innuendo in regard to her, and feared it would forever alienate the love of the old lady to mention the subject to her. He had seen Miss Elton but once since he returned to his desolate home, and then for a few minutes. Her tearful sympathy, and comforting remarks of the blissful change to one so beloved by both, made him regret that he allowed an expression like Mrs. Dillon's to pass unnoticed; but 't was too late now.

Long he pondered over this last letter from his heart's first occupant, and at last broke the seal, determining to do that which her angel eyes would bless, and not follow that which seemed good while she still "looked through a glass darkly." The note ran as follows:

"BEST BELOVED:—The shadows of a fearful presentiment lie over my spirit like a

great shroud. Nowhere is there light but upward—far through the impenetrable future. I can not see it, but I know 't is there, and soon your bosom will cease to be my resting-place. I feel it—I know it, by the restless promptings which force me to pen this last letter to you.

"You will be wifeless, and the dear children motherless. I do not wish you to remain so, nor do I wish my mother to guide my children. Her affection, and her judgment are always at issue, and no woman is prepared to guide two generations, unless she have remarkable discretion and wisdom from on High. Mine has affection, but is too old. She will claim them for a while to soothe her aching heart, and she must not be denied; but not long, my dear husband, do not let her keep them long. You will for a time have to bear the double care of both parents. You will not shrink from this, I know, for you never yet regarded a request of mine too hard to grant.

"And now, dear William, I come to another wish, but 't is not for you to comply with if your heart refuses its sanction. In heaven there is no marrying or giving in marriage, and the dear ones, first beloved on earth, will be alike beloved in heaven. I do not wish you to lead a desolate life for the memory's sake of me. I do not desire to be first in your life love nor in your heavenly. One who was worthy you, would be more than worthy my place in your heart and home. You may know many such; I know but one—MARY ELTON. If it should be for your happiness, and you can win her love, make her the mother of my dear bereaved little children. Do not follow this as a *desire* of mine, but think of it as a suggestion. God keep you and mine in the hollow of his Fatherly hand, and soothe you in your great grief, for His namesake. Amen.

"I need not tell you any thing more in regard to the little ones, for you know best. If I should live, your wisdom would direct, and 't will be the same now. Tell Mary Elton I wished it *after she comes and not before*. If angels visit earth I'll bless you with my presence:

"And now, farewell, till you too, and the children, and all who may yet be dear to you, have followed me across the Dark River to that blessed home where death, nor tears, nor sorrow can ever enter. Your wife, in the love of long ago, and your beloved in the glorious Hereafter, LIZZIE WINTEROP."

"How like her generous forgetfulness of self to think of me, and on to the last, and even beyond the pale of human existence. May my life and my children's life be worthy of her."

He felt more comforted after this

perusal than he had done, since he knew her desires were sealed and in his possession. He feared her depression of spirits would swerve her clear judgment.

He decided to bring his children home immediately; and as there was no one there for the poor old grandmother to object to, he feared less opposition. He had taken a friend and his wife into his residence to attend to his household, and the lady was every way a proper person to guide his motherless ones.

Mrs. Dillon remonstrated with a determination much stronger than Mr. Winthrop had imagined, and finally acceded, but said she should go also, for no person was so fit as herself to care for them. This was far from agreeable to Mr. Winthrop, but was the least of two evils, and he chose it. All were removed to their old home, and Mrs. Dillon also for an indefinite time. There was many a heartache in reserve for the father when he watched the growth of uncurbed selfishness in those whom the mother left so gentle and affectionate. He found his efforts to retrace their wrong steps met by another influence stronger, because more in accordance with the children's wishes than his own. He also found where he had erred, but the amendment was not so easy as the first transit. Puss told him he was too good a papa to bring an ugly woman to be her step-mother, and all new mothers were naughty things. He could not reason with the child without raising the anger and suspicion of the grandmother. So things continued for another half year.

Mr. Winthrop had a partner in his business, between whom and himself there existed a warm friendship. Mr. Nelson was a gentleman in every proper sense of the word, and well to do in the world, besides being very handsome. There were many in the village of Layton who would gladly have accepted his hand in marriage, but to none was it offered. It was a matter of wonderment to the good people,

that he took no one of the many attractive and really worthy girls with whom he associated, when he manifested so strong a liking for quiet domestic life. But the truth was, his heart was in the keeping of one who did not dream of her possessions. Mary Elton had treated him with the same calm, quiet, polite attention that she bestowed upon any one else. He could see no difference in her manner toward Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop and himself. It was this uncertainty of her regard that kept him so long from openly seeking her hand. After Mrs. Winthrop's death, he thought his down-stricken partner would seek her love and win her for his own and his children's sake; but when more than a year had passed, and Mr. Winthrop had not even visited her, his old hope was renewed, and he took his carriage one summer morning and rode over to Mary's home.

She received him cordially, pleasantly, but with no apparent feeling that she would not have shown his sister. He felt embarrassed, but gathering courage told her delicately why he came; when she replied to him with tears in her eyes, that she grieved to pain him, but her pathway lay not by his side; that it was far more rugged and thorny, but the sunshine was upon it, and the blessing of duties well performed. She desired his friendship, and could give nothing more to him. Mr. Nelson returned sadly back to Layton, and gave his sole thoughts to business, saving the tearful ones of her he could not win.

A few days after this Mr. Winthrop's carriage took the same direction. Mary met him at the door, and her greeting was, "I knew you would come."

He spent the morning in doubtful anxiety, for he knew of Mr. Nelson's rejection. As the day wore away, and the children, and village people had become exhausted as a topic of conversation, he felt obliged to say why he came. She repeated again:

"I knew you would come, and I am

ready. I knew the mantle of sweet Lizzie Dillon would fall upon me, though I am sad to think it has trailed in the dust at grandmother's."

It was a tearfully glad wooing, half sad, and half hopeful, but it was not a long one. The summer time had not gone when they found their way to Layton.

(To be continued.)

THE LAVA CROSS.

BY MISS M. A. RIPLEY.

CLARENCE sat by his table. In one hand He held a book, which gleamed in the full light,

As it fell on the jeweled clasps. A cross, Curiously wrought in lava, lay beside His other, which he touched so carelessly, I trembled for the treasure; and arose, Venturing to take from my proud cousin's grasp

The rare antique memento of far lands.

It was a summer evening, and the lawn Was shining with bright flowers, whose shrinking leaves

Were closing, to shut out night's blighting air;

The casement was thrown open, and a chair, Formed of bent twigs—a rustic garden chair—

Stood on the balcony, and there we went.

And I said, "Tell me, cousin, of the scenes You saw across the sea; ay, Clarence, sketch

The soft dark eyes of one whose mystic spell

Lies now upon your life." And then he held The simple lava cross to his pale lips, And told me the sad story:

"Childhood's days

Were scarcely finished, when my mother bowed,

Like a frail flower by an o'ershadowing wall,

And sank into her grave. And then my grief

Was smothered in my heart, for want of love,

And words to soothe my woe. They strove to lead

My thoughts toward the world's hot, glaring paths;

But my young heart was all unfit for strife,

And so I pleaded that I might be sent To the dark cloisters of a college hall.

And there I wrought at morn, when with pale eyes,

The stars were hidden with a gorgeous veil, Woven of air and sunlight; and when eve

Threw open her full casket, and her gems Studded the sky's high vaults, I sat alone, Toiling that my strained heart might not leap forth,

So burdened was it with its agony.

And years rolled on, and manhood stamped my brow

With its deep thought, and other dreams arose

Than those which nestled in my throbbing soul

Thro' boyhood's saddened years. My heart leaped up

When I was on the sea, and rushing toward The shrines of olden lands. Ay! when long leagues

Of roaring waves lay in my way, my eye Seemed to behold the stainless mountain-

tops,

Or my feet trod the Alpine vales, where flocks

Slept in the noontide sun! Oh! I had longed

To see the wildest haunts of nature; I Had, dreaming, reveled 'mid her grandest scenes;—

My old-time vision was become a truth! I was in Florence; and the Sabbath light

Stole in most timidly. Around me stood Forms of the purest beauty; and there hung

In each deep panel, paintings which a king

Might proudly hang upon his palace walls; And over all, the softened light threw down

A veil which seemed to spiritualize All things on which it rested. By me stood

One who had lived 'mid all this bright array—

One who had breathed this air until her brow Seemed but the impress of all glorious

thoughts.

And she was wrapped in sable drapery, And mist was in her eyes, as her sweet voice

Told of her father's death; that when his hand

Grew cold and stiff, he would be lifted up,

To touch anew the picture which I saw Hanging above the sculptured sleepers. And

My heart so trembled, as she told the tale, I sank upon the cushions. Many a time

I begged her to repeat the story o'er, As we ranged o'er the bright Italian vales,

Or climbed the vine-wrapped hills, or floated o'er

The calm blue waters of the southern lakes. And soon I grew so used to her soft tones,

The light of her dark eyes, that I besought Her to forget the olden palace-halls,

And all the beauties of her classic land, And cross the sea with me.

She placed her hand, Sparkling with clustered gems, upon her brow,

And told me yet another joyless tale.

When her fair brow was bright with childish hopes,
 And life lay like a fairy-land spread out,
 Her saintly mother sanctified her child,
 Giving her unto God. And now the time,
 When she must dwell beneath the convent
 roofs,
 Vailing her beauty from all sinful eyes,
 Had come; and ere another day had passed,
 Her home would be within the cloister's
 walls.
 And she unclasped this curious cross, and
 gave
 It to my keeping. So I love the sign,
 Which ever opes the mystic portals wide,
 Where blooms the only flower of manhood's
 years."

Another summer came, with all its wealth
 Of luxury and beauty. The green lawn
 Was flecked with trembling shadows, which
 the boughs
 Of the tall oaks threw thickly, far and
 near;
 And the blue violets nestled in the grass,
 And the bright songsters nestled in the
 trees,
 And Clarence sat and looked out on the
 lawn,
 And I sat with him, watching his white
 brow,
 And seeking to read on that penciled page,
 The scripture which his life had written
 there;
 And he leaned o'er the inlaid desk, and
 snatched
 From a rich casket where he treasured it,
 The cross of lava, saying all the while,
 "Would that the lava streams within my
 soul
 Would crystallize like this!" And then he
 said
 We would go seek in the old convent's
 gloom,
 For her who gave it to him.

The blue waves
 Leaped like rash coursers, and their snowy
 manes
 Dashed the cool, briny foam upon the deck,
 As we sat looking on their boisterous play,
 With but the midnight stars to read our
 thoughts.
 Clarence was thinking of the Florentine,
 And I of those who walk the star-lit aisles—
 The golden pavements of the sanctuary,
 Which waits for all who wash their raiment
 white,
 And thro' all trial, let the dross alone
 Consume, guarding the gold, that it may
 gleam
 With the Refiner's image.

Well, we trod
 At last the land of song—the classic land—
 To which the poet-heart turns naturally,
 As did of old the eye of Chaldee sage,
 To that bright eastern star, which heralded

The birth of Jesus. And we sought the
 mount,
 Wherefrom the vesper-chimes were sinking
 down,
 Like to a song of cloud-throned angels,
 sweet
 As the down-dropping of a gentle stream,
 From gently sloping hills. The nuns were
 vailed,
 And kneeling in the twilight, and we knelt,
 And on the low, encircling music-tides,
 Our souls seemed carried, by their tidal
 flow,
 To the near spirit-land. And the hushed
 psalm
 Died into stillness, as a band of priests,
 Girded in sackcloth, bore a simple bier,
 All draped in blackness, to a darkened
 shrine,
 And chanted a sweet hymn—a requiem.
 Clarence stood up, his white brow pale and
 wet,
 As if the marble hand of Death were there
 Pressing each life-pulse, that it might not
 beat.
 And then he crept among the arches, laid
 His rigid hand upon the pall, and threw
 Back on the coffin its enshrouding folds,
 And looked upon the sleeper. *She* was
 there,
 Lying on the white pillows; her sweet face,
 Whiter than her pure, stainless raiment
 was.
 He fell upon the altar-steps, and clasped
 His pale hands tightly o'er his maddened
 heart,
 And a swift, crimson current stained his
 cheeks,
 And ran among his soft, brown curls, and
 soon
 The suffering spirit was with hers in heaven.
 And so I left my old companion there,
 Within the gardens of the cloister lone,
 Where, by the side of her he loved so
 well,
 He sleeps most peacefully. The lava cross
 Lies now before me, and 't was thus I came
 To write the old and time-worn memory.
 BUFFALO, June, 1867.

THE PARTING OF SUMMER.

Thou art bearing hence thy roses
 Glad summer, fare thee well!
 Thou'rt singing thy last melodies,
 In every wood and dell.
 But in the golden sunset
 Of thy latest lingering day,
 Oh! tell me o'er this checkered earth,
 How hast thou passed away?
 Brightly, sweet Summer! brightly
 Thine hours are floated by,
 To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs,
 The rangers of the sky.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

BY MRS. G. A. HALBERT.

AMONG the many distinguished names with which the last quarter of a century has enriched our fictitious literature, "Currer Bell" has been placed by acclamation. It is now about ten years since the great reading world became aware that a new voice was uttering itself—a voice deep, strange, melodious, like the troubled chant of an unquiet soul. The profound incognito so well preserved by the author of *Jane Eyre*, confirmed the impression made by her remarkable work, till curiosity became painful; and when at last the secret could no longer be kept, men were slow to recognize in the quaint, demure daughter of a Yorkshire parson, the romantic heroine of their imagination. It was not till the appearance of Mrs. Gaskell's spirited memoir that we discovered how much of her own inward life she has shadowed forth in her work.

Charlotte Bronte, alias Currer Bell, was born at Thornton, April 21, 1816. She was third daughter of Rev. Patrick Bronte, a clergyman of the established church. He was of Irish extraction, the son of poor but highly respectable parents. It was the family belief that they could trace their ancestry to a noble line, but they took no pains to substantiate it. Patrick was reared in sturdy independence, and secured by his unaided exertions a University education. He was, physically and mentally, a man of mark. Tall, and strongly built, with a majestic countenance, and manners dignified and slightly repellant, his whole aspect commanded respect in an unusual degree. Underneath his cold stern exterior beat a warm earnest heart, full of dangerous as well as noble impulses. His natural temper was violent, and although he ruled it with a despotic will, it sometimes mastered him. Then he would ease himself by going silently to his back door, and firing off pistols in quick succession. At one time in a fit of passion he

thrust the hearth-rug up the chimney, and stood watching while it consumed; at another he spent himself by sawing off the backs of chairs. Notwithstanding a temper so violent as to indicate a tendency to insanity, Mr. Bronte was a man of great clearness and strength of mind, unbending rectitude, and a more than Puritanical simplicity of tastes and habits.

The mother of Charlotte Bronte was a fragile, sweet-tempered woman, very small in person and gentle in manners. She possessed great delicacy of mind, and was regarded as a woman of superior intellect. Her health was always frail, and after giving birth to six children in as many years, she became a suffering invalid, and hastened rapidly to her grave. She dealt tenderly with her husband's infirmities, and always preserved his warmest love.

When Charlotte was four years old, her father became rector of Haworth. This is an ancient but obscure village, perched on the steep, bald hill-side, far up among the bleak moors of Yorkshire. The road leading thither from the neighboring railway station runs two miles along the fertile river bottom, and then by a continued and rugged ascent of an equal distance brings us to the town. The long narrow street is built on a declivity so steep that the paving stones are laid endwise to prevent the horses from slipping back. The houses are mostly of stone, that being on these unwooded heights the cheapest building material. Their gray color, combined with the stunted, faded look of the vegetation, gives a dull, somber character to the landscape. The Southerner, accustomed to warm golden hues, should visit it only in the autumn when the purple heather is in its glory, and the moors, elsetime gray and colorless, are attired in a robe which a king might envy.

As we reach, panting, the upper end of the single street of Howorth, we turn into a little quiet by-road, that brings us shortly to the Parsonage. It is a square stone structure, built a

century since, and heavily flagged, to defy the fierce winds of that inclement region. It is utterly devoid of ornament, and guiltless of porch or balcony to catch the faint sunshine, or add grace and cheerfulness to its rude strength. Near by are church and schoolhouse—the former very ancient, carrying us back in the style of its architecture past stately Elizabeth and gallant Henry Tudor, into the heart of those stirring times when the chivalry of England met on the field of the Roses. Between and around these buildings lies the old graveyard, fearful in the night time with its ghostly ranks of tall pale gravestones. The home of Charlotte Brontë is thus described by her friend and biographer :

“Haworth parsonage is—as I mentioned in the first chapter—an oblong stone house, facing down the hill on which the village stands, and with the front door right opposite to the western door of the church, distant about a hundred yards. Of this space, about twenty yards or so in depth are occupied by the grassy garden, which is scarcely wider than the house. The graveyard goes round house and garden on all sides but one. The house consists of four rooms on each floor, and is two stories high. When the Brontës took possession, they made the large parlor to the left of the entrance the family sitting-room, while that on the right was appropriated to Mr. Brontë as a study. Behind this was the kitchen; behind the former a sort of flagged store-room. Up stairs were four bed-chambers of similar size, with the addition of a small passage or ‘lobby’ as we call it in the north. This was to the front, the staircase going up right opposite to the entrance. There is the pleasant old fashion of window seats all through the house, and one can see that the parsonage was built in the days when wood was plentiful, as the massive stair-bannisters, and the wainscots, and the heavy window frames testify.”

Into this chill old building Mr.

Brontë brought his wife and babes in the bleak winter months. Mrs. Brontë was soon laid aside by an internal cancer which, after months of agony borne with sweet patience, laid her in her grave the following year. The father was always busy in parochial labors, his study, or attendance on his sick wife, so that the children were left much to themselves. They were a saddened group. The presence of serious sickness in the house and the state of hushed restraint in which they were necessarily kept, had sobered them beyond their years. It was melancholy to see them huddled together in the corner of some silent room, amusing themselves in whispered games; but it was even more pitiful to see them stretching away over the lonely moors, clasped hand in hand, the elder guiding the tottering steps of the younger, with the greatest care and patience.

They saw their mother laid at rest in her grave, but it made but little change in the quiet movement of their lives. They did not see much of their remaining parent, for he was a most laborious pastor; besides, while loving his children deeply in the silence of his heart, he was an undemonstrative man and “made” little of them. His notions of domestic training were very rigid. Knowing that his children must be thrown on themselves for a support, he wished to accustom them to every species of hardness. Rich confections they never tasted. The simplicity of their neatly spread table would have been the despair of a Spartan; potatoes without meat were their dinner; oat-meal cakes or porridge formed almost the remainder of their wholesome fare. In dress he was equally stringent. He would allow no gay colors or decorative fashions of attire, and no nun or quaker could have been dressed with more demure plainness than the little Brontë girls.

Mrs. Brontë had a fine silk dress presented by a friend, which offended the taste of her husband, and consequently was not worn. She kept it

choicely hidden among her treasures from year to year. One day, hearing a footstep in her chamber, and recollecting that she had neglected to lock her bureau, she hastened up, just in season to receive her fine silk from the hands of her husband, cut into worthless shreds. At another time, when the children had been overtaken by a sudden storm on the moor, and were expected home wet and cold, a bright little row of shoes, also a gift, were ranged round the kitchen fire to warm against their return. Mr. Bronte coming in and seeing these corrupters of youth standing in wait to tempt the virtue of his little ones, hastily swept them all into the fire.

About a year after Mrs. Bronte's decease, a maiden elder sister came to take charge of the orphaned children. Miss Branwell was a prompt, practical, opinionated woman, a model of neatness and economy. She had some unpleasant asstringencies of character, which had not been improved by her removal from sunny Penzance to the blustering heights of Yorkshire. She was devoutly religious, and under a somewhat hard exterior, had a kind, but not a sympathetic heart. Her presence contributed to the good management rather than the cheerfulness of the house. It is evident that the powers that ruled the parsonage were not calculated to give the right development to the little Brontes. There was no bright, frolicsome child-life in that dull old house. These children were aged and gray at heart before they reached their teens. They had no visitors from abroad, and held no social intercourse with the rude cottagers in the village.

Maria, the eldest, was a child of remarkable but unhealthy development. Under a shrinking timid exterior, she had a masculine depth of understanding. She read all the debates in Parliament, had her political notions, and could converse on the great topics of the day with the intelligence of an adult, long before she was ten years old. Every one of these children evinced remarkable talents, though the

hopes and pride of the family centered most on Branwell, the only son. For several years their education was conducted at home by the father and aunt jointly. The girls learned housekeeping in a most thorough manner, and as they kept but one servant much drudgery came upon them.

In July, 1824, Mr. Bronte took his two eldest daughters to the Cowan's Bridge School, and in the succeeding autumn the next two joined them. Charlotte's recollections of this institution were afterward wrought out with terrible power in *Jane Eyre*. So lifelike were her delineations, that after the lapse of twenty years her old schoolmates were able to identify scenes and characters with an accuracy upon which she had not counted, and indignant voices were raised by some long forgotten actors in these scenes.

The plan of the school was this: Rev. Mr. Wilson, a man of benevolence and wealth, seeing the difficulty which poor clergymen experienced in educating their daughters, devised a plan for giving them a "solid and sufficient English education," at the low price of fifteen pounds a year, the balance being raised by subscription. The scheme was admirable, and was hailed by many poor pastors with exceeding joy. The spot selected for the institution was highly picturesque, but damp and unwholesome, the air being charged in the spring with a deadly miasma arising from the low grounds in its vicinity. The buildings were remodeled from an old mill and very poorly ventilated. So great was the impatience of the public, that the school was commenced before adequate funds were raised, or preparations made for their comfort. Great economy was therefore enjoined by its founder in every department. It was his intention that the food should be plain, yet wholesome and palatable, but he unfortunately selected a cook who was disgustingly filthy. Through her fault the meat was often tainted, the milk "bingy," the water offensive, and the puddings compounded of unclean

scraps, which were loathsome in the highest degree. It would be impossible to exaggerate the repulsiveness of this food to children so delicately reared as the daughters of Mr. Brontë. Their fare at home had been coarse and homely enough, but fastidiously clean. These little maidens, dainty in nothing but neatness, seldom ate a meal at Cowan's Bridge without loathing, and often turned faint from the table.

Disagreeable odors always lingered about these low, damp rooms, so that both food and air became vehicles of disease. Eighty pupils poorly fed and thinly clad were gathered within these pestilential walls, and when spring opened, a low form of typhus fever ran through the school, prostrating at one time half their number. The Brontë children escaped, but Maria was already sinking under hard usage in a hopeless consumption. She had the misfortune to incur the special ill-will of a certain teacher, who worried her from day to day with unaccountable and malignant cruelty. She bore her taunts with an angelic spirit, but they crushed the life out of her, and in the early summer she was carried home, in a few days to be laid in her grave. Little did that bad woman dream that, masked in an infant's form, *an avenger* watched her, who after many days should stand before her face to reprove her of all the hard speeches and scoffing words she had spoken to that gentle, dying child. Elizabeth, the second sister, soon sickened of the same disorder, and before the summer was gone, lay by Maria's side. Still the two younger daughters were not immediately removed, and it was not till the following winter that their failing health induced their father to recall them home. Great sanitary changes were ultimately effected in the institution, and it has proved a noble benefaction to the class for whom it was designed.

Charlotte, called so mournfully to assume the headship of the bereaved circle, felt deeply the sacred trust laid

upon her, and never ceased to watch over her two younger sisters with a mother's anxiety till they were beyond the reach of her tenderness.

Again at home the lessened circle moved on in its wonted rounds. A new servant was added to the establishment, the excellent Tabby, who became so intimately blended with all the interests of the family. She was past middle age, discreet and faithful, devotedly but not indulgently fond of the children. She grew infirm in their service, feeble, blind, and deaf, but they would not suffer her to be removed, and waited on her in her age as she had upon them in their youth. When she could no longer hear the ordinary tones of conversation, but pined to know the affairs of the parsonage as aforetime, Miss Brontë used to take her out to walk in the lonely moors and pour into her aged ear the domestic history for which she had been asking till she was content. Her tenderness to this old servant is an affecting proof of her goodness of heart. Tabby died in the parsonage at a very advanced age.

Re-established at home, Charlotte began to feel the need of mental stimulus. Household tasks, while they busied her fingers, did not much employ her thoughts. With the living world she had scarcely more intercourse than the tenants of the grim churchyard which begirt her home. The thrice read books in her father's library would not long satisfy her, and thus like thousands before her she was driven to writing. It was the necessity of occupation first, of support afterward, which made Charlotte an authoress. While the neat-handed little maiden scoured the oaken floors and polished the well-kept furniture, her thoughts strayed in a delightful land where mighty deeds were wrought, and the Duke of Wellington was the most worshipful hero. The number of tales, plays, poems, and criticisms she produced in the first years of her teens is almost past belief. They were all written in a hand so minute that it is

impossible to decipher them without a magnifier. Among these compositions, valuable chiefly as safe outlets for the effervescence of a warm imagination, and curious as an example of mental activity, some passages are found which would not have disgraced her riper powers, and one or two poems are much above average merit.

Charlotte took an amusing interest in politics, and watched the proceedings of Parliament with all the gravity of a statesman. It was a favorite amusement with the children of the personage, as they sat in the ruddy glow of the kitchen fire, forbidden a candle, probably, by the frugal Tabby, to plant imaginary colonies on distant islands, each selecting favorite heroes, authors, or philanthropists. Here is Charlotte's portrait at this period :

"In 1831 she was a quite thoughtful girl of nearly fifteen years of age, very small in figure — 'stunted' was the word she applied to herself — but as her limbs and head were in just proportion to the slight fragile body, no word suggestive in even so slight a degree of deformity could properly be applied to her; with thick brown hair, and peculiar eyes, of which I find it difficult to give a description as they appeared to me in her later life. They were large and well shaped; their color a reddish brown; but if the iris was closely examined, it appeared to be composed of a great variety of tints. The usual expression was of quiet listening intelligence, but now and then, on some just occasion for vivid interest or wholesome indignation, a light would shine out, as if some spiritual lamp had been kindled, which glowed behind these expressive orbs. I never saw the like in any other human creature. As for the rest of her features, they were plain, large, and ill-set; but, unless you began to catalogue them, you were hardly aware of the fact, for the eyes and power of the countenance overbalanced every physical defect; the crooked mouth and the large nose were forgotten, and the whole face arrested the attention, and presently at-

tracted all those whom she herself would have cared to attract. Her hands and feet were the smallest I ever saw; when one of the former was placed in mine, it was like the soft touch of a bird in the middle of my palm. The delicate long fingers had a peculiar fineness of sensation, which was one reason why all her handiwork, of whatever kind — writing, sewing, knitting — was so clear in its minuteness. She was remarkably neat in her whole personal attire; but she was dainty as to the fit of her shoes and gloves."

At the age of fifteen Charlotte was again sent to school. This time the selection was fortunately made, and she always retained grateful recollections of the two years she spent at Roe Head. The first impression she made on her schoolmates was quaint indeed, if we judge by the account of one of them who became her life-long friend :

"I first saw her coming out of a covered cart, in very old-fashioned clothes, and looking very cold and miserable. She was coming to school at Miss Wooler's. When she appeared in the schoolroom her dress was changed, but just as old. She looked a little old woman, so short-sighted that she always appeared to be seeking something, and moving her head from side to side to catch a sight of it. She was very shy and nervous, and spoke with a strange Irish accent. When a book was given her, she dropped her head over it till her nose nearly touched it, and when she was told to hold her head up, up went the book after it, still close to her nose, so that it was not possible to help laughing."

She soon overcame these disadvantages by her real superiority and goodness of heart, and before long was the acknowledged favorite of the school. Her inventive faculties were soon discovered and taxed, although sometimes she would weave such goblin tales that the girls were nearly frightened out of their senses. While greatly in advance of her mates in general knowledge,

she was poorly grounded in the "elements;" but she soon overtook and passed them. Her zeal tempted her kind teacher to task her beyond her strength. The consequence was a poor lesson and "bad mark." The whole school rose in revolt when they found Charlotte in disgrace, and the mark was gladly erased.

In 1882 Charlotte returned home, and was engaged two or three years in teaching her younger sisters, self-improvement and domestic duties. In 1885 grave matters were discussed at the parsonage. Branwell, the only son, was a lad of great gifts, with a talent for writing which was remarkable for his years; he had also great skill in drawing. His tastes were for an artist's life; but he was uninstructed and poor. His father's stipend was small, and the expense of instruction at the Royal Academy large. Charlotte, the brave, generous sister, offered to leave her cherished home and go out into the world as a governess to secure this object. Small sounds the sacrifice, but to a shrinking, timid girl, wholly unused to society, and morbidly conscious of her personal defects, unable in the days of her renown to face a stranger without a nervous dread, often producing illness — to her it was an act of high moral heroism. The position, too, of a governess in an English household, just high enough to subject her to the dislike and insolence of the servants, and so low as to render kindness on the part of her employers an extreme condescension, was revolting to every fine instinct of her nature.

The pain of leaving home was much softened by an invitation from Miss Wooler to assist in the school in which she had lately been a pupil. Although the salary was but a pittance, she accepted the situation gladly. She remained at Roe Head three years, making herself very acceptable as a teacher. But her duties were too arduous, and tasked her beyond her strength. The life of a governess was uncongenial to her sensitive nature,

yet she did not on that account excuse herself from any task however irksome. She knew how to bend the spirit with a stern energy to its appointed work, and to demand of it each day its "tale of bricks." The hope of gaining her bread by her pen occurred to her now and then, but she had no confidence in her untried powers. At last she shook off her timidity, wrote to Southey, then Poet Laureate, enclosed specimens of her poems, and desired his candid advice. The answer was long in coming, but it came at last. It was a noble letter from a good and generous heart. Southey told Charlotte she had "in no inconsiderable degree what Wordsworth calls 'the faculty of verse,'" but he would not have her lay much stress on the possession of a gift by no means rare. "Literature," he adds, "cannot be the business of a woman's life, and it ought not to be. The more she is engaged in her proper duties, the less leisure will she have for it, even as an accomplishment and recreation." Wholesome advice, though not quite adapted to the case of Miss Brontë. She says, however: "Mr. Southey's letter was kind and admirable; a little stringent, but it did me good." So she crushed down the hopes of a more congenial life, and returned to her old tasks.

In the spring of 1838 Charlotte found herself completely prostrated, and her nerves so unstrung that the least disturbance made her turn pale and tremble violently. Her physician prescribed perfect quiet as her only cure, and with a glad heart she laid down her burden, for a time to rest in the dim old house for which she was always yearning. Here she found her two sisters who had also been teaching, and had come back drooping. Branwell was there, having for some cause relinquished the plan of studying at the academy — they were a happy united family. Probably it was one of the most unalloyed periods of their lives.

With returning health Charlotte found it needful to gather up again the

burden she had so joyfully laid down. She became governess in the family of a wealthy manufacturer. There she experienced in full measure all the annoyances before which she had cowered in the distance. Her mistress was a vulgar, purse proud, coarse hearted woman, who saw in the delicate gifted being who had come to reside under her roof only a poor, bashful, ill-favored dependent, whom she might tease, and crush, and sting at her pleasure; any growing attachment on the part of the children was instantly marked with ridicule. "What!" she exclaimed, when a rosy boy of three or four years put his little hand caressingly in his teacher's, saying, "I love 'ou, Miss Brontë." "What! love the governess!"

At first the poor girl was quite overwhelmed, but she reflected that the ordeal would do her good, and she determined to endure for the few months of her engagement. Writing to her sister she says: "I could like to be at home. I could like to work in a mill. I could like to feel some mental liberty. I could like this weight of restraint taken off. But the holidays will come, Corragio."

In 1841 Miss Brontë became for the last time a governess. Her situation was comfortable, and she was treated with respect and consideration by her employers. Yet she was but "moderately happy." Thus she makes her plaint to a friend:

"....., no one but myself can tell how hard a governess' work is to me, for no one but myself is aware how utterly averse my whole mind and nature are for the employment. Do not think that I fail to blame myself for this, or that I leave any means unemployed to conquer this feeling. Some of my greatest difficulties lie in things that would appear to you comparatively trivial. I find it so hard to repel the rude familiarity of children. I find it so difficult to ask either servants or mistress for any thing I want, however much I want it. It is less pain to me to endure the greatest in-

convenience than to go to the kitchen to request its removal. I am a fool. Heaven knows I can not help it!"

One can not read Miss Brontë's letters without depression. Certainly, she had little food for pleasant fancies, but the absence of hope was a constitutional trait. There is a lack of buoyancy and *tona*. Nothing exhilarates her — nothing lifts the gloom from her brows. We long sometimes to hear her speak gaily of the future, to see the clear shining of the sun after rain. She had courage, and energy to carry the present burden, but it looked black and heavy in the distance. Oh! it is enough to make one weep to see a great sad heart like hers, thrown, as it would seem, by God's providence, out of its orbit, cut off from all its fine affinities, and made to grind in the prison house of want to some sordid, menial soul.

It had long been the desire of Charlotte and her sisters to open a school of their own. Their clinging spirits sought no brighter lot on earth than to live with each other and their father in humble independency. Various plans to effect this object were framed, discussed, and rejected for want of funds. While waiting some opening for their joint labors, the time seemed propitious for completing their own imperfect education, especially in modern languages and music. Careful aunt Branwell was persuaded to hazard enough of her small property to support her two elder nieces on the Continent for a term of six months. Brussels was selected, because there large advantages were offered at small expense, and accordingly they were received into the school of M. Héger, in February, 1842.

Charlotte was at this time about twenty-six years old, and Emily two years younger. Their personal appearance was still as characteristic as ever. "The two sisters clung together, and kept apart from the herd of happy, boisterous, well befriended Belgian girls, who, in their turn, thought the new English pupils wild,

and scared-looking, with strange, odd, insular ideas about dress. * * *

The sisters spoke to no one but from necessity. They were too full of earnest thought, and of the exile's sick yearning to be ready for careless conversation or merry game."

M. Héger, a man of cultivation and discernment, saw much farther into these "sober suited" girls than his thoughtless pupils. He quickly discovered that their minds were of the very highest order. He understood the peculiar exigencies of their case, and resolved to vary his usual course of instruction to correspond to their larger capacities. He estimated Emily even higher than her sister. "She should have been a man—a great navigator," he said.

Into the midst of this tranquil, laborious school life, prolonged beyond the original design by the thoughtful provision of M. and Mad. Heger, came the sound of death. Their worthy aunt sickened and died so suddenly, that they were unable to reach her, although they left for home upon the first warning. Emily did not return, for she was needed to cheer her father in his solitude.

After a few weeks of precious reunion with her family, Charlotte returned to Brussels, in the double capacity of pupil and English teacher. The loneliness and depression of this second year are depicted with painful fidelity in "Villette." She yearned for her barren moors, as the Swiss exile yearns for the shadow of his mountains. Sometimes she was tempted to leave all and fly home, but it was contrary to her nature to leave any object which she had proposed to herself unaccomplished.

In January, 1844, Miss Brontë reached home, duly furnished with the sealed diploma of the "Athenes Royale de Bruxelles," certifying that she was qualified to teach the French language in the most approved manner.

Nothing now hindered the consummation of the long cherished project of the sisters,—nothing but the want

of pupils. A small legacy from their aunt supplied the necessary funds, but where should they look for scholars? In vain they advertised, and wrote to their small circle of friends; the little parsonage among the moors, now world-known, offered small attractions then. The most remarkable woman of her age waited in patient expectation till months had fallen into years, but never a pupil came!

Gradually as hope died the wish also departed. A fearful grief long foreshadowed now settled down upon them. Branwell, their strength and pride, had come home a ruined man. He was never like his sisters. Even in childhood he had not their pure tastes, though his native impulses seem to have been most generous and noble. Gifted as he was, his will was weak, and the enchantress had led him into deadly paths, and now he had come home a besotted, dissolute ruined youth, to pollute that pure sanctuary with his presence. He died there in 1848. These last years were a period of great trial and depression to Miss Brontë. To a friend she writes: "One day resembles another; and all have heavy, lifeless physiognomies. Meantime life wears away. I shall soon be thirty; and I have done nothing yet." Courage, faint heart! The hour is at hand—the clock is about to strike.

(To be continued.)

AN APT REPLY.—"Madame," said a doctor to the mother of a sweet healthy babe, "the ladies have deputed me to inquire what you do to have such a happy, uniform good child." The mother mused for a moment, and then she replied, simply and beautifully, "Why God has given me a healthy child, and I let it alone."

TO IMAGINE that mere beauty is sufficient to keep the marriage bond unbroken without heart and intellect, which alone can knit it firmly together, is to attempt weaving a garland of flowers without stems.

THE CHEMIST IN THE LAUNDRY.

WASHING has for its object not only the removal from our clothing of accidental dirt, but also to carry away certain ammoniacal salts, the products of perspiration, which are absorbed from the body by all the clothes that we wear, especially those nearest to the skin. A change of under garment is essential to health on this very account, and the art of washing is more useful in removing the hardened perspiration from the cloth—to which it clings most pertinaciously, like the matter of contagion—than in removing the superfluous dirt which merely offends the eye. Until recently, the laundress' first operation was to prepare "a ley" of potash, which she did by putting wood ashes into a tub having a perforated bottom. The tub was then filled with water, which, trickling through, dissolved in its course the potash contained in all wood ashes. The process is still extant in some parts of the country, especially where wood is used for fuel.

The starting process of washing now is to prepare a ley of soda. Hard water requires more soda than soft; and, when rain water can be procured, alkali may be dispensed with entirely. The utility of soda or of potash in washing arises from the power these alkalies possess of uniting with grease of all kinds, forming a soap; and to disunite the ammonia of the perspiration from the clothes, thus purifying the fabric and rendering it capable of the like absorption when again worn. This important action has hitherto been unnoticed. Now, although we admit their great utility, we particularly caution all parties not to use too much of these powerful alkalies, because cotton fabrics are partially dissolved by a strong hot soda, potash, or lime ley. It is to this cause that the "bad color" may be attributed, which the housewife now and then justly complains of in the linen. When the outer coatings of the filament of the

fabric are thus acted upon, they are quickly influenced by the air, and become of a yellow tint.

"There is another cause of "bad color," and that is an insufficient supply of water, or washing too many things in the same liquor. This gives rather a gray tint. The yellow color is, however, the great thing to guard against, as this partakes of a permanent evil; and we mention it in particular, because there are strong washing fluids sold containing lime and soda. In nine laundries out of ten, too much soda is already used; we need not, therefore, desire to increase the evil.

Many laundresses, when they hear complaints of the colors of the articles they send home, will make their alkaline ley a little stronger next washing-day, and thus unwittingly increase the evil. A judicious use of soda or pearl ash is highly beneficial, and a saving of labor; but, if in excess, is very injurious.

The strong lixivium, recently recommended for washing linen, has long been known to those who require to cleanse metals from impurities only. Printers, for instance, may use it with safety to cleanse the face of their type from the unctuous ink used in printing, because the ley is not strong enough to affect the metal. The very low priced soaps are by no means the cheapest in use; and they also impart an unpleasant odor to the linen, which can not be got rid of.

The use of "blue" in rinse water is too well known to need comment further than to our purpose. The ordinary blue is a compound of Prussian blue and starch. The color that it gives merely covers the yellow tint of the goods, without doing more. We would suggest the use of pure indigo instead of the common blue. This advice is founded upon practice as well as theory. Indigo, in this operation, is without any bad action on the fabric. Persons employed in the "indigo department" of the docks have the whitest linen of all people in London.—*Scientific American*.

LIFE IN BRAZIL.

THE negroes are as musical in Brazil as they are in the United States. Their chief instrument is the marimba, a calabash with thin steel-rods fixed inside on a board; but every nation has its own, so that a Congo, Angola, Minas, Ashantee, or Mozambique instrument is recognizable. "The city," Mr. Ewbank says, "is an Ethiopian theater, and this is the favorite instrument of the orchestra." Mr. Ewbank admired some of the sable *lavadeiras*, or washing girls. They are very slightly draped; and figures, he says, graceful as any seen at the wells of the East, occur among them. Dogs are destroyed in the streets with little balls made of flour, fat, and nuxvomica. Mr. Ewbank passed in one day five of these sacrifices made to Sirius.

Slaves are the beasts of draught as well as of burden. Few contrivances on wheels being in use, they mostly drag their loads, sometimes on a plank greased or wetted. Trucks are, however, getting more common. Sometimes the slaves are chained to the trucks. Neither age nor sex is free from iron shackles. Mr. Ewbank describes having seen a very handsome Mozambique girl with a double-pronged collar on; she could not have been over sixteen. While standing on the balcony of a house in Custom-house street, a little old negress, four-fifths naked, toddled past, in the middle of the street, with an enormous slop-tub on her head, (there are no conveniences nor sewers in Rio; every thing is carried away by the negroes,) and secured by a lock and chain to her neck.

"'Explain that, Mr. C. . .,' I said. 'Oh, she is going to empty slops on the beach, and being probably in the habit of visiting *vendas*, she is thus prevented, as the offensive vessel would not be admitted.' Some slaves have been known to sell their 'barils' for rum, and such are sent to the fountains and to the Praya, accoutred as

that old woman is.' " The coffee-carriers do their work at a trot, or half-run, with a load weighing one hundred and sixty pounds, resting on the head and shoulders. The average life of a coffee-carrier does not exceed ten years. In that time the work ruptures and kills them! Negro-life is not much regarded in Rio. Yet the poor fellows go to their doomed task with a chant. Negroes are also made to carry coals, building-stones, and other heavy weight — loads almost fit for a cart and horse. "No wonder," Mr. Ewbank remarks, "that slaves shockingly crippled in their lower limbs are so numerous. There waddled before me, in a manner distressing to behold, a man whose thighs and legs curved so far outward that his trunk was not over fifteen inches from the ground." In others the knees cross each other, with the feet preternaturally apart, as if superincumbent loads had pushed his knees in instead of out. In others, again, the body has settled low down, and the feet are drawn both on one side, so that the legs are parallel at an angle of thirty degrees.

Apropos of Brazilian tobacco and snuff — the last, the real original and best in the world — Mr. Ewbank argues that tobacco has avenged, to some extent, the blood of her children slain by those of the Old, in its Circean effects, physical and moral. "All the conquerors have become tainted with the poison; the most ruthless are the most deeply polluted. Formerly the first powers of the earth, now contemptible for their weakness, dissensions, and crimes, slaves to blighting superstitions, to ignorance, poverty, pride, and a poisonous weed!"

What punishment may Providence also have in store for those who traffic in human flesh, and sell a fellow-creature to a servitude which allows of only ten years' life? Well might a stranger remark, on passing a castle-like structure in Rio, "The blood of negroes built that." Even in Brazil it is remarked that the great slave-merchants do not flourish long, and never

prosper to the last. "They die early, or their wealth leaves them; they live unhappy, and seldom leave children. With them the smell of gain is good, but like ice it melts away."

In Brazil, from the admixture of blood that takes place, the greatest variety of color is to be seen in the same family. Mr. Ewbank noticed one family of seven children, in which the youngest was very fair, while the color of the rest veered between cinnamon and olive. Besides crosses, crucifixes, crowns, palms, glories, and other sacerdotal *bijoutrie*, charms and amulets also abound. Even children are protected by these preservatives. Fashion in ornament also takes at times curious turns; one lady will wear a necklace of miniature culinary utensils, another wears a lock at one ear, and a key at the other. The sentiment embodied in the device is apparent: lock up what you hear. Even hour-glasses, as auricular pendants, are not out of fashion in Brazil.

There are only three or four eating-houses in Rio. The charges are low, and the viands uninviting. Every thing that has life and substance is said to be caught and cooked in Brazil, so that the stranger can not be always quite sure of what he is eating in a *ragout* at Rio. The prominent feature, curiously enough for so hot a climate, is the enormous consumption of pork. "And then what pork! It is all fat; at least, what lean appears is but a film—a slip of pink blotting paper lost in a ledger." Pork is used by the highest and lowest every day, and is considered by long experience to be as wholesome in Brazil as in any part of the earth. The great Spanish dish is the *olla*, and composed of fowls, mutton, beef, and other matters, but never without bacon; "an *olla* without bacon is no *olla*." And so with the Portuguese and Brazilians; a dinner without *toucinho* is next to no dinner at all. *Feijao tom toucinho* is the national dish of Brazil. Next to this in estimation comes *toucinho daceo*, "heavenly bacon," with almond paste,

eggs, sugar, butter, and a spoonful or two of flour. The glorification of bacon is of very ancient date, and as the most popular and esteemed of carneous aliments, it was given as rewards for rural, and particularly for conjugal virtues. *El tocino del Parasio el casado no anepsio*. Bacon of Paradise, for the married who repent not, is a mediæval proverb. The lusty priests and sleek monks of Brazil indulge largely in *toucinho*, without much regard to the virtues. The first are notorious free-livers. Nearly all, Mr. Ewbank tells us, have families, and when seen leaving the dwellings of their wives—or females who ought to be—they invariably speak of them as their nieces or sisters.

Some of the popular articles of native pastry and confectionary awaken curiosity; "celestial slices," for example, described as fine bread soaked in milk, and steeped in a hot pound fluid of sugar, cinnamon, and yolk of eggs; "Mother Benta's cakes"—an angelic dainty, invented by an ancient nun of the Adjuda convent—the ingredients, rice-flour, butter, sugar, grated meat of the cocoa-nut, and orange-water; "widow's"—sweet paste, thin as tissue-paper, piled an inch thick on each other, and baked. Then there are "sighs," "lies," "angel's hair," "egg-threads," "weaning-pills," and "negro's feet." "Rosaries" are eight and ten-inch rings, or strings of praying-beads, by which the Credo may be acquired with incrustated almonds, and Ave Marias counted with pellets of jubbe paste.

The unavoidable tendency everywhere is to render labor disreputable. Black slavery is rife in Brazil, and Brazilians shrink with something allied to horror from manual employment. Ask a native youth of a family in low circumstances why he does not learn a trade and earn an independent living, ten to one he will tremble with indignation, and inquire if you mean to insult him! "Work! work!" cried one; "we have blacks to do that." Hundreds and hundreds of families

have one or two slaves, on whose earnings alone they live!

Hence in Rio, the master mechanics and tradesmen are, with the exception of a few French and other foreigners, Portuguese. The richest men in the country, the most industrious artisans, and assiduous of storekeepers, are Lusitanians. Brazilians dislike them, perhaps as much for the competence their diligence in business realizes as for any thing else.

Gambling in Rio is universal. Lotteries are granted for all sorts of things, and fresh ones are perpetually announced. Most of them are granted on religious orders, for their benefices. Boys run about peddling tickets; they enter stores, visit the markets, and even stop you in the street; nay, women are sent out as agents by the dealers.

GLITTER AND GOLD.

BY MRS. H. E. G. ARRY.

CHAPTER I.

"Dress makes the man, and want of it, the fellow."

"AND so that is the man whom you have been praising so highly to me of late," exclaimed Ann Carpenter, as the street door closed.

"It is."

"Of all things!"

Mary paid no attention to the remark of her friend; she was bending over the astral, endeavoring to prevent it from giving so strong a light; but she turned it down too far, and had to screw it up again; and then she let the blaze stream up so, that it almost cracked the glass. It took her some time to suit the light to her fancy; but she did not seem to be thinking of the lamp, and so she was the more excusable.

Her cheeks were somewhat flushed, and there was a dreamy smile about her lips, and a light in her eye that was not always there. It could not be that Ann Carpenter's exclamation had so absorbed her attention, could it?

"And so you did not like him?" said she at length, seating herself.

"Like him, Mary! why—he's a perfect ragamuffin. I could pick up many a mechanic or country farmer in the streets who looks much better than he."

"Perhaps you could. I think some of our country farmers are among the finest-looking men in the world."

"But you do not pretend to say that they would be fit society for you?"

"They *might* not; but I think the unfitness would be mental, rather than personal. But with Mr. Ashley the case is far otherwise. I am sure you could not have listened to his conversation, or you would be less severe in your criticism."

"No, indeed! one glance was sufficient; I neither wished to see or hear any thing more of him after he first entered the room. Did you notice his coat? It must have been made for his grandfather; and as for the rest of his apparel, I presume it came from some second-hand clothing store. I know it was never fitted for him."

"Very well; then it probably deserves the credit of being paid for, and that is more than can be said of many an excellent garb."

"Well, I like to see people dress decently, whether their clothes are paid for or not. To think that you, who have been so fastidious with regard to the gentlemen of your acquaintance, should sit the whole evening, absorbed in the conversation of such a fellow as that, it is perfectly astonishing."

"My fastidiousness, as you choose to call it, Ann, never pertained particularly to coats and boots, if I remember right. It may be that the very thing which you dislike so much in Mr. Ashley, is that which makes him so agreeable to me."

"Well, if you have fallen in love with such an apparel as that, you must have a curious fancy; that's all I have to say."

"Understand me, if you please; I

do not mean to say that I have fallen in love with, or found any thing particularly agreeable in Mr. Ashley's clothing. When I fall in love, I hope that it will be with something better than the coat of a barbarian sheep, or the winding sheet of a silk worm. What I mean to say is, that that negligence of personal appearance, which so disgusts you with Mr. Ashley, may be the result of an exclusive attention to the cultivation of those mental powers with which I am so delighted."

"Verily, I do not think I should care for an acquaintance whose mental endowments were so all absorbing that he could not stop to comb his hair of a morning, or to brush his coat after having been lodged in the watch-house to pay for stumbling over the broken pavement when star-gazing at unseasonable hours. And, besides, I do not believe your philosophy. I think a man of really cultivated and refined mind, will show refinement also in his person."

"We have many examples to the contrary, Ann. How many of our great men have been noted for negligence or even slovenliness in dress."

"Why, in a real, decided, unmistakeable, and world-renowned genius, it is more excusable, and then many of our great men have risen from obscurity, or even poverty, and when their habits were formed, it was impossible for them to dress well."

"But who knows but that Mr. Ashley is poor."

"Well, if he is, what right has he here! What business have poor people in society?"

"Indeed! I was not aware that because a person is not blessed with wealth, he should therefore be cast out of all society, and frowned upon as if he were a criminal."

"But is it not better that those who can not afford to appear as we do, should remain in their own level of society. It saves them from the desire of living beyond their incomes, and us from the annoyance of their uncouth appearance."

"No, Ann, I think the distinctions of society are based too much upon the outward trappings of wealth, and that too little regard is paid to moral and intellectual worth. I do not approve of the endeavors which some people make to rise above what is called their own level in society; but I think a person finds his level, when he finds that class of people with whom he sympathizes, and by whom he is understood; whose tastes and feelings are similar to his. And yet, how many of the most refined tastes and feelings have been doomed to poverty, and would, according to your principles, be left with no other society than that of the most vulgar."

"Really, Mary, you are a strange girl. Do you think there is no polish required—nothing of that which marks the gentleman—that something which the poor man can never acquire?"

"Indeed, as for that matter, there is not a more perfectly free and easy gentleman among my acquaintances than this same Mr. Ashley, of whom we are speaking."

"Impudence, Mary—it's nothing in the world but impudence. That hodge-podge, across the street there, if he could once be made to believe that you would receive him on a level with yourself, would appear just as free and easy as this same gentlemanly Mr. Ashley of yours. I must confess, I never dreamed of meeting such a shabby personage in your father's parlor. Who could have introduced him?"

"He brought me a letter of introduction from an intimate friend in B..., one in whose judgment I have the utmost confidence, and who certainly would not introduce to me an unfit associate. I noticed nothing peculiar in his appearance at first,—I am not addicted to study people by their apparel;—but since then, I must confess, I have sometimes thought him guilty of an almost unpardonable negligence in dress. Yet, when once engaged in conversation with him, I do not notice it, and I certainly do not

think I have ever met the man who was equally agreeable."

"Well, '*chacun a son gout*;' but I thought you were old enough to have done with romancing. Did you say you had friends in B...?"

"Only this one whom I mentioned."

"I have a cousin there, and she writes me that they have had for a toast there this some time past, a young millionaire, just returned from his travels in Europe. All the lasses have been exerting their charms upon him to the utmost, but without success. He is coming down here soon to spend the rest of the season, and I expect he has been reserving his heart for some of us. At least I mean to be ready for him, and I would advise you to drop your *tete a tetes* with such fellows as this Ashley, and reserve your charms for some purpose."

"No, Ann, I can assure you that I shall not give up society that is really agreeable to me, for the sake of playing the agreeable to some specimen of nonentity. I have seen several of these millionaires in my day, and they were the most wishy-washy affairs imaginable. I would rather have the diamond, with its case of pewter, than the paste, though it be set in gold."

"It does well for you, Mary, who has always rolled in wealth, to profess to despise it, and to call a person a wishy-washy affair, simply because he happens to be rich. How would you like to have others speak thus of you?"

"I call no one a wishy-washy affair simply because he is rich; but I do think that those who have been reared in wealth and luxury, are apt to think that they are independent of their own exertions; and the energies which they might once have possessed, having never been called into action, become paralyzed. I do not say that this is necessary, but it is natural, and, as far as my observation has extended, common. I have seen many a one, whose mind, thus wasted, had become as blank and stupid as a dormouse in the winter."

CHAPTER II.

"WHY, Harry, where in the world have you been?"

"To call on Miss Winslow."

"What! in that array?"

"In this array," replied Harry, casting a merry glance over his shoulder into the elegant mirror, with which his room was adorned.

"And the reason why your coat is so dirty, is because the footman kicked you down the steps, when you inquired for her, is n't it?"

"No, sir! I was admitted to her presence without the least hesitation."

"Verily, Hal, but I thought you were a temperance man."

"And what has caused you to change your opinion?"

"Why, the bare idea that you should call on Miss Winslow in such a trim as that. Upon my word, I never saw a man look more like a fright in my life."

"Miss Winslow must differ from you in opinion, for I assure you I have spent the last half-hour in a most interesting *tete-a-tete* with her, and she did not seem to be in the least affected with my appearance."

"But what mad spirit could have possessed you to call upon a lady when so carelessly dressed, whether she felt insulted by your appearance or not?"

"To tell you the truth, Dick, I have a design upon the heart of Miss Winslow."

"Really! you have. And you have formed an exalted opinion of her taste, have you not, to suppose that she will be captivated by a threadbare coat, and —"

"I do not intend to captivate Miss Winslow with my coat or any thing that pertains to my external appearance."

"Your money, you think, is sufficient?"

"Miss Winslow does not know that I have a cent in the world. No, Dick, the woman that loves me must love me for myself alone, and my wife must be one who would have been mine let my

circumstances in life have been what they might."

"Faith, Hal, you are the vainest man I ever met. Do you know that for years past Miss Winslow has resisted every attempt upon her heart, until she has come to be styled the unconquerable. And now do you think that in the character of a suffering outcast, or a half-starved poet you can carry the long besieged citadel."

"I shall try it, at least; many a banner has been struck to secret overtures, where burnished arms and practiced chivalry had failed to do the work. Three years ago, Carothers, I was as poor as my present appearance would indicate, but I was no less proud than I am now, and I will not yield my heart to one who would then have scorned me. My wealth came suddenly and unexpectedly, and through no merit or exertion of my own; and as it may flee as soon, I will wed no one who weds me for my gold."

"Truly, Harry, you are nursing a most romantic dream; you must suppose that there is true worth and disinterested affection in this world which you will never find. Wealth gives us advantage over the poor, which is right and proper for us to use; the eyes of men are sensual not spiritual; they will not discern the gold unless it glitters, and we need some outward blandishments to win our way into the heart, be it true or false; and, as for the truth or falsehood, I believe all hearts are alike; every one will do the best for himself that he can, in point of situation in life:

"For Cupid sleeps no more on banks of roses,
The Bank of England is the bank for him."

"Have done, Carothers, with this puling strain. This endless croak about the heartlessness of the world, which is forever borne upon the lips of the heartless, as a sort of excuse for their own want of truth, is a thing of which I am heartily tired. There are true spirits yet on earth, and there would be fewer false ones were it not for this ceaseless hue and cry about the

coldness of the world which causes so many to think that they shall never meet with sympathy below; therefore to confine their sympathies to close barriers till they become as nauseous as a stagnant pool. I confess that I too have joined too much in the sickly sentiment, but it was not when my better nature predominated. I came to this place, wearied and disgusted with all around me; tired of the annoying attentions, the ceaseless wooings, not of me but of my wealth; and I came with the resolution of remaining in seclusion. An introduction to Miss Winslow, however, was pressed upon me by a mutual friend, and feeling the utmost indifference whether I was to meet an Amazon, or a Fenella, a saint or a vixen, I called upon her; called because the letter brought was not simply a letter of introduction, but because I had promised my friend that I would do so. I was pleased with Miss Winslow at once; not that her beauty struck me; I have seen those who were more beautiful with whom I was not in the least interested; not that her manners were polished and agreeable, for this is a charm which could not have moved my indifference; but I felt that I was *met*; that the same things made on her mind an impression similar to that which was made on my own. In fine, that she was one with whom I could sympathize, and this is what I had not been accustomed to find in women. There was, if you will submit to the fancy, a spirit looking out at her eyes, with which I had long held converse, though I never found it embodied before, and I recognized it at once."

"Well, Harry, you go beyond me entirely; I can not reason with a man who sees *familiar spirits* in a woman's eyes. I can not tell how many spirits Miss Winslow may have seen looking out of yours, but I should think she would take you for a spirit in good earnest. But if you recognized her so soon, if you held converse with her so long, what need is there of

proving her in the manner you are endeavoring to do? I should suppose you would have confidence in her at once, and be sure that where she professed to give her affections she would give them in truth."

"Not at all. I know that there is an angel in her heart, and that it still looks out at her eyes, but I do not know whether it is the ruling one or not, the world may have spoiled her."

"You say that she receives you well."

"She does; and I have even the vanity to think that my society is of some value to her."

"Pshaw! Harry; I have known Miss Winslow this many a day, and she is a refined, strong-minded, and calm-judging woman of the world; none of your romantic, fluttering dreamers to be caught in the snare you have laid for her, and as for your ruse, let me tell you, it will never succeed. One of two things is true; she either takes you for some poor dog worthy her patronage, but one whom she would never think of acknowledging as an acquaintance, or she knows you, and in your stratagem you are only fooling yourself."

"Know me she can not, unless you have betrayed me, and this you promised positively not to do. There is not another individual than yourself in town who knows me. But I have not the least doubt that she considers me a poor dog, and this is precisely what I wish her to do. Only a few days since we had a long conversation about the comparative happiness of the rich and the poor, and it was very evident that she considered me as one of the latter class. Whether she will acknowledge me as an acquaintance or not, remains to be seen."

"When do you intend to call again?"

"I do n't know. Why?"

"Why, I would contrive to stumble upon you there. I will read her a lecture after you are gone about associating with such fellows. I am sufficiently acquainted to do it, and

then I can easily discover if she knows you."

"Capital! Do! Good! but you won't betray me."

"Trust me with that."

CHAPTER III.

"Who has inquired for you, Mary?" asked Judge Winslow, as his daughter passed him in the hall.

"Mr. Ashley's name was given to me, sir," replied Mary, with more calmness of voice than feeling, for her father was not accustomed to trouble himself with regard to her acquaintances.

"And is he that shabby-looking fellow who came up the steps just before me?"

"Perhaps so," said Mary, the blood mounting to the temples; "Mr. Ashley is rather careless in his dress."

Judge Winslow strode on to the back parlor, and Mary paused a moment with her hand pressed upon her throbbing temples to collect her bewildered thoughts before she entered the room.

"Sweets to the sweet," said Ashley, rising as she entered the room. "Will Miss Winslow accept a trifle?" and he placed in her hand a tastefully arranged bouquet of rare exotics.

Mary fixed her eyes upon the costly gift, and uttered a cold, and somewhat confused acknowledgement. So surely had she connected with Mr. Ashley, in her mind, an idea of extreme poverty, that she felt surprised and somewhat pained by the present. She had every reason to suppose that she was not an object of indifference to him, and she thought that he had doubtless obtained, at a sacrifice to himself, that which was of little or no value to her. Besides she felt that she had perhaps been wrong in allowing her acquaintance to progress to a degree of intimacy, with a person of whom she knew so little. True he had been introduced to her by a friend on whose judgment she relied, and it was on this

ground that she had constantly excused herself for the favor with which she received him. Perhaps this introduction was a forgery; she did not believe it, and yet it was not impossible. But no, it was impossible. Mr. Ashley possessed a high tone of thought and feeling — a loftiness of sentiment and of principle which she had never met before. She was sure that he must be all that was good, and more than he appeared. Yet her elegant acquaintances had stared when they met him in her parlor. Miss Carpenter was loud in her protestations against her receiving such company, and Carothers, a good friend of long standing, and of decided good sense, had read her a homily upon admitting to her society persons of so humble appearance, of whom she knew nothing. All this Mary had weighed, and pondered in her heart, but without changing her conduct toward Ashley; he was still the prominent object in her mind's eye; the remarks that he made on various subjects were constantly recurring; his judgment, his taste, his principles seemed a model on which she was fain to form her own. She could not but confess to herself that he was an object of no common interest. Yet her father's question and frown laid heavy on her heart. She was embarrassed, and absent in her remarks, and when at last Ashley asked her to accompany him on a ride that afternoon, she started, and he was obliged to repeat the request before she comprehended it. And then, as she attempted to stammer a half-framed excuse, she felt his deep dark eyes fixed searchingly upon her, and stopped short from confusion.

"I understand you, Miss Winslow," said Ashley, rising, after waiting in vain for her to finish the sentence; "I understand you perfectly. Nor do I in the least desire that you should consent to appear in public with one whose society you would consider a disgrace. I was wrong in supposing that even your mind could overlook the distinction of rank and station, and

meet its fellow as its equal. Forgive my presumption. I will annoy you with my presence no more. Farewell."

His hand was upon the door, it was opened, and nearly closed behind him before Mary had recovered herself, but then starting suddenly up she exclaimed:

"Mr. Ashley, stay. You shall not think thus of me; I will go."

"No, Miss Winslow, I do not wish that your generosity should lead you to do that which costs you so evident a struggle. Your happiness is of more value to me than my own gratification. Fortune has placed an impassable barrier between us, and it is better that we never meet again. I withdraw the invitation. Good morning."

Mary had recovered her self-possession, and her decision. "Mr. Ashley," said she, "will you ride with me this afternoon?"

"I will."

Ah, Mary Winslow, where is the boasted calmness of thy mind? the cold *discretion* which has been thy pride? Where are the guards with which thy heart was set? Behold thou art weeping like a child over the image of one whom thou wouldst fain banish from thy heart. What is the paper which lies crushed in thy hand? A note that lay concealed amid the leaves of that bouquet. Thou hast read it, and what does it contain? Words of burning import to thyself, and of little value to the world beside? Keep them then, we would not know them, for even with thee they have but added to thy grief. But, hush! thou'rt calmer now — what are thy words?

"Why was he ever doomed to cross my path? why have I suffered myself to become thus interested in one upon whom all others look with contempt. Am I not mistress of my own affections. It were better that we had parted then, but it was so sudden, to think of never meeting him again. Yet it shall be. This meeting shall be our last. I will tell him frankly how I regret our acquaintance, and know

that he will approve my judgment; he will respect me the more for dealing openly with him." (Ha! what carest thou for the respect of one whom it is thy duty to despise?) "Yes, I will do it. My father shall not have occasion to feel annoyed about the persons with whom I associate."

Aye, Mary, thy father has been thine idol, and his wish thy law. Is there yet a bond on earth that can bind thee more strongly than this? Wilt thou abide by the wise resolution thou hast formed? We shall see.

CHAPTER IV.

"If his head and heart are what I think them to be, I would marry him though he were a chimney-sweep;" and Mary returned her father's serious glance, with a look as calm and decided as his own.

"Mary, have you pondered well what you say?"

"I have. I do not think the comforts of life depend at all upon wealth; its luxuries may, but not its pure enjoyment. I would rather make my abode in the humblest cot, where I could find sympathy of thought and feeling, than in the proudest halls that ever rung to the tread of the hollow-hearted. I know that poverty has its trials, and I know too that it would be a trial to me to sink from the circle of society in which I have been accustomed to move, but it would be a greater one to inflict a wound upon a noble spirit."

"Do you suppose, Mary, that hollow-heartedness is confined to the halls of wealth? Do you not know that the wealth which you are supposed to possess, would be a shining mark to one like Ashley, and can you suppose that it is disinterested affection, rather than self-interest which has led him to seek you?"

"I do suppose it, sir. Do you think I would have encouraged the attention of such a man as he, had I not sup-

posed him incapable of a groveling thought."

"Ah, my daughter, I fear you will yet learn a bitter lesson of the deceit of the world. But I think it my duty to remove as far as possible from you, the snare into which you seem to be falling. I have before told you that I should leave you to your own choice in marriage, but let me also add that if you marry this man, not a cent of my property will be yours until your husband can bring an equal sum to meet your dower."

"But you will not withhold from me your love."

"My love will always follow my child, however deeply I may be grieved by her errors."

"Thank you, dear father, a thousand thanks. I ask not for your gold. I believe that I shall exchange it for true gold, which, though it looks not bright and glittering to the eyes of men, will yet be to me a mine of wealth to which that which fills your coffers will bear no comparison."

"Hurry, Lucy, do, the hour for the wedding is past already, and they are very punctual at Judge Winslow's. Come, the carriage is at the door; I would not miss seeing the ceremony for any thing. I want to know how Mary looks throwing herself away — whether she appears as happy as she has done all along. Poor girl, she'll repent it most bitterly. Such things may seem very romantic beforehand, but when the real poverty comes, it is a bitter thing. Well, here we are, and dear me, all the world is here besides. Who ever thought there would be such a turn-out, but I suppose they all felt curious to see how it went off. And besides I suppose it will be Mary's last appearance in society. Her father makes the wedding, but she is not to have any of his property, so of course she will sink into insignificance at once. I was to have been bridesmaid if she had married any body decent, but I would have no hand

in such an affair as this. There, we shall not be able to see any thing now, there's such a crowd—'can you breathe?' "

"O, yes, I do very well if I could only see any thing. Why, Ann, I thought you said he was not here."

"Who?"

"Why *he*, our millionaire—our beau—our traveled bear, whose fame I have been dinning in your ears so long."

"Well, he is n't; he could *not* have come to town without my knowing it, I have been on the look out for—"

"There! there he is again,—step this way, and you'll see him,—*the bridegroom, as I live!*"

"Who is the bridegroom?"

"Why, Henry Ashley."

"To be sure he is, did n't I tell you that was his name."

"But you said he was a clown, and a beggar."

"Well, he is."

"Well, he is n't, he is the very man who has turned the heads of all the girls in B. . . this—"

"Where, Lucy—I do n't believe you see the bridal party."

"Why, there Ann, just opposite us on the other side of the drawing-room, with Mary Winslow's hand in his, and the priest, and the book, and the ring. So you and I may as well strike our colors, for Henry Ashley is a married man."

"I do not believe it is he, Lucy. Mr. Williams of B. wrote Judge Winslow, that he knew him well, and that he was as poor as Job. I saw the letter myself."

"Impossible, Ann. Mr. Williams and Ashley are sworn friends, and he knew well that he was as rich as—there is Mr. Williams now saluting them. I did not know he was in town."

"Truly, Lucy, this is a strange affair. Let me see, what did Mr. Williams say in that letter—it was something like this, that his talents were his chief fortune, and that he thought he possessed energy enough to get through

the world in some way or other, and as for the polish, he thought Mary's hand might supply that."

"Doubtless, he thought what he said. Ashley is acknowledged every where to be a man of brilliant talents, but most people prefer the wealth to the wit."

"There comes Dick Carothers, I *must* tell him. He will be so astonished. He felt dreadfully to think Mary would stoop so low. He was introduced to Ashley here one day, and he stared, and treated him as if he had been a bricklayer, don't you think; and then after he was gone, gave Mary a real lecture for associating with such vulgar people. It was when I was visiting here, and I heard it all."

"Good evening, Mr. Carothers. My cousin, Miss Lucy Carpenter from B. . . Would you believe, Mr. Carothers, cousin Lucy says, she is well acquainted with Mr. Ashley, and he is as rich as a Jew; don't you think it is wicked to deceive people so?"

"Rich, you do n't say," exclaimed Dick, with a look of astonishment.

"Yes, as rich as may be, and gentleel, and talented, and all that;—is n't it so odd?"

"Odd! to be sure; well then, perhaps you will go up, with your greeting to the new couple. I supposed you just came to peep at the ceremony, and go away again, but perhaps you heard he was rich before you came, and that is the reason why you are here."

Ann looked at Carothers to see if he meant any thing more than he said, but his face seemed a perfect blank, and so she answered innocently, "Oh no, I knew nothing of it till this moment, nor did cousin Lucy."

"So you yielded to the king in a beggar's garb," whispered Miss Carpenter, as she grasped the hand of the bride. "Pray, did you not catch a glimpse of the signet ring before you capitulated?"

"You speak in parables, Ann, pray explain yourself!"

"I mean that you have sprung a

mine of gold, and kept it carefully covered, lest it should be plundered before you obtained possession."

"Worse and worse, I do not understand you, what do you mean?"

"Mr. Ashley do explain to your wife that you have known cousin Lucy '*au-trefois*,' and so she need not try to deceive us any longer; for I know who you are, and all about you."

"Has my wife ever attempted to deceive you with regard to who I am, and all about me? I was not aware that she knew any thing about me which she thought necessary to conceal."

"Why, when I told her so much about you, and she looked so ignorant, and innocent, as if she never had dreamed that you were the great man of whom I was speaking, was not that deceiving me?"

"How fond you are of enigmas, Ann, do tell us what you mean!" said Mary.

"Why, I mean that you have married the richest man in the country, and pretended all the while —"

"To be sure, Mary *has* married the richest man in the country, and it was impossible for her to have done otherwise. He who possesses her, must, of course, be the wealthiest man in the land, though he never possessed a guinea in his life," said Ashley.

"Oh, what a romantic couple you are — so then the wealth is of no importance to you either, Mary?"

Mary looked puzzled — she did not see the point of their remarks — but she replied:

"The wealth I have obtained is all important to me, but it is a wealth which is preserved in the mind, and not the bank. It is this which I value, and not the paint upon the lily's leaf — the gilding on the gold."

FIVE FACTS.— A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best medicine.

OTHER PEOPLE.

IT was wisely remarked by Franklin, and by popular proverb long before him, that the eyes of other people are the great cause of our expenses. "Other people," popularly symbolised by the celebrated and greatly feared Mrs. Grundy, are indeed a fearful source of expense, and could we economise that which we virtually bestow on them, not in charity, but as a sort of black mail paid to the robber of Public Opinion, we should all be in a condition which would have thrilled with joy the very soul of Poor Richard. But it is not merely in matters of pecuniary expense that "other people" affect us. It may be urged that a dread of other people is a great support to morality — that many a man who would otherwise be an abandoned wretch, is kept straight by the dread of *QUE DIRA T'ON*, or "what will the world say," and finally that the matter of which we are apparently complaining, really involves the entire system of social relations with its manifold lights and shadows. To which we would reply, that a little examination, a little careful sifting would soon show that in this regard for "what will the world say," there are abuses of a most cruel nature; and that probably no people in the world — not even the French, are so much afflicted by them as we are.

There is in this country, and in every class and condition of those who aspire to refinement an incredible proportion of people, whose every spring of action, whose entire bearing in life is modeled, not on a sense of duty or of natural inclinations — but of fear of others — who acquire no accomplishment, and who scarcely indulge in a taste, without reference to the expectations of society or the effect which they produce on others. From infancy their every idea flows in this train, and it would be no difficult matter to point out many whose fulfillment of moral and religious duties, if carefully analyzed, would be found to be mere var-

nish over the frame work of "society," without a thought and without a will of their own, they are mere reflections of something not themselves, and without suspecting it, they pass through life the merriest artificial creatures in existence.

It is the worst of this class of people, that they never suspect their own miserable want of originality. It is true, and without an exception, that those persons who have a REAL taste for reading, for music, for art — in short for any pursuit which "takes us away from self" — even politics when honestly pursued — are the most removed from this benumbing habit of submitting every petty act to a terrible tribunal of somebodies. But woe to those who are from very infancy subject to such outside influences that they only cultivate literature or accomplishments with regard to effect. And such persons are unfortunately so numerous that we should scarcely dare assign their proportion among the educated and refined.

The result of having a mind solely influenced by what other people think is, that the unfortunate possessor of such a mind — or rather such an artificial imitation of a mind — finds that that conversation only interests which turns on other people and their affairs. Let any one who takes an interest in this matter take part in, or listen to one of those conversations which may be so frequently heard, not merely among the young and giddy in public places, but among the old and the grave, and then seriously analyze what he has heard. He has heard remarks relative to the private life and connections of persons who certainly would not feel grateful for such discussion, and who if told of it, would probably suggest with reason, that the conversers had better mind their own business. Worst of all, he would be able very frequently to realize that a striking proportion of the persons thus talked about, were absolutely unacquainted with those who talked so freely of them. It is announced that

Miss So-and-so is to be married — that Mr. So-and-so is attentive — that his wife is dead, and the minutest particulars relative to the prospects, acts, and possible emotions of each are discussed to the last particular — possibly by those who have never seen them.

In fact this endless talking about other people, is the great nuisance of society, and is more destructive than any other cause to true taste and intellectual culture. It is not well-bred; it indicates a narrowness of mind, and those who find in it the exclusive staple for conversation, have not — whatever their 'position' may be — a claim to be regarded as either intelligent or refined.

THE TABLE.

THE table is one of the most important parts of every household. It is not only essential to physical good, but pregnant with moral and social lessons. But the tables of all households are not alike. Some are like the barbarian board, spread with the roughest fare only to satisfy the physical appetite. Some bear the marks of ignorance and rudeness, being spread in disorder and supplied with gross and hurtful food, around which gather in chaotic confusion the half-swinish hoard of the family. Some are heavily laden with good, bad, and indifferent food spread with a half-cultured taste, and are approached in a half-orderly and half-disorderly manner by a family bearing marks of a transition state from barbarism to refinement. Some are spread with a refined and artistic taste, supplied with nutritious and wholesome food, prepared with a view to the laws of health and the pleasures of appetite, which is received by the family with quiet and refined social satisfaction. Nothing more surely indicates the state of culture and refinement in a family than its table. If it is set without order, giving the appearance of a shower of food rained on in confusion and piled up

and overloaded at that, and then is partaken of, as though it was the first meal ever eaten and the last expected, and as though it must all be eaten in one minute, launched in heedless and unmasticated confusion into craving stomachs, every man, woman, and child diving into the soup bowl, meat-plate and bread-tray at once, with no head to preside and no hand to direct, it is clear that that family is not so far advanced from barbaric rudeness as is desirable.

PRAISE YOUR WIFE.

PRAISE your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her. She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining, your food agreeable,—for pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have this ten years, but it will do her good, for all that, and you too.

There are many women to-day thirsting for the word of praise, the language of encouragement. Through summer's heat, through winter's toil, they have drudged uncomplainingly, and so accustomed have their fathers, brothers, and husbands become to their monotonous labors, that they look for and upon them as they do the daily rising of the sun and its daily going down. Homely, every-day life may be made beautiful by an appreciation of its very homeliness. You know that if the floor is clean, manual labor has been performed to make it so. You know if you can take from your drawer a clean shirt whenever you want, somebody's fingers have ached in the toil of making it, so fresh and agreeably lustrous. Every thing that pleases the eye and the senses, has been produced by constant work, much thought, great care, and untiring efforts, bodily and mentally.

It is not that many men do not ap-

preciate these things and feel a glow of gratitude for the numberless attentions bestowed upon them in sickness and in health, but they are so selfish in that feeling. They don't come out with a hearty—"Why, how pleasant you make things look, wife!" or, "I am obliged to you for taking so much pains!" They thank the tailor for giving them "fits;" they thank the man in full omnibus who gives them a seat; they thank the young lady who moves along in the concert room; in short, they thank everybody and every thing out of doors, because it is the custom, and come home, tip their chairs back and their heels up, pull out the newspaper, grumble if the wife asks them to take the baby, scold if the fire had gone down; or, if every thing is just right, shut their mouth with a smack of satisfaction, but never say, "I thank you!"

I tell you what, men, young and old, if you did but show an *ordinary civility* toward those common articles of house-keeping, your wives, if you would give them the one hundred and sixtieth part of the compliments you almost choked them with before they were married—if you would stop the badinage about who you are going to have when "number one" is dead, (such things wives may laugh at, but they sink deep sometimes,)—if you would cease to speak of their faults, however banteringly before others, fewer women would seek for other sources of happiness than your apparent so-so-ish affection. Praise your wife, then, for all the good qualities she has, and you may rest assured that her deficiencies are fully counterbalanced by your own.

CHILDHOOD.—Lindlay considers a child from five to fifteen months, capable of understanding the will of parent or nurse, and therefore a proper subject of law and discipline; and the period from five months to four years of age he regards the most important of education.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

YESTERDAY, to-day and to-morrow.
What a spell lies within those three little words!

Yesterday! What was yesterday but our early life—what was our early life but yesterday? To-day is the stern reality of our existence—the fate that must be met and braved: but yesterday—oh! that was the poetry of existence—the lovely and beloved time when all was happiness and innocence around us, and when we were happy and innocent, too. To-morrow, in those earliest days, was, to us the most beautiful time. All dreams and fancies, almost impossible to realize on account of their very loveliness, were to come true then. But now—ah! now—to-morrow has a very different meaning in our ears.

To-morrow brings new cares and duties, and new pains; and it is only by looking back to yesterday that we can see a time that was free from all these.

It was in the bright, free morning of yesterday, that we kissed that gentle mother whose whole life was full of love for us, and went bounding off to school. It was then that our playmates gathered around us, delighted to follow where we led. It was then that the merry slide down-hill, the mad "snow-ball," the noisy game of hide and seek, filled up our list of pleasure. It was then that blue-eyed Susie looked timidly at us over the top of her spelling-book, and let us show her home from school, and cried with her little checked apron to her eyes when we were whipped. It was then that we loved the little fairy almost better than life itself, and had vague, impossible dreams of being cast away with her upon some desolate island, and living there with her for ever. It was in the pleasant hours of yesterday that we watched her grown up into a tall and graceful maiden—that we won her, strange to tell! and not to that fairy-like island, but to a plain and quiet home—a Paradise on earth.

What says to-day to this! She points her finger, laughing scornfully the while, to the home which, from an humble cottage, has expanded into a marble palace, and shows us Susie, no longer young and modest, but gay, heartless, and fashionable, the careless mother of three daughters, as gay and careless as herself. Paradise seems to have given place to Pandemonium, for strife and bitterness reign within those walls. Unto to-day belongs the grave and careworn business man, who stands in his own beautiful house, and in his family, as a stranger. To-day has done it all, for the youth who married Susan needed hard lessons before he came to this. All the beauty of his life is laid away—it was yesterday, and to-day has nothing to do with it—yet sometimes, as he sits in the counting-room of his great warehouse, and hears a hand-organ playing, he buries his face in his hands, and something of the old grace and beauty come back, as he thinks, with tears in his eyes, of all that is lost to him for ever.

What of to-morrow? Should we look upon it only as a continuation of to-day—another season in which we may grow more careless and proud, and lay up for ourselves treasures which the moth and rust may corrupt? Oh, better that we never had been born!

For to-morrow brings us to the grave! To-morrow strips us of our business importance and Susie of her fashionable robes, and lays us, two poor, cold, silent corpses, in our coffins! Then, what answer shall we make to Him who entrusted us with the "ten talents?"

Oh, let us be warned—let us be warned! Life is not merely made up of happiness and ambition. We are not placed here solely to gratify or aggrandize ourselves; there are higher and nobler things to be done. The sick are to be visited, the suffering are to be comforted, and the poor are to be relieved, that the world may be better and happier because of our living in it.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

YOUR CHILD'S INHERITANCE.

WHAT are you doing, sir? Taking just a few whiffs more from your cigar in the cool of the evening, when the weather is so delightful, and the Havanas so luxurious. But you had already taken so many of them that your nerves will dance you a hornpipe half the night, and make you wretched as a galley slave for hours "the morrow morn." "Very well; it is nobody's business but mine. If I am harmed by the indulgence, I alone must suffer." "You are mistaken sir. It is your child's business. He who is bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh, whose nerves must be pitched to the tune of your own, and who wins from you the tone of health which he must carry with him through life." "But, Madam, I do not believe that this delicious Havana can injure either him or me." "There you are slow of faith. We think it will. But you know positively that the late oyster supper and its accompaniments in which you indulged last night did injure you — adding new twinges to your dyspepsia, and placing additional wrinkles upon your already cadaverous visage. What right have you to mock the sunlight with such a face as yours is growing to be? What right have you to burden the air of a world that should echo with music, with the wailing you are fain to pour out over the consequences of your reckless self-indulgence. What right have you to proffer to your child a cup of life so full of bitterness as that which he must inherit from your low slavery to appetite and passion. You claim the right of suffering for yourself. It must be a happy privilege. Do you claim also the right to inflict suffering on others? Do we not see on every side of us the pale and wretched children of those whose lives have fallen a prey to their beastly self-indulgence? How easy it is for those children to fall victims to the same vices which destroyed their parents! How hard it is for them to resist the temptations to which their parents have so basely yielded! It is thus that "the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children even to the third and fourth generation."

And do you think that your minor indul-

gences will have a less certain effect upon your children? Do you think that the injury you are doing to your health will stop with yourself? Are you not riveting upon the child you profess to love so much, a chain which must clank after him to the grave? There are a thousand varieties of intemperance in which you may indulge to the poisoning of your blood, and the injury of your race. Intemperance in labor, as well as in the indulgence of passion. But no gold that your labor can amass for your child will be equal to the blessing of health. Why should you deprive him of the one thing which can render all else you may leave him, an enjoyment? Will he be grateful to you for the life which you have given him, so clogged and hampered by disease? He has a right to demand of you the best inheritance of health that it is possible to bestow. Look to it, fathers and mothers, that you do your best to grant it.

"H." writes us briefly on a subject which ought to claim more attention than it does from most of our people. It has been said that America is a sad country "to grow old in." Indeed, we seem to hurry through the world so fast that we are apt to slip off the stage of existence before old age comes on, and thus become accustomed to yield no place to it. And it is sad to grow old in a society which yields us no acknowledged place, and imposes no duties upon us. We are glad that the subject has been canvassed by our correspondent.

BLOOMINGDALE, ILL.

MRS. AREY — *Dear Friend*: You may indeed be addressed as such, as you seem to take an interest in all the social relations of life. Not accustomed to write for the public eye, I have taken the liberty of sending a few home-scribblings, hoping they may turn your thoughts to a subject of which I have been led to think of late; viz., "The Duties of Grandmothers." How often it is said of this and that one, they have finished their education. And when they are married, and their attention turned to the active duties of life, they think their time of improvement is

past; but it should not be so. There is opportunity for improvement, though our sphere be that of poverty, and we obliged to labor daily. The great book of Nature ever lies open before us, and with a little effort our thoughts may be trained to dwell on the most sublime subjects, and we be constantly improving while life lasts.

Much has been said on the duties of mothers, and much thought should be given to so important a subject; but when their children pass out into the world, and are no longer under their care, they feel that their mission on earth is about finished, and the last thing thought of such is, that they should be calculating on improvement. If life is spared us, another important family station is just before us. According to the usual course of events, we shall soon be surrounded by a host of little prattlers, and the grandmother's duties are important. With a life of experience and observation to assist her, she should be calculated to do much good. While the young mother is occupied with more active duties—the care of a family, and oftentimes over-attention to the dress and outward appearance of the little ones—the grandmother has passed her season of care, and has more leisure to try to inculcate good principles, to teach them quiet lessons of self-denial, to try and inspire a love of truth, and, in short, to lead them to the great source of all excellence, and early teach them to look up to the Father of mercies with grateful praise for all their little comforts.

Grandmothers are often looked upon as a burthen in a family, and sometimes they are so, and often great rests on the children for not treating them with that kindness and respect their age requires. But if this class are active Christians, and feel in earnest to do good, where can so pleasant a spot be found as with their own children's little ones? It is like watching blossoms on shrubs of their own training. It will tend to increase patience and love; for if we are in earnest to do any one good, we can bear almost any annoyance with quietness. How often the child runs to grandma for a story; and here is another way to amuse and do good. Oh! if every one is disposed to do good, there is plenty to do even till death. And who can tell the good results from such labors after

grandparents and parents shall have gone to their final rest!
H. . .

"The Perplexed Housewife," by Mrs. F. D. GAGE, has quite as much truth as poetry in it. There is more than one housewife in the world who often finds herself nearly as much perplexed as this one in the song, with the hurrying of her work, and the worrying of her child. Yet no one thinks of it, for it is the custom in those portions of the country where they live, for wives and mothers to wear their lives out in the midst of such perplexities, and sink into the grave at an age when they should be the blessing of their families, and the ornaments of society. If the farmer were half as much hurried with work, he would hire "a hand" to help him, but his wife does not need it, because his mother lived and died in the same way without complaining. Perhaps he doesn't believe that the very child that his wife now toils with in her arms is all the more worrisome—all the greater drain upon her strength and patience, because he descended from that mother of his who thus exhausted the springs of life. We have a great deal written and lectured about overtaken seamstresses, and others of the gentler sex who "earn their living;" but this matter of housewives who wear out their lives "for the sake of being supported," seems to demand very little attention. And yet these are the mothers who, with their exhausted strength and overstrained patience, are nursing and rearing the future strong men—the bulwarks of our "glorious Republic!" Here is Mrs. Gage's very plain exposition of the matter:

Here's a big washing to be done,

One pair of hands to do it,

Sheets, skirts and stockings, coats and pants,

How shall I e'er get through it?

Dinner to get for six or more,

No loaf left o'er from Sunday;

The baby cross as he can live—

He's always so on Monday!

And there's the cream, 't is getting sour,

And must forthwith be churning,

And here's Bob wants a button on—

Which way shall I be turning?

'Tis time the meat was in the pot,
The bread has worked for baking,
The clothes were taken from the boil —
Oh, dear! that baby's waking.

Hush, baby dear! hush! hush!
I wish he'd sleep a little,
Till I could run and get some wood,
To hurry up the kettle.

Oh, dear! if P. . . comes home
And finds things in this pother,
He'll just begin to tell me all
About his tidy mother!

How nice her kitchen used to be,
Her dinner always ready
Exactly as the noon-bell rung —
Hush, hush! dear little Freddy.

And then will come some hasty word,
Right out, before I'm thinking;
They say that hasty words from wives
Set sober men to drinking.

Now, is n't that a great idea,
That men should take to sinning,
Because a weary, half-sick wife,
Can't always smile so winning?

When I was young I used to earn
My living without trouble,
Had clothes and pocket money, too,
And hours of leisure double.

I never dreamed of such a fate,
When I, a lass! was courted —
Wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook,
housekeeper, chambermaid, laundress,
dairywoman and scrub generally — doing the work of six —
For the sake of being supported!

HINTS FOR THE NURSERY.

WARM BATHING.

The opinion that warm baths generally relax is erroneous; they are no doubt debilitating when used by persons of a weak and relaxed constitution, or when continued too long; but on the contrary, they invariably give tone when employed in the cases to which they are properly applicable. There are certain rules for the use of the warm bath which should invariably be acted up to. Their neglect might be followed by serious consequences.

Temperature of the water. When the warm bath is used as a measure of hygiene, as a general rule any degree of temperature may be chosen between ninety-two and ninety-eight degrees, which appears to be the most agreeable to the child; but on no account must ninety-eight degrees be exceeded. When ordered as a remedial measure, the temperature will of course be fixed by the medical attendant. The same degree of temperature must be kept up during the whole period of immersion. For this purpose the thermometer must be kept in the bath, and additions of warm water made as the temperature is found to decrease. These additions of warm water, however, must be regulated by the indications of the thermometer, and not by the feelings of the child.

Period of remaining in the bath. This must depend upon circumstances. It must be varied according to the age of the child. For the first four or five weeks the infant should not be kept beyond three or five minutes; and the duration must afterward be gradually prolonged as the child advances in age, until it extends to a quarter of an hour, a period which may be allowed after it has attained the age of four years. If the bath is employed as a *remedial agent*, the time of immersion must be prolonged; this will be determined by the medical adviser. Speaking generally, a quarter of an hour may be said to be the shortest period, an hour the longest, and half an hour the medium. When in the bath care must be taken that the child's body is immersed up to the shoulders or neck, otherwise that part of the body which is out of the bath — the shoulders, arms, and chest — being exposed to the cooler temperature of the air, will be chilled. And the instant the infant or child is taken out of the bath, the general surface, especially the feet, must be carefully rubbed dry with towels previously warmed; and when one of the objects of the bath is to excite much perspiration, the child should be immediately wrapped in flannels and put to bed. If, however, the object is not to excite perspiration, the child may be dressed in his ordinary clothing, but should not be allowed to expose himself to the open air for at least an hour.

THE HOME:

A Monthly for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

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CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

BY MRS. C. A. HALBERT.

(Continued.)

"ONE day," Charlotte tells us, "in the autumn of 1845, I accidentally lighted on a MS. volume of verse, in my sister Emily's handwriting. Of course I was not surprised, knowing that she could and did write verse. I looked it over, and something more than surprise seized me—a deep conviction that these were not common effusions, nor at all like the poetry women generally write. I thought them condensed and terse, vigorous and genuine. To my ear they had also a peculiar music, wild, melancholy,

and elevating. My sister Emily was not a person of demonstrative character, nor one, on the recesses of whose mind and feelings even those nearest and dearest to her could, with impunity, intrude unlicensed; it took hours to reconcile her to the discovery I had made, and days to persuade her that such poems merited publication. * * Meantime, my younger sister quietly produced some of her own compositions, intimating that since Emily's had given me pleasure, I might like to look at hers. I could not but be a

partial judge, yet I thought that these verses too had a sweet, sincere pathos of their own. We had very early cherished the dream of one day being authors. * * We agreed to arrange a small selection of our poems, and, if possible, get them printed."

After the usual difficulties in finding a publisher for so unpopular a commodity as poems by unknown authors, the unpretending volume was at length issued at the risk of the sisters. These poems, under the fictitious signatures of Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell, received but little notice or favor from the press. Ellis was styled by the *Athenæum* "a quaint, fine spirit," with "an evident power of wing that may reach heights not here attempted." Currer and Acton were but coolly commended. The sisters, who had embarked so much of interest, and so much too of their little estate in this work, waited in vain to hear of copies sold, and success ensured, till each silently acknowledged to herself that the book was a failure — that the world had no need of them.

Thus curtly dismissed by the public to their old, solitary life, it is strange that they did not lay down their pens forever, and return to governessing and furniture polishing for the rest of their days. But these remarkable beings, who wrought without hope, could fail also without discouragement. They indulged in no day-dreams, and built no air castles for themselves, but they could accept reverses with the equanimity of self-sustained genius. While the fate of the poems was still pending, three volumes of fiction were completed and dispatched on a pilgrimage to the publishers.

The productions of Emily and Anne were accepted by a London firm, but Charlotte's neat, fine manuscript, "The Professor," plodded its weary rounds from one publishing house to another, till its mistress took it home worn and embrowned, to await the success of its younger and fairer sisters. Since the grave has closed over a life of sad and moving pathos, discerning publishers

have begun to bid for the dust-covered manuscript, and an appreciating public to praise its homely, exquisitely drawn portraits of life.

Literary disappointments were not the only shadows that darkened the year 1846. Mr. Bronte's sight had long been failing, from the formation of a cataract, so that he groped sadly and dimly about his parish, wholly dependant on his daughters for his reading — to him the necessity of life. He was still led up into his pulpit to preach, and his words were armed with an affecting force and impressiveness, as he stood before his flock an erect, gray-haired, sightless old man. He had been in the habit of timing his sermons accurately by the clock, and they were now brought to a close by the force of habit precisely at the close of the thirty minutes.

A painful operation only could restore his lost sight to the aged pastor, and upon Charlotte, the eldest, calmest, and most self-reliant of his daughters, devolved the duty of conducting him to Manchester, consulting the oculist, supporting him through the operation by her presence, and nursing him during his convalescence. It was a month after the successful extraction of the tumor before the return journey could be hazarded. During this interval, in the twilight of her father's darkened chamber, harassed by anxiety about home — home blighted by the presence of Branwell — depressed by the failure of her maiden poems, suffering under a nervous indisposition, that Miss Bronte wrote the opening chapters of *Jane Eyre*. That she should have written at all under such conditions, is surprising — that she should have woven the wonderful tissue of her master-piece, presents her, we think, in a commanding light.

This work was the labor of the following year. Its composition was never suffered to interfere with her accustomed services as daughter, sister, and mistress, or to excuse the performance of them in an absent, careless manner. Often, in the very warmth

and glow of thought, she would break off to glide into the kitchen and steal away the dish of potatoes, which Tabby, now near eighty, had, with loyal zeal, but failing eyes, prepared for dinner. Removing the "eyes" which the old servant had unconsciously left, but her fastidious taste could not tolerate, she would replace the dish and depart. Her mind was so admirably balanced that she could gracefully combine duties *almost* incompatible in practice — good house-keeping, and daily literary avocations.

It was the habit of the sisters, having worked at their respective tasks all the day, to lay them aside at nine o'clock, and devote the remainder of the evening to conversation. The house was then all silent, Mr. Brontë and old Tabby being early sleepers, and they would pace up and down the sitting-room discussing the day's progress — sketching their respective tales, reading their manuscripts occasionally, each listening in turn to the criticisms and frank suggestions of the others. These intellectual conversations were the most pleasurable treat known in the monotonous life of the parsonage.

Miss Brontë was now close upon her thirtieth year. An extract from a letter written about this time illustrates the firm texture of her mind: "It seems to me that even a lone woman can be happy, as well as cherished wives and proud mothers; I am glad of that. I speculate much on the existence of unmarried and never-to-be-married women now-a-days; and I have already got to the point of considering that there is no more respectable character on earth than an unmarried woman, who makes her own way through life quietly, perseveringly, without support of husband or brother; and who, having attained the age of forty-five or upward, retains in her possession a well-regulated mind, a disposition to enjoy simple pleasures, and fortitude to support inevitable pains, sympathy with the sufferings of others, and a willingness to relieve want as far as her means extend."

In this admirable picture was not Miss Brontë unconsciously drawing her own heroscope? Her thoughts do not seem to have dwelt much on matrimony. Offers of marriage she had received and rejected; one from a young clergyman who fell in love at first sight, and proposed the same week; another from one for whom she could feel no warmer sentiment than respect. Ever since she was twelve years old she had settled in her own mind that she should never marry.

Jane Eyre was published in the fall of 1847. The sensation it produced in literary circles is vividly described by Mrs. Gaskell: "Conjecture as to the author ran about like wild-fire. People in London, smoothed and polished as the Athenians of old, and like them 'spending their time in nothing else but either to tell or hear some new thing,' were astonished and delighted to find that a fresh sensation, a new pleasure was in reserve for them in the uprising of an author capable of depicting with accurate and Titanic power the strong, self-reliant, racy, and individual characters, which were not, after all, extinct species, but lingered still in existence in the north. They thought that there was some exaggeration mixed with the peculiar force of delineation. Those nearer to the spot, where the scene of the plot was apparently laid, were sure, from the very truth and accuracy of the writing, that the writer was no Southern; for, though 'dark, and cold, and rugged is the north,' the old strength of the Scandinavian races yet abides there, and glowed out in every character depicted in 'Jane Eyre.' Farther than this, curiosity, both honorable and dishonorable, was at fault."

Miss Brontë heard what the world was saying of her under cover of a profound incognito — not a soul out of her own house dreaming of her identity with "Currer Bell." Her publishers were as blind as her readers; and her venerable father, although he must have often seen her at her desk, could only conjecture her employment.

He was quite taken by surprise when Charlotte came into his study one day with presentation copy in hand, saying, "Papa, I've been writing a book." * * * "My dear, you've never thought of the expense it will be. It will be almost sure to be a loss, for how can you get a book sold? No one knows you or your name!" She left him with the book, and was well pleased to hear him say when he came out to tea, "Girls, do you know Charlotte has been writing a book, and it is much better than likely?"

We should like to have looked into the heart of the authoress as it throbbed with its first exciting pleasure—we should like to have seen her whose existence hitherto had been so sad and stagnant, under the glow of her first great satisfaction—to have watched her as she awoke to the consciousness that life might yet have warmth, and color, and poetry even to her. That she clung so tenaciously to her disguise when assured of her overwhelming success, shows the innate delicacy and modesty of her nature. More than two years she guarded the secret, and it was finally divulged, mainly through the shrewd guess of a north-countryman, who keenly enjoyed the life-likeness of her characters.

On her thirty-second birthday she wrote thus: "It seems to me, that sorrow must come some time to every body, and those who scarcely taste it in their youth, often have a more brimming and bitter cup to drain in after life; whereas, those who exhaust the dregs early, who drink the lees before the wine, may reasonably hope for more palatable draughts to succeed."

Pleasant the thought—but it was not for her. Even then the feet of the bearers were at the door, which should not stay till they had laid three more beside those who already rested in the churchyard. Branwell, who had yielded himself body and soul to the intoxication of opium, and was wearing out father and sisters by slow torture, was the first taken. When he felt the last

agony coming on, he insisted, with a strange flash of the old energy, on standing up to die, and thus he yielded his poor, misguided soul into the hands of his Judge. "He is in God's hands now," wrote Charlotte, "and the All-Powerful is likewise the All-Merciful." * * * Till the last hour comes we never know how much we can forgive, pity, regret a near relative. All his vices were and are nothing now. We remember only his woes."

But a deeper pang was about to smite her loving heart. Emily was in a confirmed consumption, and never left her home after the week succeeding her brother's death. Emily was a very singular being. Her character was one of exaggerated and even repellant strength; self-contained and self-sufficing, reserved almost to rudeness in the presence of strangers, approachable only within bounds by her dearest friends. She was to most a strange riddle, and lovely only to her own family, who knew the solid worth and hidden friendliness of her heart. When cheek, and cough, and labored breath betrayed too surely the fatal malady, she would permit neither aid nor sympathy. She would take no medicine, suffer no inquiry, and relax no accustomed task. On the very day of her death, when her sisters looked on in dumb and helpless anguish, she dressed herself feebly and with gasping breath, and took her sewing. Till nearly noon she strove to keep up the miserable farce, but Death was too strong even for her. Two hours after she signified her willingness to see a physician she was a corpse.

It was not in the first hush of this great bereavement that she to whom Emily was the "nearest thing on earth," felt the full force of the stroke. Afterward, when the last sister had been laid by her side, these sorrowful words were pressed from lips seldom opened to complain: "Sometimes when I wake in the morning, and know that Solitude, Remembrance, and Longing are to be almost my sole companions all day through—that at night I shall

go to bed with them, that they will long keep me sleepless — that next morning I shall wake to them again, sometimes I have a heavy heart of it. But crushed I am not yet; nor robbed of elasticity, nor of hope, nor quite of endeavor. I am aware, and can acknowledge, I have many comforts, many mercies. Still I can *get on*."

From Emily's death, Anne, long delicate, sickened rapidly with the same disorder. She was the father's favorite — the nursing of the flock; open, tender, confiding, willing for the sake of those who loved her to submit to any treatment they desired. The best medical advice was sought for, and Charlotte nursed her night and day when her own heart was sick with grief and foreboding. Through the long winter and the freshening spring she tended that "one ewe lamb" of her love, as only *the last* are tended, wrestling with her sorrow for the dead in tenderness to the dying.

On one of the last days of spring Miss Brontë and a friend, one of the few she *knew* and *loved entirely*, bore the invalid to the seaside, more to gratify a longing wish than with any hope of benefit. The shadow of death lay on her brow before she left her father's gate — the friends looked at each other with an awful terror, but forebore to break her last illusion. Four days after reaching the shore the change came. All was peace and sweetness and holy triumph about that bedside; the doctor came and went when he listed — the inmates of the house scarcely knew that Death was in their midst — it was the dying sister who whispered to the living, "Take courage, Charlotte; take courage." Anne was laid by the seaside, for so she would have willed it.

It is very evident that Miss Brontë was sustained under these repeated and overwhelming trials by a Christian hope. So sincere was she, and so little given to exaggerate her emotions, that the occasional expression of Divine consolation which is dropped in her letters at this period, weighs more

than pages of declamation from more demonstrative natures.

Literary avocations formed a wholesome diversion to her after her return home. Her second work, "Shirley," commenced when the family circle was entire, completed with no cordial voice of sisterly approval, was the chief employment of the following year. At one time the whole labor of the household devolved upon her, besides the care of two sick servants. It was on this occasion that Tabby, whom she rescued one morning from the kitchen fire and nursed tenderly through a severe sickness, exclaimed, "Eh! she's a good one — she is."

Miss Brontë naturally felt much anxiety as to the reception of *Shirley*. Its success, if not so marked and brilliant as that of *Jane Eyre*, was fully as gratifying. She says: "The reviews are superb; and were I dissatisfied with them, I should be a conceited ape." Soon after its publication she made her first grand visit to London. She and Anne had taken a flying trip there a year or two previous, to settle some question as to the identity of Currer and Acton Bell, starting off at a few hours' notice in the night train, breakfasting at an old coffee-house in London, frequented by their father in his Cambridge days, posting straight to the publishers to set themselves right in an affair implicating their honor, as they believed, startling these gentlemen with a first vision of their great unknown correspondent, visiting the opera with them in their high made country dresses, because they had too much delicacy to decline an offered courtesy, and going home in a few days in a state of complete weariness and bewilderment.

Miss Brontë's relations with the publishers had always been of the most cordial character, and she accepted their invitation to London, not without nervous dread, but as a needful change from the monotony of home. Her natural shyness, and retired habits of life, made first contact with strangers very trying to her. She had an

exaggerated notion of her personal defects. "I notice," said she, "that after a stranger has once looked at my face, he is careful not to let his eyes wander to that part of the room again;"—a most absurd notion, for she was generally thought very plain, but still attractive. The finding a stranger at a friend's house, where she was expecting to see only familiar faces, was enough to dash her spirits, and keep her quiet a whole evening. During this London visit, although by express stipulation and the delicate consideration of her host she was allowed to keep much in the shade, she could not but be aware that she was under the surveillance of many eyes, and she herself both dreaded and longed to meet men of letters whose works she had read with reverence. She had several interviews with Thackeray, whose good opinion she especially coveted, moving as he did in the highest circle of her own literary sphere. Finding that Miss Martineau was in town, she called upon her, and thus commenced one of the most valued intimacies of her life. We quote the impressions of an eye-witness of their introduction, because it gives a pleasanter impression of Miss Bronte than some earlier sketches:

"Miss Bronte was announced, and in came a young-looking lady, almost child-like in stature, in deep mourning, dress neat as a Quaker's, with her beautiful hair smooth and brown, her fine eyes blazing with meaning, and her sensible face indicating a habit of self-control. She came—hesitated one moment at finding four or five people assembled—then went straight to Miss Martineau with intuitive recognition, and with the free masonry of good feeling and gentle breeding, she soon became as one of the family seated round the tea-table; and, before she left, she told them in a simple, touching manner, of her sorrow and isolation, and a foundation was laid for her intimacy with Miss Martineau."

Returning after a few weeks of distracting, wholesome excitement, and

climbing the quiet Haworth hillside, Miss Bronte gladly greeted the old parsonage, dear to her in its contrasted rudeness, since her late experience of London splendor, dearer for its sacred memories, and present filial duties.

But she soon became aware that she could no longer bury herself there as she had done; fame had become too potent for her, and would not down at her bidding. Haworth was a place of pilgrimage. Liveried carriages toiled up the steep street, and ladies of gentle blood picked their way among the "rain-blackened tombstones" to the parsonage. The old church became populous on Sundays, and the sexton pocketed many a fee for pointing out the little plain lady who stole so quietly and reverently to her seat. The Yorkshire men, curt in speech but kind at heart, had shouldered her fame, and were ready to cudgel any critic who frowned on their favorite. This rude, honest gallantry was very gratifying to Miss Bronte, and soothed her under many a galling criticism. Approval she did not affect to despise, but notoriety was not to her taste. She compared herself to an ostrich, seeking to hide her head in the heathery moor. Invitations to the seats of the neighboring gentry were pressed upon her, but she could seldom persuade herself to leave her father, or enter mixed society. Occasional trips she took to London, one, of a few days, to Scotland, and another to "the Lakes." The latter she would have greatly enjoyed alone, or with a quiet friend, but, as the guest of a noble family, and the central figure in a large company, she felt painfully that she was being *lionized*, and repressed all the enthusiasm which was awakened by this first experience of the grandly picturesque.

In the autumn of 1850, Miss Bronte revised the works of ELLIS and ACTON BELL, for a new edition, prefixing a short, touching biography of her sisters. It was sad, brooding work, and not good for her in her solitary home,

where everything within and without the old, unchanging place, every aspect of sky and moor revived the past. The associations were so exquisitely painful to her that she could never write in the evening without passing a sleepless night. Friends who marked her depression sought to draw her away by occasional visits; but she put aside all such allurements till her sacred task was fulfilled.

By this time the world was asking after Curren Bell, and her publishers were importunate for another volume, but she was in no condition to respond. "*Villette*" was commenced, but made slow progress, being laid aside sometimes for months at a time. "Perhaps," she wrote, "Curren Bell has his secret moan about these matters; but if so, he will keep it to himself. It is an affair about which no words need be wasted, for no words can make a change; it is between him and his position, his faculties and his taste."

The following summer she visited the Great Exhibition, of which she makes this note: "It is a marvellous, stirring, bewildering sight — a mixture of a genii palace and a mighty bazaar, but is not much in my way; I like the lecture (Thackeray's) better." Miss Bronte received many marked attentions from noble personages, was breakfasted by Rogers, and ciceroned by Sir David Brewster, but her great treat was the course of lectures above alluded to. Even there, in the "mirth circle" of good breeding, she had to pay the penalty of fame — fashion having the vulgarity to form itself in double file along the entrance of the lecture-hall, that it might have the privilege of peeping under the bonnet of a timid, nervous woman.

The following summer is noticeable for a pilgrimage to the grave of her sister Anne. It was a tearful task, but better done than left. She could not rest till she had seen with her own eyes whether her "little one" slept well, — whether all the offices she had directed for the place of her repose were well done. She found several

errors in the lettering of the monument, had it recut, gave a few days to sea air and sweet and mournful fancies, and left the spot forever.

A few months later, *Villette*, which had so long hung heavy on her hands, was finished and dispatched to London. "I said my prayers," she says, "when I had done it," and well she might, for it was the last expression of her genius. We shall refer again to this powerful tale in connection with her other works, only remarking here that its reception by the public was most satisfactory to its author; it sustained her previous reputation, it could not well increase it.

We should like to reveal the admirable woman more in the sight of her friendships. Here she is altogether beautiful; nor are we saddened by the sombre colors which darken her family history. She never had more than half a dozen intimate friends, nor so many to whom she unfolded herself fully and entirely. But those whom her soul elected by its own unerring affinities, she bound to her with "hooks of steel." Her own character was built up of *honesty*, and it was the first and last quality she demanded of a friend. It was her jealousy of truth that made her so guarded against over-demonstrativeness in love. To one of her letters in which she had used the word "darling," she adds the postscript, "Strike out that word 'darling,' it is humbug. Where's the use of protestations? We've known each other and liked each other a good while; that's enough." One can not read her letters, simple and quiet as they are, without saying, "here is a heart worth winning, here is a friend who bestows freely, and demands only plain, unexaggerated attachment in return."

We come now to that brief vision of happiness which brightened and closed Miss Bronte's troubled but right noble life. Three offers of marriage she had received and rejected; she was now past the midway mark of life, and thought only to walk still in her solitary path; but it was to be otherwise.

Rev. Arthur Nicholls, for eight years curate of Mr. Brontë, and a frequent guest at the parsonage, had long observed and loved its mistress—loved her before she became famous, loved her since, secretly, and without hope. At length he gained courage to speak. It was a December evening, and Miss Brontë was in her sitting-room—her father and his curate in the study. Presently there was a tap at her door, and “like lightning it flashed upon me what was coming. He entered. He stood before me. What his words were you can imagine; his manners you can hardly realize, nor can I forget it. He made me for the first time feel what it costs a man to declare affection when he doubts response. * * The spectacle of one, ordinarily so statue-like, thus trembling, stirred, and overcome, gave me a strange shock. I could only entreat him to leave me then, and promised him a reply on the morrow. I asked if he had spoken to papa. He said he dared not. I think I half led, half put him out of the room.”

Miss Brontë carried this declaration straight to her father. He had always been hostile to her marriage, and he met this proposal with particular and marked aversion. Charlotte saw that he was greatly moved, and she forbore. She waited not to question her own heart—she had already proved that it could *endure*, though it might *suffer*—she questioned only the peace of her aged father, and dismissed her lover the next day. The subject was dropped; for a year it was not resumed. Mr. Nicholls resigned his curacy, and left the parish dejected and suffering. Miss Brontë moved about outwardly tranquil, but those who knew her best perceived that a shadow lay on her heart. Perhaps her father saw it—perhaps his heart smote him; at any rate he gradually softened toward Mr. Nicholls, and finally gave his cordial, cheerful consent to the union. Then when this dutiful daughter saw her father looking forward with great content, and even with impatience to

her bridal, she had her reward for her great forbearance.

The little preparations for the wedding were hastened—why should they not when her aged father and pastor waited to bless them before he died. Some modest embellishments were added to the parsonage—a little study was contrived for the coming inmate, with cheerful hangings of white and green—the good bishop sent his congratulations and his blessing—farewell visits were made—spring brightened into summer—two of Charlotte's earliest friends arrived—the night before the wedding had come. Just at bed-time Mr. Brontë decided not to go to church in the morning. Here was a dilemma—who should give the bride away? No gentlemen were invited to assist but the clergyman and groomsmen. No one in Haworth it was supposed knew of the bridal. Miss Wooler, her old teacher, and one of the two friends, offered to do it; the Rubric was consulted, it did not forbid, and so it was arranged.

They went to church in the cheerful morning hours, and as they came out, though they had not willed it, many friendly faces were there to bless the pale bride, looking like a snow-drop they said, in her pure white dress and mantle, and an affectionate “God speed you” followed her as she went with her husband to visit his relatives.

Miss Brontë's marriage was not brilliant, not what many would have sought for her, but it satisfied her heart. She married an honorable Christian gentleman, modest and quiet in manners, grave and sincere in character; he offered her the devotion of a noble heart, she took it, and was content. Beautifully has her faithful friend and loving biographer tinted the soft picture of her wedded happiness:

“Henceforth the sacred doors of home are closed upon her married life. We, her loving friends, standing outside, caught occasional glimpses of brightness, and pleasant, peaceful

murmurs of sound, telling of the gladness within; and we looked at each other and gently said, 'After a hard and long struggle, after many cares and many bitter sorrows, she is tasting happiness!' We thought of the slight astringencies of her character, and how they would turn to full ripe sweetness in that calm sunshine of domestic peace. We remembered her trials, and were glad in the idea that God had seen fit to wipe away the tears from her eyes. Those who saw her saw an outward change in her look, telling of inward things. And we thought, and we hoped, and we prophesied in our great love and reverence."

Pleasantly sped life at the parsonage now. Distant friends came to congratulate; a simple entertainment was given to the villagers in acknowledgement of their warm welcome; two loving children tended the white-haired father instead of one: and so the curtains of winter were drawn about the little household.

But the pleasant dream was almost over. Mrs. Nicholls became ill; several exposures in the late autumn had produced a severe and confirmed cold, but in addition she was suffering the "sacred primal sorrow of her sex." As spring came she grew worse, and to the encouraging assurances of friends she could only say, "I dare say I shall be glad some time — but I am so ill, so weary." From her sick bed she wrote — and it is her last written utterance: "No kinder, better husband than mine, it seems to me, there can be in the world. I do not want now for the kindest companionship in health, and the tenderest nursing in sickness."

Daily she grew fainter and weaker, till about the last of March, (1855,) the decisive change appeared; "a low wandering delirium came on; and in it she begged constantly for food and even for stimulants; she swallowed eagerly now, but it was too late. Wakening for an instant from this stupor of intelligence, she saw her

husband's woo-worn face, and caught the sound of some murmured words of prayer that God would spare her. 'Oh!' she whispered forth, 'I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us — we have been so happy.' And thus she died!

(To be concluded.)

GONE.

List to the midnight lone!
The church clock speareth with a solemn tone.
Doth it no more than tell the time?

Hark, from that belfry gray,
In each deep-booming chime which, slow and clear,

Beats like a measured knell upon my ear,

A stern voice seems to say,

Gone! gone;

The hour is gone — the day is gone;

Pray.

The air is hushed again,
But the mute darkness woos to sleep in vain.
O, soul! we have slept too long,
Yea, dreamed the morn away,
In visions false and feverish unrest,
Wasting the work-time God hath given and blest.

Conscience grows pale to see
How, like a haunting face,
My youth stares at me out of gloom profound,
With rayless eyes blank as the darkness round,

And wailing lips which say,

Gone! gone;

The morn is gone — the morn is gone;

Pray.

Wo for the wasted years,
Born bright with smiles, but buried with sad tears!

Their tombs have been prepared

By Time, that gravesman gray.

Soul, we may weep to count each mournful stone,

And read the epitaph engraved thereon

By that stern carver's hand.

Yet weep not long, for Hope,

Steadfast and calm, beside each headstone stands,

Gazing on Time, with upward pointing hands.

Take we this happy sign,

Up! let us work — and pray.

Thou, in whose sight the hoary angels fly
Swift as a summer's noon, yet whose stern eye
Doth note each moment lost,

So let me live that not one hour mispent,

May rise in judgment on me, penitent,

But, till the sunset, Lord,

So in Thy vineyard toil,

That every hour a priceless gem may be

To crown the blind brows of Eternity.

LONG LIFE AND LENGTH OF DAYS.

BY REV. CHARLES STARR BAILEY.

SITUATED as we are upon this stage of life, every individual seems to consider it his best endeavor to secure for himself what in his view, amounts to the greatest individual satisfaction. No matter how various, how complex these views may be, or how much they may stand in opposition to each other, still individual agencies and habits have quite established them, and their influences upon the moral and religious phases of the world have been fearful in action and result. And indeed it seems that no matter how much may be the overthrow of life from a disposition to follow repeated experiments, yet every successive year brings upon us its usual train of experimenters, with the usual result of moral death and degradation. Every man believes himself to be right in his opinions and views of life, and, consequently, as there are so many individualities, there will be corresponding conformities. Ever so limited a view of the vast arena of life will convince you of this.

And it seems to me that quite an excellent argument upon the question of human agency is to be seen in this decided antagonistic battle of life, full as it is of so many parts and counter-parts. Man, with a great and indomitable will power, striving and exerting to produce for *himself*, not for God, the most-satisfactory ends and accomplishments, collecting about him so many complicated materials by which to work out human plans and selfish satisfactions. And no two alike—so various are they, so indefinite, so wonderful multiform,—indeed, much like the pictures produced by the prismatic glass of the kaleidoscope, not so beautiful nor so symmetrical do I mean, but diverse and infinite in variety. It is an argument, at least, that there is something very decidedly independent in this matter of human character.

Whether the question of Necessity or Free-will be ever settled or not, one thing seems to be plain enough, that there is about man, his life, and manner of living much that seems to rest upon individual responsibilities. And we talk of these responsibilities as if man were a being with individual impulses and agencies, and we presume he has these, when we enact laws for his advocacy and obedience. And how much of a trial is it, this advocacy and obedience? Not only God's Law, but all these human codes and regulations for social order and harmony, how much of a task is it for man to obey! Christ calls from the Mount, and judges from senate benches, and we all declare how beautiful life would be, if Christ were heard, if the law were obeyed. How much does it stand to reason that were it not for this will to be contrary and selfish, man could at once be brought into a divine recognition of the law. Indeed, how easy a matter, if men were influenced by a Divine principle, to mould himself divinely, for his very spirit would be a divine and acceptable spirit, and man in all his thoughts, habits, and actions, a creature of holy obedience and love.

But look at life as it is. We behold the picture! They are good sometimes, and sometimes bad. Sometimes it is the picture of temperance and sobriety, and then again that of drunkenness and moral death, religion and irreligion, crime and virtue, sin and misery. Well, all these pictures or phases stand out as so many strong facts upon the platform of life. And as we look at them, reason upon them, turn them over again and again as it were to find out the secret spring, there is a philosophy that never fails to dictate that this very spring and motive of life lies in the fact of an *individual responsibility*. So, when we call man a responsible being, we mean simply that he is the doer, and the actor, and the thinker. We presume he acts for himself, and thinks for himself, and when he ceases to do this, we

do not recognize him as valid, and under the recognition of Christian law. Thus the law of Christ takes man when he is responsible, and not when he is irresponsible. But I did not intend to give you a dissertation on Free Agency.

Every man believes himself to be right. Indeed, it is considered a matter of extreme presumption to dictate to some men how they should live. There is nothing so delightful, we say, as to make our own land-marks, survey our own ground, and drive our own stakes. Each man for himself! Thus with this spirit of independence — for it is called independence sometimes — to be free from all kinds of restraint — man rushes into the greatest excesses of crime, plunges with a heedless disposition into the very jaws of misery, tramples underfoot law, reason, and plain common sense, and ends his career as a reeling sot, a murderer with the roe about his neck, or the convict surrounded by gloomy associations and damp walls for life.

My object in this brief article will be, to show you how these aims of life, so many times destructive, instead of being satisfactory to a real enjoyment, might be turned by a due attention and obedience, in an unfailing virtuous direction. Human pleasures are mostly human follies; and that which we are sometimes pleased to call a satisfaction, is but a trifling prelude to a dead march in the night of disappointment. The young man, for instance, at manhood's threshold looks out upon the future with a delightful, exuberant fancy, and the colors are all beautiful, and the outline perfect, and in the foreground of his young life are many hopes and promises inviting him with a fair speech, to walk forth and try the wheel of Fortune. Thousands have stood where he now stands, and have looked into the same bright and hopeful future. Rum glares out from many a scene of want and destitution — warnings echo from a thousand doors of squalid misery. He sees the brain whirl, and the man toss from life to

death. Thousands are taking their fearful plunge into the whirlpool of shame and prostitution. No matter for this: he is a responsible man. Let others fight and battle down in the strongholds of sin, he will be man enough not to give way to the tempting hand held out to drag him in and down.

From the fearful picture of ruin and waste he turns, and there are the quiet walks of life, and there are contentment and religion giving out their delightful awards. This quiet walk and easy contentment of a religious life does not glitter with a romantic coloring, nor will you find among the worshippers that go daily to drink of the pure waters of Life such as attend the altar of Fashion, and dance to the bewitching strains in the seraglio of lust and pride. He thinks therefore that the religious life is a dull affair, and if the other side of the picture presents so many mistakes, it is rather the excess, and not the principle that is wrong.

You will find him to be a strong debater on the question of individuality. He is strong enough to resist all temptation, and will be quite enthusiastic on the subject of knowing how to drive his own conduct to suit himself. Religious forms and precepts will meet with but little favor at his hands, as he sees in them a kind of impracticable restraint, which meddles with the spirit of independence. Hence religious people are said to be a servile people, and the duties of religion a great bore.

While he stands at this very threshold of life, he will talk of his father as the "old man," and wonder how he could ever live to be as old as he was, and still be in such a close association with the church. But the times are progressive, and the young man fast. The philosophy of the present has outgrown the Bible of the past, and hence all those are philosophers who give "go by" to religion, and those are "foggy" who will not recognize the claims of the *new philosophy* as valid

and practical. Still he admits that the "old man" has a wonderful run of "good luck," but it is idle to presume that his success in life can be owing to his connection with a church, and a due attention to the practical duties of religion. The fact is, *he rather likes the other side!* There is a romance about it, and there is an unmistakable delight, which novelists call a charming delirium. And when he has entered the lists, and commenced his hand-to-hand fight for the success, he finds indeed what he really expected, that the joy is supreme. There is a gay intoxication about it, and his senses become charmed at once. If the fight would end in a day, and he vanquished in a day, it would only take a day to prove the Bible to be right; but such is the alluring, the intoxicating and gradual growth of the disease, that sometimes years of a dazzling and bewitching idolatry pass away before the real fact of the dreadful progress appears in all its hideousness. But he will take a firm grasp, and nothing can upset him. He will not fall — no, not he! Still he admits that he has gained a very little in force of habit. He does not deny, after the passage of a single year, his dream increases, nor does he wonder at it. It is rather necessary it should. What once was sufficient to intoxicate and make the day pass away with a brilliant round, does not seem sufficient now, and there are additional made; timely auxiliaries thrown in to keep up the tide of pleasure.

LENGTH OF DAYS! let us number them. At the age of twenty-five he is a genteel young man, and a fashionable drinker, and they put him down at the side of Fancy. He has the independence to let good liquor know its place, and he scorns a man who hangs by the lamp-post in broad daylight. Five years more and he hangs *occasionally* at the same place, and he seems to have lost his control over good liquor. The fact is, good liquor has got him now snug, safe, and no

mistake. How he talks now of independence, and believes that just as much as ever he is the freest man in the whole republic!

We will put him five more years on, and he is now thirty-five. His dissertation on independence has ended. He has given up good liquor, and gone down to the three-cent whisky shop. They call him a loafer — and so he is. And somewhere there is another young man looking at him, standing on the threshold of another young life, and would you believe it, really avowing that he can step out into life, turn the same wheel, and avoid such a downfall. He tries it, and away he goes just like him. And so they go, one after another, as I remarked before, into the very whirlpool of destruction.

I saw a case a few months ago at the Philadelphia Hospital. A young man gifted and clever hearted, had parents that were a blessing to him, and affectionate sisters who hung about the darkness of his path like stars on midnight skies. But the star of affection had no brightness for him. He had taken a throw, and the throw was a big one. With a maddening cry, and a bold rush he had made the trial. Constitution naturally weak, and possessed of an ardent temperament, the habits of sin were easily formed, and their work upon the physical man rapid and dreadful. Reason was hurled from its throne, the brain became a bloated mass, the body a loathsome sight, and there, upon a dreadful dying bed, in the wildness of despair and misery, was about to end his life. *Length of days!* how long — indeed, how short! I think one of the most appalling sights in this life, is to see a man shattering his constitution by being a slave to vice. It is sorrowful to reflect that there are thousands doing this every day.

The only way to experience long life and length of days is to live as God ordained we should. There is but one way to live. There can not be two ways, or a dozen ways, but simply one

way. While there are a thousand modes by which a man may be hurled from happiness to misery, there is but one way to obtain real satisfaction and enjoyment in life. The religion in this matter is very old, and we shall never want any other principle than that already laid down by Jesus, for the conduct of life. Begin right. The first step generally determines the character of the journey we take. Look out for the first step. Plant your foot down in the right place, and at the right time, and every step you take let it be onward and upward. Nothing easier to win if you go prepared.

I have already written more than I intended when I set out. But I have said enough I trust to convince young men who read these lines, that upon entering life they should be careful as to their first associations. You will find plenty of "gay fellows" ready at any time to lead you down the steps to shame. They are going down, and they must have association. Resist all temptations. Place your hand upon your heart, and declare your purpose to be for "*long life and length of days.*" Avoid the intoxicating bowl as you would the open mouth of a crocodile. If you have a father, listen to his admonitions, and respect the gray hairs of your kind mother. Help to make flowers of love grow up at the door of your home, and on the family altar help to raise an offering of praise and prayer to God.

If you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasant echo, speak pleasantly yourself.

"Do n't tell me of to-morrow,
Give me the men who'll say,
That when a good deed's to be done,
Let's do the deed to-day! ●
We may command the present,
If we act and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom
Of the past that comes too late!"

"WELDEN AND I."

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

In gladness we journeyed together,
And none were so happy as we;
Bright blossoms were nodding in beauty,
And soft winds swept over the lea.

One time to our hearts came a sorrow,
Which thorn-like brought anguish and pain;
But each wiped the brow of the other,
And whispered of comfort again.

True love was the magic that lightened
The burdens each pilgrim must bear;
That sweetened the dregs of the life-cup,
And silvered the clouds of dull care.

But once when the glories of sunset
Their beams on our pathways had thrown,
"Oh, Libbie!" he said, "I must leave you
To finish life's journey alone."

Then thick closed the shadows around me,
And naught could a ray of hope bring,
Till I saw 'mid the darkness of earth-land
The gleam of a heavenly wing.

And now, as I look o'er the river
That borders the bright, promis'd land,
I fancy there waiteth to guide me
A spotless, an unerring hand.
July, 1857.

TREASURED SORROWS.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLERVE.

How the outward mocks the hidden,
With its gairish gleams of joy!
How the cold, dead past unbidden,
Comes to mingle its alloy!

How the tear-drops though we hide them,
Burn their furrows on our brow! —
Leave their stains with smiles beside them
On the *then*, and on the *now*.

Gropingly about the treasure
That we buried long ago,
Seek we still to fill life's measure
With the dregs of hidden woe.

Leave the ashes of the olden,
Oh ye mockers of life's bliss!
Gather up the jewels golden,
Or ye'll weep when these ye miss.

Grasp them ere they pass forever!
Grasp them though they turn to dust!
Better love and be forgotten,
Than to *never* love, or trust.

BUFFALO, July 1, 1857.

THE PURITY OF THE PRESS.

BY MRS. EMMA WILLARD.

THROUGH this Journal, which is especially intended for mothers, let me address you on the subject of the ordinary newspaper press of the day. And if some of you who read are the wives of editors, and the mothers of their children, so much the better.

Editors are a class of our citizens who exercise an important function for good or evil; and if in any respect it is for evil, we believe that in far the greater number of cases it is done through ignorance or thoughtlessness. But as mothers, we can not allow our young sons and daughters to become by their means demoralized, without an effort to prevent it. Nor do we want our own feelings outraged by having printed sheets brought to our homes and lying upon our tables, which no modest woman can read without a blush.

There is at this time too much of a disposition among some of our editors, by minute details of immoral actions of different kinds, to pander to a depraved taste; thus educating the young in the school of crime. Perhaps all do not understand how such consequences will follow. We will explain, by referring to one of the most important principles of education.

Many mothers of our country are now educated women, and understand what the most profound philosophers have taught concerning the human mind. All these have treated of the desire of imitation as one of the most efficient principles of human nature, and remarked that it is particularly active in the minds of the young. When a child—and it is the same in degree with older persons—gets a distinct idea of the exact manner in which an action is performed, then there arises in his mind a desire to perform it. The final cause of this principle, which thus operates on the minds of the young, is that the coming generation may imitate the improvements of the past. But the prin-

ciple works instinctively, and under its operation the child will readily imitate evil actions as good ones.

I saw a child of ten months old, who had been watching his father through the process of shaving, and had contrived to get hold of the razor, lifting his little hand to apply its edge to his own throat. My mother, who was a farmer's wife, would never suffer her little boys to witness the slaughtering of animals, for she had known a case where some lads had undertaken to imitate butchering, and one dear little fellow lay down to be the lamb, and fell a victim to the fatal exactness with which his older brother played the butcher.

But this principle goes farther than the imitation of actions seen. When distinct conceptions are formed in the mind, either by pictures or by descriptions, the same instinctive desire of imitation arises. Hence the demoralizing tendency of the minute descriptions of crime contained in so many of our newspapers. When people not too good to relish such things, are reading exactly how murder is committed, how the victim is disposed of, they are learning what to do if their convenience requires similar deeds. The good mother has for children an instinctive dread of their reading these descriptions, whether in newspapers or books, even as she has of their companionship with persons who perform, or are bad enough to perform the wicked deeds. We are told that mothers in a neighboring city rose at dawn, during a late trial there, to get the newspapers and destroy them, before they fell into the hands of their children.

How long will it be before fathers will refuse to allow such papers to visit their homes?—*Mothers' Journal*.

NOTHING can be very ill with us when all is well within; we are not hurt till our souls are hurt. If the soul itself be out of tune, outward things will do us no more good than a fair shoe to a gouty foot.

GLEANINGS.

GATHERED BY MRS. N. K. PHILLIPS.

BRING A FEW OF THE MOST FRAGRANT OF THE SPICE
ISLANDS PASSED IN THE SEA OF READING.

THE following little poem, by Mrs. H. L. BOSTWICK, is exquisite. It is, as Willis says, "one of those poems that one can not see to read through:"

THE LITTLE COFFIN.

'T was a tiny rosewood thing,
Ebon bound, and glittering
With its stars of silver white,
Silver tablet, blank, and bright,
Downy pillowed, satin lined,
That I, loitering, chanced to find
Mid the dust, and scent, and gloom
Of the undertaker's room,
Waiting empty — ah! for whom?

Ah! what love-watched cradle-bed
Keeps to-night the nestling head;
Or, on what soft, pillowy breast
Is the cherub form at rest,
That ere long, with darkened eye
Sleeping to no lullaby,
Whitely robed, and still, and cold,
Pale flowers slipping from its hold,
Shall this dainty couch enfold?

Ah! what bitter tears shall stain
All this satin sheet like rain,
And what towering hopes be hid
'Neath this tiny coffin lid,
Scarcely large enough to bear
Little words, that must be there,
Little words, cut deep and true,
Bleeding mothers' hearts anew —
Sweet, pet name, and "AGED TWO."

Oh! can sorrow's hovering plumes
Round our pathway cast a gloom
Chill and darksome, as the shade
By an infant's coffin made!
From our arms an angel flies,
And our startled, dazzled eyes
Weeping round its vacant place,
Can not rise its path to trace,
Can not see the angel's face!

HERE is a savory bit of philosophy.
Flavor your breakfast with it, dear
reader — you will be the happier:

"When any thing wicked is reported to me, I am in the habit of saying to my wife and Tidy, 'Do n't believe it; do n't believe a word of it; wait until some professor has proved,

first, that it is possible, next, that it is probable, and lastly, that it is true.' And as to ourselves, let us believe that we have many right good friends whom we have never seen or heard of, and that here and there about the world, many and many a good word is being said about us, that we never hear! In this pleasant faith, sir, we live day by day." UP COUNTRY LETTERS.

BUT the suns *will* shine, and the rains *will* fall

On the loftiest, and lowliest spot,
And there's mourning and merriment mingled for all,
That inherit the human lot.

So we'll laugh and we'll cry, we'll sing and we'll sigh,

And life *will* have wintry weather;
But we'll *love*, and *hope* on, since *you, love,*
and I,

Are husband and wife together.

GERALD MASSEY.

THE LITTLE HINDERING THING.

Thy mother by the fireside sits,
And listens for thy call;
And slowly, slowly as she knits,
Her quiet tears down fall:
Her *little hindering thing* is gone,—
And undisturbed she may work on!

ANON.

WHENEVER we shed tears, we take pity on ourselves; and we feel, if we do not consciously say so, that we deserve to have the pity taken.

LEIGH HUNT.

It is time, high time, my old friend, to be ready for the long journey. Time for us to do something more, than to loiter about the world, eating, and drinking, and sleeping, and being in some weak fashion, respectably decent, and passably amiable, and not outrageously vile. For, wherever we go, into whatever place of abode, when we leave these ashes, and take on the higher life, shall we not carry with us this winged and fiery spirit, which, if we curb it not now, and

chasten it not now, and master it not now, *will then master us!*"

UP COUNTRY LETTERS.

So goes away, with the richness and silentness of blessing, our Up Country Sunday; and then comes twilight—of all its hours, the most serene and holy—and the day has gone. Up into heaven, with the thousands that have gone before, it has ascended and there sits in glory! Beautiful day! thou hast gone home to God: to God and the angels, and the mighty hosts gathered in that blessed land. Gone up to sit in glory forever! Beautiful day, farewell! IBID.

My own, my own, oh, who shall dare
Thus to defy pain, woe, and strife,
When chance, and change are everywhere,
And death walks hand in hand with life?
ANON.

HESPER'S NIGHT REVERIES.

IT is true that "consistency is a precious jewel," and the "HOME" is accumulating new excellencies in my eyes every month, from the beautiful consistencies of its columns.

It has not on one of its first leaves a splendidly colored fashion plate, which we are assured adds much to its worth, while one or two columns are taken up in describing the adorning of each figure, the color and quality of the dress, the kind and quantity of trimming used, the precise shade of the gloves and gaiters, the exquisite bandeaux of the hair, the "love of a bonnet," with its ribbons, flowers and trailing frills, and, in short, the magnificence of the dress throughout—while another part of the same number is devoted to chiding our sex for their extravagance in dress, bewailing the fact that marriages have been on the decrease for the past ten years, all because our women devote so much time and money to dress, that the men can

not support them, and are obliged to live in lonely bachelorhood.

It does not in one place denounce woman for living in indolent ease, and shutting herself up from the fresh air, like a hot-house plant, that she may appear like a piece of delicate wax-work, a pretty piece of breathing flesh for man to look upon and exclaim, "Charming creature! Beautiful!!" while in another it descants upon the enviable attributes of the heroine of some tale, whose sole excellencies seem to consist in the possession of these very qualities.

It does not decry coffee and tea as injurious to parent and child, and then turn and recommend a newly invented vessel for making the fragrant drinks, and tell us they can be made too at the table where the husband can watch his wife while she prepares it with her delicate hands.

O, fie! I would like to know how we who take hold of housekeeping as a reality can always have delicate hands. The potatoes and apples will stain our fingers, the dish-water and suds will affect the outer cuticle, so that they will look rough at times; and though I do admire to see a delicate hand on a woman, the hundreds of us who make home the centre of our cares and hopes and labors, must wear hands that show they are made of flesh and blood, that are exposed to changes; and I am glad our Editress is consistent, and does not invest the women she would have us copy, with alabaster-brows, and sylph-like forms and complexions, where the lily and the rose are most delicately combined. If we make life a reality, labor earnestly with the hands, the mind and the heart, I believe she would think,

"What though the sun with ardent frown
Has slightly tinged our cheeks with brown."

I know she is one who has tried the stern realities of home, and knows how, while she does not neglect its duties, to think for those around her outside its precincts, or she could not thus say to us just what we need. I have long wished some one would write for us who live in log-cabins, walk on bare

floors, and sit on wooden or splint bottom chairs, and write too as though they believed us invested with the same tastes, capabilities, and accomplishments even as those who dwell in brick or stone edifices, move gracefully on Brussell's carpets, and recline on sofas, and Mrs. AREY knows how to do it. I truly hope she will not be so reticent as to withhold this Reverie of mine from her readers, for I believe many a heart will respond to the sentiment that she is consistent, and knows how to prepare mental aliment for the dwellers in our country homes as well as for those in cities.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

LET us hope that mothers are beginning to realize more clearly than ever before the power they hold over the destinies and character of their children. Let us hope that women are awakening to the truth that to them is intrusted the greatest of God's works on earth; that the gifts of nature are their gifts, and come through their obedience, or are withheld through their disobedience; that not only it is right training of the child in the nursery, but right training of themselves before that commences; that fearful suffering is often caused to mother and child for years, perhaps for the whole of life, by wrong conditions at this important period, by weakness, fretfulness, selfishness, indulgence of the lower appetites, by lack of self-restraint and nobleness. Oh! if women could see and know what fearful power is intrusted to them, and what noble results, what heavenly joy and satisfaction would flow from its faithful use, then what different mothers and children we should see! What different men and women would soon fill the world!

SILENCE — a thing that is often difficult to keep, in exact proportion as it is dangerous not to keep it.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

(Concluded.)

"Faithfully shall she render to the dead the whole duty of a second mother, forgetting never that angels' eyes see, and an angel's recompense shall be hers here."

MR. Winthrop had told Mrs. Dillon, his first mother-in-law, of his intended marriage, and received the brief reply:

"I expected it; men forget so easily the old love when they can get a new wife. In this case 'tis no *new love*, in my opinion."

This was a bitter retort upon her listener, but his benevolent heart called up the natural suffering of a mother at the idea of putting another in her daughter's stead, and he was silent.

Mrs. Dillon muttered to herself as he left the room, "He dare not deny it, he is like all men now; but I'll give her to understand that I appreciate her friendship for my poor child. Friendship for her, to be sure!"

Mr. Winthrop called his children into the little library, and taking Herbert on his knee, and an arm about the other two, told them of their first dear mother who had been taken from them, and that he had decided to give them another who would try to care for them, and love them as the first one had done.

Puss cast aside his arm, and stood like a miniature queen of tragedy, flashing out her indignation from her eyes until her lips quivered so that she could not speak. Tears gathered in her father's eyes, but none came to hers, not one. She looked at him as if he were a monster for a moment, and then as her voice came back to her she turned her gaze upon her brother in haughty wonderment, and called upon him to consider the distress their father was about to bring upon them. The boy felt that he was hardly up to the position he had taken about a new mother, and slid out from his father's encircling arm, and stood half afraid by his sister's side.

"Baby stay with papa," was all the

comfort the little piping voice could give to the sad face bent above him, and his quivering lip and choked utterance showed that he sympathized, though he could not comprehend the sorrow that almost convulsed the father's heart.

The little ones had lost their gentleness of temper, their love and confidence in him; and though he was not hopeless of their reformation, his generosity would not permit him to bring Mary Elton to share the greater half of his misery at home. He knew the disagreeable construction the world always puts upon the conduct a man manifests toward the relatives of the first wife, and dreaded to take steps to remove Mrs. Dillon from the children. He wisely resolved to leave all to the womanly judgment of the one in whom lay his hope for his own and his children's happiness.

He kissed Herbert and put him down, and held out his hands to the other children, the eldest of whom would not, and the youngest dared not take. He turned sadly away from his own hearth, well knowing that though he might enforce obedience, it was not the proper time to do it then. He had a sorrowful drive to Mary Elton's, feeling scarcely less so than when he followed his poor motherless children to their grandmother's.

Why does so foolish a prejudice exist in regard to second mothers? What woman who really and truly loves her husband can desire to consign him to a lonely, companionless life, because a wise Providence calls upon her to resign her place by his side and hearth, and lays her away to rest ere weariness makes her footsteps heavy, or time lays its blanching hand upon her forehead? Shall her children be left to the care of hirelings, or perhaps worse even than that, rather than have another head nestle in fondness where hers had so often lain? Shall she prepare her children for future misery by filling their young hearts with mistaken notions of a new relationship, which in many cases ex-

ceeds the first in happiness. Step-children and adopted ones seem to be set apart for abuse in the minds of the unthinking, no matter how comfortably they may be cared for, and little ones think they are not fulfilling their destiny unless they break their hearts at some real or imagined ill-treatment. However illy the first mother fulfills her duty, the world, that is meddling, leave her in peace; but let a second mother be a hundred degrees her superior, and still not perfect, and woe betide her peace if she listens to scandal? Why don't people sometimes think?

Well, we feel relieved a little by the above, though understand, dear reader of my narrative, the writer is not a step-mother, but had one—a blessed good one, too—and writes only from personal observation, and not personal experience, as perhaps some on the defensive might suppose.

Mr. Winthrop found Mary Elton with the same quiet smile of welcome upon her lips with which she always greeted him, but it faded out when she saw how sad he looked. He led her into the little parlor, and commenced talking immediately of that which filled his soul so completely.

"Mary, it must be given up. We may not share each other's love. Yes, Mary, it must be given up."

"Why?" was all Mary's lips could say, though they kept moving in utter whiteness.

"You must not be made miserable by the greeting my poor deluded children would give you, nor by their constantly rebellious conduct, and the prejudice of their grandmother," said Mr. Winthrop, nervously and despondingly.

"Is that all?" said Mary, the color coming back to her lips.

"All."

"Then it won't be given up, Mr. Winthrop, unless you desire it."

"I should be less than a man to ask it of you at least at present."

"You need not ask; I am ready to go with you to-night—any time."

My love can and shall conquer all, grandmother included."

"Bless you, Mary; you are my second evangel," was all he could say in reply.

Mrs. . . ., Mary's fellow-occupant in the cottage, was called in, and offered to arrange all matters for them. She put on her bonnet, and walked a few doors away, and asked the pastor to be in church when the new moon was high enough to shine fully into the west windows, and allow no other light to fall on the altar. This had been a wish of Mary's, carelessly expressed some time in conversation with her friend, who now had an opportunity to carry her pretty thought into practice.

The twilight had deepened almost to darkness, when Mary Elton and her newly-made husband rose from the altar. The silvery light from the western sky shone in upon them with a subdued radiance, and tinged their faces with a half-sad, half-hopeful hue, in full accordance with their sad memory of the past, and their trembling gaze at the future.

At midnight they rang at their own door, and were answered by a domestic who quietly let them in, and on being informed of the state of affairs, was wide awake enough to communicate the astonishing event to her companion.

Mrs. Winthrop sought the childrens' rooms, and found Puss' arm lovingly encircling little Herbert, and a deep flush resting on her pretty cheeks, while the tears which crept out of her eyes were not yet dry upon her long eye-lashes.

A pang went to the heart of the mother, and she knelt down by the bedside, and clasping her white hands fervently, said aloud, "The Lord judge between thee and me, between Lizzie and Mary Winthrop. Amen." She softly kissed the cheek of the sleeping child, who shuddered perceptibly, and then opened her eyes wide upon the new mother.

"Don't you kiss me again, Mary

Elton, or I'll tell my grandmother. You shan't love me, and I won't love you. You coaxed my father to marry you, but you can't coax me to love you," said the high-spirited child.

"I loved your mother, I love your father, and you will let me love you some time, won't you, Puss?"

"Never! If you were not a step-mother I could, but not now, nor ever shall."

It was with a heavy weight upon her spirits that she descended to the library and evaded the inquiring looks of her husband.

He saw the effort, and said with a sigh, "I told you it would be so, Mary. You have a martyr's doom to bear. God grant you a martyr's crown, my darling."

The morning came, and the house was astir early, and the unusual bustle and whisperings told how all its inmates had become aware of the new mistress' coming. Mr. Winthrop had sought the nursery, and brought out Herbert to the verandah and placed him in Mary's arms, and returned back to the children. His whole demeanor had changed, and the most unbending severity was in his tones as he said:

"Children, listen to your father. You can not be made to *love* your new mother, but you *shall respect* her, in words and actions. I'll send you to your room the first display of insolence you manifest in my presence. If you choose to see her first at table, you can have it so."

He left the room, and Puss burst out, "So it's begun just as grandma said it would. If he keeps me in my room a month I won't yield to her."

The bell rang for breakfast, and Mr. Winthrop led his wife in and gave her the grandmother's accustomed seat at the head of the table, with the child at the right. Mrs. Dillon came in, and as if at a late hour she had concluded to "make the best of it," she went up to Mary's chair, and gave her her hand and said:

"Good-morning, Mrs. Winthrop. I

hope you are well, and that we shall all do better in our new relation,"—while her tone and voice told plainly she did not believe they would.

Mary's lips quivered, and she rose and took the offered hand, and put up her face for a kiss, which motion Mrs. Dillon did not choose to see. Puss was astonished at this apparent concession, and resolved that if everybody else forgot her dear dead mother for the pretty face beside the coffee-urn, she would not.

Mrs. Winthrop served the table gracefully, and when it came Puss' turn to be helped, she asked if she would have coffee. The child replied :

"I'll take water now, and grandmother can help me."

She had never been permitted coffee or tea during her mother's life, but of late she had been helped to whatever her capricious fancy chose. A flush came to her father's face, and to avert a less pleasant remark, Mary said :

"I am glad you keep your old cold-water habits, my dear."

Puss pushed back the glass and said haughtily, "I've changed my mind; I'll take a cup of coffee."

The storm could be averted no longer, and Mr. Winthrop said in a subdued tone :

"My child, you may have the remainder of your breakfast in your own room."

Puss arose with great dignity, and imitated her father's way as she replied :

"No, I thank you, I have had plenty of *all*," and took her young majesty out of the room.

In vain was any attempt to restore even an appearance of sociability that morning. Family devotions were sad, and little of the usual hopeful happiness seemed to pervade the house of the newly-wedded pair.

The absence of Puss allowed her brother a little freedom of will, and he replied civilly to his new mother, and forgot himself so far as to listen to an interesting recital of some new story. He attempted to ask her a

question, stopped, blushed, and looked down, when the quick thought of Mrs. Winthrop caught the reason of his hesitancy, and took his little hand in hers and said :

"Your dear *mamma* is in Heaven. I will try and be your *mother* if you will call me so. She loved *mamma* for a name, and she shall always have it, and you may give me the other, if you please."

She bent down, and the great tears were in his eyes. He allowed her to kiss him, and then said :

"I believe you ain't like the rest of them."

"Who, my child ?"

"Why, step-mothers."

"Step-mothers are just like other mothers; some are good, and some are not. If Harry will pray for me every night and morning that God will make me kind to these children, I think I will be so. Will you ?"

The child was conquered, and he laid his curly head in her lap, and sobbed out, "I've tried so hard to hate you, and I can't. What will Puss say to me ?"

"Puss will love me more by-and-by," Mary said.

"No, she won't; nor grandmother either—never! but I will."

Mr. Winthrop brought out the carriage, and on being informed of Harry's change of sentiment, the two boys were taken with the new mother to ride.

It was after all a happy morning to Mary, for she was sure of one step being taken toward her highest aim—that of bringing the motherless children back to their first simplicity and purity of heart.

Puss saw the carriage drive away, and saw the laughing face of Harry looking up to the new occupant, and burst into a perfect deluge of angry tears. She reproached her grandmother for yielding first, and made the old lady vexed also. She tried to defend her position for a while, but gave it up before the torrent of indignation the young vixen cast upon her.

She tried to say this case might be an exception to general rules, but it was a new idea to the child, and she would not accept it.

The carriage came back before a reconciliation took place between the now hostile parties, and Mrs. Dillon was glad to escape from the child's invectives by accepting Mrs. Winthrop's invitation to take a drive with her. She asked Puss also, who gave one flashing look, and turned disdainfully round and made no reply. Mr. Winthrop helped in the mother, and then his wife, and giving the reins to the hand of the younger, said, "Bonny is perfectly obedient to your hand, and I have important business in the office, so you can ride at your leisure."

The old lady was frightened at the idea that the whole town would think her wonderfully yielding to the sway of the new wife to be seen abroad with her alone the first day after the marriage; but 't was too late to retreat now, so she made amends to her conscience (!) by trying to be as disagreeable as possible, and polite at the same time.

Mary drove to the village cemetery, and assisting the old lady out, without a word walked toward Lizzie's grave. Mrs. Dillon, with all her love for her child, had never seen her last resting-place. Now she found it all a-glow with the sweetest flowers growing upon it, and a great boquet from their own garden lying in the shadow of the white marble cross, on which was inscribed,

"OUR DARLING LIZZIE."

The old lady's heart yielded at this token of unforgetting love by both Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop: the cross from one, and the flowers from the other. She sobbed aloud for awhile, and when she could speak she said:

"Mary Winthrop, tell me before God and above this grave why you married my daughter's husband, when you could have had less care and equal enjoyment with another."

Mary turned pale, as her thoughts went back like lightning to the days

of Lizzie's girlhood and her own; and the bitter trial when Lizzie told of her betrothal to her own ideal — her heart's idol, on whose altar she had lain her girlish love unasked and unknown, but of this she was too much the true woman to speak, when another answer equally true served as well. She replied after a moment's thought:

"I loved Lizzie Dillon, and all I could do for her was to keep her memory and example fresh in the hearts of her children. I loved and do love Mr. Winthrop."

"I will kiss you now," said the subdued old lady, "if you will stoop to do it while I am seated on this grave."

Mary laid her fresh young cheek upon the wrinkled face of Mrs. Dillon, and said:

"May I call you mother, now? Mine went to Heaven long ago, and I want another now."

"Bless you! yes, if you will," came from the quivering lips of the old lady.

"Another gained," thought Mary, as she assisted her new mother into the carriage, with a tenderness truly beautiful.

Mrs. Dillon confessed on her way home that she feared she had not been judicious with the children, and that Puss would give much trouble by her headstrong will.

This was a remarkable concession for so unbending a woman, and argued well for Mary's influence over all the children — those of infirmity and those of tender years.

The little chat Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop had before dinner was a hopeful one, for but one sorrow yet remained to them. Puss had been more enraged at her grandmother for riding out alone with Mr. Winthrop's wife, as she termed the new mother, than for her politeness in the morning. She thought of all the heroines she had read about in her story-books, and resolved never to yield up the memory of her own mother, as she called

obedience to her new one. Harry had not dared to go to the nursery since his return, but spent his morning with Herbert in the garden.

Before the dinner-bell rang, Mr. Winthrop unlocked his writing-desk and drew out the last letter of his wife, saying to himself, "Her love follows me;" he took it to his daughter's room, and asked her to spell it out, while the family were at dinner. She took it tremblingly, for she knew whose hand traced the letters, as she had pored over the hoarded notes of her mother's, written during Puss' visit to her grandmother's, before death came among them, and when another had to read them for her.

Puss was a strong-willed child, but generous, loving, and yielding, if she could have her heart once conquered, but perfectly obstinate if she fancied she was treated with the least injustice. She read the letter through her tears twice deliberately, and groaned out:

"What a wicked child I am to hate the two mother loved best! I'll give it up; I can't wait till dinner is over," and off she ran just as desert was being brought in. Nobody but Herbert touched it that day, for they had a sweeter one in Puss' tears and kisses.

Mrs. Dillon's marvel was ended by a perusal of the letter; and though the tears would come, she persisted that Lizzie was right: she was unfit to care for the children, and their conduct in the morning had proved it.

We will leave them in that place nearest Heaven—a happy, loving home.

FASHIONABLE WOMEN.—"Read the biographies of our great and good men and women," says an exchange; "not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprung from plain, strong-minded women, who had about as little to do with fashions as with the changing clouds."

LETTERS FROM QUIETSIDE.

III.

GIRARD, *April*, 1857.

MY dear M. . . . :—I have been thinking much of you for several weeks past, and am now seated to tell you how much you are blessed in all those life-relations which constitute earth's happiness. In the congeniality of tastes and spirits, which makes your household bond, you have, as it appears to me, a more than commonly high position for enjoyment. A husband alike distinguished for his moral, religious, and philosophic excellence, whose position as a citizen, a statesman, a neighbor, and a *man*, challenges even the green-eyed monster and foul-tongued slander. Children whose youth, so far as may be predicted from that joyous period, give encouragement to hope for the future. As a crowning mercy, competency helps you to the indulgence of taste, either in the refinements of virtue, or the gentle beneficence of cultivated humanity. In short, you possess the power for happiness, which a great poet has said lies in three words: health, ease, and competence. And you know, moreover, from whom all this is derived, and doubtless in your daily orisons render thanksgiving and praise where they are due.

We need not extend our search for contrasts; they meet us almost every turn. In a large majority of cases, scanty means compel to labor—that honorable condition annexed to man's expulsion from his first happy home—and, instead of a blessing and mercy, which it certainly is when viewed aright and used properly, it is considered a hardship, and elicits murmurings against Providence, as if His ways were unequal in allowing so great a disparity in the worldly acquisitions of men, who in other respects are equal. This secret envy begets dissatisfaction; discontent invades the domestic hearth; bickerings and disagreements ensue, that too often lead to quarrels and scenes of terror, where

they "should never come." In these domestic broils, it would be difficult to analyse all the elements that combine to produce such terrible results. Perhaps the most prominent is the influence of a trifling, frivolous, imbecile mother; because she can not be removed from the station in which her husband has placed her, without a disgraceful publicity, which would be worse than the evil complained of.

A judicious, clear-minded woman, with an affectionate heart, a gospel-enlightened understanding, and a sensitive conscience, can largely counteract the worst influence of the worst man. But the obverse presents a painful contrast. The best man in the world can do little to influence the moralities of his household, if in every thing he is counteracted by a weak, vacillating, self-sufficient, determinedly-indulgent mother, who at one time sacrifices veracity to gratify the morbid and forbidden appetites, and in almost the same breath punishes furiously with noisy railing and brutal blows.

Nor is it necessary to fatal results that she should be vicious and depraved. Such a character would work its own cure, by inducing disgust and consequent loss of influence. Human nature seeks indulgence at every stage of life; consequently childhood is not exempted from this universal want. If the gratification is obtained by prevarication and sly connivance on the mother's part, in opposition to the well understood wishes of the father, the enjoyment is by no means diminished, but possibly may have been increased by the cleverness with which "mother helped them to outwit the old fellow."

A deep interest in and for his family in the embitterment of his feelings, may have been sternly expressed by father, and with repellant manner. This may have touched the dignity of those *men and women* of his family, (such households have no boys and girls,) as have reached that mature period of life, extending through the "teens." Ill-concealed contempt for

his opinions, and disregard of his expressed wishes, exacerbates his nature, and he loses his self-respect. Disappointed in all the fond dreams of early life, he, imperceptibly to himself, descends the inclined plane of discouragement; resorts to the inebriating cup, that he may, for awhile at least, drown the maddening consciousness of his domestic nonentity. Having received the impetus of the first step *down*, with accelerated speed he reaches the foot, where yawns for him the "Drunkard's Grave." Thus ends, in the prime of life and usefulness, a life — the gift of God — with all the appliances and surroundings necessary for enjoyment. And why is it so? The wife and mother set herself determinedly against her duties; indulged her self-will, and the day of retribution will make her quake and fear.

As these children advance in life, and are brought into contact with a higher tone of mind and principle, they will feel in themselves the wretched consequences of their mother's mistaken course, and with the loss of all respect for her, deeply regret that they were not trained to respect authority, and thus qualified to meet the collisions of social and commercial life. Not unfrequently do bitter curses pierce her heart while living, and fasten upon her post mortem memories. They were never taught to "tread lightly on the ashes of the dead;" nor were they trained to mental discipline, or self-denial; and they now charge their own delinquencies upon that conniving indulgence, which once afforded them what they now consider guilty enjoyment.

What dignity surpasses that of a woman whose "children rise up and call her blessed,"—whose husband praiseth her! She has, through many years of varied experiences, sustained and encouraged him, whom, at the sacred altar, in the presence of God, angels, and men, she promised "to love, honor, and obey;" has been the cheering light of his home, making its aspects bright and comfortable,

so far as means were given her. By her own industry she contributed to the household supplies; by her economy and love of home, she prevents extravagance and wastefulness; and in many ways, both in prosperity and adversity, has been to her husband a "help-mate" indeed—the light of his heart and home.

Her children have been religiously instructed in their responsibilities to the Most High; of course this involves filial duties; and both parents rejoice in a perpetuation of themselves, by a generation who shall fulfill an honorable mission on earth, and rejoin them in a state where "Order is Heaven's first law,"—where love, union, and harmony forever reign. Yes, *reign*; no discordant tones will ever interrupt the swelling anthems of praise and thanksgiving for a life, the ulterior object of which is immortality in existence and bliss; and for birth, education, and influence among those who guided their earliest thoughts, and trained their later aspirations, and regulated all their nature's developments with wise reverence to such a terminus.

At this moment my mind is contemplating two portraits, hung conspicuously in memory's reception hall. One I will distinguish as J. . . . He was one of a respectable family, was well educated, had talents, genius, friends, by whose aid he was at an early age, advanced to a station of respectability. Nature had been more than commonly lavish to him of her best gifts, and his early start promised fairly for his future course. As is frequently the case, he married with little consideration for any thing but personal attractions. The young lady had been accustomed to unquestioned indulgence in all things, and had no opportunity for development of character. In this essential requisite she was a nonentity; nor did she bring to his empty coffers the means to sustain this unlimited indulgence.

He was unsuccessful; they sought to retrieve their broken fortunes in a

distant, new country. Then came the trial. Additions to the family circle were frequent, of those who needed not only the fostering, maternal care, but the training and guiding paternal hand also. On all occasions, the incapable mother conflicted with the well-digested discipline of the father, who understood the subject well, both from his own recollections of early home life, and much reflective thought bestowed upon it. Disappointed in the fancied sweetness of his wife's character, he became discouraged, and resorted to the exhilarating bowl and jovial companionship, for the temporary excitement which they afford, and forgetfulness of home dis gusts.

This was not a familiar case. Like all others of the same class, the evil increased, and scenes were enacted in the children's presence that were sufficient to make "angels weep," were that possible. In his wildest moments he never forgot that he was a gentleman; his demeanor and language, although under such a terrible influence, bespoke the debasement from a higher condition. His uncultivated wife seemed to forget every thing, even her womanhood, in the indulgence of her furious temper, and the use of the lowest vulgar billingsgate, for which there was not even the poor excuse of inebriation.

A family of ten children surrounded their table, most of whom were promising on account of fine talents, and a more than commonly respectable improvement of educational advantages, which their father spared no pains to give them, but which their inane mother hated, because it elevated them to a sphere of which she knew not the benefits. Instead of rejoicing in the respectability of the older children, a mean envy possessed her spirits, and she spared no efforts to disgust and prejudice the younger ones, and to prevent any healthful influence upon their manners or morals, by ridiculing their views and pursuits, and instilling into their minds mistaken and false notions of the efforts of their older

brothers and sisters, thus engendering distrust and suspicion, which lead to duplicity, and finally to contempt and hatred. It has been said upon poetic authority, that "Hell has no fury like a woman scorned." The mother felt that she was degraded in her children's estimation; indeed they did not always conceal their contempt for her meanness of spirit, and low vulgar vituperation.

The father descended to a drunkard's grave in life's meridian prime. Notwithstanding the great and many delinquencies of his life, he commanded the love and respect of his children while living, and his memory is cherished with affectionate tenderness and indulgent forgetfulness of all his derelictions in duty. They say, "I respected and loved my father dearly. Had my mother done as she ought, he would never have forgotten himself as he often did. It is impossible to live peaceably with her." This is verbatim.

What a sad reminder must this be to the mother, whose sensibilities are raised above those of the brute! And yet these fatal results *must* ensue, when the mother forgets her womanly characteristics—the dignity of the household regulator and controller. This unhappy woman had no vice; was kind, honest, and truthful at times, but her furious temper and undisciplined will lost her all the domestic consequence and comfort to which her position and relationship entitled her.

The younger children had no remembrance of their father; had grown up amid the confusions constantly arising; on the one hand the older members of the family exerted themselves for the improvement of the younger, while on the other the mother continually interfered to counteract their efforts and destroy their influence. The results were sad; the children were low-bred, insolent, and boisterous, treating their mother in a way to illustrate the precept, "He that spareth to correct his child,"

may expect that he will bring "his parents to shame."

Look on that picture and then on this. Although many sorrowful scenes are connected with these reminiscences, that which I am about to relate presents a brighter phase in maternal character.

By the initial M. . . , I will distinguish a man who passed on to middle age with unblemished character, who was a respectable, well-to-do farmer. He had married a worthy woman in his own sphere, and had a family of six children, before he evinced a tendency to intemperance. Military "trainings," as they were called, were occasions of general interest at the time of which I write. Like agricultural Fairs now, they furnished opportunities for social interviews, as well as for business transactions. Every man who equipped himself with the prescribed uniform—which was very showy and somewhat expensive—was exempted from a poll tax; and military promotions were considered honorary distinctions.

Capt. M. . . left home one day to exercise his company at a "general training." At night he returned intoxicated. As it was the first time time such a thing had happened, hopeful affection whispered that it was accidental, and would not be repeated. But, alas! it was the first step in a downward career, which entailed wretchedness and misery upon an estimable household for many a long year.

The family circle had increased to fourteen, who all reached maturity with the daily recurring scene of a drunken father brought to them insensible every night. When recovering from that brutal state, he was fiendishly ferocious; his horrible curses might be heard at the village where he was supplied with his destruction.

Who is to account for the accumulating misery of these long, long years of patient suffering? The man who acquires and indulges a debasing appetite, until he is degraded below the brutes, is scouted by society and hissed

at, and shouted after by the very boys in the streets—is an outlaw. Who will take him by the hand, and with gentle warning and admonition, urge him to retrace his steps to sobriety and respectability? Rarely is such a friend found out of his own household; his family are too much intimidated and crushed by his brutality, to dare refer to the subject, although there probably may be times, when home sympathy and confidence would do much to arrest the prodigal wanderer. But in their own sorrowful experience, “hope bleeds and peace expires.” While the consumer is an outcast, *who* frowns upon the producer and the retailer of the burning curse? By thus pandering to the brutal appetite of him who was once (is he not still) their superior, the distiller and the grog-seller acquire money, which elevates them and theirs on the social scale, while their miserable victim descends to a dishonored grave, and his suffering family inherit a patrimony of ignominy and degradation. “Oh, shame, where is thy blush?” Where is the justice of society? In this social outrage, the goddess of right should be represented with a double bandage.

At length, Capt. M. . . . was legally consigned to a conservator, that the entire loss of his property might be prevented. The wife was a pattern of patient meekness, of quiet submission, and taught her children the difficult lesson of gentle forbearance with their father’s frailties, which they faithfully practiced as long as he lived. In all his beastly exhibitions, none of the family were ever known to forget themselves or their filial duties. They kindly amused and cared for their wretched father, till death relieved them, after many years of sorrow and toil.

The mother superintended the farm, till her two sons, who were her youngest children, were old enough to relieve her. She trained her family to habits of industry and economy, and they were all respectably established at the head of their own households,

and for aught I know, are living testimonials to the truth, that “The fear of the Lord is the instruction of wisdom; and before honor is humility.”

The long years of Eternity alone can disclose the results of this humble woman’s influence and example. To me it appeals most powerfully—presents a moral grandeur—a noble self-abnegation far more elevating than that of the Spartan mothers, who signaled their sons for battle, and sending them forth with the injunction to return, either bringing their shields, or brought upon them. Theirs was an impulse of patriotism—an offshoot of the age, and the circumstances which formed its characteristics. Here was the heroism of a patient, enduring spirit, confronting her daily trial with an unblenching face and unflinching step, apparently taking for her motto “the path of duty; though rugged, is the only path of safety.”

Such examples dignify and exalt humanity; if lesser minds do not come up to the achievement, they love to contemplate the glory emanating from it, and feel that a gleam is reflected upon themselves, as belonging to the same species of being. This would be a dreary, working-day world, were it not for the brightness, shimmering down through lives of sorrow, showing us what man, and woman too may achieve, by keeping steadily before the mind’s eye the copy of their great Exemplar, who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; returned blessings for cursings, and left as a testamentary legacy to the world the glorious precept, “Whatsoever ye would that others would do to you, do ye even so to them.”

The noble woman whose trials I have mentioned is by no means an isolated case; would that it were so. While the worm that lies at the root of domestic peace, is rampant in the land, instances will not be wanting of wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters, whose examples shed a bright halo upon the horizon of their influence,

of whom it may be said, as a great poet said of his wife :

"She was a woman nobly planned,
To warn, to counsel, and command ;
And yet, a spirit pure and bright,
With something of an angel light."

L'AMIE.

FEVER POISONS.

[On the subject of scarlet fever, which has been lately making extraordinary havoc among old and young, the following useful observations occur in a small tract intended for popular dissemination by Mr. R. Fairman, surgeon, Biggar.]

AFTER referring to the value of thorough ventilation, light, and cleanliness, in order to disinfect clothes and apartments from the invisible air-poison exhaled from the sick, the author proceeds :

"It is important to know regarding infection, that when not destroyed or dispersed in the sick-room, it attaches itself and adheres with great tenacity to all articles of furniture—chairs, tables, drawers, etc., nestling in their innumerable pores ; and unless these articles be scrubbed with a solution of chloride of lime, or exposed to a strong heat, or a free current of air for several hours, it may again become evolved, more virulently than at first, after the lapse of weeks. But it chiefly adheres to cotton and woollen materials. The patient's body-clothes and blankets become saturated with it, like a sponge with water. And in airing these materials, a mere passing breeze is not always sufficient to carry it away. A genteel family lately related to me that a few years ago they had occasion to reside some time in Edinburgh ; while there, one of her domestics became affected with fever of peculiar type. After her recovery, the bed-clothes, as was thought, were sufficiently aired, packed up, and conveyed home along with the family. Through some inadvertence, they remained for four months thus folded up ; after which, being required for use, they were opened out and washed. Within a week the persons who washed them became attacked with the same type of fever, though none

was prevailing in the district at the time ; so that infection thus imprisoned in a blanket, or anywhere else, and not exposed to any current of air, seems not only quite indestructible, but, while thus confined, probably grows in virulence every day.

"Thus the infection of plague—which is just a form of typhus fever—has been packed up in a bale of cotton, and after being conveyed many hundred miles, struck with instant death the person who unloosed it. The following curious and dreadful incident, related by Dr. Parr of Exeter, showing how plague was once disseminated in an English town, we extract from Macaulay's Dictionary of Medicine : 'The last plague which infested the town in which we now write,' says Dr. Parr, 'arose from a traveler remarking to his companion, that in a former journey he had the plague in the room where they sat. 'In that corner,' said he, 'was a cupboard where the bandages were kept ; it is now plastered, but they are probably there still.' He took the poker, broke down the plastering, and found them. *The disease was soon disseminated and extensively fatal.*'

"The next point requiring notice is, that one man may convey infection to another, while he himself escapes the disease. Some years ago, I received a message from a much esteemed and worthy minister, requesting a visit to two of his children. On arriving, I found them ill with scarlatina ; and as they had both become suddenly affected *at the very same hour* the previous evening, it was evident that both had simultaneously imbibed the poisonous dose. But the question arose : Where could they possibly get infection ? for they had ever been carefully tended by their nurse, come in contact with nobody but members of the family, and no fever of any description was prevailing for several miles around. At length the father remembered that about a week before he had visited a little girl under scarlatina in an adjoining parish ; had, in the act of

engaging in religious conversation, sat by her side, taken her by the hand, rubbed his clothes on the bed-clothes of the patient — in a word, had quite unconsciously done every thing likely to saturate his own clothes with infection; after which, the night being cold, he wrapped his great coat firmly around him — thus inadvertently preventing its dispersion — mounted his horse, and trotted home at a rapid rate. On reaching home he threw off his great coat, drew in his chair to a comfortable fire, and, as any fond parent would be apt to do, forthwith got both of the children perched upon his knee, little dreaming of the poisonous present a father's love was unconsciously bestowing. That this was the mode of communicating the disease was evident by a process of exact calculation; for the infection of scarlatina lurks in the blood about five days before the fever shows itself; and on calculating five days back from the onset of the fever, we were brought to the time when the incident occurred.

"If two pieces of cloth of the same material, the one *black* and the other *white*, were, in equal circumstances, and for the same length of time exposed to infection, the black cloth would be far sooner saturated with it than the other. We have something analogous to the well known law about the absorption of heat. As dark objects absorb heat more powerfully than white ones, so do they also more readily absorb infection and all kinds of smells. Hence the mere fumigation of closes and wynds in epidemic seasons is not enough; they are afterward very properly whitewashed. Hence also the wholesomeness of light as well as air in the dwellings of the poor, and of all those measures of cleanliness and comforts which the whitening-brush is able to impart. The haunts of infection realize those conditions with which childish fancy clothes the haunts of specters. Dark and cheerless are its favorite dens, the "blazing ingle and the clean hearth-stone," it seems

to shun; but lurks and lingers in the gloomy hovel, fattens on its dirt, and in the crevices of its smoked and dingy walls finds its most congenial nestling-places."

THE WANDERER'S GRAVE.

In a tangled tropic forest,
Sleeps he by an unknown river,
Where afar from scenes of childhood,
Fled his spirit to its Giver;
And a rough-hewn cross is standing
O'er the grave where he is sleeping,
And the southern vines and mosses,
Round its arms are softly creeping.

When the summer heats are wooing
All earth's beauty into being,
Blossoms a tree with scarlet blossoms,
All its incense sweetly freeing;
And the burdened air is fragrant,
While the drooping vines are weeping,
O'er the grave by that dark river,
Where the white browed youth is sleeping.

Through the thick untrodden forest,
Comes the crash of falling palm-trees,
And the music of the woodland,
Wakes and mingles with the night-breeze;
Save these voices, all is silent,
Round the grave by that still river,
Where the clay that shrouded his spirit,
Slumbers now and shall forever.

Sought he in that haunted forest,
For a bright Pactolian river,
Blossom-bordered, golden-sanded?
Found he only Death's dark quiver?
Here he lies; — no word is spoken;
In his early promise taken;
Shall the grave-seals e'er be broken,
And the slumberer awoken?

FLOWERS.

EACH leaflet is a tiny scroll
Inscribed with holy truth,
A lesson that around the heart
Should keep the dew of youth;
Bright missives from angelic throngs,
In every by-way left,
How were the earth of glory shorn,
Were it of flowers bereft!

They tremble on the Alpine heights,
The fissured rock they press,
The desert wild with heat and sand,
Share too the blessedness;
And wheresoe'er the weary heart
Turns in its dim despair,
The meek-eyed blossom upward looks
Inviting it to prayer.

THE WANDERING CHILD.

BY MISS M. A. RIPLEY.

A GOLDEN-haired child was playing in a fair garden. The old elms, under which her father and grandfather had sported, stretched their broad arms far out, until they canopied the green lawn; and beyond them lay the beds of flowers; out in the sunlight where the warm rays could pierce its heart, flourished the princely rose, and at its foot, the purple velvet leaves of violets clustered like waiting pages at the foot of a royal throne. There were leaping fountains, and singing birds, and the white spray fell murmuringly into the marble basin, where sported the yellow goldfish, and the wild birds of the forest were won by the prisoned songsters, to come and build beneath the green, shadowy branches of the grand old trees. Upon the soft emerald sward slept the shy fawn, while above and around, all the voices of the air whispered of peace and safety.

But the child was weary. She had peered through the thick-set hedge, and over the high surrounding walls, and had seen towering hills, and waving forests; had heard the ripple of distant rivulets, the chant of far-off ocean waves, the plashing of cascades, as the pure foam wreaths leaped over the rocky barriers, gleaming like the tossed manes of white chargers. She was restless, and yearned to seek the pleasant, well-trodden, broad path, she saw leading through the flowery plain. And when watchful eyes were withdrawn, and soft voices were hushed in sleep, and clasping arms were loosed — when the bright chain which held her fast to the old shrine was severed, away she bounded, with no one to check her yearnings after novelty.

The path at its beginning, looked almost as lovely as the garden walks she had left, save that the glaring light of the sun fell too hotly upon it. Here were the same flowers, mingled with others similar to them, and as she went on, she beheld on the dis-

tant borders of the meadows, the antlers of the yellow deer, and saw, half-hidden by the flags and rushes, the wings and crests of wild-fowl. The path grew more shadowy as she entered a forest, but the psalm-like melody of woodland-notes, fell soothingly upon her ear, and shrubs of rare beauty, and fragrant flowers, and siren voices lured her forward.

Onward! onward! She reached the musical rivulet, and stepping upon the scattered rocks which lay in its bed, walked upon the farther shore; and, catching a glimpse of the sun-tinted waterfall, she pressed toward it. There, throwing herself upon the mossy couch which spread itself beneath the sturdy branches of an oak, she listened to its rushing, and was borne by it into the "mighty realm" of Dream-land.

A voice aroused her. It was far within the dim aisles of the wood-land through which her path still led. She went toward it, but could not reach it. No human form was there. But the warm sun still glanced through the tremulous leaves of the oak and the pine, and the fingers of the wind touched most skillfully the vibrating forest chords, and the breeze was laden with glad strains of music.

On went the sunny-haired wanderer. But her snowy garments were earth-soiled, and stained by the damp moss whereon she had slept. She ascended a sloping hill, and from its summit looked afar off in search of the old home, the familiar towers. Nothing greeted her tired eyes, save that the fleecy clouds which hung over the place, were glowing radiantly with an amber light; and she could just discern the cross which surmounted the loftiest tower. But on the other side of the hill she saw a gay group of dancers in the valley. There were wreaths of roses, and banners gleaming with silver and gold, and harps, and cymbals, and merry voices. And the burden of the song, as it floated up the beautiful hill to the ear of the charmed child, was ever, "Come with

us." And she ran swiftly down into the valley. And they robed her in gay, flaunting raiment, and her hair was woven with gorgeous flowers, and a glittering wand was given into her hand, and they kissed her white brow, and gave her a kindly welcome. But the old robes which were soiled in her travels, and the stainless lilies they had taken from among her soft curls, and the staff of strength they had cast away, and replaced with the starry wand, and the trimmed lamp they had extinguished—all these she looked upon with sorrow, as they were carried away by the attiring maidens. And then the songs went on, and the serpent wine of forgetfulness lulled her brain, and strange joys filled her soul. Ah! she was far away from the watched couch, the guarded bowers of the home she had so rashly forsaken.

Night came on. The dim twilight threw its shadowy folds over hill, and tree, and stream. And the child was so changed! Among the careless tresses of gold, lay silver threads, and the smooth brow had grown rough, and the lighted eye dark. And I saw that there were fetters upon her wrists, and iron bands about her feet, and, worse than all, heavy burdens upon her soul. And in her dreams she was again in the old, quiet garden from whence she had wandered; again she caressed the timid fawn, or bounded beneath the ancient elms. And the white eyelids lifted from off the dreamer's eyes, and she arose and looked about her.

"Where—where am I?" she murmured. "Oh! that I were home again!" And with the wish, came the resolve to retrace the path which had brought her hither. She sought to unclasp the fetters, but in vain. She could not stir with the painful weight upon her limbs. After struggling with the mysterious fastenings, she fell hopelessly upon the earth. And then it was that I saw a strong hand reaching through the darkness, and it held a key. With this mystic key it touched the spring, and the fet-

ters flew open, the chains fell clanking upon the ground.

And the child arose, and sought, in the by-place where they had been thrown, for her lamp and staff of strength, her crown of lilies and robes of white. But the lilies were trampled in the mire, and the silver lamp was tarnished, and she had forgotten how to use her staff. But she cast off her gaudy garments, and hastened to put on her old ones, soiled though they were; for she said, "If I can but reach the crystal fountain upon the hill at home, I can wash the stains therefrom." And she lighted her lamp, though it burned dimly, and gathered up the lilies, which yet gave forth fragrance, and placed them in her bosom. And taking her staff, she toiled up the hill. But the hill had become a mountain; and when Day opened his palace doors in the east, and looked forth, the child sat upon a huge rock to rest.

And the band of maidens came out to dance, and they saw that she had left them, and they called after her with words of love which she heeded not, and then they scoffed and derided her, but she looked upward toward the mountain summit. And afterward I saw that she stood upon the top of the mountain, and strained her blinded eyes to see the high towers of her father's house, but could see nothing. "Alas!" murmured she, "I remember when I was here before, I could see the cross which rises from the highest turret; but now I can see nothing to cheer me." But her back was toward the dancing-maidens, and she would not listen to their music.

Down the mountain into the deep valley wended the returning child. Her unsandaled feet were torn, and her foot-path might be traced by the blood-stains they left in the way. When she reached the wood, a black cloud hung over it, and fiery streaks of lightning flashed among the branches, and she could hear the falling of blasted trees, as the hot bolts shivered their hearts. And ever between the

wrathful voices of the storm-spirits, came the terrific roar of wild beasts, the deep howl of the lion, and the loud cry of the tiger. But the child tremblingly leaned upon her staff, and guarded with care the faint light of her lamp, and at last she heard the sound of madly dashing waters. "Perchance I can rest upon the moss couch, by the cascade," said she. But the dark cloud was pouring its watery burden into the stream, and the bed of moss was covered with water, and the stones whereon she had crossed the stream were not to be seen. The banks were overflowed, and there was no way to cross the swollen rivulet.

Now I saw the same hand which had unlocked the fetters, and it held a scarlet mantle over the waves, and with it smote the waters, so that a path was made through them, and the child saw it but was afraid. And then the hand grasped hers, and threw the mantle over her face, and led her to the other side. And then it put a name and sign upon her brow, and was withdrawn into the air. And the child seemed less weary now, for she was almost home. True, the path was overgrown with briars, and thorns, and serpents lay coiled among them, and high rocks ever and anon barred the way, but she hastened on.

And the perfume from the beautiful garden greeted her, and she heard the old voices again, and soon was resting in the very shadow of the cross which was thrown from the high tower. And as the sun sank behind the trees of the forest, I saw that the returned wanderer slept sweetly beneath the watching eye of the loving Father, and that Peace was once more folding her pinions within that restless soul.

FAMILIAR conversation ought to be the school of learning and good breeding. A man ought to make his masters of his friends, seasoning the pleasure of converse with the profit of instruction.

THE TWO HOMES.

"Honor thy father, and thy mother, which is the first commandment with promise."

THE first home was a pleasant mansion upon the banks of a Maryland river, shaded by fine trees, and graced by bird and flower. Over the tree-tops, and surrounded by nature's sad melody — the plaint of whippoorwill and the moaning of the river — might be seen a little hillock dotted over with head-stones. Some of these were old and moss-grown, while others gleamed white and clear beneath the rays of the sad moon. Three graves lay side by side, whose tenants had been borne in three successive autumns from that cheerful looking home on the bank. Each was a merry maiden, a child still, and yet on the threshold of womanhood. Early blighted, ere they had time for fear, the worm at the heart caused them to fade, wither, and fall. Desolate indeed was now the home, so lately full of mirth and joy; but the aching hearts of father and mother turned away from the dead three to the one beautiful, living child. Their dwelling was still "home," for she was there. The gloom of death did not hang long over her buoyant spirit, and the returning spring found her as merry as the last, when her laughter and her song had mingled with another sweet voice now hushed forever. Oh, what love hung round that child — love painful in its intensity to behold, and almost cruel to its object. She was looked to as the young tree around which they should cling for support when the grasshopper should become a burden; as the flower to grace their faded age; as the bird to fill their home with unwearied notes of love. She was growing up idolized, petted, spoiled.

This child of love soon grew weary of her home. Her father's attentions were things of course, and became monotonous; her mother's devotions failed to satisfy her longings. She wanted to see more of the world and its hollow show; and, to gratify this

desire, she was sent away to school! Soon, wearying of her books, and missing the tenderness she left behind, she returned, but not alone. A stern looking man from another land, whom nobody knew, save as a teacher of penmanship, accompanied her. Terror seized the hearts of her parents as the harsh tones of his voice struck upon their ears, and the cold, calculating glance of his eye met theirs. He brought with him that day, like a spirit of evil, darkness upon his wings, which no sunshine of earth was ever able to dispel from parlor, chamber, or hall — from garden, lawn, or stream.

Again and again he came, making the darkness more visible, until the old people, having in vain striven to open the eyes of their child to his very evident character, forbade his visits to their hitherto happy home. The dark man frowned, but no word of anger escaped his lips. He did not rise up as at an insult and leave the house, but remained to inflict them by his fearful sullenness another night. Early in the morning, while all others slept, he stole softly from that now blighted home, bearing with him all that made life dear to the aged pair. He had filled the ear of their silly child with vows of love unchanging, and with tales of his untold wealth over the sea. Believing the words of a stranger, she turned away from love stronger than death, and followed him. One moment, no doubt, she stood in the gray light to look at the scenes of her infancy and childhood — to glance at the window of the chamber where her parents slept unconscious of the evil — to listen to the stream which had always sung her lullaby — and then she went away forever from that her *first home*.

The waters of that Maryland river still flow on murmuring to the sea. The dwelling of that idol child still stands there, but strange hands train the flowers and trees, while groups of laughing children who never heard

her name, sport beneath their shadows. Two other head-stones gleam out in the moonlight beside the three graves of the young sisters. Between the older graves and those of the parents, is a space left for yet another; but it will never be made. Far, far away in the land of cold winds and warm hearts lies another grave. No white head-stone tells the name and laments the loss of the dweller there. All around this hillock are tombstones and costly monuments, shaded by trees and garnished with flowers; but no hand ever planted one flower there, or carved a letter, to preserve her memory. It is a grave in the "poor's corner," and she who inhabits the narrow house below is the one who broke the "first commandment with promise." In the home of her girlhood no pillow was thought soft enough for her dear head; now the hard pillow of the pauper's coffin supports it, and is the only one which has yielded her any rest since she fled ungratefully from her childhood's home.

* * * * *

One bright morning, just as the early risers in a New England farm-house were beginning their day's toil, a frail lady, in genteel but sadly disordered attire, rushed in, dragging a little boy by the hand. She was very much excited. With an earnestness which forbade denial, she asked, "Will you hide me from my husband? — he is a harsh and cruel man, and I have attempted to flee from him with my child. A poor woman beyond gave me shelter last night, but at day-break a man passing called to them, saying that a person was coming on in pursuit of his wife and child, whom he had lost. I caught up my child and flew to escape his fury. But, oh!" she added, laying her hand on her fluttering heart, "I can go no further — my strength is gone. Let me lie down here and die. Do not let him take me away. Oh, do not!" She had been guided by some pitying angel to this house. Its mistress was one who never said to the sufferer,

"Be ye warmed and be ye clothed," and then turned away to enjoy selfishly the comforts which God had so bountifully spread around her. Then, as now, though age and infirmity are upon her, she seemed ever saying to the world, "Wot ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

This wanderer was the darling of that home by the river; and scarce had her aching head touched the hospitable pillow, and the doors been closed upon her and her child, ere the furious man came up, inquiring if any one had seen a "slender woman and a little boy go by?" Judging from the evasive replies he received that she had there found pity, he demanded his wife, and railed on her protectors, showing conclusively what a home that must have been of which he was head. He endeavored to alarm the good woman of the house, finding that the men had gone to their labor; but she commanded him to be quiet, saying, "You need n't think you can frighten *me*. I have seen too much of this world to be easily disturbed. I never yet saw a man that I was afraid of!"

Finding no rest from his tongue, and convinced that in his furious state it would never do to let him see his wife, she despatched a boy for an officer, who secured him from further disturbing the peace; and the poor affrighted wife wept for joy that she might now "die in peace."

She told here the tale of her early course of ingratitude and cruelty, and looked upon the almost vagrant life she had led as a punishment for slighting God's mercies. Her dream of love and wealth had been a short one. She soon awoke to see that she had been betrayed and deceived by the man who had sworn to protect and cherish her. Shame prevented her going back, and like a prodigal confessing her sin, and seeking rest in her father's house, where there was bread enough and to spare. She soon found that her husband, although fully qualified to teach in seminaries

of learning, could not, on account of his tyrannical disposition and violent temper, retain a situation even six months. He soon took to aritinerant course, teaching writing, stenography, and the like branches. She had never had a home since she left the one by the river. Four years had she wandered from state to state, and from town to town. Her mother's heart was broken, and she had brought the gray hairs of her father in sorrow to the grave. You see what she had gained by scorning the advice of age and wisdom. "I have not even a home to die in. Oh!" she added, "how little do children value a home — how little realize the worth of a mother's and a father's love."

She seemed truly penitent, and assured her benefactor that she trusted in Christ alone for peace and pardon. A few days in a common prison cooled the passion of the tyrant, and he was permitted to visit and remain by his dying wife. He gave promises of awful solemnity, to be tender to her friendless boy, and seemed to mourn his cruelty to her. But it was too late to atone for it now. A few days more and the crushed spirit was beyond his power. She had found in the "poor's corner" of our lovely cemetery her *last home*.

Twenty years have rolled away since then, but as long as her benefactor lives will her grave be pointed out as a warning to those who despise parental authority, and consider such love a light thing. Oh! what a blighted life was her's who broke "the first commandment with promise."

THERE are individuals who have acquired a literary reputation without writing a line; there are others who have a name for bravery, and never fought. The former write, and the latter fight, by proxy.

CONFORMING TO CIRCUMSTANCES.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

"I WISH," said Fanny Grey one day to her mother when she was home spending her school vacation, "I wish that father was different—he's so particular about getting in debt, and he thinks the old things we've had so many years will answer till they're worn out; for one, I believe in keeping pace with the times a little more. We live differently from Maggie Tompkin's people, I can assure you; you should see their house, mother; its walls and windows would hardly compare with ours," said she, looking up as if to scan the attitude of their low sitting-room. "I wish *our* house could be repaired," she continued; "the furniture added to, and other improvements *might* be mentioned; but more than either, I want a piano *very much*."

Mrs. Grey smiled at Fanny's enthusiasm. "And what do you think people ought to do when they are so unfavorably situated?" she asked.

"Oh, I suppose they ought to submit with as good a grace as possible to the misfortune."

"That's the true theory, Fanny; now let's see you sustain it by practice, and I shall be sure of happy results."

"I drew the conclusion for others," said Fanny, determined to evade its application to herself.

"Consult your father's wishes, and he will yours; endeavor to please him in all those little matters where he has a preference, and you may be sure of more pleasure, and the gratification of a part of your wishes, perhaps."

"But I want a piano," said Fanny, quite incredulous as to her mother's plan.

"I am sure that would be a pleasant way to get one—certainly pleasant, whether you succeeded or not."

Fanny followed her mother's suggestion, making improvements here a little, and there a little. The change

in her manner and disposition soon wrote out a beautiful prophecy for the future which was in due time fulfilled. It opened another door in Mr. Grey's heart to see Fanny so interested in her home—so intent on making the best of what could not be hindered, and he was often led to submit his earlier views to her earnest wishes. Finally, it became among his choicest home-pleasures after the labors of the day were over, to listen to the soft, clear tones of his daughter, as they blent with the rich music of her piano.

A SLENDER child of thirteen years, toiled from morning till night for a scanty pittance. Though often censured, her calm brow was seldom ruffled, and the degree of patience she had attained would have done credit to those longer disciplined in the school of life. Quick to discern, she had caught the true spirit of success from her toiling grandmother, whose humble roof was all the home she could claim.

"Always count the blessings first, Bessie, and then you will be less likely to murmur; God is better to us all than we deserve, only we see through a glass darkly; that's all the trouble, darling."

"I like to get angry once to-day, grandma; it's so hard to be found fault with all the time when you try to do the best you can."

"Yea, Bessie, but Mrs. Ball has a great many cares and perplexities that you don't know any thing about; you must try and be patient, hoping for a better home some time."

"Here, grandma, are my earnings for this week," and with new strength the brave little girl choked back her tears, and kissing her little brother and grandparent good-night, departed for Mrs. Ball's.

Week after week wore on, each one repeating the lessons of its predecessor, and then, a bright reality gilded the horizon of Bessie's hopes. Her

forbearance had met its reward. A gentleman of fortune, on a visit at Mr. Ball's, became interested in her, and his sympathies formed themselves into a proposal, which met the grandmother's heartiest thanks, and placed in Bessie's hand the talisman of a brighter future.

On a grand, silent, yet decaying day, a youthful girl sat amid the falling leaves of autumn. Every thing about her bore the impress of peace and quietude, and she forgot that life was a changing scene—that earth was the home of labor, and care, and strife. So, looking out upon the future through a false medium, she promised the manly form at her side that she would share his western home, would kindle anew the fires of domestic love which death had paled, and more than all, be a mother to his babes.

Angry, wintry days succeeded the mellow light of autumn, and the real followed hastily in the footsteps of the ideal. Freedom, the blest companion of girlhood, in spite of all negotiation, had refused to dwell beyond the matrimonial line, and on a weary day, when love, the watchguard, sat slumbering at its post, the spirit of discontent came up and took the citadel.

"We love mamma better than aunt Abby, do n't we, Freddy? aunt Abby would n't let you have any kite, would she?" lisped the baby-sister with earnestness, as she lifted the curling locks of her brother, who sat on the carpet ornamenting his paper kite.

"I shall be useful, and therefore happy," was the young wife's second thought, and she roused herself to the fulfillment of her mission.

In the after years it was said, "Her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her."

A CRIPPLED boy sat under a vine-clad arbor in his father's garden. His heart fluttered like a prisoned bird, at

the sound of school-boy sports in the distance, but slow-footed weeks must go by ere he could rejoin them.

"Auld Robin," the gardner, passed that way, and noticing the boy's downcast look, said with his accustomed smile and rich brogue, "Cam', Willie, take mickle heart; there's many a lad and lassie that's sair worse than ye."

"I know it," said Willie to himself after a little thought; "I will be happier myself, and, if possible, catch some rays of sunshine to gladden others; and then, this little trial shall teach me a useful lesson."

An hour passed between dreaming and reading under the drooping grape vines, when reaching for his crutch, he arose to walk about. Sitting on the grass outside the paling, he noticed two little girls looking sad and weary, yet gazing intently at the parterres of early flowers then in blossom.

"Oh, how beautiful!" said each to the other.

"I wish we could get some to put on the stand by mother's bed," said Susy, hesitatingly; "but I suppose it's wicked to covet as well as steal," she added, with a look of despair.

"We would n't want any without we could pay for them, and we've no money, you know," said Clara, the eldest.

"Hark! how sweetly somebody is singing; they have flowers and music too, hav'n't they?" said Susy with brightening features.

"Mother used to have both," returned Clara sadly; "there! I hear canary birds too."

"Those were God's birds," said Susy; "only see that handsome oriole in the willow-tree, yonder; do n't you believe those are oriole-flowers?" she added, pointing to some tulips of the richest crimson, and black as they gently waved in the soft and balmy air.

The conversation reached Willie's ear, and approaching the fence, he asked respectfully:

"Are you fond of flowers? Wait

a few minutes, and I'll gather you some with pleasure." So he culled a rare group, which had opened their petals of many colors to the warm June sun.

The flowers performed their work and faded; virtue had been fortified, hope strengthened and memory claimed another treasure for her own.

The giver's blessing descended upon the boy, but its pleasure was only the prelude of an immortal song that was chanted by the future years — for that simple gift to those little tempted hearts had proved "a savor of life unto life."

MOVE ON.

BY GOODWIN BARMBY.

ALL the stars in heaven are moving,
Ever round the bright spheres roving;
Twinkling, beaming, raying, shining,
Blackest night with darkness lining;
Aye, revolving through the years,
Playing music of the spheres,
Like the Eastern Star of old
Moving toward the shepherd's fold,
Where the wise men — grace to them! —
Found the Babe of Bethlehem.
God is in each moving star;
God drives on the pleiad car:
Let His will on earth be done,
As in Heaven the stars move on. . . .

Move on! Keep moving!
Progress is the law of loving.

All the waves of sea are flowing,
As the winds of heaven are blowing;
With a gentle beam-like quiver
Flows the streamlet to the river;
With a stronger waved commotion
Flows the river to the ocean;
While seas' billows evermore
Flow and gain upon the shore —
Wave on wave in bright spray leaping,
Like endeavors never sleeping;
While the pool which moveth never,
Grows a stagnant bog forever;
White-gilled die its tenant tench,
Green its water, foul its stench,
Wildering marsh fires o'er it run,
While straight flows the river on. . . .

Move on! Keep moving!
Progress is the law of loving.

Thus within the skies and ocean
Life is married unto motion;
Stars revolve, and rivers flow,
And earth! what said Galileo?

When in dungeon damply lying,
Faint and tortured, hardly dying,
Yet for truth, with honest pride,
Yet, "It moves! It moves!" he cried.
And the world? — its life is motion,
As with stars, and as with ocean.
It is moving, it is growing,
All its tides are onward flowing;
The hand is moving to the loaf,
The eye is moving to the roof,
The mind is moving to the book,
The soul lives in a moving look,
The hand is moving from the sword,
The heart is moving toward the Lord. . . .
Move on! Keep moving!
Progress is the law of loving.

THE BRIGHTNESS IN THE WEST.

BY H. S. PARMELEE.

HARK! the voices of the children,
Playing in the meadow grass,
See the long reeds bend before them,
Springing backward as they pass;
They will not see the shadows,
That are dark'ning round their way,
To the eyes of happy childhood
It is always dawn or day!

The twilight dew is falling,
But they never feel it come,
Till they hear the summons, calling
From many a cottage home,
"Where is evening? Where is twilight?
Oh, it is not time for rest!"
And then eager fingers pointing
To the brightness in the west!

Ah, yes! ye little children!
There is sunlight there we know,
Though our eyes too often linger
On the darker world below;
And, so live, ye little children,
That when comes God's call to rest,
Ye may point, as glad as ever,
To the brightness in the west!
August, 1857.

THE WELCOME BACK.

SWEET is the hour that brings us home,
Where all will spring to meet us;
Where hands are striving as we come,
To be the first to greet us.
When the world hath spent its frowns and
wrath,
And care been sorely pressing,
Tis sweet to turn from our roving path,
And find a fireside blessing.
Oh! joyfully dear is the homeward track,
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

KATE AND I.

BY MRS. H. E. G. ARRY.

IT was the last crust, and a wretched morsel at that, and yet the rarest viands never looked more tempting to my eye. I dreamed of it all night, and as ever and anon I woke amidst the splashing of the water around, and the creaking cordage above me, I watched for the glimmer of the dawn and the approach of the moment when I might offer it to satisfy — or I might better have said, to aggravate the pangs of hunger which were devouring me; I took it from its corner of the knapsack, which, at the close of the preparations for my journey, I had thought so well filled, and looked at it wistfully before I ate it.

I was one of the group of German emigrants, kept back from our destination by a long and disastrous voyage, and though the sickly, miserable throng who crowded the wretched quarters were all from my own land, there was not one of them to whom I could look for assistance or sympathy; they were all strangers to me, and each seemed busy with his own trials. I had been reared in retirement; an only child, and, of course, the idol of my parents; and until they were taken from me, some months before, I had known nothing of the world beyond our own fireside.

My father was a man of a literary turn, and aside from the small business by which he procured us the comforts of life, he devoted his whole time to the education of his son; I think he considered me an apt scholar, for I often heard him conversing, with my mother on the necessity of saving such a sum as would carry me through the university when I was old enough, and of the position which he thought I would take in the world.

But a single week sufficed to banish these ambitious dreams, and to throw me from the sheltered nest in which I had hitherto lived, alone and friendless on the world. In the spring, before I attained my twelfth year, my

parents were both seized with an epidemic then passing over our village, and died within a few days of each other. I feel yet the straining pressure with which my mother clasped me to her heart before she died, and the yearning, anxious look with which my father followed me from that moment until the time of his own death.

The good people around us had a horror of the manner in which I had been reared, spending so much time over those books of cabalistic figures, learning no useful occupation, and so they left me to myself. I thought much, as I sat in my accustomed corner in the old house — where the very rafters seemed shrinking from their own stillness, and the mice ventured timidly from their nooks, as if afraid to waken the dismal echoes with their tiny feet — I thought much of what I was now to do. I had enough to supply my wants for a time, but I knew that this would soon be gone. Employment was with difficulty found even by those who knew how to work, and when I wandered over the hills to the neighboring village, I found that the sole topic of conversation was the new world across the waters, where work, and food, and money were abundant. I was too timid to ask questions, but I lingered near the groups who talked of emigration, until I was acquainted with the necessary details, and then I resolved to dispose of what was left me, and join them in the pursuit of that Eldorado where they hoped to bury all their troubles.

My object was soon accomplished; and though I now know that many articles were sold far below their real value, I then thought myself very fortunate in obtaining a sum sufficient to pay my passage to New York, and fill my knapsack with provisions for the journey, although I had not a farthing left when this was done. There was no one to bid me adieu, or wish me "speed" on my way, and yet with comparative cheerfulness I left the old roof where the light had gone out; and with my knapsack over my

shoulder, and a small box containing some articles of clothing, and two or three books upon which my father placed rare value, under my arm, I joined the crowd on the wharf, and was shoved on board by an old sailor, who exclaimed, "Here's another of them," just before the plank was drawn in. We were bound first to Dover, and then to New York, but for two long weeks the ship was detained at Dover, and when it was once more afloat, we were kept back by adverse winds, until the voyage had extended to more than twice its customary length. Day after day I watched the diminution of my store of provisions with increasing anxiety, until at length I was obliged to put myself upon an allowance, and after a single day's supply had been eked out for nearly a week, I at last seated myself to devour the last morsel.

With a sigh I folded the empty knapsack, when my morsel was eaten, and laid it aside. As I did so, I raised my eyes and met the glance of a young girl about my own age, but tall and thin, who had evidently been watching my movements with a half-pleased, half-pitying look. She turned away her eye as she met mine, but presently she rose, and making her way among the bales and boxes which strewed our quarters, passed me, and the next moment I felt a gentle touch on my shoulder, and three or four delicious-looking sea-biscuits rolled down into my lap; they came to me like manna from heaven. I would have shrunk from telling any one my destitution, and I had supposed it was a secret with myself; as I looked up with astonishment, she said:

"Take them; they will be of no use to me. Eve and I have been sick all the way, and unable to eat; we have a plenty to last you the rest of the journey."

"But how did you know that I needed it?" I asked, after a few minutes.

"Your knapsack looks very hungry," said she, pointing to it with a

sad smile; "and besides, I watched you yesterday when you were dividing its contents, close by the blankets where I lay. I was too sick then to tell you that we had a plenty for you."

"You have been sick, then?" said I, looking into her thin, pale face, and wondering that one so kind should look so melancholy.

A faint voice called "Kate," before she had time to reply, and she flitted away, and knelt down beside one of the sick-beds which were so numerous in the stifled cabin. I soon followed her, and found that her sister Eve, of whom she had spoken, was wasting away with the ship-fever, of which fearful disease their grandfather, their sole friend and protector, had died the week before.

But a few days had elapsed before Eve also was committed to a watery grave, and Kate was left in the world as lonely as myself. We were firm friends for the rest of the voyage; and while I accepted her freely proffered bounty, I strove in return as far as possible to soothe her grief.

When we arrived in New York, we set off together in search of employment, but we soon found it would be better to separate. This we did, first appointing a time and place of meeting for the next day. Soon after leaving her, I thought myself very successful in obtaining a situation as boy of all work in a gentleman's family; but the next day, when I asked leave of absence for an hour, to fulfill my appointment with Kate, it was pre-emptorily refused.

This I regretted exceedingly, as I thus lost all trace of her, nor was I able to learn any thing of her afterward while I remained in the metropolis. I soon found my new home any thing but comfortable; my master was a perfect tyrant, and my mistress a vixen whom I could never satisfy; and when, after a long time, I asked for a portion of my wages, in order to supply myself with some necessary clothing, I found it impossible to obtain a

farthing. Thus I was once more thrown upon the streets as destitute as ever, save that I had learned something of the world. For a time, I sustained myself by doing errands and such odd jobs as I could find, and after a year or two of shifting in this way, I made my way to one of the western cities, in the hope of finding some better employment. The only progress which I made, however, was in buying a saw and buck, for the purpose of sawing wood, with which I supported myself very comfortably during the winter; in the summer, there was less to do, but still I struggled along as cheerfully as I was able, sometimes holding horses in the streets, and at others gathering wild berries which grew abundantly within a few miles of the city, and offering them for sale.

One day, while thus engaged, I entered the grounds of a gentleman in the suburbs of the city, and offered my berries to a lady who sat by an open door. She bade me measure out a certain quantity, and while I did so, dipping them with my spoon carefully from the bottom of the basket so as to dispose first of those which were most jammed, and leave the others looking fresh and nice, a low voice near me, exclaimed hastily, in my own language:

"Take them from the top, take them from the top; the best are none too good for Master Charlie."

I turned with a start, but no one seemed to have spoken to me; a young girl was running over the green lawn close by me, in pursuit of a frolicking child who had just learned the use of his feet; and though her face was turned from me, and she made no sign that she noticed me, I knew by intuition, it was Kate; I glanced furtively at the lady, whose presence alone restrained me from replying, and saw a quiet smile on her lips, as if she had understood the remark. The rest of the measure was filled from the top of the basket, and when I had emptied it I turned slowly away, hoping that Kate would join

me; but though she gave me an earnest glance as she disappeared with her young charge beyond the garden gate, I saw no more of her.

That evening, however, I wandered once more in that direction, and I thought she had been watching for me, for I saw her from a distance, busying herself among the flowers; and as soon as I came near, she folded her arms in a queenly way, and strolled down the lane to meet me. She had grown a tall, fresh-looking girl, and at first I felt abashed in her presence, but she had the same kind heart as ever, and I was soon busy informing her of all that had happened since we parted, and learning from her her own fate in the new world, which had been much more fortunate than mine. She had a more cheerful, hopeful disposition than I, and of course was more successful in what she undertook, for it is always true that we must conquer our own fortunes, and those who lack courage or ambition to do it for themselves, will find no other hand to do it for them; and yet, though this is true, I can not but confess myself greatly indebted to Kate, who seemed always to have a hand ready to lead me out of trouble. It was but a few days before she informed me that her mistress wished to engage a boy as assistant about the house and garden, and that she had made some inquiries of her concerning the raspberry boy, whose looks she said, pleased her. Kate told her what she knew of me, and advised me to apply for the situation, which I did without delay. Mr. Alderson, which was the name of Kate's master, looked at me pleasantly for a moment as I did so, and then said:

"Well, we were talking about you, and I believe I will take you upon trial, and hope you will do well."

I suppose he was satisfied with me, for I remained here several years, and no servant could ever wish for a kinder master than I found in him. My duties were light, and I found time to devour many volumes of old books,

which were stowed in a garret adjoining my sleeping apartment. I first learned to read English from Master Charlie's alphabetical blocks, and primers, with which he was abundantly supplied, long before he knew the use of them himself; but he would bring them to me, to prattle about the high-colored pictures with which they were illustrated, and from these slight beginnings, I was soon able to read the language without trouble. Many of the volumes in the garret were mathematical and scientific works, and I often busied myself with such problems as my father had been accustomed to give me as tasks, or with the discovery of others still more intricate. I discovered, too, some books of philosophy and poetry in my own tongue, with which both my master and mistress were acquainted, and these I seized upon as a prize, and was soon reveling among their brilliant theories and thread-like speculations.

Fond as I was of these pursuits, I never neglected my regular duties in the least for them, and I thus formed a habit of mingling work and study, which I have found of much service to me in after life. Sometimes, it is true, when I was absorbed over some book, a summons to attend my master or mistress would come suddenly upon me, like a buffet from an unseen foe; but I never failed to obey with alacrity, for I appreciated the kindness with which I was treated, and I loved their service; moreover, I was beginning to be reasonably suspicious that I loved Kate, whose cheek had grown busy with the first blushes of womanhood, and after whose slight, graceful figure I used to gaze admiringly, as she rambled about the grounds with the children;—for a little girl was now trotting gaily, with laugh and shout in Master Charlie's wake.

I do not think I was alone in my admiration, for often when I accompanied her from church of a Sabbath afternoon, I would observe groups of young men who followed her at a distance, or fixed upon her glances more ardent

than I considered at all consistent with propriety; at such times, I would draw nearer to her than I had before ventured, and be sure that I did not leave her until she was safe at home. To be sure, there was a quiet dignity about Kate, and something lurking in her eye which would have been a sufficient protection to most women against insult; but this I did not choose to understand at the time.

One day I had been at work in the garden, putting new stakes to some overgrown dahlias, and trimming up the vines. There was a fish-pond with a sandy margin in the bottom of the garden, and when my work was done, I strolled along the side of it, and with a stick which I held, drew some geometrical figures in the sand. I was not thinking of these however—my mind was busy with something Kate had said to me, and so absorbed was I with it, that I did not notice the approach of my master, till he was close at hand. I started as I perceived him, and seeing that he noticed the figures I had drawn, I hastily dashed it out with my stick.

"Can you draw that again?" he asked with a smile.

"Yes, sir!" I replied, as with my stick I immediately replaced the missing lines.

"Now demonstrate it," said he, fixing upon me a glance of incredulous surprise.

I did so, not at all displeased to show my proficiency, for I remembered that my father had considered me a prodigy in geometry, and there were few portions of Euclid which were not as familiar to me as the alphabet.

"Well, give us the next," he said when this was finished, seating himself on the grass with a look of pleasant astonishment.

I drew the next figure, and demonstrated it, and then he called for the next, and so on, through six or eight successive problems, evidently expecting to balk me; but in this he did not succeed. He looked more surprised at

every step, but made no comment. I was not then aware that Mr. Alderson had formerly been for some years a teacher of mathematics, so that he was only practicing a familiar duty in thus *hearing me recite*; but I afterward learned that this was the case.

"Well, and what else can you do?" said he, when I had gone through with these.

"I think, if you please, sir," said I, "that I can rub down the horses, and make a flower-bed pretty well."

"True enough; true enough," he exclaimed; "but what more can you do in this line?"

After a moment's hesitation, I drew a somewhat complicated figure which is frequently found in the text-books of the higher branches of mathematics, and said:

"I think I can do that, sir."

"Well;" said he briefly.

"Bravo!" he cried again, when I had finished the demonstration; "bravo, my boy; that's a new solution."

Of this I was well aware, for it was one in which my father prided himself as having found a better solution than any which the books contained.

"Where did you find it?" he asked in his abrupt, thoughtful way, after musing a few minutes.

I told him where I had obtained it, and then, with an appearance of much interest he asked me question after question concerning my father, and of the manner in which he had instructed me, and the extent to which my studies had been pursued.

When he had satisfied himself, he walked away without offering any remark, but leaving me highly gratified at the interest he had manifested. The next morning I received an order to come to his study, when I should have finished my work.

I soon made my appearance, and found him engaged in writing; but presently he looked up and said:

"Well, sir, what do you think of leaving me?"

I replied with some surprise "that

I had never thought of such a thing, and should be very sorry to do so."

"Very well," he said duly, "I should be sorry to lose you;" and he again dipped his pen in the ink with every appearance of having finished the conference, leaving me much bewildered as to its intent. He did not write, however, but directly said:

"You are perfectly satisfied, are you, with the seven dollars a month which I am able to pay you?"

I told him I had no reason to complain of my wages; that it was much better than to sell berries and lodge in a shed as I had done before he found me.

"And have you no higher ambition," he asked, "than to spend your life in cleaning out my stables and coal bins?"

Now it was true, that in my secret heart I had nursed many an ambitious dream, although no method of carrying them out had ever presented itself to my mind. To be sure, I had scribbled rhymes in my garret, and sent them to the printer with various sounding names attached thereto; but though I had chosen the true poet's corner, and measured my rhyme with mathematical precision, I fear the poetry they contained, would have been hard to find; the editors would not publish them, and I was forced to conclude that I was not born to be a poet. The memory of these ruined castles in the air, caused me to make a confused and indefinite reply to this question, and Mr. Alderson smiled and said:

"Suppose any one should offer you a salary ten times as great as I am able to give, what would you say then to leaving me?"

"Indeed!" I replied; "whenever I receive such proposal, I should doubtless think it worthy of a consideration."

"Very like; very like," said Mr. Anderson. "My friend, Mr. B. . . , is in want of a book-keeper, an honest and faithful one, which I can

recommend you as being. I have made arrangements for you to supply the place if you have no objections; the salary is eight hundred dollars a year."

If I had been suddenly introduced into a fairy palace in my overalls and apron, I could not have been more thoroughly bewildered than I was at this announcement. I stood awkwardly fumbling the door handle, and looking from myself to Mr. Alderson, until at length the frozen currents of speech gave way, and I found words to tell him how much I appreciated his kindness.

I was soon busied with my new duties, and filling my head with projects for the use of the fortune which seemed showering upon me in the shape of a salary. I soon found this a much easier task than I expected, but I have never since cherished such ecstatic visions of wealth as presented themselves to me under the promise of eight hundred dollars a year.

My first object was to remove Kate from her present position, and send her to school. When I broached this subject to Mr. Alderson, he heartily approved of my proposal, and with his customary kindness undertook to arrange the whole matter for me, although in so doing, he was well aware that he was doing himself an injury, for I firmly believe that he has never since found a servant who could at all supply her place.

Many years have passed since the days of which I write. I have now a fish-pond at the bottom of my own garden, which was made to commemorate a circumstance of so much importance in shaping my career in life; and here is Kate coming up the gravelled walk among the honeysuckles and roses, tossing playfully upon her arm our youngest darling, a boy something over a year old, and calling me to join her.

LAYING UP FOR CHILDREN.

PARENTAL affection naturally inquires, what it can best do for the welfare of its children in future years, and when the bosom which now throbs with love to its offspring shall be cold in death. Many plans are laid, and many days and hours of anxious solicitude are spent in contriving ways and means of rendering children prosperous and happy in future life. But parents are not always wise in the provisions which they seek to make for their children; nor do they always seek direction and counsel from God in this matter. The best inheritance for children, beyond all contradiction, is true piety toward God—the salutary truths and principles of religion laid up in the hearts of children; a good education, good and virtuous habits, unbending principles of moral conduct, the fear of God, and the hope of heaven. This is the best inheritance for children, and which all parents should be most anxious to lay up for them.

Many an unwise parent works hard, and lives sparingly all his life, for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with the money left him by his relatives, is like tying bladders under the arms of one who can not swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders, and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will not need the bladders.

Give your child a sound education. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern man, and you have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies. You have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive him of. The earlier you teach him to depend upon his own resources, and the blessing of God, the better.

EXPERIMENT and observation are the only means of arriving at safe results.

ECONOMY IN PERSONAL EXPENDITURES.

IF our readers desire to be successful in business, to attain a competence in middle life, and to protect themselves against penury in advanced age, they must early adopt and continually practice a system of economy in their personal expenditures. We do not advise them to be niggardly or mean, but to keep their personal and family expenditures within fifty per cent. of their net income, and inflexibly to adhere to this practice. It will certainly ensure them a competence, and may become the corner stone of a fortune.

In a majority of cases where individuals struggle with penury through a long life, and die poor at last, the fault they originally committed was in living up to their income when young. They started in the world with the idea that they might expend their money as fast as they made it. They did not take into consideration that dull times might reduce their income, that temporary loss of employment might take away their income, that sickness might disable them for a time, and that in all these cases they and their families would suffer.

We know that it is hard to retrench useless expenditures, and unfortunately it appears to be harder, in proportion as these expenditures are unwise and profitless. Those who have incurred the habit of expending all they make, are almost always beyond the reach of a reform. Such a habit is the characteristic of the poorer classes, and that is what keeps the poor in irretrievable poverty. If they could muster the resolution (and be seconded and sustained therein by their families,) to graduate their family and personal expenditures upon one-half their incomes for a very few years, they would acquire such a competence as would enable them to take advantage of their position and increase their incomes two or three fold.

But while living from hand to mouth,

dependent upon each day's work for each day's bread, it is evident that they can not better their condition. They have no leisure to look up a better situation than that which they have. They must work on, at unremunerating wages, when they are conscious that if they could get a week's leisure they might find another place where they could get twenty-five per cent. more for their services. But they are slaves fettered as much to their practice of expending all their income as they go along, as are the slaves of the South to the plantations of their masters. Work they must, and for employers whom they dislike, at unremunerating wages or starve.

This kind of white slavery comes from extravagant personal expenditures, and until the poorer classes reform in this respect, it is impossible that their condition can be permanently improved. No help from without can accomplish an improvement in their condition. That must come from themselves, and in the manner which we prescribe. We know it is difficult, the poor will say, impossible, for them to live upon half their incomes. But it is much easier to do this for a few years and thereby get something beforehand, than to fight against fortune during a whole life, as they must do unless they continue to lay up something during their active business years. It is hard for a man of family to reduce his expenses one-half. But with the concurrence of a good wife and sensible children he can do it; and with a wife and children who will not aid in such an indispensable movement, a husband must expect to live poor and die poor.

Young men who are about entering active life can commence easily in the mode we propose. Let them, even during their minority, resolve that their expenditures shall always be confined within half their incomes. Let them daily keep a correct account of their expenditures, and of the articles for which their money is expended. That record will be valuable to them

in very many ways. It will show them what they have been expending money for, when the expense had better have been avoided. It will enable them to show, at any time, all their pecuniary transactions. Many a young man who has falsely been accused of dishonesty and perhaps discharged from his place on suspicion thereof, might have entirely and satisfactorily vindicated himself if he could have exhibited a correct record of his daily expenditures. And many a man would have been rescued from insolvency, if such a record had daily stared him in the face. It will be found that those who fear their expenses are exceeding their incomes dare not keep such a record. But when they get into this state of mind the sooner they begin to keep such accounts the better for them. That fear is the precursor and omen of ruin. When experienced, the individual may be sure that he is pecuniary lost, if he does not at once reform. And the first step to this reform is the keeping of a daily record of family and personal expenditures.

MOTHERS THAT ARE WANTED

IT is a blessing and advantage utterly incalculable, to have for a mother a woman of sense, superiority, and goodness; with force of character; with talents and cleverness; of solid information; with tact, temper, patience, and skill fitted to train and mold the mind, to implant principles, and awaken a lofty and laudable ambition; and all this presided over and purified by religious faith, deep piety, and earnest devotion. These are the mothers that the church and the world alike want. The destinies of the race depend more on its future mothers than on any thing else; that is to say, on the sort of women that young girls and young ladies are to be made into, or into which they will make themselves; and the sort of wives that young men will have the sense to prefer, the judgment to select, and the happiness to secure.

There is nothing so little thought of by the young, and no single thing that would be in its issues of such a moment, as for the one sex to remember that they are born to be the formers of future men; and for the other to feel that what they want in marriage are not merely mates for themselves, but mothers for their children. Clever women are of more importance to the world than clever men. I refer, of course, not to illustrious individuals on whom society depends for advance in the arts, in legislation, or in science; who extend the boundaries of knowledge, who receive and pass the torch of genius, perpetuate eloquence, or preserve truth. I refer to the culture and strength that may distinguish the general mind; the characteristics of the mass of men and women who constitute society, and from whom not only posterity, as a whole, will receive an impress, but among whom the individual hero, too, must be born and bred.

On the two suppositions, that all men were clever, and all women weak, or that all the women were superior, and all the men fools, there would be by far the best prospect for the world on the latter alternative, both with respect to the general condition of the race, and the appearance of those who should be personally eminent for ability and genius.

The mother has most to do with all that awakens the young spirit in its early freshness, and that makes that child that is to be the "father to the man;" and she gives perhaps more of the impress of her whole being, physical and mental, to the original constitution and capacities of her offspring. Weak men with superior wives, have had sons distinguished by very high intellectual ability; but the greatest men with fools for their portion have seldom been any thing but the fathers of fools.

The great Lord Bacon was the representative of one that would have been memorable and illustrious but for the gigantic and overshadowing genius of his son. His father, Sir Nicolas,

was twice married; his first wife was a weak woman, and bore nothing but a mean and poor intellectual offspring; his second was distinguished and superior; a woman of capacity, strong sense, mental culture, and great energy; she was the mother of Bacon.

FAMILY LIBRARIES.

YOU have one: but of what kind? A little reflection will convince us that this is an important question. A library is a portion of household furniture of the highest importance, and deserves caution as well as knowledge and taste in the selection, and judgement in the use. No doubt there have been good libraries, which have done little or no good. We have seen them in the possession of fathers and mothers, who used them only themselves, and never encouraged, or taught, or permitted their children to have access to them.

But almost always the children are not only permitted to read, but do read, and read over and over some of the books of the family library. And who can not remember the influences they exerted on their own minds? Many have thus had their taste and opinions, their whole course of life, swayed and directed. We have known persons in middle life, and even in advanced age, who seemed to have been merely living out the principles or characters of the books on the shelves to which they had first clambered in their childhood. In early life we read without experience, without prejudice, and without foresight. Therefore, if we become interested, the mind receives the whole impression, as from a seal with nothing interposed between it and the wax. We must not say that we begin without a fixed taste. The mind has naturally a taste for truth. If we all were aware of the interesting objects surrounding us, we could not but fix our eyes upon them. Close investigation and long study were necessary to discover them; and the learned have been long performing the laborious task. To

learn the results is comparatively easy. Every one of us may acquaint himself with some important fact by reading a page of a familiar work on stones, plants, insects, fish, birds, or beasts, and thus qualify himself better to walk among the fields, to till the little garden, to direct the management of the farm, or to perform his part in domestic or social conversation.

Books on such subjects are of incalculable value in families, especially if illustrated with drawings. Audubon's splendid book on our birds stands at the head of the list; and a wealthy farmer should prefer it to a coach, or any other expensive article of luxury. Wilson's Ornithology, though costly, may be bought for one-fifth part of the price of some shawls, or pieces of elegant furniture, and will more adorn the mind and heart, than such admired trifles can ornament the person or the drawing-room. Many smaller works on the different branches of natural history might be named, of moderate and even trifling cost, which abound in information important, intelligible, and interesting to young and old.

BACKBONE.

[Here is a very decided poem for the times.—ED.]

To dress and sit and walk genteely,
To bow with easy grace,
To speak in accents soft and mealy,
To wear a studied face;
These, and like goodly gifts and grace,
Are well enough I own;
But what we want, in this soft age,
Is bone, backbone.

A heart to feel, a mind to think,
Despite each base control;
A tongue to speak, a hand to work,
The purpose of the soul;
By these, and other goodly tokens,
It may be surely known
If this or that, without his body,
His bone, backbone.

Give me a man that's all a man
Who stands up straight and strong;
Who loves the plain and simple right,
And will not yield to wrong,
Who deals with firm, untrebling hand
To every one his own:
Oh! a blessed thing, in anybody,
Is bone, backbone.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

THE rage for summer travel has by this time reached its culminating point, and multitudes are returning dust-covered and weary, and striving to make themselves at home again in their own homes. What tiresome trunks there are to be unpacked! what crumpled dresses to be restored to wearing order! what a searching for and shaking out of coats and vests! and what a mourning over little articles of toilet comfort that had become endeared from long use, but which have been left behind in some of the many upturnings and hasty packings that have been made. How the closed up rooms at home have grown dark and moth-invaded! — the books are beginning to mold, and the carpets show sure signs that the rats had taken out a lease of the deserted tenement.

The debilitated state of the finances is searched out with pencil and portmonnaie in hand, and the resolve to be economical is made with closed lips by each astonished purse-bearer. It is the time when people are most likely to turn philosophers, and cry with the ancient sages, "*cui bono*," — "*for what good?*" or, "*what's the use?*" if we will accept a more homely phraseology. Well, what is the use? Would you have consented to toil so in your own homes for any price? (Perhaps if you would you might not have grown dyspeptic, and felt obliged to travel for your health.) Would you sleep in such half-furnished, steamy rooms, or dress in such a corner — fumbling interminably among close-packed trunks for the articles you need, and packing and unpacking because you can not remember all you want at once — with the ink in the writing-case, in constant danger of being upset in your haste into the box of expensive muslins that sits underneath it, because the trunk will not hold them if arranged in any other way? Would you have consented to be driven about in such a glaring sun, and choking dust, and suffocating heat if you had been at home. But you had decided that summer travel was just the thing, and having started upon your expedition, must take it as it comes; and like Lamartine, when he mis-

took the *vat* he should jump into on visiting a Syrian bath, you have found yourself in *hot water*. Those however who search ceaselessly after pleasure, will have forgotten the temperature of the vat by another year, and try it again. You who live quiet lives — so quiet that you sometimes feel a craving for variety, do not envy the pleasure-seekers that flaunt past you. You have never thought of being half as weary of your lives as they are of theirs. Variety is said to be the spice of life, but with this class of people life is pretty much all spice, and very little substantial food. Perhaps it is not strange of such a life that there should be an emptiness in its digestion.

The year begins with a round of holiday amusements, which do not cease until the summer sun with its lengthened days and shortened shadows has hunted out the haunts of winter revel, and made the evenings quite too short for their illuminations. Then the house and the apparel are to be set in order, and replenished for the change of season, the remains of preserves and confections to be cleaned out or stored away, and every thing renewed from garret to cellar, and the family sit down in their lofty rooms, brick-walled, and cool, and pleasant, with a fair prospect of summer enjoyment before them. But it is a prospect they are not so happy as to enjoy. The report comes that this friend and that have started for some of the many summer resorts, and they hurry excitedly into the hot streets to purchase the outfit necessary to enable them to follow the example. And then some heated steam conveyance hurries them away into the country, to find probably that the quiet country that they seek is turned for the time into a noisy fair by the number of pleasure-seekers who have preceded them. Perhaps they may catch a pleasant smell of new-mown hay, or snuff the bracing odors of the salt sea air. These are excellent things in their way, but sometimes very hard to be got at. If those who have abundant means for it have taken children to some quiet beach, and let them search for crabs and razor fish, where their shoes sink down in the shining sands, or with

white naked feet rush up the beach with the curling waves in merry chase of them; then they may have been happy, and grown young again in watching their enjoyment. But in this working-day world mere pleasure must be taken in somewhat homeopathic doses, if we would have it become a weary toil.

The following letter from a new friend of *THE HOME*, shows that sympathy in our undertaking which we have sought for in the ranks of womanhood, and which we assuredly have not sought in vain:

MILLVILLE, June 2, 1857.

MRS. H. E. G. ARRY:—Through the kindness of a friend I have just enjoyed the pleasure of reading your numbers of *THE HOME* for 1856. And allow me to say that I have been highly delighted and edified. I learn from yet another friend that *THE HOME* this year is still improving. Please accept my congratulations for the work of usefulness upon which I think you have entered. Your object is one in which I have long been interested—the elevation of woman, her sphere, and the great design of life. Would I could speed its circulation until it had entered every family throughout our land! *THE HOME* has a large field of usefulness before it, for I doubt not its influence will have much to do toward regenerating and elevating the world. And I pray Heaven to smile upon its efforts, and speed its flight throughout the land.

While writing the above, a few thoughts have impressed me so forcibly that I will pen them for your inspection:

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

Thousands of persons live, and move, and pass off the stage of action, and out of the memory of those who knew them, to be remembered and heard of no more—why? Because they have never done a particle of good in the world, and none were blessed by their lives—none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption from evil—not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished: their light went out in darkness, and they

were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Alas! is it not too true that, so many of us—our sex in particular—are living a mere butterfly existence, and shall we expect to be remembered longer? Let us, my friends, enter upon a new era in our lives. Let us not thus live and die! But let us live for something. We should indeed

“Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from our hand no worthy action done.”

Let it be our aim then to do good, and leave behind us a monument of virtue that the storms of time can not destroy. Let us write our names by kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the thousands we come in contact with year by year, and we shall never be forgotten. Our deeds will be legible on the hearts of those we leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening.

And where can we better commence this work of love than at home?—commence by improving and elevating ourselves, and then cast abroad for other objects—commence by setting right examples and exerting right influences around the members of our own families. Let us occupy our time in storing the minds of our daughters and sisters with useful knowledge—by striving to improve and elevate our own sex generally. For is it not true that they come far short of answering the great design of life?

Let us then strive to render woman more intelligent, more thoughtful. For there is in the influence of a really intellectual woman such a keen air of refinement, such a separation from every thing gross and material. Every person coming into the influence of such a woman is benefited. Those who feel this influence may not define it; they may be totally unconscious what it is that awes them; but they feel as if a mysterious, an invisible veil were about her; and every dark thought is quenched in their hearts, as if they had come into the atmosphere of a spirit.

I would have every woman know this. I would tell every mother, who prays nightly for the watchfulness of good spirits over the purity of her child, that she may weave around her a defense stronger than steel—that she may place in her heart a living

amulet, whose virtue is like a circle of fire to pollution.

We have seen and known, that an empty mind is not a strong citadel. And in the melancholy chronicles of female ruin, the instances are rare of victims distinguished for mental cultivation. I would my pen were the "point of a diamond," and I were writing on living hearts! For when I think how the daughters of a house are its grace and honor, and how the father and mother that loved her, and the brother that made her his pride, and the sister in whose bosom she slept, are all crushed utterly by a daughter's degradation, I feel as if every word were a burning coal, my language could not be extravagant. S. E. W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received several communications which we have not yet found time to examine, and some other accepted matter is crowded out. Our friends must have patience and continue their favors.

HINTS FOR THE NURSERY.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.—For summer wear, the garments of children should be loose and light, and fitted so that the shoulders, which are the natural support of the clothing, may perform their duty without any hindrance. For this reason children should never be clothed in those very low-necked dresses which are so common, and which are apt to be cut lower than ever in the summer, in order to have the child cool and comfortable it is said. There is no reason why one part of the body should be left sweltering under such a mass of clothing as is usually fastened about the waist, while another portion equally delicate is left entirely exposed. The undue perspiration produced from those parts of the body which are overclothed, will so open the pores as to render the exposed parts far more liable to cold from draughts of air, or changes of temperature than they would otherwise be. It is therefore desirable to clothe all parts of the body as evenly as may be. A long sleeved and low necked apron is undoubtedly the most sensible upper-garment that can be worn by a child either winter or summer. It may be made of lighter material for warm weather,

and the under garments *thinned out* as far as comfort demands.

Some persons put buttons upon the chemise, thus combining it with drawers-waist, so as to diminish the number of garments; but if it is as loose, and made of as fine material as is pleasant to be worn next the skin, the buttoning on of the drawers will soon tear it out. It is better to combine drawers and skirt-waist—making the waist with two rows of buttons, so that it will support both drawers and skirt. The skirt should never fail to be fastened up carefully about the waist, and all straps that cross the shoulders should remain on the shoulders and nowhere else. If allowed to slip down so as to bind the arm, the child will continually draw up its shoulders, or twist itself otherwise out of shape, in order to diminish the annoyance, and besides the constant irritation and discomfort it thereby suffers, it acquires an awkward habit of motion, and perhaps a permanent injury of shape. If a little strap is sown in where the sleeve sets into the dress, it can be slipped under the shoulder straps and buttoned over upon the shoulder of the dress, thus keeping the whole neatly and comfortably in their place. It can be rounded off and trimmed about the button-hole if buttoned outside, so as to form a neat ornament to the dress. See that no portion of the dress is too heavy or too tight, and do not let the child sleep—especially in summer—in any garment which has been worn during the day.

RECIPES.

TOMATO FIGS.—Pour boiling water over the tomatoes to remove the skins; weigh them, and put them into a stone jar, with as much sugar as tomatoes; pour off the syrup and boil and skim till no scum rises; then pour it over the tomatoes and let them stand two days as before; boil and skim again. After a third boiling and skimming, let them stand in their syrup until drying weather; then place them on earthen plates or dishes and put them in the sun to dry—that takes about a week; then pack them in small wooden boxes with fine white sugar between each layer. They will keep for years. Figs made of tomatoes are really better than those made of true figs.

THE HOME:

A Monthly for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

VOL. IV.—OCTOBER, 1857.—NO. IV.



GRACE DARLING.

GRACE DARLING, whose name, by an act of heroic daring, has resounded through the civilized world, was born November 24, 1815, at Bam- borough, on the coast of Northumber- land, England. She was the seventh child of William Darling, a steady, judicious, and sensible man, who held the responsible office of keeper of the Longstone light-house, situated on one of the most distant and exposed of the Farne Islands, a rocky group extend- ing some seven or eight miles beyond this dangerous coast. In this isolated position—where weeks sometimes elapsed without communication with

the main land, the greater part of Grace's existence was passed, with no other companionship than that of her parents and brother, who resided at the light-house. She benefited by the advantage of a respectable education suited to one in her sphere of life, and her time was principally occupied in assisting her mother in household affairs.

Grace had reached her twenty-second year when the incident occurred which has given her so wide-spread and just a fame. The Forfarshire steamer, proceeding from Hull to Dun- dee, with sixty-three persons on board, was wrecked upon one of the fearful

crag of the Farne group, on the night of the 6th of September, 1838. The vessel, which, upon subsequent inquiry proved to be utterly unseaworthy, was broken in two pieces, the after part, with many souls upon it, being swept away instantly, while the fore part remained upon the rock. The captain and his wife were among the number of those who perished. Nine persons survived the horrors of that night upon the remaining fragment of the wreck, exposed amid rain and profound darkness, to the fury of the waves, and expecting momentarily to be engulfed by the boiling surge.

At daybreak on the morning of the 7th, these poor people were discovered from Longstone by the Darlings, at nearly a mile's distance, by means of a glass, clinging to the rocks, and remnants of the vessel. Grace, the moment she caught sight of them, perceiving their imminent danger—for the returning tide must wash them off—immediately determined to save them; and no remonstrances of her father, who, in the furious state of the sea, considered it a desperate and hopeless adventure, had any power in dissuading her. There was no one at the time at the light-house but her parents and herself, her brother being absent on the main land; and she declared, if her father would not accompany her, she would go alone; that, live or die, she would attempt to save the wretched sufferers.

Her father consented to the trial. The boat was launched with the assistance of the mother, and the father and daughter each taking an oar, proceeded upon their errand of mercy. They succeeded; and in no instance has lowly virtue and unobtrusive heroism met with more prompt acknowledgement and just reward. The highest enthusiasm prevailed throughout Great Britain, as the adventure became known, and distant nations responded with hearty sympathy. To reward the bravery and humanity of Grace Darling, a subscription was raised in England, which amounted to

seven hundred pounds, and she received besides numberless presents from individuals, some of them of distinguished rank. Her portrait was taken, and multiplied over the kingdom; the Humane Society sent her a flattering vote of thanks, and a piece of plate; dramatic pieces were performed, representing her exploit; her sea-girt home was invaded by steam-boat loads of wonder-seeking admirers, and offers of marriage—not a few—flowed in upon her.

Amid all this tumult of applause so calculated to unsettle the mind, Grace Darling never for a moment swerved from the modest dignity which belonged to her character. She continued, notwithstanding the improvement in her circumstances, to reside at the light-house with her parents, content to dwell in the secluded and humble sphere in which her lot had been cast, proving by her conduct that the liberality of the public had not been unworthily bestowed.

Grace Darling, as is too often the case with the noble and good, was not destined to long life. She survived only a few years to enjoy her well-earned fame. In 1841, symptoms of declining health exhibited themselves, and on the 20th of October, 1842, she died of consumption.

Grace Darling is described as a woman of the middle size, comely though not handsome, but with an expression of mildness and benevolence most winning. Her disposition was always retiring and reserved, the effect, no doubt, of her solitary mode of life, which unquestionably fostered and concentrated the quiet enthusiasm of her character, and made her the heroine of one of the most beautiful episodes in the history of woman.—*Biographies of Distinguished Women.*

A QUIET exposition of truth has a better effect than a violent attack on error. Truth extirpates weeds, by working its way into their place, and leaving for them no room to grow.

THE OLD MAID, AND THE WIFE.

BY ANNIE DANFORTH.

CHAPTER I.

"GRACE, darling, I have something painful to say to you to-night."

"I know it. God help me!"

"Yea, God help you, poor girl, and God help me too. Oh, Grace! how can I give you up?"

"Oh, Robert, spare me! My heart tells me what you would say, and yet, oh! I can not, I will not believe it. There is *hope* still; something must be done;" and Grace Stanley, who, of late, had grown almost as pale as the consumptive at her side, shrank prone upon the ground sobbing and shuddering.

There was no longer room to doubt. Robert Deming was dying of consumption. Gradually the truth had forced itself upon them. Neither could yet bring their lips to utter to the other the fact which was uppermost in the mind of each, but to-day Robert had been so feeble that he felt that his lips must no longer be sealed. Putting his arm around her, he gently drew her to a seat upon the low form beside him, and supported her upon his breast, and moved his hand caressingly over her aching head till she grew quiet.

"I remember," Robert said at length, "a story of a poor blind child, who wandered in a beautiful wood all day and felt no fear. Often the scent of the violet or wild rose would reveal to her its hiding-place, the song of a bird would make her heart thrill joyfully, or the murmurs of a waterfall would charm her ear with its melody. But sometimes when she would pluck a flower, a bee would sting her, or a thorn pierce her hand. When she tried to take the bird it would soar far beyond her reach; and when at length she stooped to bathe her forehead in the water, she struck her face against a sharp rock, and cried out with pain. Just then she heard a sweet voice call her, and she knew that it came from the other side of the water, and she rose in haste to obey. Then almost

instantly her eyes were opened, and she saw for the first time all the beautiful things around her. But she felt no desire to stay, for she heard the voice, and she saw flowers that bloom forever in the place from whence it came, and she heard music that made the singing of the birds sound discordant. There *was one* rose that looked to her almost as beautiful as any she saw beyond the stream, and she thought she must carry it with her if she went, and while she was thinking so, she heard the voice calling louder than ever to her, and it sounded more irresistibly sweet than before. But the rose detained her, for it clung yet to the stem, and she heard the voice once more, and this time it said, 'We do not need the flowers here yet, you must come alone.' So she kissed the rose and hastened away, and the angel came to meet her, and from that day she was never blind, and never wandered alone, for beautiful beings kept her company, and not long after the king of the place to which she went, sent an angel to transplant the rose to the gardens of the same country, where it bloomed forever."

He paused a moment to answer back the smile that had settled on the face of the before weeping girl, and then said: "I too have wandered in darkness, and now a voice calls me, and I know the voice. It is not that of an angel — it is the voice of Jesus, and cheerfully would I go forward. You, my Grace, are the flower to which my heart clings, but you must not detain me. Wait patiently will you not until God sees that you are needed there, and sends an angel to transplant you to the banks of the River of Life?"

The story of the blind child was told so calmly, and toward the last almost triumphantly, that Grace had felt herself lifted far above the selfishness which would have detained her lover from the world of rest and beauty, toward which his footsteps tended so surely.

They talked long, both of his

prospects and of here, and never after did she sink to such depths of wretchedness as she had endured for those few days. The spirit, soon to be released, saw so clearly beyond "the stream," and talked so freely and joyfully of the bright future, that her spirit was led to join, even, sometimes, in the song of triumph. They spoke often to one another of the event which so plainly "cast its shadows before," which was to open to one a day of cloudless light, but which was to be to the other the ushering in of a long day of darkness and sorrow. Hope, as it always will, came sometimes to Grace, for the disease would array itself in the brightest garments of health; but, ah! we all know how the heart rebounds to deeper despair after the bright hopes are withered.

Days of suffering and watching at last lengthened to weeks, and weeks to months, and the angel of Death which had hovered over them so long, slackened his wing upon the threshold, and Robert Deming's mission on earth was complete. Grace had been with him the last few weeks of his earthly life. She lingered to see the clouds laid above him, and then returned to her father's house a widow indeed.

CHAPTER II.

WITH a vexed, irresolute expression upon her countenance, Caroline Reed had for at least an hour been holding her pen balanced above the paper before her, upon which she had made just this progress, "Dr. Lester—Sir."

"Heigh ho!" at length she exclaimed, "twenty-three; well, I yield to fate, and really why should I hesitate?"

She dipped her pen again in the ink, and this time commenced writing:

"Dr. LESTER—Sir: Your letter is before me, and according to your request I have considered it well, and now proceed to answer it. My letter must be longer than yours, but I will make it as short as I can, and at the same time perfectly truthful. I

will not seek to hide from you the fact that, had I received such a proposal as you make, at eighteen, I should have returned an immediate and indignant refusal. But the wisdom of eighteen and of twenty-three is not exactly alike. I have searched in vain for any word or assurance of affection in your letter, but quote truthfully from you the warmest expression in which you have indulged. 'The past three months of intimate acquaintance, have not failed to secure for you my sincere respect and esteem.' Five years ago I loved and became engaged to a young man of undoubted merit. Why that engagement was broken off I have never known. It is enough that it is buried with the dead things of the past; the time has no doubt been sufficient to make him forget his love, if it ever really existed. As for mine, it was real; but it is long since the memory of it has been permitted to enter the sacred citadel of secret thought. It is true that our acquaintance has been somewhat intimate, but after all what do either of us know of the most sacred sentiments, hopes, and affections of the other? Can we walk quietly and patiently side by side *thus* through life? When the little trials and petty griefs and deeper sorrows incident to all come upon us, can we each retire within ourselves and thus prevent jarring and discord, and will time pass peacefully over us? I do not say happily, for I know my own heart too well, and its longings for sympathy and love. I think I understand you. If you are satisfied with this, and still extend me the offer of your hand, it is accepted. CAROLINE."

Caroline folded her letter, enveloped and directed it, then settling back in her chair she burst into tears. She had been some time weeping, when she heard a sweet voice calling her name at the door below, and springing to the toilet she bathed away all traces of tears, brushed her hair to perfect smoothness, and when the door to her room opened, she went forward with a bright smile to meet Grace Stanley, exclaiming gayly:

"Ah, Grace! I am glad you are come at last. Do you know I am to be married finally!—and of course I shall need your counsel in a thousand important particulars," and she threw the letter toward her. The pale face of Grace grew grave and anxious as she read and re-read the paper.

"Caroline, cousin Carrie! what does this mean? Are you in earnest?"

"In earnest — of course! Is n't that plain English! Is it not fair writ!"

"But you will never marry James Lester feeling as this letter makes it evident you do feel; but if you send this, I need give myself no anxiety — he will never give you a chance."

"Indeed I shall marry him, and he will give me a chance. I shall order the dress immediately. What shall I wear! Now don't look so woe-begone. It is a kind of butter-and-cheese barker you see. He needs a wife, and I, Caroline Reed, am just the lady for him. Passably good-looking, pretty well educated, and the undisputed owner of three thousand dollars, you must perceive that, withal, I shall make a very respectable house-keeper. Now if I choose to 'swap' myself, accomplishments and money, for the name and position he can give me, and the privilege of keeping the house he will build with the 'incumbrance' I shall bring him, why it's even is n't it!" Grace listened with an incredulous smile. "And then you know it's such a horrible thing to be an old maid, and really James is a very good young man, of fair prospects, and I do not dislike him."

"Do not dislike him! Have you forgotten Harry and the past!"

Caroline gave a quick impatient start, then her pale cheek flushed, and she answered almost angrily:

"Grace, it has been three years since that name has passed my lips. From this hour, remember that story is a forbidden theme. I must not, what is more, I will not hear of it. Never call him, or that chapter in the history of my past, to my mind. It is written on a page which is now torn out and destroyed. But, Grace," she added, suddenly resuming her gay manners, "what *shall* I wear — white crape or colored silk? there is a splendid piece of brocade at Wilkes'."

Grace knew her cousin well enough to know that after this, remonstrance from her would be in vain; but she could not enter with any spirit into

the minutiae of wedding arrangements. Caroline, as she had declared she should, proceeded with quiet firmness to make the necessary purchases, talked with unceasing gayety to Grace of her future prospects and plans.

In the course of two or three days she received a note from Dr. Lester, thanking her for the favorable answer which she had sent him, and containing expressions of sincere regard. The style of his first letter had been respectful, but by no means affectionate, and this peculiarity had entirely escaped his notice. To his high sense of honor, the fact that he had offered her his hand seemed sufficient evidence that his heart was interested, and with the same confidence in her integrity, it never occurred to him that Caroline could accept the offer unless prompted to do so, by love.

Caroline had been left an orphan at the age of thirteen, with an only brother, ten years her senior, who had married after their parent's death. To a disposition naturally impulsive and ardent, was added an unflinching independence and firmness in Caroline. Between her brother and herself there had never existed any very devoted attachment. They were too much alike to agree in childhood, and in later years his affections had centered more particularly in his own family. His sister's will came in contact so often with his own, that he had gradually ceased to make much effort to influence her, and had as a consequence taken less and less interest in her affairs. True, he loved her in a general sort of a way, and had she made any effort to gain his confidence he would not have withheld it. But although she wept in secret over her own loneliness, and longed for his sympathy and counsel, it never occurred to her that her own coldness had been the cause.

In her eighteenth year she had met, and with all her heart had loved Harry Lang. She had given to his keeping her whole heart, reserving no portion with which to do homage to her Maker.

A mutual misunderstanding had occurred between them, which had resulted in a separation. Through the intervening years Harry had held sacred his early vows, and hoped, and occasionally made efforts for a reconciliation. He knew she loved him, and the fear never entered his heart that she might give her hand to another while this was so. Their casual meetings had resulted in nothing but unhappiness to both, but Harry patiently waited, and hoped against hope. As for Caroline, she believed herself deceived, and had called all her strength of will and firmness to her rescue, and had hidden the wild anguish of her heart beneath an exterior of unyielding calmness and reserve.

Grace, alone of all her friends, knew the story of the past, and although Caroline had often wept upon her bosom, she had as often repelled and defied her sympathy. Mrs. Reed was by no means the woman to make her home a happy one for her husband's sister. She was a busy, bustling, precise little wife, and felt the utmost contempt for "old maids," which she sometimes expressed to her sister-in-law, in the evident apprehension that she bade fair to join the sisterhood. Caroline's independence took the alarm, and she resolved to accept the first suitor not absolutely repulsive to her, and Dr. Lester, as she suspected he would be, was the happy man.

The preparations for the wedding went briskly forward, and all except Grace were effectually blinded. Twice when she had found her cousin in tears she had renewed her remonstrance, but had met a repulse so defiant that she ever after held her peace.

Dr. Lester and his wife were returning from their bridal tour evidently in high spirits. One morning, the last of their journey, Caroline being unusually weary, slept in her seat until long after light. It had been neces-

sary for them to travel for two nights in succession, as business was calling them homeward. She opened her eyes and glanced round her. Her husband was not to be seen, but with a smile of recognition and delight, Harry Lang was coming toward her.

"I have been waiting ever since daylight, and I discovered you here, with all the impatience possible to see you waken," he said, offering his hand; and then taking the vacant seat beside her, he added in a lower tone, "I am on my way to visit you. Will you bid me welcome?"

He saw the pallor of her face, and interpreted her emotion and silence as his heart inclined.

"Dear Carrie, I come, determined this miserable estrangement shall end. It is killing me, I believe."

He had bent close toward her. He started as she laid her hand on his—it was icy cold, and he looked into her face. There was certainly a look there he had never seen before. Something like the truth flashed upon his mind.

"Caroline, tell me; shall I be welcome?"

The color flashed back to her face. Her husband was coming. Pride, resolution, every strong element of her soul was brought forward to aid in the effort of self-control.

"God forgive me, Harry—I am married," she whispered; and with a manner and voice as calm and passionless as ever, she rose and presented to her husband her old friend, Harry Lang.

He did not notice the look of stern despair which Harry bent upon him, but throwing himself into the seat he had left, exclaimed:

"How tired and really sick you look, my poor Carrie. I must not urge you forward so rapidly. You shall rest in S. . . a few days, while I go forward. I have been selfish to tax your strength so much. It was only because I disliked to leave you."

Caroline suffered herself to be supported in his arms that she might the more effectually hide her face. How clearly then came before her mind the error, the sin she had committed. How clearly she saw that she had wronged her husband, had wronged Harry, and had wronged herself. What a life-time of sorrow and repentance she saw before her. In the two hours that she lay motionless in her husband's arms — and he thought her sleeping — what a depth of wretchedness surged and rolled in her bosom, and how bright and beautiful looked the happiness she had cast aside. And Harry too, was suffering. She knew it, for she knew well the depth and truth of his nature, and now she heard his step. He was coming toward them. She opened her eyes, and met a glance of firm self-possession, and understood and answered the look of calm inquiry she saw in Harry's eyes. He came forward and seated himself near them, as she rose from her reclining posture, and with a cheerful unembarrassed manner, entered into conversation with Dr. Lester. The doctor thought him decidedly agreeable. Speaking of a mutual friend :

"I made his acquaintance in Actor," said Mr. Lang; "by the way, you must have known him there, Mrs. Lester; you spent your school-days in that place."

Caroline's reference to her engagement flashed instantly upon the mind of Dr. Lester. Her sudden illness that morning, and now — well, certainly, now that he thought of it, he did notice something very peculiar in the appearance of both when he came so suddenly upon them, and with ready intuition he guessed her secret. He had hoped the passion of her first love had passed, but he saw now that he was deceived. In Caroline's resolutions for the future, she had omitted the one thing that might now have secured happiness to them both. She had determined that he should never know more of the past than she had already confided in him.

She would go forward firmly in the performance of her duties as a wife, and he should never know but that love prompted every act of kindness. She did not remember with what quick eyes love discovered the true return, and the false.

* * * * *

In due time they were installed in their new home, and Caroline said to herself and to others that she was happy. Had she turned with the strength of Christian purpose, with perfect truth to her new duties, she might have been. But although to all outward appearances their path was strewn only with flowers, her feet were hurt with the thorn and stung by the insect hidden there. Her husband was almost always gentle and kind, but she saw plainly that he was growing impatient and suspicious, and her heart rose up in anger and rebellion.

"Caroline," said Dr. Lester one day, as he stepped suddenly into her room. She raised her eyes to his. "Your old friend Lang will dine with us to-day. I met him on the street just now, and came home to tell you."

His first words brought the blood to her cheek, but the next moment it was colorless. He had spoken intentionally that he might note the effect of his words, but it sent an added arrow to his heart.

Ever since the meeting on the cars he had sought in every way to lead his wife to confide in him, but he had been coldly and sometimes haughtily repulsed. Every now and then he heard her murmur the name of Harry in her sleep, and not unfrequently it was coupled with some endearing epithet; and when, as he saw her thoughts often wandered, he knew with whom they were — Dr. Lester was excited and angry.

"Caroline," he exclaimed, "you have deceived and wronged me. What right had you to insult me with the gift of your hand, while you knew your heart was given to another? because you thought I stood to you

in the 'interesting position of a last chance for a husband!'"

Caroline sprang to her feet. "I did not deceive you. You never asked me for my love; you never gave me yours," she said, her eyes flashing defiance.

"So when you uttered the marriage vows you confess that you stained your soul with a lie! I asked you to become my wife, and had no idea of the perjury that would allow you to consent to occupy that position unless the relation could be sanctified by love. I *did* give you mine; I did love you, but you are fast teaching me to hate you now."

"Hate me — oh! James, my husband, what are you saying?" she cried, springing before him as he was rapidly leaving the room. "Save me, I pray you! save me to myself, to the world, and to you. Bear with me a little while, and before high Heaven, I will yet be to you a true and loving wife."

At first he would have pushed her from him, but he suddenly drew her to his arms, and looked with eager inquiry into her eyes, pressed a kiss upon her lips, and left the house. Caroline had caught sight of the precipice toward which she was hastening, and with terror in her heart had staggered backward, and cried out for help. Well had it been for her had she gathered up with a firm hand the broken threads of truthfulness, and with the energy she wasted on less worthy objects, turned her footsteps to other paths.

(To be concluded.)

God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enables sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.—*Leigh Hunt.*

THE DYING WIFE.

Lay the gem upon my bosom,
Let me feel her sweet warm breath;
For a strange chill o'er me passes,
And I know that it is death.
I would gaze upon the treasure —
Scarcely given ere I go —
Feel her rosy, dimpled fingers
Wander o'er my cheek of snow.

I am passing through the waters,
But a blessed shore appears;
Kneel beside me, husband, dearest,
Let me kiss away thy tears.
Wrestle with thy grief, my husband,
Strive from midnight until day;
It may leave an angel's blessing
When it vanisheth away.

Lay the gem upon my bosom,
'Tis not long she can be there;
See! how to my heart she nestles —
'Tis the pearl I love to wear.
If, in after years, beside thee
Sits another in my chair,
Though her voice be sweeter music,
And her face than mine, more fair:

If a cherub call thee "father!"
Far more beautiful than this,
Love thy first-born! oh, my husband!
Turn not from the motherless.
Tell her sometimes of her mother —
You will call her by my name?
Shield her from the winds of sorrow,
If she err, oh! gently blame!

Lead her sometimes where I'm sleeping;
I will answer if she calls,
And my breath will stir her ringlets,
When my voice in blessing falls.
Her soft, dark eyes will brighten
With a wonder whence it came;
In her heart, when years pass o'er her,
She will find her mother's name.

It is said that every mortal
Walks between two angels here;
One records the ill, but blots it,
If before the midnight drear
Man repenteth; if uncanceled,
Then he seals it for the skies,
And the right-hand angel weepeth,
Bowing low with veiled eyes.

I will be her right-hand angel,
Sealing up the good for Heaven;
Striving that the midnight watches
Find no misdeed unforgiven.
You will not forget me, husband,
When I'm sleeping 'neath the sod?
Oh love the jewel given us,
As I love thee, next to God.

LETTERS FROM QUIETSIDE.

IV.

G. . . . , June 15, 1857.

MY dear M. . . . :—I have been so closely employed for several days past, that fatigue and lassitude have almost prostrated me, and I hail the glorious day of rest as among Heaven's choicest gifts.

"Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest."

Did you ever think, dear M. . . . , what this world would be, were it one continued working-day? No day of quiet, rest in prospect—no Sabbath bell, reverberating among the hills and valleys its call to prayer and praise; its invitation to sweet repose and religious contemplation on that "rest which remaineth for the people of God."

It has been said, and by Him, too, who is Lord of all, that "the Sabbath was made for man." It is undoubtedly true, that all things were intended to subserve man's interest and his highest enjoyment; to do this, there must have been an adaptation in all things to man's idiosyncracies. "Order is Heaven's first law;" hence it is presumable that the great Artist, in planning his work, so constituted man that the institution of the Sabbath became a necessity of his nature. Labor was also a divine institution, designed for man's recreation and independence, as it was the appointed way in which his sustenance was to be obtained; his energies, both mental and physical, are largely indebted to labor for their healthy action; these all require the recuperative influence of rest, according to a certain appointment. Man having been thus constituted, "the Sabbath was made" for him, in consideration of his great want. After the first seventh day, when God rested from all his works, there is no special mention of the Sabbath until the record of the Law. It is not then introduced as something new, but recognized as something well known, and its sanctions strongly urged and enforced, as something that had fallen into neg-

lect. Circumstances and references warrant the belief, that the seventh part of time was appropriated to religious services, from the first day of rest, to the time when Noah entered the ark; and by him while he was floating on the world of water, in his transition state from the old world to the new; and from that to the Exodus, and the assembling at Sinai's base. The first two men that were born, brought their offerings "in process of time." This phase is very indefinite, but would seem to indicate some set period; as the end of the year, month, or week. They had, most probably, been taught the modes of worship prescribed by their Maker, and brought to some accustomed place their offering for a religious expression of their obligation to God.

In various parts of Scripture, the term "seven" is used to express completeness, or fully made up; and is therefore called a perfect number. No number occurs so often in the Bible as this; and as it can not, abstractly, have any innate virtues or peculiar significance, it is highly probable that it has some important allusion. May it not refer to the rest, after the great work of creation was completed? The shadowing forth a seven-fold division of time, to continue to the end of the world?

More than sixteen hundred and fifty years after the first Sabbath, Noah was commanded to enter the ark with his family, and pairs of every species of animal life; of clean beasts, or those used in religious offerings, there was a *seventh*, and he was allowed seven days to complete his arrangements; and there are satisfactory reasons for the belief that the seventh day was observed during the time they were shut into the ark, from the fact that the interval of seven days elapsed in two instances between the sending forth of the doves. From the use of the phrase, "he stayed yet other seven days," it may reasonably be inferred that the same interval elapsed between the sending forth of the raven and the

first dove; though this is not specified as in the other instances. (See Gen. viii.: 7-12.) From these and other data, it is supposed that the Sabbath was sanctified by the holy patriarchs of antediluvian days; although the great mass of mankind disregarded it, as they discarded all knowledge of God and his institutions.

It has been supposed by some theologians, that the population of the earth was much greater at that time than it has been since; and that gross wickedness stalked forth with unblushing front, and was dominant in the world, as it never has been since the deluge. Many reasons are in favor of this hypothesis, for, after all, it is little more.

Man, unquestionably, as he came from the hands of his Maker, approached more nearly to intellectual perfection, than man in his lapsed state can well conceive. Although when he sinned, all his powers were paralyzed by the shock, yet, probably, the deterioration was gradual through the many centuries of his allotted life; emboldened by the impunity, he was encouraged to excesses in wickedness, until sin stalked forth, the "horrid monster, misshapen and blind," it became before the world's destruction by the deluge. All the mental powers were in full strength and activity; discoveries in science, and acquisitions in art were the ready offspring of his thought; and his life extending to nearly one thousand years, gave ample opportunity for the same man to change, improve, and perfect the work which had originated in his own brain. Results of opposite character would naturally follow; on the one hand, great attainments, great improvements would accrue; on the other, wickedness would increase in an increased ratio, in a progressive proportion; this is its nature, and in confirmation of this view of the subject, the inspired historian assures us that "the wickedness of man was great; that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." "The

earth was corrupt before God, and filled with violence." "All flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth." That is, wickedness was rampant, and the little piety that remained, was like a little leaven hidden in a measure of meal, which, for the time, made no exhibition of its presence, though it was destined by-and-by to show its workings by unmistakable signs. Of course, the institutions of God were laughed to scorn. His promises and threatenings scouted from their minds.

As they increased in knowledge, wealth, and improvements, their heart's language was, "Who is the Lord that we should serve him? Why does he delay his coming?" The odor of lost blessing falls upon the heart with increased sweetness, like the gentle dews of eve, after the fierce heat of the day. Such, we may suppose, was the zest with which the faithful few met each other to speak of Him who was ignored by the heartless multitude around them; to commemorate at returning seasons their relationship to God, and their obligation to Him, of which, each Sabbath was a renewed memorial.

With how much greater joy should we greet that glorious day, in whose holy memories we celebrate another, a promised completion of that great work—the mystery into which angels desired to look—when "the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head,"—when the Lord Jesus Christ "led captivity captive." Should we not then, with our best energies, hail THE SABBATH!

"Bless'd morning! whose first opening rays
Beheld our rising God;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode."

In our moments of exaltation, when the heart-cry is, "What can I render to my God for all His benefits?"—do we include that of the blessed Sabbath? Do we realize the great privilege afforded us, to lay aside all secular concerns, and hold communion sweet and high with the great Jehovah, the author of all things?

In all the special indulgences granted to man, there is perhaps no one so entirely adapted to the infirmity of his nature, as the appropriation of one-seventh part of time for rest and meditation. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; six days shalt thou labor, but on the seventh thou shalt rest." By this command we are not to suppose that a little less inactivity is allowed on the seventh day; neither that the great work of Religion is to be confined to that day, and excluded from the week-day labors. We are commanded to labor six days not only, but to "do all our work;" no rational being can suppose that *all his* work consists in providing for the frail, dying body. The soul—the *soul* that dies not, that returns to God from whom it is an emanation, being our priceless gem, requires special provision, not only by the meditation and thanksgiving of the Sabbath, but by preparation for that sacred day on every day of the week beside. The great work of repentance, which leads to prayer and watchfulness, is not the peculiar work of the Sabbath; no! the Sabbath is the day for which all the other days are made; and all the days of the week should subserve a preparation for that holy day, which is a bright emblem, a blessed type of that glorious rest,

"Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains."

Oh, my soul! let this sacred morning carry to the recording angel good intelligence of thy heavenward inclinations. Strive so to divest thyself of corporeal affections, that, with calm delight and humble adorations, thou mayest prostrate thyself before the Majesty of heaven and earth, and mingle thy aspirations of prayer and praise with angels, and archangels, and glorified spirits, which surround the throne of the Eternal, and cry unintermittingly, "Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." "Worthy is the lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor,

and glory, and blessing." Blessed Jesus! thou didst sanctify this day when thou shook off the bonds of death, ascended on high, and gave gifts to men, the greatest of which is symbolized by this sacred day. More than eighteen hundred years ago, on the morning of the first day, "while it was yet dark," didst thou spoil the spoilers, and bring life and immortality to light. Therefore we celebrate the first day of the week. Sometimes thy children go to the sanctuary while it is "yet dark;" wilt thou, benignant Saviour, dispel those shades, and so illuminate their desponding spirits, that they shall, with exultant joy, cry out, "My Lord and my God." Enable thy worshipers to say to each other, and all around them:

"Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest for weary minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven."

L'AMIE.

THE TRUE WOMAN.

THE true woman, for whose ambition a husband's love and her children's adoration are sufficient, who applies her military instincts to the discipline of her household, and whose legislative abilities exercise themselves in making laws for her house; whose intellect has field enough for her in communion with her husband, and whose heart asks no other honors than his love and admiration; a woman who does not think it a weakness to attend to her toilet, and who does not disdain to be beautiful; who believes in the virtue of glossy hair and well-fitting gowns, and who eschews rents and raveled edges, slipshod shoes, and audacious make-ups; a woman who speaks low, and does not speak much; who is patient and gentle, intellectual, and industrious; who loves more than she reasons, and yet she does not love blindly; who never scolds and rarely argues, but adjusts with a smile—such a woman is the wife we have all dreamed of once in our lives, and is the mother we still worship in the backward distance of the past.—*Dickens*.

GROWING OLD.

BY MISS MARY J. CROSMAN.

A BEVY of girls sat around Mrs. Wilton's tea-table. Mirth, hope, and happiness were inmates of every heart, sorrow was but a name; and the future's vista, so far as youthful fancy could discern, was joyous and unclouded.

"There comes old aunty Grey," said Agnes Wilton, looking out of the open window; "do see how wrinkled and crooked. Girls, I wonder what will bow us down, and farrow our faces, and whiten our heads."

"Oh, let's tell fortunes, exclaimed Sue Lawson, eagerly; "Sarah Somers can tell them; come, Minnie, turn up your cup, and Ella, and all the girls."

"I do n't believe they have much confidence in your fortune-teller, Sue," said Sarah, with a manner which would fully sanction their unbelief.

"Oh, yes!" interposed Minnie; "we'd as soon trust you as any of the profession."

"Come, Hattie, and Jennie, hand over your cups. I've shaken the teapot thoroughly," said Agnes, affecting a little impatience at their delay.

So with mock gravity, and a dialect suited to the occasion, they told each other of letters and presents to be received, circles waiting to be closed, journeys to be taken, and all the etceteras of happiness, whose omens could be crowded within the circumference of a teacup.

Time, like a ruthless revealer walking over the earth, had measured off many years since the tea-party at Mrs. Wilton's, telling with unerring certainty fortunes then elud in the brilliant foldings of a mysterious future. Aye, that future had worn chameleon hues, distance had lent enchantment to the view, and every thorn was hidden beneath some fragrant rose.

Sarah Somers matured into a splendid woman; her moral and intellect-

ual attainments were of a high order, and a degree of the feminine graces and accomplishments gave to her character a softened, fascinating beauty. In acknowledgement of her genial heart, love and friendship came hand in hand offering their choicest gifts upon its shrine. In early womanhood her affections were lavished upon one worthy of the gift, but it was here to realize the truth of what Meredith wrote: "Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed." A cruel fate separated herself and lover; the fibres of the soul torn and uprooted, wound themselves about one who had desired her hand hitherto, and now pressed his suit so earnestly, that in the deep twilight of sorrow she assented. But the yielding lover became a jealous, exacting husband, and Sarah Somers drank at times from a bitter cup. The noble impulses of her nature could be but partially followed, for her spirit, like a bird with clipped wings, could describe only a narrow circle in its flight.

Thus united to one of vulgar tastes and unrefined mind — though of prepossessing exterior — in the fulfillment of her marriage vow, to "honor and obey," she had need adopt her husband's motto, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry;" so they ate of the bread that begetteth hunger, and drank from broken cisterns to satisfy an immortal thirst. The soul fitted to soar aloft and banquet with the gods, according to the ancient myth, groveled on with the earth-worm at its side, but dark eyes told of restless yearnings, and raven-like hair was early besprinkled with silver threads.

Agnes Wilton had wedded gold. When Abraham's servant went forth to seek a wife for his master Isaac, the angel of the Lord went before to make ready the heart of the beautiful Hebrew damsel; but the emissary of a darker sovereign was commissioned, when, in the heart of Agnes an altar was reared, which claimed for its offerings gold instead of love. Splendor and elegance surrounded her, but they

only mocked the poverty within. From strange and untold circumstances, her life wore on with but little cheer, illumined now and then by the flashings of an unsteady sun. Too late she felt the fetters that were imposed upon her, which, though gilded, blent their clanking with the spirit's sadness.

Another dwelt under a cottage roof, quaffing from life's chalice nectar of the brightest hue. "Give me neither poverty nor riches," was Agur's prayer, and the blessings of this golden mean were fully realized in the home of Hattie Jennings. Roses blossomed without, birds warbled among the laurels, and the creamy odors of the bean vine were exhaled by glowing suns. When the gorgeous but chilly twilights of autumn came on, the shutters were closed, the slippers were placed by the glowing grate, and glad hearts throbbed with the happiness of home. Music flowed forth in happy numbers, but sweeter than the tones of harp or lute were the voices of childhood, and the pattering of little feet that came around the evening hearthstone. Then at the good-night hour, an earnest voice commended them to our Father's care, and sweet forgetfulness descended on silent wings to every couch, "for so He giveth his beloved sleep." Aye, the wealth of love beneath that roof, was a richer argosy than ever left the Eldorado of the West.

Alas! that among that little party one should have proved a Magdalen, a wanderer from the fold. Heavy waves of sorrow drifted over that soul, and its horizon was hung with weeping clouds. The grave offered a grateful refuge, but its shelter was denied her. At length she heard amid the darkness a heavenly voice saying, "Sister, go and sin no more." Then, a faint light glimmered, but the lost radiance that went out with virtue came not again.

Minnie Berton, the sweet childish maiden, whose blue eyes spake depths of love, and whose soft, wavy hair parted over a thoughtful brow, gave herself to one who labored with impassioned ardor in his Master's service.

Gentleness and firmness were happily blended in her character, and the garments of her soul, so beautiful and pure, bespoke to every eye the traceries of angel workmanship. She, the truly noble, grew old upon a foreign soil. A cycle of years went by fraught with labors and hopes, and then, in the land of her adoption they made her grave. The crested hoopoo bird, in its flight for the golden orange and luscious banana of the south, passes her resting-place, and the perfumes of that sunny land float to and fro above her form, but never a bird or breeze from her childhood's home hath wandered so far. The marble at her head repeats the Saviour's promise, "Whoso looseth his life for my sake shall find it;" and who shall say that in the land of the glorified she hath not found an undimmed counterpart of her toil below.

Susie Lawson trod a toilsome path in the ragged vale of poverty, though her cheerful spirit gathered up many pleasures by the wayside, in spite of its stern surroundings. But the dreams of early life were never realized, and at times, their memory came floating in like an interlude of magical sweetness amid the deep, rough bass of life.

"Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls,
Stretched away into stately halls;
The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an aural burned,
And for him who sat by the chimney-rug
Dosing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,
A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law;
Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, 'it might have been.'"

There was but one among that number who never grew old. Sweet Nellie Ray! Other lips pressed the cup of sorrow, while hers were never parted with one low wail of woe; other hands wrought with weariness and sometimes pain, but hers, of marble whiteness, were folded over a snowy robe. Her spirit clad in immortality was among the dwellers of the heaven-land. Short had been its earthly sojourn, but the "better part" was early chosen. Beautiful were those footprints leading toward the mark for the prize, but more beautiful, as they entered the gate of pearl to receive an eternal crown.

LOVE THY WIFE.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

- O, love thy wife, who gave her heart,
Her girlish heart to thee,
And trusted that her offering
A valued one would be;
O, treasure well the noble gift,
And guard its purity!
- O, love thy wife whose life grew bright,
When thou didst wake her love;
Who, with her dreams of future bliss,
Thy manly presence wove;
O, ever to the trusting one,
A loving husband prove!
- O, love thy wife who left her home,
Her pleasant home for thee,
Consenting for thy sake to tread
The path of poverty;
Prove thou but kind, and true, and good,
The path will flowery be.
- O, love thy wife! perchance when thou
For weary days hast lain
And tossed upon a restless couch,
And groaned with racking pain,
She has been near to cheer thy gloom,
And gently nurse thee then;
- Or, when the light of reason fled,
And death seemed hovering near,
She sat and watched beside thy bed
With mingled hope and fear;
And often on thy unconscious head
Let fall affection's tear.
- O, love thy weary, patient wife
Who hath so many cares,
Upon whose brow "old father Time"
Records the passing years,
For nothing but a husband's love
May stay the starting tears.
- O, love thy wife! the world would be
To her a desert place,
The weeks would seem like weary months,
The hours like lingering days,
Should not affection's happy smiles
Irradiate thy face.
- O, love thy wife! she'll turn to thee
When others prove untrue,
And finding thine a faithful heart,
Her love will gush anew;
At such an hour as this, do thou
Thy early vows renew.
- O, love thy wife who gave to thee
The laughing girls and boys,
That waken in thy manly breast
Parental hopes and joys;
Ever unto the faithful wife,
Be sweet the husband's voice.

O, love thy wife! for thee she prays
At morning, and at eve,
And when she sees thee turn aside
The path of truth to leave,
She'll turn away from light and mirth,
And in her closet grieve.

O, love thy wife, tho' she have faults,
For thou must surely know
That faultless ones are not among
The dwellers here below;
Reprove her kindly, gently, then,
For thou hast errors too.

O, love thy wife! thou knowest not
That she may tarry long,
To cheer thy care-o'erburdened heart
With sunlight and with song;
O, do the gentle, passing one
No little, careless wrong.

A SKETCH.

Oh, mountain high! with evergreens
Adorning thy fair form,
I gaze upon thy beauty
In the fresh and lovely morn,
When sitting in thy grandeur,
With dew-besprinkled face,
Sol covers thee with splendor
Ere he travels on his race.
And then again I gaze on thee
In the soft and stilly night,
When o'er the heaven's curtain
Fair Luna sheds her light,
When brilliant are the wreathing stars,
That shines above thy brow,
Around the moon, their mother,
Who leads them gently now.
The pebbly brooklet at thy base
Dimples and laughs at thee,
And thou in answer wave'st thy wreaths,
Thus giving glee for glee.
Sweet budding spring and summer fair,
Still autumn with her showy dress,
And winter with his silvery hair,
To thee their lips they press.
Yet, as they each in turn go by
And leave their impress there,
Naught of thy beauty do they mar,
But make thee still more fair.

And thus, my song must leave thee,
For I should try in vain
To paint thy passing beauty
Through each brief season's reign.

DARTEA.

"TRANQUILLITY dwells not with riches,
Nor in fame, nor in noble birth;
I will tell you where I have found it,—
By my humble, quiet hearth."

THE MISTAKE.

"I'LL never do it — never so long as I live!" And the boy clenched his hands together, and strode up and down the room, his fine features flushed, and his forehead darkened with anger and shame. "I'd ask the minister's pardon in father's presence, of course I would; but to go before the whole academy, boys and girls, and do this!" His whole frame writhed at the thought. "Ellsworth Grant, you'll brand yourself as a coward and a fool all the days of your life. But father never retracts, and he said I must do this or leave the school, and go out on the farm to work; and the whole village will know the reason, and I shall be ashamed to look anybody in the face. I've a good will to run away." The boy's voice grew lower, and a troubled, bewildered expression gathered on his flushed features. "It would be very hard to leave all the old places; and then, never to see Nellie again; it would break her heart, I know it would." And his face worked convulsively a moment, but it settled down into a look of dogged resolution the next. "I musn't think of that now; though it's only ten miles to the seaport, and I could walk that in an hour, and get a place on some ship about to sail, before father was any wiser. Some time I'd come back, of course, but not until I was old enough to be my own master."

The boy sat down and buried his face in his hands, and the sunset of the summer's day poured its currents of crimson and amber into the chamber, and over the bowed figure of the boy. At last he lifted his head; there was a look of quiet resolve in the dark hazel eyes and about the usually smiling mouth, which in youth is so painful, because it always indicates mental suffering.

Ellsworth Grant was at this time just fifteen. He was his father's only son, and he was motherless. The deacon was a stern, severe man, while Ellsworth inherited his mother's warm,

sunny temperament. His father was a man of unswerving integrity and rectitude—a man who would have parted with his right hand sooner than have committed a dishonest act; but one who had few sympathies for faults indigenous to peculiar temperaments and characters; a man whose heart had never learned the height and depth, and the all-embracing beauty of that mightiest text, which is the diamond among all the pearls and precious stones of the Bible: "Be ye charitable."

He was a hard, exacting parent, and Ellsworth was a fun-loving, mischief-brewing boy, that everybody loved, despite his faults, and the scrapes he was always getting his neck into. There is no doubt that Deacon Grant loved his son, but he was not a demonstrative man; and then—it is the sad, sad story that may be written of many a parent—"he did n't understand his child," and there was no mother, with her soft voice and soothing words, to come between them.

Ellsworth's last offense can be told in a few words. The grape vine which, heavy with purple clusters, trailed over the kitchen windows of the school-teacher's residence, had been robbed of more than half its fruit, one Saturday afternoon, when the inmates were absent. The perpetrators of this deed were, however, discovered to be a party of the school-boys, among whom was Ellsworth. The rest of the boys privately solicited and obtained the school-teacher's pardon, but the deacon, who was terribly shocked at this evidence of his son's want of principle, insisted that he should make a public confession of his fault before the assembled school. In vain Ellsworth explained and entreated. His father was invulnerable, and the boy's haughty spirit entirely mutinied.

* * * * *

"Ellsworth! Ellsworth! where are you going?"

There came down the garden-walk an eager, quivering voice, that made the boy start, and turn round eagerly

as he stood at the garden gate, while the light of the rising day was flushing the gray mountains in the east with rose-colored hues. A moment later, a small, light figure, crowned with golden hair, and a large shawl thrown over its night-dress, stood by the boy's side.

"Why, Nellie! how *could* you! you'll take cold in your bare feet among these dews."

"I can't help it, Ellsworth." It was a tear-swollen face that looked up wistfully to the boy's. "You see, I hav'n't slept any all night thinking about you, and so I was up, looking out of the window, and saw you going down the walk."

"Well, Nellie," said he, pushing back the yellow, tangled hair, and looking at her fondly, "you see I can't do what father says I must, to-day, and so I'm going off."

"Oh, Ellsworth! what will uncle say?" cried the child, betwixt her shivering and weeping, "what will uncle say? How long shall you be gone?"

"I do n't know," replied he, "I sha n't be back to-day, though. But you must n't stand here, talking any longer. Father'll be up soon, you know. Now, good-by, Nellie."

There was a sob in his throat, as he leaned forward and kissed the sweet face, that had only seen a dozen summers, and then he was gone.

* * * * *

"Go and call Ellsworth to breakfast, will you, Ellen?" said the deacon, two hours later.

"He is n't up stairs, uncle."

And then, as they two sat down to theirs, Ellen briefly related what had transpired. The deacon's face grew dark as she proceeded.

"He thinks to elude the confession and frighten me, by running off for a day or two," he said; "he will find he is mistaken."

So that day and the next passed, and the deacon said nothing more, but Ellen, who was his adopted child, and the orphan daughter of his wife's

most intimate friend, noticed that he began to look restless, and to start anxiously at the sound of a foot-fall; but still Ellsworth came not.

At last a strict search was instituted, and it was discovered that Ellsworth had gone to sea, in a ship bound for some part of the western coast of Asia, on a three years' voyage.

"I hope he will come back a better boy than he left," was the deacon's solitary commentary; but in the long nights Ellen used to hear him walking restlessly up and down in his room, and his black hair began to be thickly scattered with gray.

But the worst was not yet come. One November night, when the winds clamored and stormed fiercely among the old apple-trees in the garden, Deacon Grant and Ellen sat by the fire in the old kitchen, when the former removed the wrapper from his weekly newspaper, and the first passage that met his eye was one that told him how the ship . . . , the one in which Ellsworth had sailed, had been wrecked off the coast, and every soul on board had perished.

Then the voice of the father woke up in the heart of Deacon Grant. He staggered toward Ellen with a white, haggard face, and a wild, fearful cry, "My boy! my boy!" It was more than his proud spirit could bear. "O, Ellsworth! Ellsworth!" and he sank down senseless, and his head fell into the lap of the frightened child.

After this, Deacon Grant was a changed man. I did not know which was the most to blame in the sight of God, who judgeth righteously. But equally to the heart of many a parent and many a child, the story has its message and its warning.

Eight years had passed. It was summer time again, and the hills were green, and the fields were yellow with her glory. It was in the morning, and Deacon Grant sat under the porch of the great, old, vine-clad cottage; for

the day was very warm, and the top was wrapped round thickly with a hop vine.

These eight years had greatly changed the deacon. He seemed to have stepped very suddenly into old age, and the light wind that stirred the green leaves shook the gray hairs over his wrinkled forehead, as he sat there reading the village newspaper, with eyes that had begun to grow dim. And every little while fragments of some old-fashioned tune floated out to the old man, soft, sweet, stray fragments; and sitting back and forth from the pantry to the breakfast table was a young girl, not handsome, but with a sweet, frank, rosy countenance, whose smiles seemed to hover over the household as naturally as sunshine over June skies. She wore a pink calico dress, the sleeves tucked above her elbows, and a "checked apron." Altogether she was a fair, plump, healthful-looking country girl.

And while the old man read the paper under the hop vine, and the young girl hummed and fluttered between the pantry and the kitchen table, a young man opened the small front gate, and went up the narrow path to the house. He went up very slowly, staring all about him with an eager, wistful look, and sometimes the muscles of his mouth worked and quivered, as one's will when strong emotions are shaking the heart. He had a firm, sinewy frame, of middling height; he was not handsome, but there was something in his face you would have liked; perhaps it was the light away down in the dark eyes; perhaps it was the strength and character foreshadowed in the lines about the mouth. I can not tell; it was as intangible as it was certain you would have liked that face.

The door was open, and the young man walked into the wide hall. He stood still a moment, staring around the low wall, and on the palm-leaved paper that covered the side. Then a thick mist broke into his eyes, and he walked on like one in a dream, appa-

rently quite forgetful that this was not his own home.

I think those low sweet fragments of song unconsciously drew his steps to the kitchen, for a few moments later he stood in the doorway, watching the fair girl as she removed the small rolls of yellow butter from a wooden box to an earthen plate. I can hardly transcribe the expression of the man's face. It was one of mingled doubt, surprise, eagerness, that at last all converged into one joyful certainty.

"Merciful man!"

The words broke from the girl's lips, and the last roll of butter fell from her little hands, as, looking up, she saw the stranger standing in the doorway; and her rosy cheeks actually turned pale with the start of surprise. The exclamation seemed to recall the young man to himself. He removed his hat.

"Excuse me," he said, with a bow of instinctive grace; "but can you tell me, ma'am, if Deacon Grant resides here?"

"Oh, yes, sir! will you walk into the parlor and take a seat? Uncle, here is a gentleman who wishes to see you." And in a flutter of embarrassment she hurried toward the door.

The gentleman did not stir; and, removing his silver spectacles, the deacon came in; and the two men looked at each other, the older with some surprise and a good deal of curiosity in his face; the younger with a strange longing earnestness in his dark eyes that seemed wholly unaccountable.

"Do you know me, sir?" he asked, after a moment's silence, and there was a shaking in his voice.

"I do not know that I ever had the pleasure of meeting you before, sir," said the deacon.

But here a change came over the features of the girl, who had been watching the stranger intently all the time. A light, the light of a long buried recollection seemed to break up from her heart into her face. Her breath came gaspingly between her parted lips, her dilated eyes were

fastened on the stranger ; then, with a quick cry she sprang forward.

"Uncle, it is Ellsworth ! it is surely Ellsworth !"

Oh ! if you had seen that old man then ! His cheeks turned ashen pale, his frame shivered, he tottered a few steps forward, and then the great, wild cry of his heart broke out.

"Is it you, my boy, Ellsworth ?"

"It is I, father ; are you glad to see me ?"

And that strong man asked the question with a sob, and a timid voice, like that of a child.

"Come to me ! come to me, my boy, that I thought was dead — that I have seen every night for the last eight years, lying with the dark eyes of his mother under the white waves. Oh, Ellsworth ! God has sent you from the dead ! Come to me, my boy !"

And the old man drew his arms around his son's neck, and leaned his gray head on his strong breast, and for a while there was no word spoken between them.

"You have forgiven me, father ?" asked the young man at last.

"Do not ask me that, my boy. How many times would I have given every thing I possessed on earth to ask, 'Forgive me, Ellsworth !' and to hear you answer, 'Yes, father.'"

So there was peace between those two, such peace as the angels, who walk up and down the hills, crowned with the royal purple of eternity, tune their harps over.

"And this — this is Nellie ? How she has altered ! But I know the voice," said Ellsworth at last, as he took the girl's hand in his own, and kissed her wet cheeks, adding very tenderly, "My darling sister Nellie."

And at last they all went out under the cool shade of the vine, and there Ellsworth told his story. The merchant vessel in which he had sailed from home was wrecked, and many on board perished ; but some of the

sailors constructed a raft, on which the boy was saved, with several others. They were afterward rescued by a vessel bound for South America. Here Ellsworth had obtained a situation in a large mercantile establishment, first as a clerk, afterward as a junior partner.

He had written home twice, but the letters had been lost or miscarried. As he received no answer, he supposed his father had never forgiven him for "running away," and tried to reconcile himself to the estrangement. But he had, of late, found it very difficult to do this, and, at last, he had resolved to return to his home, have an interview with his parent, and try whether the sight of his long-absent son would not soften his heart.

Oh ! it was a happy trio that sat under the green leaves of the hopvine that summer morning ! It was a happy trio that sat down in that low, old-fashioned kitchen, to the delicious dinner of chicken and fresh peas, that Nellie had been so long in preparing !

And that night three very happy people knelt in the old sitting-room, while the trembling voice of the deacon thanked God for him that was dead and "alive again."

TO ALLY.

BY WILLIE WARE.

I THINK of thee by night,
'Mid scenes of wildest bliss,
I feel upon my cheek
Warm, friendship's truest kiss:
I twine my arms around thee,
And whisper words of love,
While brightly shine the moonbeams,
And twinkling stars above.

I think of thee by day,
When in a wild commotion,
I am rudely tossed
On life's tempestuous ocean ;
And cares and sorrows gather,
And light and gladness flee,—
Yes, in that trying hour,
I think, dear friend ! of thee.

BROOKLYN, 1857.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE'S WORKS: "CURRER BELL."

BY MRS. C. A. HALBERT.

(Concluded.)

WE have purposely separated the *literary* from the *life* history of Charlotte Brontë, because neither the excellencies nor defects of her genius can be properly estimated without an acquaintance with the peculiar and saddening circumstances of her lot. Placed in ease and content, stirred by more frequent contact with fresh and healthful minds, with a wider scope of congenial sympathies, and a happier experience of life, she would have drawn softer and pleasanter pictures of life. The Currer Bell of prosperity would have been a fairer and more comely personage; but we scarcely feel that she would have taken so deep a hold on our imaginations, or won so largely upon our hearts. But we forget that in prosperity there would have been no Currer Bell; that it was only after the failure of all her cherished projects of life — after all the crooked by-ways and hedges in which she so industriously sought to hide, were closed against her, that she was driven and goaded into that victorious highway which her genius changed in a few brief years into a green arch of triumph.

Miss Brontë was not a voluminous writer, nor would she have been had her career extended over twenty instead of five years. She had not that rare faculty which can make substance out of "airy nothing," nor did such unpalpable, unlife-like creations satisfy her fine perceptions of truth. Her genius in its limits and its strength is seen in the very conception and structure of her stories. Take "Villette," — her last and ripest work; a French boarding-school — this scanty colorless material is the warp and woof from which that extraordinary tale was woven. The interest of the story does not depend in the slightest degree on that "pomp and circumstance" of rank which is diffused like

a golden haze over all the pages of Scott — there are no knights errant, distressed damsels, disguised barons, nor castle moats; not even a morsel of a military hero does this hard server offer us by way of appetizer to our repast. She sets before us a parcel of school-girls and their teachers; a dish which, in her own words, "a Catholic, ay, even an Anglo-Catholic might eat on Good Friday in Passion week — cold bitters, and vinegar without oil; unleavened bread with bitter herbs, and no roast lamb."

With what despair would Sir Walter have sat down before Currer Bell's poor pile of stones to select material for his splendid gothic piles? Even Dickens, that great wizzard who delights to rear palaces from rubbish, and lift his heroes from the gutter, could have done nothing with that unsightly mass till his genius had played upon it and transmuted it into a glittering wealth of rubies and emeralds. But Currer would take home her despised and rejected stones, cut and polish them with minute labor, bringing out here a concealed crystal or rose-tinted quartz, and there the comely strength of the rude granite, and building with them — not a palace for the genii or a temple for the Pythens, but a gallery of art, wherein hang the portraits of living men and women.

Currer Bell is a great moral painter. Her pictures are human, palpable, flesh-like resemblances. Her men are neither gods nor demons; her women are neither sylphs nor hags; her heroes are not altogether wise, noble, nor heroic; her heroines are neither ravishingly fair nor angelically good; her foils and marplots are not incarnate essences of malignity, but every-day characters with perverse and mischievous propensities. Even the Pauline's, Shirley's, and Graham's, the "curled darlings" of her heart whom she elaborates so carefully, are very faulty as well as love-worthy beings.

Very few of Currer Bell's characters were purely ideal. She was a close

copyist from experience and nature. Even the "Yorke's," apparently the most exaggerated group in "Shirley," were drawn purely from life, and sent to the originals for identification. A member of the family returned the manuscript with the criticism that Miss Brontë "had not drawn them strong enough." Her observant and analytic faculties had been cultured to acuteness by the very isolation which had limited their range. She studied mind as an artist would study a landscape, or, as she herself studied, all the phases of the sky and moon, noting all the delicate gradations and shadings of character, and copying them with the minute faithfulness and laborious care which in early life she bestowed upon a line engraving. When a person came within her sphere whom she found interesting and worth observing, she silently watched him under various circumstances till she had, so to speak, idolized him, and formed a judgment what he would do and how act under new conditions. She was then ready to set in the frame-work of her narrative; not a piece of statuary, coldly beautiful, but a breathing human creature, with all his imperfections on his head. So well has she dissected the heart, and so intimately studied its vital mechanism, that we are forced to cry out in the midst of our reading, with a sudden fear, "Who is this that searches behind all conventionalisms, down into the very soul, and brings before us thoughts and feelings that we have often felt, but never shaped into words!"

Currer Bell made conscience of accuracy. Effect was always secondary to truth. She would neither deepen the colors on her pallet to gratify a diseased taste, nor soften them below her conceptions of fact and nature. To that highly exciting passage in "Jane Eyre," in which the heroine hears the voice of Rochester, then far distant, calling out in the silence of the night, "*Jane! Jane! Jane!*" objection was raised by a friend from the physical impossibility of the occur-

rence. Miss Brontë replied in a low voice, drawing in her breath, "But it is a true thing; it really happened." Doubtless she had transferred to her fiction some morbid impression which, to her nervously excitable mind had, at some time, all the force of fact.

A lady who had read her description of the sensation produced by opium, and wondered at its strict correspondence with her own impressions under its influence, asked her whether she had ever taken the drug. She replied "that she had never to her knowledge taken a grain of it in any shape, but that she had followed the process she always adopted when she had to describe any thing which had not fallen within her own experience; she had thought intently on it for many and many a night before falling to sleep, wondering what it was like, or how it would be, till, at length, some time after the progress of her story had been arrested at this one point for weeks, she wakened up in the morning with all clear before her, as if she had in reality gone through the experience, and then could describe it word for word as it had happened."

We, as non-spiritualists, do not pretend to understand by what process she was brought into communication with scenes and sensations so removed from her experience; perhaps some narrative, read or heard in years past, reproduced after long slumbering in the memory, was made the ground work upon which the imagination had wrought intently, and reared a fresh creation.

It was Miss Brontë's vivid realization of her conceptions as *facts* which made her so immovable under criticism. Seldom could she prevail upon herself to change even the form of an expression. She had felt that divine afflatus which the gods breathe into those whom they elect, and she obeyed its behests with a religious submission. Her genius mastered her, and thrust aside her will, and desires, and schemes, with an imperious vehemence.

"When authors write best," says Currer to one of her reviewers, "or at least when they write most fluently, an influence seems to waken in them, which becomes their master — which will have its own way, putting out of view all behests but its own, dictating certain words, and insisting on their being used, whether vehement or measured in their nature; now molding characters, giving unthought-of terms to incidents, rejecting carefully elaborated old ideas, and suddenly creating and adopting new ones."

So powerful was this hand,—call it fate, genius, or what you will,—laid upon her, that she could scarcely be said to hold the threads of her tales in her own keeping. To a friend who had imparted the plot of a work in progress, wherein a mournful fate was decreed the heroine, she wrote: "Yet hear my protest! Why should she die? Why are we to shut up the book weeping? My heart fails me already at the thought of the pang it will have to undergo. And yet you must follow the impulse of your own inspiration. If *that* commands the slaying of the victim, no bystander has a right to put out his hand to stay the sacrificial knife."

It was thus that her own father pleaded with her to accord a more benignant destiny to Lucy in "Villette," but she could not resist the decree that had gone forth further than to leave her fate doubtful, to be interpreted by each reader in accordance with his preferences. Whether praised or blamed, she would write no otherwise than as her powers tended.

The charge of coarseness which has been preferred against Currer Bell is so serious and unwomanly, that we would give much to deny, rather than extenuate it. It lies mainly against "Jane Eyre," a work in which the author did not, probably, follow the bent of her taste so entirely as in any of her other works. "The Professor" is toned to the quiet side of her genius, "Jane Eyre" approaches to the other limit; and in consequence, this brilliant

and exciting book will draw ten readers to the one who will take down the tamer, more wholesome volume from the shelf. We protest against the character of Rochester, while we confess its extraordinary power, its fascination, and its partial nobleness. We feel the full potency of that haughty, generous, knightly nature, and we wonder not when we see the friendless orphan coming under its spell. But we can not forget that he who holds that simple maiden with "his glittering eye," is a selfish voluptuary and a professed libertine, who would appropriate without scruple a fresh young life to regenerate his own. We are displeased with the coarseness of his wooing, and indignant to find her accepting indignities from her lover without wince or recoil. Even renewed as he is supposed to be at last by the serene influence of love, we can not but feel that there are many delicate fibres of a gentle female heart with which such a man as Rochester would come in perpetual jar. This is the only character in the works of Miss Bronte, which, to use her own forcible expression, leaves a bad taste in the mouth. She herself would never have been able to love her own hero clothed in the flesh, and, left to her pure native instincts, she would never have created such an ideal.

We accept the explanation of her biographer. She had the misfortune to study false models. Rigorously adhering to her own canon—to follow nature rather than æsthetical rules—she looked around her little circle for the rudiments of a hero. At home she saw her brother Branwell, not then sunk to his depths in infamy, but indulging in a wholly unpardonable license of speech in the presence of his sisters. Others too of her few male friends, men of worth otherwise, were noticeable for their want of proper reticence before women. Miss Bronte was wholly unconscious of this defect in her compositions, and nothing pained her so much as to be accused of any lack of modesty and proper

decorum. An author said to her jestingly, "You know, you and I, Miss Bronte, have both written naughty books." The remark sank deep into her heart, and she took occasion afterward to ask a judicious friend "whether, indeed, there was any thing so very wrong in 'Jane Eyre.'" Her own emphatic disclaimer of any intention of a coarse and indelicate use of her faculties ought to settle the purity of her intentions. "I trust God will take from me whatever power of invention or expression I may have, before He lets me become blind to the sense of what is fitting or unfitting to be said."

Miss Bronte was acutely, and, we think, unnecessarily sensitive to the question of sex in authorship. She asked no clemency of her critics because she was a woman, but wished to be judged by the intrinsic merits of her works. It was for this that she veiled herself under the ambiguous *nom de plume* of "Currer Bell." A reviewer could not wound her more acutely than by grounding a discussion of the equality of the sexes on her writings, however adroitly and gallantly he might compliment her personally. She came near breaking friendship with one of her ablest and most appreciative critics, because he persisted in remembering that she was a woman. "Come what will," she says, "I can not when I write think always of myself, and of what is elegant and charming in femininity; it is not on these terms, or with such ideas, I ever took pen in hand; and if it is only on such terms my writings will be tolerated, I shall pass away from the public, and trouble it no more. Out of obscurity I came, to obscurity I can easily return."

However masculine the genius of Miss Bronte, both as to its strength and freedom, we are sure nothing adhered to her nature which was not wholly true, feminine, and lovely. Fame did not elate—it only tuned her heart to more hopefulness and courage. She received the acclama-

tions of the public quietly and with a sort of ostrich longing to hide herself from notoriety. Occasional visits to London where all her outgoings and incomings were chronicled, and every public appearance was made under storm from a battery of admiring eyes, was enough to disorganize and disable her for a month, and her only restorative was to bury herself speedily in her solitary native moors. Miss Bronte was above the poor affectation of disparaging criticism—a genuine, honest, appreciative review, though not unmixed with blame, cheered her like the wine of the gods. "My own conscience I satisfy first; and having done that, if I further content and delight a Forsarde, a Fonblanque, and a Thackeray, my ambition has had its ration; it is fed; it lies down for the present satisfied; my faculties have wrought a day's task, and secured a day's wages."

Currer Bell has been called a great "word artist." The phrase is happily descriptive, for there is in all her writings a nice adjustment of words to thoughts, a judicious fitting of the right term into the right place, and a chiseled finish of touch which may be called in the best sense artistic. She was so careful and even fastidious in the dress of her thoughts, that the work of composition always proceeded slowly, and yet it was not ear-harmonies, music, or rhythm which she mainly sought; it was for the higher end of expressing the exact shade of thought which lay in her own mind, that she selected her words as carefully as a maiden assorts the worsteds for her embroidery. No pruner's knife can be laid to her compositions. We do not believe a slovenly, overgrown, trailing sentence can be found; consequently we read her with more pleasure than many other authors equally great but less pains-taking.

The one word which best characterizes Currer Bell is *power*. When she puts forth her strength she masters and exhausts. Her delineations are startling in their intense and vivid

reality. No living novelist can wield language with a more incredible and terrific force. Take the following description of the world's greatest *tragédienne* :

"I went to see and hear Rachel ; a wonderful sight ; terrible as if the earth had cracked deep at your feet and revealed a glimpse of hell. I shall never forget it. She made me shudder to the marrow of my bones ; in her some fiend has certainly taken up an incarnate home. She is not a woman ; she is a snake ; she is the The tremendous force with which she expresses the very worst passions in their strongest essence, forms an exhibition as exciting as the bull-fights of Spain, and the gladiatorial combats of old Rome ; and, it seemed to me, not one whit more moral than these poisoned stimulants to popular ferocity." We can not help thinking that Currer Bell would, had she willed it, have been herself a great tragic writer and won trophies for her sex in a field where few women have safely ventured.

Miss Bronte's descriptive powers are not the least of her wonderful endowments. Her mountains, moors, mists, horizons, "beck's," and torrents are not dazzling catalogues of epithets, but are made to stand out before us in clear vision. We select almost at random a spring landscape : "April advanced to May. A bright serene May it was ; days of blue sky, placid sunshine, and soft western and southern gales filled up its duration. And now vegetation matured with vigor. Lewood shook loose its tresses ; it became all green, all flowery ; its great elm, oak, and ash skeletons were restored to majestic life ; woodland plants sprung up profusely in its recesses ; unnumbered varieties of moss filled its hollows ; and it made a strange ground-sunshine out of the wealth of its wild primrose plants ; I have seen their pale gold gleam, in overshadowed spots like scatterings of the sweetest lusters."

No one knew better than Currer

Bell the measure, bearings and limits of her capacities ; no one had less of the arrogance of universal genius. "I can not," she says, "write books handling the great topics of the day ; it is of no use trying. Nor can I write a book for its moral. Nor can I take up a philanthropic scheme, though I honor philanthropy ; and voluntarily and sincerely veil my face before such a mighty theme as that handled in Mrs. Beecher Stowe's work, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." To manage these great matters rightly, they must be long and practically studied ; their bearings known intimately, and their evils felt genuinely ; they must not be taken up as a business matter and a trading speculation."

Let us hope that in the great reckoning to which this gifted woman was so suddenly called, she was enabled to account to the Master for the wonderful talents with which he had entrusted her, and to enter upon that inheritance which, in the sorrowful days of her pilgrimage, she had loved to style "the *Great Hope*."

ALWAYS FINDING FAULT.

SOME people can not live without finding fault. No matter what subject, or person, comes up in the course of conversation, they start some frivolous objection, or make some censorious remark. Instead of trying to be in charity with their neighbors, they take malicious pleasure in speaking evil about them. They obstinately shut their eyes to good qualities, while they employ microscopes to discover and magnify evil ones ; and afterward they torture language to exaggerate what they have seen, so as to depreciate as much as possible. They do not, however, always speak out boldly ; but they deal in innuendoes, in hints, and in ominous shakes of the head. Instead of frankly assailing in front, they assassinate behind the back. Practically, they persuade others that all men are so evil, that there is not

even a chance of reform. Even in acts incontestably good, they pretend to find latent selfishness. They spend their lives in defiling human nature, like the foul Yahoos whom the satirist has depicted. To believe them, there are none virtuous but themselves; all the rest of mankind being knaves, brutes, or devils.

The proverbial fault-finder little thinks that, in censuring so maliciously and indiscriminately, he is only painting his own portrait. It is a secret consciousness of his demerits, a gnawing rage at the superiority of others, which is the real cause of his want of charity, the principal inducement to his abuse. His own heart is the mirror from which he describes mankind. The best men have been those invariably who spoke the most kindly of their race. The great Type of all manhood, whose perfect humanity is the admiration even of Pagans and Atheists, ever spoke in benignant terms, having charity even for "publicans and sinners." It is to His precepts that we owe the great doctrine of human brotherhood. In the ideal of the fallen Lucifer, we have, on the contrary, the incarnation of malice, hate, slander, ill-will, and all evil speaking. As the One is said to have come to bring "peace and good-will to men," so the other first defiled the fair creation with strife, and sowed "war among the hosts of heaven." We never hear a professed fault-finder, but our thoughts recur to his type. We never listen to the beneficent language of one who is in charity with his race, without feeling that he is advancing more and more to "the perfect man."

"A MAN discovered America, but a woman equipped the voyage." So everywhere: man executes the performance, but woman trains the man. Every effectual person, leaving his mark on the world, is but another Columbus, for whose furnishing some Isabella, in the form of his mother, lays down her jewelry, her vanities, her comfort.

A FAIR SPIRIT AND A FAIR COMPLEXION.

BY MRS. E. M. GUTHRIE.

"LIZZIE, let me never again see you out without your bonnet. Your complexion will be ruined before Fall at this rate, and you must learn to be more careful."

"But, mother, the bird would have been lost had I waited for my bonnet. In a moment more he would have flown over Mr. Hazleton's yard to the river, and likely as not been drowned as was poor little Lillie the other day."

"I should have been sorry if the bird had been lost, but I should regret much more to see my Lizzie with sun-burned shoulders, and face brown as a gipsy. Girls of your age are so thoughtless! They can not realize the *lasting* effects of *seemingly trifling* causes. I know one Fannie Mason whose complexion was fair as your own, but from one summer's imprudence, always forgetting her bonnet when she ran out of doors, her skin became so darkened that she never outgrew that summer's sun-burn."

Had Lizzie's mother been better versed in physiology she might have seen other causes for the change in Fannie Mason's complexion, for there are other habits beside being out-of-doors without a bonnet that will spoil the skin; such as eating unwholesome food, breathing bad air, and other things of the kind.

Lizzie Lamphere was a very pretty miss of fourteen years, with bright hazel eyes, flowing brown hair, and a complexion unusually pure and brilliant. She had also a sweet and loving disposition, but her vanity, aroused by the unsuppressed admiration of her friends, was nourishing a degree of selfishness that sometimes made her forgetful of the comfort of those around her.

As she stood near the door, her pretty singer, Fairy, panting from his flight, perched upon her wrist, and his handsome prison-house swinging from

the fingers of her other hand, Lizzie's father entered.

"Lizzie, my child, you have just now committed a very rude action, and I am deeply grieved to see you so thoughtless."

Lizzie, in her extreme concern for the pet-bird, had hastened across the street, then through a neighboring yard and garden to secure him. In the eagerness of her pursuit, fearing that his fate might repeat that of the luckless Lillie, she had become so absorbed in the one thought of rescuing Fairy, that when he was once secure, she bounded gaily back to report her good fortune. A little girl was passing at the time with a basket of strawberries, but Lizzie in her heedlessness brushing past the child, the berries were all emptied on the walk. This Miss Lamphere was too much absorbed to notice, and for this her father reproved her. She was annoyed at the mingled reproof of both parents. Herself so happy that the bird was safe, she did not wish to think of any thing else, and to receive in place of the sympathy she had anticipated, blame, for what she regarded as trifling misdemeanors, was too much, and she passionately burst into tears.

"Lizzie was so much rejoiced at the rescue of her bird that she brushed against the child without knowing it," interposed the mother.

"I should have been very sorry to lose the bird, but nothing I think could more sorely grieve me than this thoughtless act toward one less favored than yourself, my Lizzie," said Mr. Lamphere, taking his daughter's hand within his own.

Lizzie thought many rebellious thoughts which she would like to have uttered, but she only strove to disengage her hand which her father retained with gentle firmness.

"Come with me to the window, Lizzie," said her father; "see the poor child gathering the fruit from the dusty pavement. Could you be thus heroic under misfortune?"

Then Mr. Lamphere told his daugh-

ter of the death of this child's father, of the illness of her mother, and that he had been told that she took care of her poor mother with the fortitude of a woman.

"These berries," said he, "she was doubtless taking home as a rare treat to her darling parent."

Lizzie, half pettishly, yet half yielding to a better mood, had gone to the window, and there she saw the patient, care-worn face of the little girl, bending over her scattered treasure, her thin fingers brushing the dirt from each berry as she gathered them from off the ground. This touched the tenderness of her nature. Throwing her arms around her father's neck, the tears rendered now brilliant the smile on her face as she whispered:

"Father, I am sorry for my rudeness."

With a step quite as eager, and an expression of countenance far more lovely than while returning in triumph with the bird, she hastened to the side of the child.

"Forgive me, little girl, for upsetting your basket. I was so glad that I had caught my birdie, that I saw or thought of nothing else. Do n't stop to pick these berries from the dirty walk. Come with me to my own little strawberry-bed, and I will fill your basket with fresh ones."

The child looked up with a wondering glance, hardly prepared to believe the elegant young miss sincere in addressing one so humble as herself in a manner at once so free and kind.

Little Carrie Norton, for this was the poor little girl's name, had suffered the loss of her berries without a murmur, only a softer shade of sadness passed over her pale brow. One who observed closely, however, could see that it was hard for her to keep the tears down, for the day was exceedingly warm, and she was very weary; and the thought of her sick mother haunted her unceasingly. Any affectionate evidence of kindly feeling from any save her mother, was, alas! so rare a thing, that Lizzie's words were

like the sun's heat to a tender plant long shut away from light. The strained energies of the child yielded to intense emotion. Her agitation was so great that Lizzie almost carried her, sobbing into the yard.

Oh! what a thrill of pleasure swept like a strain of music through Lizzie's soul as she supported Carrie's little figure! The beautiful intuition which ever springs up with a strongly generous impulse, made Lizzie's voice eloquent to the little stranger as she led her into the house and gave her "a cup of cold water," and then took her into the garden to gather berries from her own vines.

Lizzie's father watched all that passed with intense interest, and he felt that the pain he had experienced from the thoughtlessness of his daughter was more than atoned for, for he now beheld an earnest *beauty of heart* that he had feared she might not possess.

That afternoon Lizzie and her father were led by the little girl to her home that they might learn of her mother's wants, but they were soon convinced that Carrie would ere long be without a mother; but a young and gentle hand was entrusted with a new ministration above that humble couch. The cooling draught to the parched lips, the soft hand to the death-cold brow, the warm words of sympathy fresh from the newly-opened fountain of love in that young breast served to brighten "the valley of the shadow of death."

When sitting beside the sick-bed, Lizzie would recall the flight of little Fairy, and she felt that angels must have guided his frail wings, so beautiful was the mission he had opened in her pathway; for if she had not in her eagerness upset the basket of berries, this rock of disinterested devotion from whence flowed such sweet water in the wilderness of her self-love had not been struck.

Often in after years, as with arms entwined about each other Lizzie and Carrie walked together, this event

would recur to them. Lizzie would think of her two misdemeanors—her running out without her bonnet, and her upsetting the strawberries. As the words of her mother echoed in her ears, "Girls of your age are so thoughtless—they know not the *lasting effect of trifling causes*," she would exclaim: "Oh, how much darker, how much more really ineffaceable would have been the shade upon my spirits, dear Carrie, had I treated my rudeness to you as a trifling matter, than could have been the sun-burn that defaced the beauty of Fannie Mason. Oh, let me possess a true and gentle heart, rather than the external beauty of a Cleopatra!"

ROCKTON, ILL.

THE WIFE'S REPLY.

BY RUTH BUCK.

Thou askest me what offerings bright
From climes beyond the sea,
Thou mayest collect with loving pride,
To lavish upon me?

I seek not costly gems to grace
My brow: thou say'st 'tis fair;
And if it be, why, love, should I
Thy glance with jewels share?

Why speakest thou of Orient pearls
To lay upon my breast?
I have a treasure dearer far,
And fitter there to rest:

Thy child and mine my bosom claims,
Thereon repose to seek,
And all the pearls the ocean hides
Are worthless near his cheek.

And when upon his face I gaze,
With rapture there I see,
What pearls or diamonds could not yield—
A likeness, love, of thee.

Speak then no more of things like these;
When thou com'st home again,
The joy of seeing thee will make
All other treasures vain.

But if thou would'st that joy increase,
I'll gladly tell thee how—
Bring, bring me back thy heart again
As much my own as now!

COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

THE very good and the very bad among mankind, albeit they form the ordinary humanity of most novels, are rare in actual life. If we descend from the heights of rose-colored romance to the sober gray valley of this work-a-day world, we shall find that there is generally some saving-clause of good in the wicked, some fault or failing in the virtuous, to redeem the one from absolute atrocity, and the other from complete perfection. There is happily a medium between all extremes, and human beings are not half of them guileless lambs, and the other half exultant wolves ready to pounce upon them, as romancists would have us believe. Moreover, even the modified heroes and villains of real life form but a very small portion of the world's *dramatis personæ*. The vast body of mankind consist of those who are neither detestably bad nor admirably good; overwhelming clever, or pitifully stupid — of the *common-place*, in a word. It is they who leaven society, as it were, and render it of a due consistency; it is they who act as the chorus to the drama, the background to the picture, and who, though not heroic themselves, are necessary adjuncts to the heroism of others.

It is wisely ordered thus, and the more so that all these supernumeraries in the great drama of life have little dramatic episodes of their own, whereof they individually are the heroes and heroines. No one is insignificant to himself; and the most common-place being in the world would assuredly be the last person to suspect the small degree of his own value in the social scale. On the contrary, your ordinary sort of man generally believes himself to be a Napoleon, a Shakspeare, or a Newton, according as his tastes and pursuits are military, literary, or scientific. Often, too, the world is partially deluded into the same belief; for it is a credulous world in some respects; and when it sees a man holding implicit faith in himself,

it is very apt to appraise him by his own standard. It is astonishing to think of the number of people who are held to be wonderfully clever, not to say geniuses, simply on the strength of their personal conviction that they are so. They have never done any thing to prove it — never will probably; but they have the benefit of the *prestige* now, and will carry it with them even to the grave. Did any one ever know a doctor who was not termed "a remarkably skillful man?" or a lawyer, who was not accounted a shrewd, talented fellow? or a clergyman, who was not pronounced to be either most eloquent or most excellent by a sufficient number of individuals to constitute a public? In fact, if we might believe in all the opinions we hear, talent is the rule, and want of it the exception, in this present age. Men and women of intellect are the common-place; the only moderately intelligent and the stupid are the few — the *rareæ aves*.

But we — you and I, reader — don't believe all we hear, and we know better of what calibre of humanity the various classes of the common-place are actually composed. We know, too, how often "the world" — principally made up of those very classes, we remember — is mistaken in its judgments, as to who are, and who are not common-place people. We have marked numerous instances when it has done honor to the daw in peacock's feathers, and when, to carry out the ornithological comparison, it has neglected or deposed the nightingale, because it was so brown and homely a bird to look at. Was it not only the other evening, at Mrs. Ormolu's dinner-party, that Mr. Jones, after conversing through one course and a half with his left-hand neighbor, pronounced him in an aside to the lady on his right, one of the dullest, most inane, and most common-place individuals? And was not Mr. Jones put to the blush when he was informed that his dull and inane acquaintance was the world-renowned artist, whose pictures are

known, admired, and prized by all Europe? Be more cautious another time, Mr. Jones, in forming your opinion of strangers, and, for your reputation's sake, be less precipitate in expressing it when formed. Do not again judge a man's intellect after half an hour's conversation with him, particularly at a dinner-party. Perhaps it requires not a large intellect, but a little one, to constitute the stock in trade of the sayer in smart things and agreeable nothings, who is so valuable an adjunct to assemblies, and who is pronounced "a most clever, pleasant person" by Mr. Jones and others.

"Appearances are deceitful," says the school-copies. It is to be feared that the round-text moralities of the writing-master make but a small impression on the minds of youth, or that it soon wears off; for when boys grow to man's estate, they are apt to run exactly counter to the excellent advice contained in those pithy little sentences. How many people of our acquaintance do *not* judge from appearances? Let a man quote from one or two abstruse books, interlard his conversation with Latin and Greek, comb his hair but seldom, and shave less frequently, and he will find a sufficient number of persons quite ready to admire him as the wisest, most erudite of men. In the same way, a man who dresses well, speaks with respectful regard for Lindley Murray, and does not outarge the *bien-seances*, is considered and denominated a *gentleman*. Well, perhaps after all, it is a wise world to be so credulous! If the outside is fair, let us be content with *that*, without seeking to look deeper. Let us believe in the talent of one person, the amiability of another, just as we do in the solidity of our rose-wood tables. Let us banish the consciousness that they are only veneered, and that if we cut into the wood, we shall find that the polish does not extend beyond the surface. At any rate, I, who am an unappreciated, and therefore a cynical being, have resolved to do so for the future.

But *revenons a nos moutons* — that is to say to our common-place people. As I have indicated, I hope, by the foregoing anecdote of Jones, the balance is kept tolerably even. If one set of people are over-rated, the really talented, the unquestionably superior, are often treated very shabbily by that great autocrat, public opinion. I myself am thought little of by ordinary minds. As I have said, the world is principally made up of common-place people, and it naturally seeks its heroes from among its peers, *Parmi les aveugles les borgnes sont rois*. People with two eyes have no chance.

However, I will add, for I like to be impartial — that my wife, who is of a more genial temperament than I am, takes altogether another view of the subject. She thinks (I put it into elegant language for her, as she is not literary) that common-placeism *per se* does not exist. Everybody is interesting to one or two others in the world; for instance, every man who has a mother has some one to admire and love him — to think him a hero or a sage — most handsome, most clever, or most excellent in some way. He is never common-place to *her*. Moreover, my wife declares her belief, confirmed by observation, that if we could thoroughly understand the idiosyncrasy, or be made intimately acquainted with the *lives* of even those people we ourselves are apt to decry as common-place, we should be sure to find special individualities, both of thought, and feeling, and action, to redeem them from the character. Therefore, she triumphantly concludes, since the world's common-place people are *my* heroes, and my common-place people are very often God's heroes and heroines — where are we to find absolutely common-place.

I am to remember, she says, my old-bachelor cousin Harte, whom I always used to wonder at, as the most perfect specimen of human clock-work, wound up to go to the bank daily, write there for six hours, and return to his lodgings — and who could n't do any thing

else, I verily believed, except potter about the back garden of his lodgings, read the newspaper, and cut out a man with a cocked hat, in card-board to amuse the children, when he came to us to tea. Well, how was I to know that all the time he might have been put into a book as an example of constancy, courage, and all that sort of thing? I hardly knew that such a person as Anna Lyle existed, much less that they had loved each other ever since they were boy and girl together. But they were both poor, and Anna had a helpless father dependent on her for support; so they both worked on, loved one another, and had patience. They were middle aged before they married. Yes, I remember I *was* astonished when Harte quietly introduced his wife to us, and for the first time I noticed something in his face. In fact, I've not thought him at all common-place since.

I confess, also, that I never thought much about little Charlotte Selby—one of Selby the merchant's three daughters. Her elder sister was the more accomplished, and the younger was far handsomer. She appeared to me a very ordinary kind of medium, in age, looks, and abilities. I never should have suspected her of the quiet energy, the sense and courage she displayed when her father failed and the family were reduced to poverty and privation. She was the mainstay and support of all the rest through the whole trying time that the broken-down merchant was struggling with difficulties. The clever sister made money by her pen; the handsome one, who had married brilliantly, helped the fallen family, as she should; but I admit at once that I admire and respect little Charlotte far beyond either the authoress or the beauty, though they are both good women in their way.

Further, I am reminded—but my wife's examples would be endless. I shall name no more. I submit to her so far as to her own, that there may be plenty more Hartes and Charlottes

among my common-place acquaintances, even among those that I grumble at when they are invited to tea, and call "limpets" and "pumpany." Yes, yes, any thing and every thing she says is true, no doubt.

I deny nothing—and I shall not go over my own case again. Judge between us, oh reader, and decide for thyself upon this knotty question.

COLD FEET.

NOTHING is more inducive of pulmonary disease than cold feet. Cold feet can not possibly occur if the circulation is properly kept up. A sense of coldness in them is an indication that they are not sufficiently protected by clothing. Our bodies are often overburdened with overcoats and wrapping-shawls, while our limbs are but imperfectly covered. Now there is nothing more dangerous than allowing the feet to become damp and cold. Health requires that they should always be kept warm and dry. It is better to pay the tailor and shoemaker, and hosier, for preventing your health, than to pay the doctor for curing you after you are ill.

Recall some of your past experience, and you will soon discover that two-thirds of the colds you have suffered from were produced by getting cold and wet feet. The Indians understood this fully. In their wigwams they always laid down with their feet toward the fire. When they were traveling in cold weather, and are compelled to open air, they dig a hole in the earth, in the center of which they build a fire, and then lie down in a circle, each one hanging his legs into the hole. In this custom they have the simple guidance of experience.

We must walk through life as through the Swiss mountains, where a hasty word may bring down an avalanche.

WALTER GORDON.

BY JAS. O. PERCIVAL.

I.

IT was a wild, wild night. Out of doors a fierce winter wind howled around the housetops, ever and anon giving some ill-confined gate or shutter a sullen slam, and now making tall trees to bend as it whistled its dismal songs through their leafless branches. Truly it *was* a wild, wild night, and the very elements seemed in their wild hoarse howling to be chanting a discordant requiem to the dying year.

Far down in a dark and lonely valley, away from the brightly lighted homes and shops, where no friendly lamp stood to guide the feet into the truest path, stood an old dilapidated house. Time had evidently done its work upon it, for but few of the windows were perfect, and the loose clapboards kept up a noisy clatter in the stormy night-wind. Outside, the building was a ruinous object to behold, and inside the prospect was no more inviting. The room was small, and scantily, very scantily furnished. In one corner lay a rude pallet of straw, honored with the title of "bed," while an old cracked stove, a rough pine table, a chest, and a few old chairs constituted the remaining furniture of the room. Two persons only seemed in the room. Both were females—one seemingly in the prime of her life; the other hardly out of her teens, yet both showing plainly the marks of want and poverty.

"Jane," spoke the eldest, breaking the silence, in a weak, feeble voice, "don't work any longer to-night. Hear!" she said, "it's eight now;" and as she spoke, the deep, ringing tones of some city clock told loudly the hour.

"Yes, yes!" answered the one addressed as Jane, "I will in a minute or two when I've finished this piece," and again a silence prevailed, broken only by the rapid flying of the needle.

"Jane," said the voice again, when at last the girl's task had been laid

aside, "it's just a twelvemonth to-night since the news came, the bad news, Jane, that was our New Year's gift;" and as the woman spoke, she turned her eyes mournfully toward a portrait hanging upon the wall. It was a picture of one seemingly in the very pride of his manhood. The features were open and frank, the hair glossily black and curly, while the wide open collar and blue-spotted neck handkerchief showed evidences of a seaman's hand. Long gazed the woman at the picture, until tear after tear chased each other down her pale wan cheek, and sigh after sigh escaped her bosom.

"Oh, Mary! Mary!" said the other compassionately, "do n't mourn. The bad news *may* be untrue, although if it is not, we should bear in mind that it is God's will, and not complain. So, Mary, do n't weep, for the New Year's gift may at last be found to be a false one." She stopped suddenly, but immediately added in a lower tone, and fervently, "God grant that it may be."

"No, no, Jane," answered the older one, "you're wrong; something tells me so. He'll never come back—no, never."

"It may be so, Mary, but I hope and pray not. Don't you remember what he himself used to tell us—'It's ever the darkest just before day!' We've been in the dark long, Mary, and it *does* look gloomy ahead, but I feel that the morning for us will break soon—very soon."

Walter Gordon, whose portrait, hanging upon the wall of the wretched home into which we have just looked, was the only sign of "better times" the room contained, was a sailor, who, years before, had left home and family to buffet gale and tempest in search of wealth. The voyage was a long and dangerous one, but the hope of accruing by it an easy competence which might enable him to pass the remainder of his days in the midst of a happy and loved family circle, caused him to forget all its dangers. His

ship sailed, and for a time his anxious family often heard from him, but at length all tidings suddenly ceased for a time, and then the "bad news" came, which said that the proud ship had sank in mid ocean, and all of the noble crew found a watery grave. It was a terrible blow to Mary Gordon, but for a time she bore it bravely, hoping and praying that the news might prove untrue, but no contradicting tale came back, and at length her last hope faded and was gone. Misfortunes, they say, seldom come single, and so it proved in her case, for hardly had the "bad news" been received, before all her little property was taken from her by the designing lawyer, in whose hands Walter Gordon had left it. Bowing under these misfortunes, Mary Gordon seemed almost heart-broken. Such was the state of things when our little story opened.

II.

LAWYER Budd sat in his little office. A confirmed old bachelor, he usually slept in a small room adjoining it, getting his meals at some down-town restaurant. It was the last night of the year, and he held in his hand a sort of schedule of his year's affairs, the "footing up" of which he frequently viewed with great complacency.

"Ten thousand," he muttered to himself; "that is n't des'put bad for a pretty tight sort of a year;" and Mr. Budd having thus delivered himself, settled his chin in his collar, crossed his legs, and began whistling a non-descript sort of an air with great apparent satisfaction. "Let's see," he said again after a pause; "that Gordon estate settled up pretty richly for me, yes, and the Hitchcock and Jones estate wound up tol'ibly, not bad by any means." The lawyers suddenly stopped, and a troubled expression passed over his face. "What if that Gordon should turn up after all," he muttered, as he rose and nervously paced up and

down the room; "would n't I be in a —"

A loud knock upon his office door interrupted his soliloquy, and his face turned red, then pale as he threw open the door. A stranger, or one who seemed a stranger, entered. He was of medium size, rather thick set, with dark curling hair, and a rich and lustrous eye black as jet, which he fastened full upon the trembling lawyer.

"Mr. Budd, I believe?" he said, as he helped himself to a seat near the fire.

"The same, and at your service, sir," returned the questioned one.

"So far so good," said the stranger; "I thought this was the place, though I had n't seen it before in several years. It's proper cold out, ain't it?"

"Yes! 't is quite coolish that's a fact," answered the lawyer uneasily. "Do you reside in the place?"

"I did once, but have not been in it for several years before to-night."

"Traveling, eh?" suggested the lawyer.

"Traveling—yes, or wandering rather all over the globe, with no chance to see home or friends until now. Traveling—yes, indeed, I *have* been traveling, on a long, long journey."

Lawyer Budd moved nervously in his chair, for the thought of who the stranger might be seemed to make him uncomfortable.

"Then you *have* lived here before?" he continued, the color leaving his face as he spoke.

"Oh, yes! certainly I have. I only went away to follow my chosen vocation, leaving behind me dear ones in the care of one who, taking advantage of the rumor that I was lost at sea, showed himself a hollow-hearted rascal by robbing, yea, robbing coolly and deliberately those unprotected ones of their earthly all." The stranger seemed to grow excited as he spoke, gazing at the same time fiercely into the lawyer's face.

Lawyer Budd was violently agitated, and paced rapidly up and down the

office, stopping at length suddenly before the seeming stranger, he demanded his name.

"My name, sir," he answered, promptly yet politely, "is WALTER GORDON, and let me tell you now, that if you do not before to-morrow night make full and complete reparation for your infamy to those whom you have wronged, I will make you feel the strong arm of the law if there is any such in the land."

He rose as he spoke preparatory to leaving, and when he had finished, left the office, leaving the excited and discomfited lawyer to the quiet of his own reflections.

"This is a very interesting state of things I should think," he muttered to himself, as the door closed upon his unwelcome visitor. "Just got it all fixed and settled square, and who should pop up but him, the dog. Well, I'm headed this time anyway, and I do n't s'pose there's any use growling 'bout it now. I'll play the honest game now, and make reparation, as he calls it; but never mind, I'll be up with him yet—I will if I live;" and comforting himself with these words, he sat down by a little table to fill out the papers requisite in placing Walter Gordon's property in their hands.

All this, kind reader, was years ago, for experience in the ways of the world has taught the scheming lawyer the truth of the school-boy's plain motto, "Cheating never prospers," and to-day you might go far before finding a more honest man than Reuben Budd. But let us return to the wretched home in the alley.

* * * * *

Wearily the night wore on. Outside, the wind had increased to a tempest, and howled more wildly than ever. In the house the thin dip candle had burnt itself down, flickered, and gone out. The few red and dying embers in the old cracked stove had faded slowly and turned to ashes, and there they sat, sister and wife, waiting for something, they knew not what.

"There's a knock at the door, Jane."

Wearily the girl rose up, and flung open the door. The night was dark, fearfully dark, but an uncertain gleam of moonlight showed a strange form standing upon the threshold.

"Will you come in?" said Mary Gordon, who, unperceived, had followed to the door. Could she have seen the stranger's face as she spoke, his flushed cheek, and upturned eye, she might have wondered as to his mission, but the thick murky darkness shut it from her view.

Walter Gordon—for the stranger was no other than he—for a moment did not answer, but stepping near to his questioner, folded her to his bosom in one long, loving embrace; and as the winds blew wildly, and the bells told loudly the departure of the old, and the incoming of the New Year, could be heard the woman's voice:

"Oh Walter! Walter! thank God you've come at last."

III.

"So they told you that the Dolly'd gone down with all on board, did they?" said Walter Gordon.

They were seated, not in the desolate and ruinous home where we last left them, but in a warm comfortable apartment. There was no lamp in the room, but a grate full of glowing coals, diffused through the apartment a genial warmth, shedding at the same time a subdued light upon the brightly polished furniture, and gleaming cheerily upon the contented and joyous faces of the little household group.

"Yes, Walter," answered Mary Gordon, "that is what they told us; but thank God, it was not so. We were in the dark as Janie said a long time, but out of the gloomiest hour came the brightest morning. As you used to say, so we found it, 'It is ever the darkest just before day.'"

BUFFALO, 1867.

WALTHAM BOND; OR, THE COPIED DAGUERRETYPE.

BY MRS. H. E. G. ARRY.

CHAPTER I.

IT was the twenty-second of February. The flags from many a roof and cornice flung out their musty folds to the cool breeze with a flouting sound, like a sudden shout of triumph. The sleigh-bells mingled their near or far-off ching-a-ring through the streets, and the gay crowds dashed past, with bright ribbons fluttering on the air, and merry tones echoing on every side. A very young man clothed in plain but well-kept garments, had paused for a moment at the corner of the street to watch the gay panorama that was sweeping past him. And as he looked, his eye and his nostril dilated, and there came upon his lip a curve in which the trace of bitterness was just perceptible. But it was only for a moment that this expression was allowed to linger, and he turned hastily down a side street expostulating with himself.

"It is not right," he said; "I know it is not right, this restive murmuring at our fate. But how comfortable I could make my mother with a tithe of what they are spending on these follies to-day. She says God orders it wisely for us all. I know; but how hard it is to feel it so sometimes. Little by little I must gain, patiently as the ant does. It will be very long before I can relieve her from wearing toil, or furnish any thing more than the bare necessities of life for her and our sweet Kitty. I fear I lack courage to struggle with my fate. How shall I be strong when I am away from her? And my father, how much he strove to teach me to have courage in the midst of adversity. How strong he was through all his trials, and how sure always that the day would dawn upon the darkest night. I will ask her for his portrait to take with me, and I will keep it by me always to strengthen and encourage me when this heart-sickness comes."

And the young man mounted two at a time the stairs that led to the neat but narrow apartment where his mother had made her home. She was stooping over a trunk as he entered, and a glance showed its small compass nearly filled with nicely-packed clothing and books.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Waltham; "I did not wish you to spend your precious time in doing this, dear mother; I could do it very well myself after my out-of-door matters were arranged. You have had so much to do for me already."

"I was happy to do it for you, my son," she said, rising, with a smile on her pale thin face; and smoothing back his bright hair from his forehead, she pressed upon it such a kiss as only a mother's lips can give. "It is pleasant to know that every thing that I could furnish for your outfit was here, and it will make you think of me the more when you are far from me. We have finished every thing but this," she added, pointing to the lounge where "sweet Kitty" was lying, striving to finish the button-holes of a linen coat which was to furnish him for his traveling and summer dress.

"Do n't do it, Kitty," said her brother, taking it out of her hand. "You are not well enough to work. I can make a button-hole."

"I can take it now," said his mother, seating herself in her accustomed chair. "I have finished the packing, and poor Kitty is hardly as well as usual to-day."

"I have one favor more to ask, dear mother," said Waltham, seating himself beside her, and detaining her hand a moment to fondle it in his own. "I would like my dear father's daguerreotype, to take with me; I feel so discouraged sometimes, and it will strengthen me to look at his calm resolute face. Can you spare it for me? But, no, mother, I will not take it," he added hastily; for, accustomed as he was to read the changes on her features, he could not but see the expression of pain which his request had

caused. "I was very wrong not to know that you would need it more than I."

"I think we could have it copied, my son," said Mrs. Bond, after a few moments of sad thought.

"Oh no, mother, we can not afford that," said Waltham hastily. I shall come back to you after a few years;" but his voice sunk as the weary length of those years was suggested to his mind; "and then we can all possess it."

"I think I can see a way that I can manage it," said the mother, still musingly; "you do not go out till to-morrow evening's train, and it will leave time to have it taken in the morning. Two dollars will probably pay for it."

"It is too much," said Waltham; "you have spent much more than I was willing you should spend for me already. The memory of the dear home I have left will make me always strong." And he rose up to hide the emotion that had almost mastered him, and occupied himself among the many little tasks that were to be accomplished before his departure.

There was a dimness in the mother's eye that multiplied many times the thread she was stitching into the button-hole. She was thinking of the little pearl pin—almost the only thing that remained from the trinkets of her girlhood. Yes, she could part with that for the sake of gratifying her son in his wish to have the features of his father always near. It was a bridal gift from an uncle she had loved, but she had parted with many little valuables that were just as dear, and she would part with this.

She had nursed her husband through weary years of sickness, and now it was something more than a year since she had seen the dear form laid away from her sight beneath the drifts of winter. Since then she had struggled along with the scant strength and scantier means that were left her, until the increasing prices for the commonest necessities of life, and the frail health of her daughter, had warned

her that something must be done more than they had yet been able to do. A former friend of his father's, had offered to Waltham in one of the thriving towns of the far west, a more promising situation than he could procure at home, and with many misgivings she had given her consent that he should go—misgivings, because of the temptations which would beset him among the loose customs of the region to which he was going. True she had strong confidence in his integrity, but those most hoped and prayed for had often fallen, and there were many fears mingled with the sad thoughts of the widow in this first parting with her only son.

CHAPTER II.

"Affliction is the wholesome soil of virtue,
Where patience, honor, sweet humanity,
Calm fortitude, take root and strongly flourish."

"Who has not known till fortune, never knew
Himself on his own virtue."

ALFRED.

My cousins were going east, having delayed their visit a few days that they might join in the festivities of the twenty-second of February. And though none of our family joined in these festivities, we had been waiting for the same day to pass; for my mother, who had spent the last year with me, was to take this opportunity of returning to her own home in Connecticut. Their departure was fixed for the twenty-fourth, and on the morning of the twenty-third, which was a bright, clear wintry morning—an excellent one for our purpose—she accompanied me to a daguerrean gallery that I might obtain a good portrait of her before she left. I had no good picture of her, and she had never looked more beautiful to me than she did now at the age of fifty, with the mellow sunshine of autumn ripening her features.

Three or four sitters were already in the room when we entered, and we sat looking over the "bijouterie" on the table, until in a short time the

room was emptied of all the waiting company, with the exception of a single individual and ourselves. The artist now came forward blandly from the curtains, where he had dismissed the last sitter, and bowing and rubbing his hands, asked me if I would sit for my portrait. But the other occupant of the room, who had evidently been waiting with some impatience for her turn to come, approached us and said in a clear, lady-like voice :

"I believe it is my turn now, and my time is very precious."

The artist took no notice of the remark, but with a continuance of his bland smile, indicated that we with our velvet cloaks and furs were to have the preference. But when he saw that we waited for him to reply to the last speaker, he turned and said very bluffly :

"Yours is only a copy — it can be done at any time."

"It is, as I told you, for my son, who leaves me to-night, and I must wait for it," she persisted.

She had thrown up the veil that finished her scant mourning, and exhibited in worn features what had certainly been a most noble specimen of womanhood. She had probably never been beautiful, but she was very attractive, and the gray tinge of the crape with which her mantilla was bordered could take away nothing from the look of refinement there was about her.

"If this lady was here first," said I, "we have no right to take her place. We will wait till our turn comes."

The artist was evidently disconcerted, but with a bow and an attempt at the same smile, he took the picture from which he was to copy, and retired behind the curtain. In a marvelously short space of time he reappeared, and presented to her the two cases, at the same time naming two dollars and a half as his price.

"I think you told me two dollars," said she firmly, at the same time opening the new daguerreotype.

"Well, perhaps I did ; two dollars then," said he roughly.

"This is not a good picture, sir," said the woman.

"What fault have you to find with it ?" asked he.

"A great deal, sir," said she, not at all awed by his sharp way of speaking. "In the first place it is very obscure. Some parts can scarcely be seen."

"I think you are mistaken, ma'am," said he, taking it from her ; "I can see it well enough."

"Perhaps so," she replied, with a slight quiver on her lip at the implied sarcasm, "but I can not. It must be distinct in order to be satisfactory," and she was rising up to go.

"No one can find any fault with that picture," said he returning it to her.

"I will leave it to the judgment of these ladies," said she, handing us both the original picture and its copy.

"Perhaps their time is precious as well as yours," said he, evidently ill-pleased to have our judgment in the matter.

But his remonstrance was of no avail ; we already had the pictures in our hands and were examining them. The copy, as she had declared, was a miserable apology for a daguerreotype, but the original was a fine picture of a fine-looking man. My mother's attention was immediately attracted by it, and she took it from my hand and held it out in a new light.

"Very fine," she exclaimed in answer to my assertion that it was a fine face ; "I should think it was the portrait of Waltham Bond."

"It is the portrait of Waltham Bond," said the widow, looking at her in surprise.

"Is it possible !" said my mother scanning her with a surprise quite equal to her own ; "you know him then. I thought all trace of him was lost. Where is he ?"

"He is dead," replied she, her already pale face shading away to the whiteness of the grave.

"Excuse my thoughtlessness," said

my mother, touched with her look of sorrow. "Perhaps you are his widow?"

"I am," said the clear, sad voice.

"And did they find him? Did he receive his fortune before he died? For a long time there was no clue to his whereabouts. They searched for him everywhere before his father's death."

"Is his father dead then?" asked the widow sinking back into her seat.

"Certainly; were you not aware of it? You have not received his inheritance then?"

At this moment the door opened and a young man made his appearance, whose face was an excellent, youthful copy of the portrait we had just been examining.

"Here is strange news for us, Waltham," said his mother in a trembling voice, as he approached her. "This lady tells me that your grandfather is dead, and—but perhaps there is some mistake about the rest."

"No mistake about the property," said my mother. "If you have not received it, there is one of the finest properties in Connecticut waiting for your acceptance."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the young man grasping my mother's hand, "can this be so? Was my father at last forgiven?"

"Fully forgiven," said my mother, "and the last six months before your grandfather's death, the most anxious search was made for him. It was the old gentleman's last wish to see his son once more. His property was left to your father or his heirs, and search was to be made for them for fifteen years. If they were not then found, the estate was to go to various charities."

"Mother! mother!" cried the young man, springing toward her and supporting her as she fell half fainting.

"If he could but have known it," she sobbed, "it would have saved his life. It may save my poor Kitty now. Let us go home my son."

"My carriage is at the door," I suggested, "you are hardly able to walk there now."

"I shall be very happy to give you another copy, if this does not please you," said the smiling and bowing artist, as Mrs. Bond took up her husband's picture from the table.

"It is no matter now," was the reply.

Leaving my mother to have her portrait taken during my absence, I took the widow and her son in my carriage to their own home, and learned as I went, some further particulars of their story. The father of Waltham Bond—a stern old man it seemed—had been so much displeased with his son's marriage into the family of a small mechanic, that he had disinherited him, and declared that he would never see or hear from him again. So firmly had he kept this resolution, that the letters his son addressed to him, when he found himself in embarrassed circumstances, were invariably returned unopened. And the son at last discouraged at any attempts at reconciliation, had removed West, and made no further effort to communicate with his family. His only brother had died subsequently, and his father's last days were embittered by the thought that the only heir of his large property could not be found, and it might have to go to strangers. This last fact I obtained afterward from my mother. Her journey east was delayed yet another day, and then there was an accession to their party in the family of Mrs. Bond. This is my story of the copied daguerreotype.

* * * * *

"But, Auntie," said one of the little group of listeners in aunt Rachel's parlor, "is n't Waltham Bond the same Squire Bond that lives in that beautiful place on the hill in C. . . ?"

"Yes, the same," said aunt Rachel.

"And that pale woman who is so much beloved by every one, and so useful among the poor—that is his mother I suppose. I have seen her and knew that she lived there."

"Yes, that is his mother, and the hale and handsome Mrs. Townsend of the same place, is 'poor sweet Kitty,' who might long since have filled a

consumptive's grave, if the unfortunate circumstances in which she was reared, had continued. They are excellent people, and seem never in their wealth to have forgotten 'the sweet uses of adversity.'"

MY SUSQUEHANNA HOME.

IS there a spot in all the circle of our recollection upon which the mind delights to dwell, as much as the home of our childhood? Does any one remember of ever seeing hills as green, or flowers as lovely as those that adorned the play-grounds of his youth? The aged, with brow furrowed by time and care, ever revert with pleasure to the scenes and sports of youth, that many checkered years and scenes of thrilling interest have not effaced. It was my fortune, in childhood's merry days, to have a home in Pennsylvania, on the banks of the Susquehanna. 'Twas a quiet country place, and an old stone house, brown and queer, standing near the river's bank, constituted that long remembered institution — our childhood home. A lovely spot was that, lonely and sequestered as it was. The broad, blue water lay in front, and on the opposite shore, far as the eye could reach, an old gray mountain stood up boldly against the sky. An inexhaustible field of amusement was that river. In winter, its broad sheet of ice so tempting; and in summer, we could study the art of navigation, by paddling a canoe along the shore, or sit upon the bank and watch the noble steamers, as they came plunging down the river, and passed our home like a comet, leaving only a train of smoke, and a dark track in the waters behind. But the glory of that spot, was in the Indian summer days. Nothing could exceed the beauty of those hills, when autumn had just deepened the green of their mossy carpet, and thrown a richer shade on the crimson crest of the lofty trees.

Then, as the sun sank through the blue mist, and disappeared behind the

mountains, its golden rays would come beaming through their shaggy tops, and across the water, like wandering rays from some brighter sphere. The companion of all those happy days was a gentle brother, and together we explored the hills for miles around. We took the latitude of all the bird's-nests that our territory afforded, and counted all the rabbits that resided within a square mile.

Ten years passed away thus. Ten years we played along that river, or sailed over its bosom; and then he passed away. The little hands that rowed our boat were folded in everlasting rest, and a little willow on the river bank, shows where he sleeps. Thus it is with childhood's friends and associations. They pass, and give place to others, but are never forgotten.

I have seen New England's beauty, her little villages nestled among the hills, her splendid rivers and wild mountain scenery, and the summer landscapes of the South where flowers always bloom; but I never beheld a spot so lovely, where the air was so pure, and the sky so bright, as that home on the Susquehanna. SIGMA.

HAPPINESS OF WORKING MEN.—The situation or social position of the poor — and by that word we mean the laboring population — is by no means so deficient in comfort as many believe. "The mechanics," says Lord Byron, "and working classes who can maintain their families, are, in my opinion, the happiest body of men. Poverty is wretchedness; but it is, perhaps, to be preferred to the heartless, unmeaning dissipation of the higher orders." A popular author says, "I have no propensity to envy any one, least of all the rich and great; but if I were disposed to this weakness, the subject of my envy would be a healthy young man, in full possession of his health and faculties, going forth in the morning to work for his wife and children, or bringing them home his wages at night."

GEORGE MORETON'S MARRIAGE.

BY MISS M. A. RIPLEY.

"GEORGE Moreton married! I am as much surprised as if it were myself!"

I had taken up the evening paper, and was sitting by the open window, sheltered from the prying eyes of passers-by by the fragrant roses which clung to the lattice, and, as was my wont, had turned to the column wherein I had for the last dozen years, found recorded the obituary and marriage notices—the last, in my opinion, but a variation of the former. I saw the list headed, "Moreton—Howe," and I read the paragraph over and over again, for I was not credulous enough to believe its story at the first reading; and then I dropped the paper, and leaned my head back against the chair, and fell to musing as to what the charm might be, which had compelled my friend Moreton to renounce his old plans of perpetual bachelorship, and fetter himself with the care of a family. I remembered his fastidious notions as to what constituted an agreeable lady and attractive wife, and concluded Miss Emma Howe must have descended from an angelic sphere, very recently. I also called to mind his ideas of the necessity of an uncounted number of circular bits of yellow metal, cycleped dollars, to the continuation of connubial bliss, and felt certain the lady must be an heiress. I knew also his aversion to "marrying a whole family," in other words, to having brothers, sisters, aunts, and uncles; cousins first, second, and third, interesting themselves in the affairs of Mr. George Moreton, and exclaimed, "She must be an orphan!"—in which last conclusion I was correct.

In a day or two, a very neat envelope addressed to myself, was left at the door, and when I saw the enclosed wedding-card, I learned that the happy pair—I use a stereotyped phrase—were established at "No. 77 Linton Avenue." And then I bethought me that it must be at the cottage

left to Moreton by an old uncle, who had eschewed marriage, and who, even in his last illness, would have no woman about his house, but steadfastly required all services to be performed by an old gray-headed negro, who had followed him through all trial for more than thirty years. And the old man seemed really to love the ebony domestic, who presided over his kitchen arrangements, and humored his childish whims; and left him a comfortable house and a little garden, in which the old negro raised a few vegetables, and quite a variety of gaudy flowers—exercising his uncultivated African taste with no restraint whatever.

But the cottage was vacant after the uncle's death, and the rooms seemed desolate enough. It was far more pleasant in the garden, which owed its nicely-kept walks, and trim arbors, and clustering white and purple grapes, to the faithful care of the above mentioned African, who would insist that Mr. George Moreton would sometime bring a wife there; which proposition Mr. George Moreton would treat with dignified silence, or with a command for no more nonsense of that sort. At that time he really thought it *was* nonsense for him to think of marriage. He had too much regard for any one he might prefer for a wife, to say nothing of his love for himself, to venture his bark on the sea of wedded life, unless it were properly ballasted with gold. He could not think of happiness, unless it were accompanied by a degree of ease and luxury. "How then has George Moreton been induced to marry?" was a question which was continually in my mind, and which I was determined to solve.

I found myself one sweet Sabbath evening leisurely taking my way to Linton Avenue. Evidently I was in search of No. 77. I had that morning been very early in my seat at church—Moreton and myself occupied one pew—and had very kindly, as I thought, allowed my friend to pass in and sit next his wife. I had never shown him such attention before, rather

preferring the corner seat, which was very comfortable for a person with my somnolent habits. And Moreton begged me to call soon — that night — and become acquainted with his wife. "And," said he, just as the minister commenced his invocation, "I'll tell you all about it." I did not wait for an introduction when the service was closed, but hastened to my rooms, there to feel my bachelorship very lonely. Heretofore I had frequently taken Moreton home with me to dinner, and then we had spent the afternoon together. I managed to get through the day, and soon after tea, I started to pay my respects to the bride. I observed, as I passed through the garden, that the walks were carefully swept, and, as I glanced at the house, that the parlor windows were thrown open. The whole place had a more inviting, home-like aspect than formerly.

Moreton saw me and met me at the door. He grasped my hand with his old-fashioned heartiness, and taking my hat, led me to the parlor. After a formal introduction, which I wished were a great deal less ceremonious, for his wife was really beautiful — not the doll-like beauty which some fancy, but that of health, and intelligence, and cultivation combined — we commenced a very pleasant chat. I soon discovered that the lady was reared in the country, but having early in life lost her parents, had spent a large portion of her time in the neighboring city, where her taste in literature and art, had been abundantly gratified. It was entertaining to listen to her criticisms upon the works which had recently been on exhibition there. She had evidently read and thought much. Her national pride was a strong principle within her. Said she, "I wonder Americans do not support and encourage their own artists! If we find a painting is American, its value in our eyes is instantly lessened. Europeans do not thus undervalue home talent. If they discover a choice picture in our galleries, the first question

is, 'When did the artist come over?'" Well, the evening was flying rapidly away. I was aware of that, charmed as I was; so I glanced at my watch, and rising, begged the privilege of calling frequently, which was readily accorded.

"Wait for me, Vane," said Moreton.

So I stopped at the foot of the steps until he came, and taking my arm, we walked slowly down town.

"I told you I would tell you all about my marriage," he began. "So I shall keep my word with you to-night. You remember my visiting the city a year ago, to attend the commencement at college? Well, that was the most fortunate, or the most unfortunate period of my life — time will show. The problem is stated and must be solved. I think, however, I was very fortunate to go up just at that time; though, how I became so lost to all my former ideas on the subject, I can never imagine. I expect to dream that out sometime. The hall in which the exercises took place, was crowded to overflowing when I arrived there, but by dint of exertion I managed to crowd through the throng, and was about a third of the way up the aisle, when I felt a hand on my arm, and looking round, saw the face of a friend whom I had not met for years. By close sitting he made room for me with his party, and I was very comfortable, compared with my former militant state in the aisle — for I had constantly to put forth all my strength to prevent some elbowing spectator usurping my place. The pale study-worn students went through their parts very honorably, and when the assembly rose to leave, we kept our seats, thinking we would wait for the hall to be cleared. My friend introduced me to his wife and cousin, and would insist on my company to dinner. I was dressed rather carelessly, and would have excused myself, but he would take no excuse. So I went with him. His wife was very fascinating, more so I then thought than his cousin, who, you may guess,

is now my wife. But, at that time I made it a rule to devote myself to married ladies; I did not wish to be snared, and the least proximity to a fowler — and in that class I placed all young, unmarried ladies — frightens all prudent birds.

"But the cousin did not trouble me with her presence after we were seated in the parlor. Indeed, I did not see her until dinner, when she made her appearance, dressed very plainly, yet tastefully. Well, I need not tell you whether I sat opposite to her, or by her side; whether I handed her pie or pudding — you do not wish me, I am sure, to elaborate the simple story, but to give you the leading incidents. You well remember that my stay in the city very much exceeded the limit which I fixed for it, when I left you at the hotel just before I started; and you may imagine that I was not a little surprised, when I discovered that I was enchained, and that though each separate thread which bound me was as attenuated as those which form the spider's web, I could not, with all my struggles free myself. So after striving against fate until I was weary, I gave myself up to the enchantment, resolving that I would return home, work harder than ever, and win a name my lady-love might be proud to wear. I made no confession while there, I merely proposed a correspondence. I imagined my feelings might be passing fancies, which would vanish when I again plunged into my old occupations. I did not dare to propose, for fear I should afterward repent.

"Month after month passed away. I found myself every few days looking anxiously for a letter from C. . . , or dreaming over one received; and frequently imagining Moreton a much finer name than Howe, and wondering what Miss Emma would think. Sometimes I felt afraid I had gone too far in the matter — but this was when I had just heard from her; when the next letter was due, I was as anxious as before, and in as much haste to reply.

"One evening I was seated in the public parlor of the hotel, which was crowded with strangers, and had concealed myself in a sly corner to take observation, for I think a crowd in a hotel, a fine study for those who love to read human nature. Two young men were sitting near me, partially hidden by the shutter which was thrown carelessly open, and I could distinctly hear their conversation, which was carried on in not a very subdued tone, considering the place. I heard one ask:

"'Sumner, who did you say the young lady was that captivated so much talent?'"

"'Her name is Howe — Emma Howe — an orphan, with no fortune but her own peerless mind and noble soul. I protest that I myself should have offered her my poor name, had not her rejection of Cunningham utterly disheartened me.'

"I had heard enough to rouse my latent jealousy. I went to my room and sat down, imploring the presence of all my guardian angels to help me to decision. Before sleeping that night, I wrote to her. Perhaps you would like to know what I wrote. I made a full confession of my old ideas regarding marriage — of my former love of ease and luxury, for which I had been willing to give up domestic bliss — of the sudden upheaval of the old strata, when I perceived the sentiments I had been cherishing as living forms, giving grace, and beauty, and strength to life, were but the fossilized relics of my barbaric state — of my comparative poverty and uncertain future — I tried to be truly honest, Vane; and then I told her I could only plead my great love for her as the excuse for offering her my unknown name; I trusted that she would become my inspiration, and that for her sake my path in life might be blessed — that it could be no otherwise if she but consented to place her hand in mine and journey with me.

"I received an answer in a few days, and then I understood why the

wealthy and talented Cunningham failed to please the fortuneless orphan. But I can't yet understand, Vane, how she came to love me."

We had long before this reached my room, and Moreton looked at the mantel clock, and exclaimed :

"Goodness ! it's twelve o'clock, and she'll not know what to think — but call often."

I promised, and he was gone.

THE MINSTREL'S HERITAGE.

BY MRS. H. E. G. ARRY.

My fathers from the ocean's side with all
their herds and flocks,
Went up into the wilderness, amid the north-
ern rocks ;

They scared the panther from his den, the
red wolf from the lair,
And thus they won a home for those whom
God should give them there.

Full swiftly sped their summer's sun, their
land was hard and cold,
And loud and fierce the wintry storms amid
the mountains rolled ;

And, while the rich on southern plains their
golden harvests stored,
They, by the blazing pine-fire's light o'er
quaint old volumes pored.

Amid their flocks, and o'er their fields, in sun
and storm they wrought,
Where Nature's grandeur trained for Heaven
each pure aspiring thought ;

And like the proud old pines that gird those
mountains broad and blue,
A sturdy race of stalwart men my sire and
grandsires grew.

They bartered no true right for gold — they
shunned no manly toil,
And calmly, with unblinded eyes they looked
on life's turmoil ;

There, where the old world's granite heart
in mountains hemmed them in,
Stern virtue was the one proud meed, for
those strong souls to win.

The warmth of happy homes they knew, the
wealth of household love,
They claimed the emerald vales below, the
azure skies above ;

The stars on those bold hills did rest — a
kingly diadem —

And little of the world could come betwixt
the heavens and them.

The gush of summer springs amid the for-
ests cool and deep,

The whispering pine-woods were the rhymes
that lulled my infant sleep ;

I have but learned my father's love, and
caught the forest's tone,
And from the northern mountains gray I
bring my lyre alone.

The clang of golden trumpets fain would
fright my spirits back
To wood-paths doubly sweeter than the city's
dusty track ;

And few, amid the throng will list the min-
strel's simple lay,
And heart and harp are yearning for the
mountains cool and gray.

Aye, keep your gold and diamonds — I care
not these to win,

To pander thus my birthright — Heaven
shield me from the sin !

But, if these strings will still ring true, they
sure have call and cause,

*The ballads of a nation are the parents of her
laws.*

NATURE'S BEAUTIES.

BY EMMA.

In pensive, sad'ning thought, alone
I wandered forth one lovely eve,
Each gentle breeze in winning tone
Besought me not to sigh or grieve ;
Indeed, all Nature seemed to say,
This is the hour to praise and pray.

The beauty of that lovely scene,
My feeble pen can ne'er portray ;
The dark, dense forest robed in green,
The plain extending far away ;
And Lake Ontario's peaceful breast,
An emblem of the soul's sweet rest.

The verdant mount upreared its head,
As if to greet the calm blue sky,
The west with gorgeous hues o'erspread,
The gateway seemed to realms on high.
A magic beauty these possess,
A strange, surpassing loveliness.

Oh ! who could gaze with thankless heart,
On scenes so beautiful and fair,
Who feel no tear of gladness start,
And breathe to heaven no earnest prayer ?
Not I, thank God ! I felt the power
Of that enchanting twilight hour.

My heart o'erflowed with gratitude
To Him who made this world so bright,
My spirit, softened and subdued,
Winged upward its enraptured flight,
And bowing there before the throne,
Praised God the Father, Spirit, Son.

'Tis Nature's province to direct
Her votaries above this earth,
And by her lovely scenes reflect
The glorious Author of their birth ;
And show in mountain, lake, and sea,
The perfect stamp of Deity.

MAJOR TRUEFITT ON THE
TOO FINE.

REFINEMENT is a very good thing to a certain extent, but it ought not to be carried too far. Human nature we know to be a mixture; besides those intellectual and emotional parts which we cultivate and refine upon, it includes certain animal elements adapted for the rude physical circumstances in which it exists, and serving, indeed, as a needful basis for all the other constituents. In our refining process, we run a risk of carrying this rough and hardy constituent out of its proper relations; thereby injuring it, making it sickly and silly, and so undermining the whole fabric. I say, then, we should not refine too much.

Let us take a grave, analytic view of that pleasant creature of the civilized world — a *lady*. She lives chiefly in a well-furnished house. When she goes abroad, it is in a carriage. She walks little, she has no sort of work that gives exercise to the muscles; the winds of heaven are never allowed to visit her face too roughly. She is consequently a white, soft, slim creature, strikingly different from an average peasant-woman, or a domestic female servant. This elegant being, moreover, insists upon imposing various restraints and obstructions upon her person, with a view of reducing it to a certain ideal which has been conventionally approved of; thus sacrificing to an arbitrary principle of refinement, the healthy play of certain organs essential to the general well-being of the system. The consequence is, that she is unfitted for some of the most important functions imposed on her by destiny, breaks down under them, is perhaps cut short in her career, but more probably undergoes a life-long penance of what is called delicate health, useless for any good end in life, and a source of trouble and vexation to all connected with her. I trace all this — and every physiologist will bear me out in the conclusion — to over-refinement upon the material part of

our nature. A thing formed roughly to bear a part in a rough process has been taken out of its element, and kept there till its constitutional force was lost. It sinks, of course, under the first shock it encounters. One must pity the unfortunate creature, as she is in a great measure the victim of ignorance and a false system; but I often feel how much condolence is also due to those relatives who have the interesting invalid to take care of, and how much better it would be for herself and others if she had kept nearer the appointed level of human nature, and so escaped a well-known class of evils.

When that sweetly engaging creature, a 'babe, falls into the keeping of a happy pair, how well it would be for both parties if the parents would rightly consider what it is! Do, my dear friends, remember that it is only human. Angel as it seems, it is only a little animal — an animal with some fine potentialities dormant within it — but in the meantime, simply, frankly, and honestly, a little animal. Now, as such, it calls for being kept in harmony with certain conditions round about it. It has a rough, hardy part to play, and rough, hardy organs to play it with. Let it remain rough and hardy to a fair extent, and so maintain its natural ability to play its appointed part. I believe it would be better for it to be a cottage-child, reared on potage, and tumbling from morn to eve on a village-green, than a nurse-tended, pampered denizen of a palace, only allowed to take the air at stated hours in a perambulator, or in a brief, dull walk. The problem is the simplest imaginable. Keep the creature in all respects on the level of human nature — the healthful average between the physical and the mental parts of our being — and all will be well. Make it too fine, and you lay for it the foundations of unnumbered dangers.

The great bulk of the men who are engaged in the professions and in the higher fields of mercantile life, are little aware of the dangers of their

course. Called on to exercise the intellect chiefly, confined to the study and the counting-room, the physical part of their being gets but a restricted play. It has often occurred to me in conversing with a studious friend, or an assiduous man of business, to ask whether he ever fully considered that there are such things going on in the world as the digging of ditches, the felling of trees, and the holding of plows. If they look abroad, they will see that such things are done — that certain men have the strength to do them, and that certain useful ends are thus attained. It appears, in short, that rough labor, vigorous muscular power, and consequent good to the commonwealth, are all of them coherent parts of the scheme of Providence.

Now, there may be individuals better adapted for hard work than others, or it may be convenient to assign the specially hard work to certain persons, while others undertake softer and more refined tasks. But there are no specific differences in human beings to adapt one to one kind of task, and another to another; there are no beings wholly muscle or wholly brain. There is but one constitution for all, each example of which involves some proportion of every feature common to the rest. The men whose *role* it is, then, to use the intellect chiefly, have also a muscular system of some degree of force — not well fitted, perhaps, for ditch-digging, but still a muscular system forming an essential part of their constitution, and requiring to be kept in harmony with the parts of the external world to which it is adapted. They must see to make some use of this clumsy and clogging machine, as they sometimes feel the body to be; otherwise they will have to lay their account with sundry hurtful consequences. If they have no real labor for their arms and their limbs, whereby a useful end may be served, they would do well to take up with some amateur kind, however purposeless. If they dislike digging a garden, let them take to bowling or cricket. Let

them at least take rides or walks. Field-sports unfortunately involve an element of inhumanity; yet even field-sports are better than no sports at all. We sometimes wonder at the eagerness of fine gentlemen to get away from their dulcet city-life to a Highland moor or the banks of a Lapland river, there to go through a course of practice attended by most of the hardships of the peasant's lot; but I regard this appetency as in truth the voice of nature proclaiming that man has a physical system which needs exercise, in order that we may be wholly well and happy.

It was perhaps an internal voice of this kind which prompted some of the philosophers of the eighteenth century to propound the startling dogma, that the life of a savage was the only natural and right life. This it certainly is not; but the idea might nevertheless point to some obscure form of truth. The matter as I apprehend is simply this: The ruder material part of our nature is not changed or extinguished by civilization. It continues, in civilization, to exist, and to prefer its claims for a suitable exercise and gratification; and these claims must be complied with, if we would maintain the whole fabric in *equilibrio* and in health.

There is a similar philosophy regarding our mental nature. It embraces a wonderful variety of powers, sentiments, and tendencies, applicable to an equally wonderful variety of circumstances and necessities, many of which are homely and inelegant, while others are the opposite. The mind of man, in short, has rough work appointed for it in this world, as well as fine; and it has been constituted accordingly, just as the body was formed for hewing trees as well as the carving of ivory-boxes. When we go too far in mental refinement, there arises a class of evils analogous to those which befall the too delicately treated person. Not merely do we become acutely sensitive to trifling vexations, and unfit to stand the serious shocks which from time to time occur to the most happily

placed people, but we grow in selfishness. Every thing which does not yield an immediate return of pleasure, is felt to be a *bore*—a peculiar word, the use of which may be considered as perhaps the best exponent of this system of over-refinement in a portion of society. Ceasing to relish simple pleasures, we get few real ones at all. Disdaining simple worth and mediocre attainments, we narrow the social circle in which we may be useful. Surely this our last estate is worse than the first. At the same time, it has never been found that over-refinement subdues any of the irregular passions of the human breast; it only gives them new directions, or teaches how they may be masked. Let us not be too eager to lay bare the moral interior of the man of extreme refinement. On the other hand, is it not universally found in the ordinary world, that there may be a perfect simplicity of life, making as near an approach to innocence as our nature is susceptible of, where refinement has not been carried beyond a medium degree?

I hope, my friends, that these few imperfect observations will not be considered as a declaration of war against refinement. I am a friend, not an enemy to refinement, and delight to see men and women improving their taste and the style of their manners, when it is done to really good issues. Only let us take care not to carry the process beyond a healthy point, for then we come in contact with evils worse than those we seek to avoid.

THE FLANNEL QUESTION.

THERE has been a war going on for some years between the flannel and anti-flannel parties; and the result has been, that many persons have abandoned woolen under-garments altogether. *Hall's Journal of Health* comes to the rescue, and says:

"In our climate, fickle in its gleams of sunshine and its balmy airs, as a co-

quette in her smiles and favor, consumption bears away every year the ornaments of many of our social circles. The fairest and loveliest are its favorite victims. An ounce of prevention in this fatal disease is worth many pounds of cure; for, when once well seated, it mocks alike medical skill and careful nursing. If the fair sex could be induced to regard the laws of health, many precious lives might be saved; but pasteboard soles, low-necked dresses, and Lilliputian hats, sow annually the seeds of a fatal harvest. The suggestion in the following article from the *Scientific American*, if followed, might save many with consumptive tendencies from an early grave:

"Put it on at once, winter and summer; nothing better can be worn next to the skin than a loose, red woolen shirt; *loose*, for it has room to move on the skin, thus causing a titillation which draws the blood to the surface, and keeps it there; and, when that is the case, no one can take cold; *red*, for white flannel fills up, mats together, and becomes tight, stiff, heavy, and impervious. Cotton wool merely absorbs the moisture from the surface, while woolen flannel conveys it from the skin, and deposits it in drops on the outside of the shirt, from which the ordinary cotton shirt absorbs it; and by its nearer exposure to the air, it is soon dried without injury to the body. Having these properties, red wool flannel is worn by sailors even in the mid-summer of the hottest countries. Wear a thinner material in summer."

COMMON PATHS.—It sometimes seems to us a poor thing to walk in these common paths wherein all are walking. Yet these common paths are the paths in which blessings travel; they are the ways in which God is met. Welcoming and fulfilling the lowest duties which meet us there, we shall often be surprised to find that we have unawares been entertaining angels.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

AMUSEMENT AND DISSIPATION.

WE all acknowledge the influence which a cheerful tone of mind exerts upon the physical system. The physician orders an invalid to endure the dust and fatigue of travel, chiefly in order that his mind may be diverted from the preying cares of everyday life, and gain tone while resting from harassing duties.

New scenes and new amusements act upon the worn-out mind of the strong man, as a new toy does upon the mind of a child, calling the attention away from the grim presence of physical frailty, and enabling the mind to combat more manfully the ailments of the body. We all know that even an infant when suffering actual pain may have his attention diverted by new and attractive objects, so that for the time the pain seems wholly forgotten; the feeble wail will cease, and a cheerful smile takes the place of the weary look of suffering. And no one can doubt the health-giving influence of such diversion to a feeble child. The mind and body are very closely connected, and the cheerfulness which is produced by a sufficient variety of pleasing and interesting objects, has a direct tendency to keep back the exhausting overflow of physical misery. It keeps off that black melancholy which sometimes seems to eat out the marrow of both soul and body, and on the other hand prevents human nature, in its demand for amusements, from rushing into feverish and dangerous excitements. Those people who frown at the promotion of innocent popular amusements, know very little of human nature, or of the demands of mankind in the mass. If the mass of the people do not have innocent amusements, they will be pretty certain to have those that are not innocent. Noah Webster used to teach us in our "A, B, C" days, that

"All work and no play
Makes Jack a dull boy;
All play and no work
Makes him a mere toy."

We are pretty much all Jacks in this respect — sure to be dull without the play un-

less we are so unfortunate as to become something worse.

The matron of the backwoods, who, four-fifths of the time, is alone in her house from morning till night, grows weary of the unvaried tread-mill of her duties, and takes her knitting and hies away to seek her nearest neighbor for a little social refreshing. Her thoughts perhaps have been bounded for months together by her bread-tray and cheese-tub. She knows something of the household management of her neighbors, a little of the weather and the crops, and very little else. She gossips. Have you any objection? We hope she preserves a due Christian charity in doing so, but with this borne in mind gossiping is an excellent institution. With the same education, and under the same circumstances, you would gossip yourself, though you are the greatest statesman or the deepest philosopher in the country. The matron of whom we spoke must talk of what she knows. Can you do better? With only limited local knowledge, the chances are that you would gossip — certainly you would either gossip or growl, and the last is worse than the first. We seem to have agreed that the term "gossip" shall apply only to such tale-bearing as is minutely local, and it is only because men get about the world more, and occupy their thoughts within a wider circle, that they leave this work of gossiping so much to the ladies. We repeat it, gossip is an excellent institution. It has saved many a woman from jarring the world with ill-timed lectures or spiritual manifestations.

Even the dullest and simplest minds must have some diversion — must find vent for themselves in some new interest or attraction. And the more attractive the mind, the greater is this necessity. Those who are constantly busy with the stir and turmoil of the world, may find diversion in that quiet which allows them to retire within themselves. All active minds must have this kind of quiet, and when deprived of it will hunger for self-communion. We do not think the better of those persons who can live in the noisy world without any demand for

retirement. But these are only the moments when we look backward and forward on our way to gather ourselves up for our work. We need other relaxation than this.

We must make our homes lovely to our children, and give them innocent amusements there, if we would not have them seek forbidden ones abroad. Let them gather about the laden Christmas' trees when the winter fires are piled high. Let us superintend with our own hands their holiday amusements. We shall waste no time in doing this. It is for this that the added days are granted us.

All amusement which degenerates into excitement, so as to produce weariness and disgust rather than new freshness and vigor, may well be called dissipation. But its taint will rarely affect those families that have been reared with a due regard to those innocent amusements which retain the affections about our own hearthstones.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mary E. W.—We shall be glad to hear from you, but can not say whether any communication will be accepted before we have seen it.

L. Y. L.—Your contribution might be praiseworthy as a school composition, but it would hardly interest the general readers of *THE HOME*. The style is heavy—for such a subject it should be lively and attractive.

A. Y. J.—We shall be very likely to welcome you to the pages of *THE HOME* if you come for admission. Try us and see.

J. D.—Don't try to write poetry any more. You can take any amount of prose and measure it off into regular feet and make it rhyme, and write it very neatly, but it is no more *poetry* than a pile of lumber measured off in the same way would be.

"Lillie."—Well, you float a little better on the waters of poesy, but it's hardly worth while for the printer to pick up letter by letter, and place in form and print such verses as yours, that you may read through again and again in search of *something* you can not find, when the world is rich in the poems of Isaiah and Milton.

HEALTH.

We cut the following remarks upon the atmosphere, from Prof. Youman's "Hand-book of Household Science:—

HOW MOIST AIR AFFECTS THE SYSTEM.—The skin relieves the system of moisture in two ways: by insensible perspiration, and by sweating. Under common circumstances, the loss is six times greater by the former than by the latter process. The skin, as well as the lungs, is an excreting organ; it contains, packed away, some twenty-eight miles of microscopic tubing, arranged to drain the system of its noxious matters, carbonic acid, etc., which, if retained in the body, become quickly injurious. The perspiration given off in this climate amounts to twenty ounces per day, and in hot countries to twice that quantity. But air which is already saturated with moisture refuses to receive the perspiration which is offered it from the skin and lungs; the sewerage of the system is dammed up. Much of the oppressions and languor that even the robust sometimes feel in close and sultry days, is due to the obstruction of the insensible perspiration by an atmosphere surcharged with humidity. Not only are waste matters generated in the system thus unduly retained, but malarious poisons introduced through the lungs by respiration are prevented from escaping; which would lead us to anticipate a greater prevalence of epidemic diseases in damp than in dry districts. Such is the fact, as we notice in cholera, which follows the banks of rivers, and revels in damp, low situations. Moisture joined with warmth is most baneful to the system. The American Medical Association report that during the remarkable prevalence of sun-stroke in the city of New York in the summer of 1863, which almost amounted to an epidemic, the heat of the atmosphere was accompanied by great humidity, the dew-point reaching the extraordinary height of eighty-four degrees. In Buffalo, in the summer of 1854, the progress of cholera to its height was accompanied by a steady increase in atmospheric humidity. Air which is warm and light has a relaxing and weakening influence upon the body. The *sirocco* is invariably charged with moisture, and its effects upon the animal economy illustrate but

in an exaggerated degree the influence of damp, warm weather. When it blows with any strength, the dew-point is seldom more than four or five degrees below the temperature of the air. The higher its temperature, the more distressing its effects, owing to the little evaporation it produces. This connected with its humidity, is the principal cause of all its peculiarities—of the oppressive heat—of the perspiration with which the body is bathed—of its relaxing and debilitating effects on the system, and its lowering and dispiriting effects upon the mind.—(Wyman.) Damp air at the same temperature as dry air has a more powerful cooling effect, producing a peculiar penetrating, chilling feeling, with paleness and shivering, painfully known to New England invalids as accompanying the east winds of spring.

EFFECTS OF DRY AIR.—Dry air favors evaporation. By promoting rapid transpiration from the pores of the skin, it braces the bodily energies and induces exhilaration of the spirits. Cold, dry air is invigorating, and reddens the skin, with none of the distressing symptoms of cold, moist air. If very dry, it not only accelerates perspiration, but desiccates and parches the surface, and deprives the lining membrane of the throat and mouth of its moisture so rapidly as to produce an uncomfortable dryness or even inflammation. Dry climates, which quicken evaporation, are best adapted for relaxed and languid constitutions with profuse secretion, as those afflicted with humid asthma, and chronic catarrh with copious expectoration. The *harmattan*, a dry wind from the scorching sands of Africa, withers, shrivels, and warps every thing in its course. The eyes, lips, and palate become dry and painful. Yet it seems to neutralize certain conditions of disease. "Its first breath cures intermittent fevers. Epidemic fevers disappear at its coming, and small-pox infection becomes incommunicable."

CAUSE OF THE UNWHOLESOMENESS OF NIGHT AIR.—There is ground for the common belief that night air is less healthful than that of the day. It is known that the deadly tropical fevers affect persons almost wholly during the night. Yet the poisonous miasms from the rotting substances of the ground which cause those fevers, is produced much

faster during the intense heat of the day than in the colder night. But in the daytime, under the hot tropical sun, the air heated by contact with the burning ground expands and rises in an upward current, thus diluting and carrying away the poisonous malaria as fast as it is set free. The invisible seeds of pestilence, as they ripen in the festering earth, are lifted and dispersed in the daytime by solar heat; but as no such force is at work at night, they then accumulate and condense in the lower layer of the atmosphere. Now, although fatal fever poison may not be generated, yet decomposition of vegetable matter yielding products which are detrimental to health, take place everywhere upon the surface of the ground; and though dissipated during the day, they are concentrated and confined so close to the earth at night as to affect the breathing stratum of the air.

UPPER ROOMS LEAST AFFECTED BY NIGHT AIR.—It will hence be seen that the different stories of a house are differently related to this source of injury; the upper ones, being situated above the unwholesome zone, are most eligible for sleeping chambers, while the ground-floor is more directly exposed to the danger. Dr. Rush states, that during the prevalence of yellow fever in Philadelphia, those who occupied apartments in the third story were far less liable to attack than those who resided lower. Low one-story houses, in which the inhabitants sleep but three or four feet from the ground, and are therefore directly exposed to the terrestrial exhalations, must be considered more objectionable than loftier sleeping apartments. Sleeping in low rooms is perhaps worse in the city than in the country.

AIR WITHIN DOORS.—When we enter a dwelling the case is altered. It is as if the boundless atmosphere had ceased to exist, or had been contracted within the walls of the apartment we occupy. Causes of impurity now become a matter of serious consideration. They are capable of affecting, in the most injurious manner, the little stock of air in which we are confined; and it is therefore, on every account important that we have a clear idea of the nature and extent of the common causes which vitiate the air of our dwellings.

CONTAMINATION OF AIR FROM THE HUMAN BEING.—It is a common belief that the human system is distinguished by its vital power of resisting, during life, the physical agents which would destroy it; but that after death it is abandoned to these forces, and falls quickly into putrefaction. This is an error. Under the influence of physical agency, decomposition is constantly going on throughout the body, and is indeed the fundamental condition of its life. There is the same decay and chemical decomposition taking place in the animal fabric during life as after death; the difference being, that in the dead body the decomposing changes speedily spread throughout the mass, while in the living system they are limited and regulated, and provision is made for the incessant and swift expulsion of these effete and poisonous products of change, which if retained within the organism for but the shortest time would destroy it. Streams of subtle and almost intangible putrescent matter are, all through life, exhaling from each living animal body into the air. The fluid thrown from the lungs and skin is not pure water. It not only holds in solution carbonic acid, but it contains also animal matter, the exact nature of which has not been determined.

From recent inquiries, it appears to be an albuminous substance in a state of decomposition. If the fluid be kept in a closed vessel, and be exposed to an elevated temperature, a very evident putrid odor is exhaled by it. Le Blanc states that the odor of the air at the top of the ventilator of a crowded room is of so obnoxious a character that it is dangerous to be exposed to it, even for a short time. If this air be passed through pure water, the water soon exhibits all the phenomena of putrefactive fermentation. Here is Dr. Faraday's testimony on this point:

"Air feels unpleasant in the breathing cavities, including the mouth and nostrils, not merely from the absence of oxygen, the presence of carbonic acid, or the elevation of the temperature, but from other causes dependant on matters communicated to it from the human being. I think an individual may find a decided difference in his feelings when making a part of a large company,

from what he does when one of a small number of persons, and yet the thermometer give the same indication. When I am one of a large number of persons, I feel an oppressive sensation of closeness, notwithstanding the temperature may be about sixty or sixty-five degrees, which I do not feel in a small company at the same temperature, and which I can not refer altogether to the absorption of oxygen, or the inhalation of carbonic acid, and probably depends upon the effluvia from the many present; but with me it is much diminished by a lowering of the temperature, and the sensations become more like those occurring in a small company."

AIR OF BEDROOMS.—The escape of offensive matters from the living person becomes most obvious when from the pure air we enter an unventilated bedroom in the morning, where one or two have slept the night before. Every one must have experienced the sickening and disgusting odor upon going into such a room, though its occupants themselves do not recognize it. The nose, although an organ of exquisite sensibility, and capable of perceiving the presence of offensive matters where the most delicate chemical tests fail, is nevertheless easily blunted, and what at the first impression feels pre-eminentlly disgusting, quickly becomes inoffensive. Two persons occupying a bed for eight hours, impart to the sheets by insensible respiration, and to the air by breathing, a pound of watery vapor charged with latent animal poison. Where the air in other inhabited rooms is not often changed, the water of exhalation thus loaded with impurities, condenses upon the furniture, windows and walls, dampening their surfaces and running down in unwholesome streams.

RECIPES.

TOMATO JAM.—Take ripe tomatoes, peel them, and take out all the seeds; put them into a preserving kettle, with half a pound sugar for each pound of prepared tomatoes; boil one or two lemons soft, then pound them fine; take out the pipe and put them to the tomatoes, and boil slowly; mash them to a smooth mass; continue to stir them until smooth and thick, then put it in jars or tumblers.

THE HOME:

A Monthly for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

VOL. IV.—NOVEMBER, 1857.—NO. V.



ELIZA COOK.

ELIZA Cook is emphatically the poetess of "the people." Born and reared among the middle classes, she has enjoyed the best opportunities for entering into their sympathies, and giving utterance to their emotions; and it is her glory, that she has always accepted with peculiar pride, the laurels which the poor have humbly laid at her feet.

There was little in the surroundings of Miss Cook during her early years to stimulate "the faculty of verse." Her father was by trade a calker, and resided mostly near London. She was the youngest of the

family by many years, and the pet nursling of her mother, who seems to have been a woman of rare strength and loveliness of character. It is probable that from her Eliza drew her noblest qualities. Of this excellent parent she was deprived by death when she was fifteen years old, and so strong was the band thus sundered, that the young survivor was for a long period quite crushed by the blow. Most affectionately and tenderly has she embalmed the memory of that mother in her "Old Arm Chair." It was to books and poetry that she turned for relief under the

double affliction of a desolate and uncongenial home. Her first verses were composed simply as an outlet to a burdened and overpressed heart. Verse was to her a natural and necessary mode of utterance, and she composed with remarkable ease and facility. Most of her poems bear marks of haste and carelessness, but it is doubtful whether she could have pruned and polished them without removing that freshness and impulsiveness which is their first charm.

Notwithstanding her admitted lack of cultivation and fine artistic finish, Miss Cook will always be beloved by those who prize the cordial unaffected outpourings of a warm and impassioned heart. Her generosity and nobleness of character beam from every page, and win her hosts of friends. We feel that she is one of those good and right noble souls to whom the tale of distress would never be repeated in vain, and that all her impulses are on the side of what is truest and most worthy in our nature.

"There is," says a critic, "a heartiness and truthful sympathy with human kind, a love of freedom, and of nature in this lady's productions, which, more even than their grace and melody, charms her readers. She writes like a whole-souled woman, earnestly and unaffectedly, evidently giving her actual thoughts, but never transcending the limits of taste and delicacy."

The downright honest fervor of Miss Cook will palliate many faults in her style, for which a more pretentious poet would be held to strict account. Our lamented Mrs. Osgood, who visited her many years since in London where she resides, describes her personal appearance thus:

"Eliza Cook is just what her noble poetry would lead you to imagine her — a frank, generous, brave, warm-hearted girl, about twenty years of age; rather stout and sturdy-looking, with a face not handsome, but very intelligent. Her hair is black and very luxuriant, her eyes are gray and

full of expression, and her mouth indescribably sweet. For several weeks before we met we carried on a playful, and, on her part, exceedingly amusing and original correspondence. Her letters are the most natural, spirited, off-hand and off-heart effusions imaginable. * * * * As our first meeting was rather a droll one, perhaps an account of it will amuse you. Miss Cook was announced one morning, when, unfortunately, our only reception-room — my husband's atelier — was occupied by a sitter. What was to be done? I must either deny myself, or receive her in the entry. I was far too eager to see her to do the former, so I seated myself with as much dignity as I could well assume, on the top stair, and desired the servant to show her up. She came. I told her gravely that the staircase was my drawing-room *pro tempore*; and resigning, as courtesy required, the highest seat to my guest, I took the seat at her feet. In five minutes — thanks to the informality of her reception! — we were chatting as gaily and freely as if we had known each other for years." Her poems have passed through many editions, and her simple ballads are sung at American as well as English firesides.

In 1849 Miss Cook assumed the arduous duties of a journalist, issuing a weekly publication under the style and title of "Eliza Cook's Journal," — a name happily indicative of her very marked individuality. In this sheet our warm-hearted friend has sought to declare herself more plainly than she could in verse, and to turn her best energies into every progressive and elevating movement.

"The first active breath of nature that swept over my heart-strings," she says, "awoke wild but earnest melodies, which I dotted down in simple notes; and when I found that others thought the tune worth learning — when I heard my strains hummed about the sacred altars of domestic firesides, and saw old men, bright

women, and young children, screaming my ballad-strains, then was I made to think that my burning desire to pour out my soul's measure of music was given for a purpose. * * *

"I believe that all who work in the field of literature with sincere desire to serve the many by arousing generous sympathies and educational tastes, need make little profession of their service, for 'the people' have sufficient perception to thoroughly estimate those who are truly 'with' and 'for' them."

WASTED MOMENTS.

WE are ever wasting precious time. Every day adds many moments, wasted moments, to the catalogue of hours spent in chasing the "gilded butterflies of life," or following the hollow and fleeting vanities of a wicked world. Our time we should consider as a precious gift, to be accounted for in time to come; that and our talents are all that God in his wisdom gives us, and they should be improved — not wasted. When the gray hairs come, and we shall be looking through "the spectacles of old age," it will cheer and gladden our hearts to know that our moments here have not been wasted, but that in them that has been accomplished which has not only been of good to ourselves but also to those around us. To feel then that our days have been made use of in a good manner, and that we have not lived in vain, will be a precious thought.

Our time here is short at best; but in it we have very much to accomplish; for, blessed as we are with the rich gifts of mind and reason, much is expected and due from us. Yet, notwithstanding this, we waste precious moments, and laugh on in forgetfulness of our mission and its high duties, while each tick of the clock, beat of our pulse, and throb of our heart tells us we are so much nearer eternity. We rest, perhaps, too much upon the vain idea that at any time

we can make up for the hours, days, and even years spent in seeking self-gratification; that at some future period we shall love duty more than pleasure, and at some time, when, we hardly know, but that at some time in the dim, and to us unknown future, all is to come right, and the wasted moments are to be atoned for.

Time once lost can never be regained; and though after-moments may be ever so carefully hoarded, and in them much be accomplished, yet the hours misspent can not be made up; for moments wasted are like diamonds dropped into the depths of the sea — LOST FOREVER!

LUCY.

BUFFALO, *August*, 1857.

THE DYING GIRL'S FARE- WELL.

BY MINNIMUS.

MAMMA, I'm going now, you know that I must die,
There's a cold sweat on my brow, a dimness in my eye,
But you are with me now, mamma, good-bye.

Angels are round me here, they stand close to my bed,
O, see them, mamma, dear! they're flying o'er my head,
And they are very near, mamma, good-bye.

Their singing is so sweet, ma, can't you hear them too?
Could I their song repeat, I would sing it o'er for you;
But my heart can scarcely beat, mamma good-bye.

There! they are taking flight, they beckon me away,
And those sweet angels bright, they will not let me stay,
But they're dressing me in white, mamma, good-bye.

Mamma, you must not care when I am gone, nor cry,
For, ma, you'll meet me where they take me in the sky;
But now I'm almost there, good-bye, good-bye.

August, 1857.

THE OLD MAID, AND THE WIFE.

BY ANNIE DANFORTH.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER III.

"GOOD-morning, Mrs. Manley!" said Grace Harris, as she appeared at the door of the room where that lady was sitting, with a look of great perplexity upon her usually very cheerful face; "what makes you look so troubled? Is Kitty worse—is she very sick?"

"Kitty—oh no! she seemed quite well this morning. I was really frightened about her yesterday. I found her sleeping soundly this morning when I went to get her up, and thought I would let her rest."

"Yes; you seem very likely to let her do whatever she chooses; but come—what is the matter? You don't let that frown chase away the smiles for nothing." Mrs. Manley laughed cheerfully enough now.

"Why, you see, I am in a 'peck of troubles;' I can contrive no way to get out this tunic for Mary. The pieces are the sleeves of an old dress of mine. As usual I must manage to get along with as little outlay as possible. As husband says, 'every penny helps.' When that miserable debt is paid I never mean to trouble my poor pate to save in such a way as this. It looks really penurious."

"You will soon be in debt again if you carry all your threats of extravagance into execution. But let me see what I can do;" and Grace's more skillful fingers had soon adjusted the pattern to the silk, which by piecing neatly here, there, and elsewhere, was finally fitted into a nice tunic for Mary; and Mrs. Manley, talking all the time of the "debt," and what she should do when it was paid, set cheerfully to work to sew and trim the garment.

"Now I must kiss Kit and hurry home," said Grace, as she ran up stairs to little Kitty's room, where

she found her little favorite, a beautiful child of two summers, with her face distorted, and her hands and limbs cramping in convulsions. Mrs. Manley heard her exclamations, and tottered up stairs.

"Oh, Sarah! what shall we do?" cried Grace wildly; but in a moment she recollected herself, and forced her feelings to instant subjection, and in her usually calm voice and quiet manner she desired Mrs. Manley to heat some water as speedily as possible, while she did what she could to relieve the sufferer.

The mother did not move. Wild with affright she had sunk, pale and helpless upon her knees at the bedside. Grace flew past her to the kitchen, where she fortunately found a teakettle of boiling water, with which she prepared a warm bath.

"Mary, run for Dr. Lester," said she, as she hurried back to bring Kitty.

Half an hour after when the doctor came in he found the child sleeping in the arms of Grace, quieted by the bath and the drink which had been given it. Poor little Kitty went down to the very verge of the grave, and came back but a shadow of herself.

No hand but that of Grace, through all that weary illness, had bathed the aching limbs, or administered the healing medicines; and when the color came back to the once rosy cheek, and the patter of her little footsteps kept time to the music of her laugh, the rejoicing parents felt that to Grace, next to God, they were indebted for their now doubly dear pet and darling. Grace had only acted out the impulses of a kind heart, a heart rendered pure and true by following the example of Him whose mission on earth was "peace and good-will to men," and made alive to the griefs of others by its own sufferings. It was that which led her wherever sickness and death entered, and wherever sorrow of any kind spread its pall. Having no family cares of her own, she rejoiced to lift

part of the load which lay so heavy upon the shoulders of any mother. If little Jimmy was sick, Jimmy's mother must be released of the care of him that she might see to the wants of his brothers and sisters; and if when he was well again, his mother should be sick, Jimmy must be again cared for, that anxiety for him might not be added to her other sufferings. What was true of Jimmy, was true of Tommy the washer-woman's youngest boy, and of Charley, the noisy son of Esq. Frost. If any wept she mingled her tears with theirs, and if any rejoiced she added the sunshine of her smile.

Thus by scattering all around her kind acts, the offspring of a kind heart, Grace made her presence a welcome in almost every household. More than all she was the light, the blessing of her father's hearthstone. Death had gathered one branch and another from the family tree, until she alone was left to steady her mother's faltering footsteps, or lend to her father's eyes the light of a daughter's smile.

Four years had passed since the death of Robert Deming, and with them had carried the dense darkness of the cloud which at first enveloped her. To be sure she had all the time seen the silver lining, and sometimes, indeed often, streams of light had burst through and illumined the pathway she trod with unwavering trust and resignation. Time, as it always does, was slowly sweeping away the darkness which, notwithstanding all, could always be seen and sometimes felt. She had no hope, no wish that the memory of her early sorrow might pass from her; but when her thoughts turned, as they most often did now, from herself to the undimmed and glorious light which surrounded the loved and lost, she found appointed unto her "the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

More than one sought to induce her to lend the light of her countenance

to their homes, but she knew she had no right to assume the holy duties of a wife, for it would be doing sacrilege, since the love which could have made them blessed, she had no power to give. In Edward Heath, the pastor of the little church of which she was a member, she recognized the same earnest zeal, the same unshrinking trust, and ardent hopefulness which had characterized Robert. He, too, had sorrowed, for the idol of his young heart had been shattered. Sorrow had refined and elevated his character, and subdued his passions, and now he was an earnest worker in the vineyard of the Lord. They met often, for wherever want or sorrow called, they both hastened. He, too, was attracted by the gentle goodness of her character, and believing they might be more useful, and he hoped more happy, he endeavored to persuade her to become the sharer of his home. Her friends added their persuasions to his, and worldly wisdom, and sometimes the sympathy and kindness of her own heart made added pleas.

"You will probably be more happy, dear Grace, in a home of your own," said Caroline Lester, "and we all regard Mr. Heath as a most worthy man."

"You advise me then to try the experiment of marrying for a home, do you?" answered Grace, with a slight tinge of sarcasm very unlike herself. Caroline started and almost shuddered.

"Never, Grace, never, I pray you. Doors enough stand wide open to receive you, where you may enter and find a cheerful welcome."

"If ever it should become evident that I might make myself and others more happy, and render myself more useful by marrying, I shall do so; but never unless this should be very evident, returned Grace. "At present, I know that my parents need me more than any one else, and with them I shall stay. Even if at their death I should be left alone, I have no

fears for the future; so, dear Carrie, never again trouble me with a subject like this;" and Caroline looked over the pages of her own history and said no more.

* * * * *

"My heart shrinks from the thought of sparing you, my daughter," said her mother, "but you will soon be alone, for we are fast nearing the grave. I should so rejoice to see you the wife of such a man as Mr. Heath before I leave you. Surely his many virtues and his earnest piety must commend him to your highest esteem."

"To my highest esteem and friendship certainly, and were my love at the command of my judgment and will, to that also. But, my dear mother, while my parents live my place is at their side, and do you not know that 'when my father and mother forsake me the Lord will take me up?'"

"And do you never look forward shrinkingly to the time when the wants and weaknesses of trembling old age shall overtake you?"

"No, mother, for I have treasured up against that time this promise which will be sure not to fail, 'Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.'"

"God bless you, my daughter! I leave you without a fear," said the reassured parent.

From this time the thread of life ran on so smoothly with Grace that in its history there would be little of interest. After a few years her parents were gathered to their fathers. The little cottage that had been their home, still remained to Grace, and here she lived peacefully but not alone. Old age and helpless, forsaken childhood often found here a refuge and a "shelter from the windy storm and the tempest." Here we leave her a living witness that the name of "old maid" is by no means a reproach, and that it is not necessary in order that a woman may be respected, beloved, useful, and even happy, that

she should, let the case be what it may, "GET MARRIED."

CHAPTER IV.

CAROLINE Lester had been ten years a wife, when we will take our next glimpse at her and her family. A boy of six years laughed and romped with a girl of four about the yard and house, and a babe of a few months slept in the cradle. The world still smiled upon them, and talked of their happiness, but if you could have looked in upon their homes of seclusion you would have seen what the world saw not. You would have blamed, but if you could have seen Caroline's heart you must have pitied. True, both suffered, but not alike. Alas for Caroline, she was an unloving, and worse still, an unloved wife. As is always the case, at whose door lay most guilt, lay also most sorrow and shame. Side by side they bore life's burdens, but neither touched with a finger that which rested upon the shoulder of the other. Dr. Lester was a man who needed more than most do, the restraining and rectifying influences of a happy home. It was the teachings and pious example of a loving mother which, in the days of youth and early manhood, had kept his feet in the path of moral rectitude, and had his wife continued the gentle influence, he would never have wandered far from the way. But since he lacked the controlling powers of religious principle within himself, when the outside pressure was removed, he stepped quickly from the straight road of strict morality. He had mistaken the whole tenor of Caroline's letter to himself before their marriage, and when he found out his error, he could not doubt that she had at least intended to be truthful in that, and determined to make the best of what could not now be helped. In her spasmodic attempts to break through the restraint and distrust which was growing up between them,

and to perform cheerfully the duties of a loving wife, he at first met her cordially and hopefully. But the efforts were all spasmodic, and he had gradually grown indifferent, and of late something not unlike repugnance was springing up between them. Occasionally Harry Lang crossed their pathway, and the meetings with him were invariably followed by days of fretful impatience on Dr. Lester's part, and not less fretful despondency on the part of his wife.

Of late this exciting cause of discord had been removed, for, after waiting until time and Christian resolution had banished from his heart the last vestige of his early love, and his affections had all centered upon one far more fit to make him happy, Harry had married and gone to make him a home among the flowering meadows of the west. Dr. Lester now spent little of his time at home. He had forsaken his profession, and entered into mercantile business and speculations in a neighboring city. There still existed two bonds of union between them. The first was their pride. Both shrank from the censure and pity of the world, and resolved that it should never know their secret, and each acted well the borrowed part. It was this that induced them to appear often in public. On all such occasions his attentions were assiduously polite, and were received with a smiling ease and grace that most effectually blinded the eyes of their acquaintances. It was this, also, more than any thing else, which restrained Dr. Lester from the intoxicating cup. He knew that men often under the influence of wine revealed family secrets, the memory of which made them blush, and he determined that the forbidden theme should never be taken unwittingly upon his lips.

The other bond between them was more worthy, and it required no acting. This was the love they both bore their children. Caroline was a more judicious mother than wife, and Dr. Lester lavished upon his children

the love and indulgences which they should have shared with his wife.

"I shall need twenty dollars to-day, James," said Mrs. Lester one morning, as they seated themselves at the breakfast-table, not far from the time to which we have referred.

"Which you can not have," he answered, as he coolly passed his cup for coffee. Caroline looked up angrily.

"May I be informed *why* I can not have the necessary funds to supply the wants of my family?"

"One would suppose the wants of your family were tolerably well supplied I should say. However, if you are suffering for a new piece of jewelry, or dying for a new bonnet, your wants shall be supplied as soon as I have the necessary amount to spare. I hope you may be enabled to survive until that time."

"Do n't try to make yourself disagreeable, Dr. Lester. You know very well that I do not spend money needlessly, but since I am not to be trusted with so important an article, you will please send home a barrel of flour, a few pounds of sugar, a paper of tea, and one of coffee, and pay Bridget her month's wages before you leave town." Dr. Lester threw down the required sum, saying at the same time:

"I don't see for my part what makes our family so expensive."

"Your wife's extravagance probably. I'll take another piece of the steak if you please."

"The fact is I have more ways for the dollars than I have pennies. I must meet a heavy payment to-day, and I have no great amount to spare."

"Give up some of your silly speculations then. Money to spare or not, I am obliged to eat, and you and the children seem to be troubled in the same way."

"I don't think we could eat up fifteen hundred dollars' worth of food a year very well."

"Oh, no! your cigars cost something, and you paid thirty dollars for

your coat last week; and then your oyster suppers for your friends in town are no small item."

Before this speech was ended Dr. Lester had left the room, slamming the door after him. When he got fairly away from the house he felt ashamed, as he always did of these foolish brawls, and by way of setting his conscience right, sent home the flour and groceries.

The truth was he was not feeling in good-humor, and vented his ill-feelings at home as was usual with him. Although he had a large payment to make, he could easily make it, and he had no idea of restricting his wife in the use of money; but as he felt that the debt was somewhat unjust, and as it would prevent other business arrangements he had intended to make, this new call for money had vexed him, and he did not hesitate to show it. Caroline as usual, after he was gone, gave herself up to a fit of weeping, blaming herself some, but blaming him more, and making herself believe she was the most miserable of women.

The conversation which has been repeated was a pretty fair illustration of their usual private intercourse. There was one thing for which both were thankful. They were seldom alone in each other's society. Even in the presence of their children they maintained a respectful manner toward each other. As had always been the case, Grace was Caroline's only confidant, and before her feelings had subsided to their usual quiet, her friend came in.

"In trouble again?" said Grace, looking inquiringly to Caroline, after the usual salutations.

"Yes; my husband's ill-humor has taken on an entirely new phase this morning, and to make it relish I of course got angry, when one of those scenes followed which renders our domestic life so very agreeable," answered Caroline with haughty sarcasm.

"Oh, cousin! why will you make

yourself miserable, and drive your husband from you, instead of making your life at least tolerable, and attracting him by the gentle influence of kindness?"

"He never tries to make me happy. Are my obligations to him of greater force than his to me?"

"Probably not; but your obligations to do right are eternal, and you will never be able to escape them."

"I know it. I know too that I come shamefully short of my duty," said Caroline in an altered manner; "but if I should resolve to do right as I always do when you are with me, I should fail at the very first temptation. Ah me! we can not force the tongue to speak the words, and the hands to perform the acts of love, when the heart is not the prompter."

"When the heart learn the lesson of its own weakness and sin, it will look with long-suffering patience and kindness upon the faults of others. I have heard it said that there was a well of kindness and goodness far down in every human heart. Find it in your own, dear Carrie, and bring up draughts for your husband, and you will soon move the waters in his."

Other friends came in, and the conversation was interrupted, but Caroline's thoughts were busy with the past and future, and toward the future she looked forward with something like hope. The influence of Grace over her was always good, and Caroline was beginning to desire to imitate her conduct, and to profit by her teachings.

She saw clearly that it was in her power to make her home peaceful, though the golden moment when she might have made it happy had probably passed by, and her heart yearned to teach her children, especially her daughters, to avoid the quicksands and shoals where her own happiness had been wrecked, as also the many other dangers which lay thickly strewn around them.

That night a new sorrow overtook

her. Little Flora, the sweet child of four summers, her mother's idol, was taken suddenly ill. She dispatched a speedy messenger for Grace, and also for the child's father. Dr. Lester was nowhere to be found. Another physician was brought, and every effort that love could suggest or skill devise was made to save the life of the sufferer. But it was in vain; for when the father, breathless with haste, entered the sick-room the night following, Flora was dying in her mother's arms. Caroline, pale as the dying child, stretched her hands in mute appeal toward her husband, and for the first time for years he supported her in his arms, and their tears, mingling together, fell upon the dead face of her who was now an angel.

Sorrow for death softens the heart as can no other sorrow. We feel when we look upon what *was* a loved one, and is now as it were nothing, that God has been with us, as we feel it at no other time. There is no lifting up an arm against him, no triumph of passion then. Caroline remembered how her heart would have yearned for one look of recognition from the eyes now closed forever — one loving kiss from lips now still in death, which were denied her husband, and she wept for him. He thought of the hours of anxiety and sorrow she had endured alone, and his heart sympathized with her grief. This mutual pity could not but engender kind acts. Little Freddy's grief was so excessive that both felt obliged to exert themselves to comfort him, and thus, by the loss of what both had so tenderly loved, they were drawn more closely together, and more into sympathy than they had been since the earliest days of their wedded life. Caroline's eyes were now partly opened, and Grace was at her side to encourage and strengthen good resolutions, and direct her thoughts to right channels.

Now she began to look for guidance to the Source of all wisdom, and to adopt for her rule of practice

that faith which is "first pure then peaceable." No true domestic happiness was in store for Dr. Lester and his wife. Too long their thoughts and feelings had taken opposite directions, to run smoothly in the same channel. Habits of contention and reserve were too old and too firmly rooted to give way entirely. But domestic brawls were banished from their fireside. Dr. Lester perceived and appreciated the efforts of his wife to exchange her old habits of imperiousness and self-will for those of gentle kindness, and if he was not willing to make the same sacrifices himself that he saw her daily making, he could not but yield in some degree to her influence, and he became certainly a much better man.

It was only when death came again to his threshold, and took her from him, that he turned to the consolations and teachings of that religion which had been her guide in the later years of her life. Beneath the roof and under the teachings of Grace Harris the motherless children of Dr. Lester grew up to fill wide niches in the world of usefulness; and when, in their turn, they gathered families around them, Grace found beneath the shelter of their roofs the fulfillment of the promise, "Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

AN ANSWERING WORD.

"EACH fond wish of thy heart be thine" —

Is that thy hope?

Then let no wreath my sad brow twine,
But let me drink Love's holy wine

From her golden cup.

"Seek not to win the poet's name" —

I never sought:

On some few hearts a loving claim,
This — this is all I ask of Fame —

She grants it not.

"May friendship strew thy path with flowers,"

Then where is *thine*?

Its light would gild my darkest hours;
Yet go — I'll drink in heavenly bowers

Love's holy wine.

AMANDA.

LETTERS FROM QUIETSIDÉ.

V.

GIRARD, *April, 1857.*

IN the lonely hours which have been mine for many long months, the web of thought has been tinged—yea, marked deeply with sorrow's unsparring hand. You know, in part, dear M. . . ., the deep, deep griefs which have from time to time thrown their dark pall over my life-path, making earth's hopes so obscure, as almost to cast a shadow heavenward. Your ready sympathy has always responded to my troubles, even before my heart-cry was uttered. And yet, many and bitter are the sore trials of my life, which have never been surmised even by your kind, generous spirit. The Inspiration of Truth says, "Many are the sorrows of the righteous, but the Lord will deliver out of them all. This promise is for the righteous. Who are the righteous, is the thought naturally connecting itself with the assurance. The term righteous may characterize those whose lives are eminently free from guile—devoted to works of beneficence and usefulness. But this assumption is met with an inspired declaration, "There is none righteous—no, not one." The promise certainly has a meaning, for not one tittle of God's word shall fail of fulfillment. If it can not be claimed by the man passing respectably through life's sinuosities, it must belong to some other class.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. They that be wise unto Eternal life shall shine as the stars in Heaven." There is then a righteousness beyond that of the common morality, which makes a distinction between the honorable and the ignoble—the polished man of the world and him whose pursuits and pleasures indicate that he is of a coarser mold. The difference is not so much in the intrinsic quality of the sin, as in the mode of its presentation to "eyes and ears polite." This

righteousness, to be available, must be of a higher character than aught derived from earth. Its seat is in the heart illuminated with divine truth, and stored with the knowledge of God's law; fervently determined, with His help, to keep "the commandments of the law blameless." Renouncing all else, we must trust implicitly in the faithfulness of Him, who, by a life of suffering and an ignominious death, wrought out a righteousness sufficient to enwrap the whole world if they will accept the robe and wear it. This robe makes its wearers impervious, to a considerable extent, to the envenomed shafts of worldly sorrows. It is not to be supposed that they will escape many and great afflictions; for "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth;" and even scourgeth those whom he receiveth. But the blessed promise is, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace."

These, and many other considerations, based upon the same firm foundation, enable the sorrow-crushed heart to look beyond the heavy clouds which envelop this entire horizon, and say, "It is the Lord; let him do as he will; though he slay me, yet will I trust him." Then can we adopt the language of a great, though sometimes gloomy spirit, when he says,

"Oh, may I breathe no longer, than I breathe
My soul in praise to Him, who gave my soul;
And all her infinite of prospect fair;
Where shall that praise begin, which ne'er shall
end?"

This view lightens the soul of its burden, and so purifies its vision, that through a rarified medium it beholds afflictions as the bestowment of a parental hand—tokens of love; and we rejoice in the testimonial of His care for us.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity." Never struck "the sweet swan of Avon" a truer note, or one which touches a chord in every human heart—one which vibrates a unison. How are these uses sweet? In many ways. If carefully questioned, they respond that one use is to induce the

inquiry, why this particular trial has fallen upon us? Single-eyed attention shows us, that the rightful sovereign of our heart has been dethroned, to give place to some worthless object, in direct contravention of the command, "My son, give me thy heart." This adversity comes then as a reminder—a token that our insulted Lord still holds us in remembrance. Is not this thought sweet? Certainly it is. Then whence cometh this sorrow, and from whom? Holy Writ declares interrogatively, "Is there an evil in the city and the Lord hath not done it?" Instead of taking comfort from the assurance of a particular recognition of our affairs, by an Omniscient, Omnipotent Being, our fatih is beclouded, and the heart-cry ascends, "Is it good that thou Lord shouldest despise the work of thine hands?" We feel that we can endure any thing that bears the impress of the Almighty Hand; but this grief lacks his signet; its savor is of the enemy of good. This may be true; but perhaps we do not fully realize that *all* things are under the direction of God, who is over all, and blessed forever.

The apostle says that "Satan goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." Doubtless he seeks his prey among the children of earth not less now than when the new-born world in its purity and loveliness aroused his malevolence and strong determination to subject it to his own iron rule. Nor can it be supposed that success in that magnificent plan, satisfied his hateful greed; his malignity is still directed against those who hope in God. If permitted so severely to try the patient and faithful Job, may he not still have the power to afflict under certain limitations? Every created being has his appointed work. That of the great Enemy is to affright and discourage the soul, seeking its rest in Heaven. To me it is rather a comfort to feel that afflictions are not a "shadow from the Eternal Throne,"

but that "the dark form of Satan comes between me and God's reconciled countenance." Sorrows are our trials; if sanctified, they are our mercies.

"Behind a frowning Providence
God shows a smiling face."

If troubles spring not from the dust, neither originate in the will of God to make us miserable, but are permitted that we may understand the subtle enemy that desires to "sift" us, let it impress us deeply with a sense of his malignity and great power over those who are finally surrendered to his machinations, and prompt us to a close scrutiny of our own hearts and their exercises under affliction. It becomes us to feel that He who permits trials, knows just what we need, and will, if looked to in faith, strengthen us to endure, until we not only feel resignation, but acquiescence also.

Having satisfied ourselves of the why, and whence of a sorrow, the next inquiry is, what "use" will we make of it? Shall we sink in despondency, or shall we implore help from on High to strengthen us for a conflict with an unseen, but powerful antagonist? We are encouraged to the combat by the assurance that "though heaven and earth pass away, not one jot or tittle of God's word shall fail." And has He not declared, that He "is nigh to all them that call upon Him in truth;"—"will fulfill the desire of them that fear Him;"—that "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him; for He knoweth our frame, that we are but dust." Then, "Why art thou cast down, oh my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in God; for I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance, and my God." "Thou wilt show me the path of life; in thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand are pleasures forevermore."

When afflictions have brought the chastened spirit to the foot of God's throne, is it not sweet to feel our

withered hearts rejuvenating under the genial rays of the Sun of Righteousness, until they say, "I will not fear; though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." "The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth; and in Him is everlasting strength." Walking in the light of His countenance, under the protection of His everlasting wings, our heart-song will be,

"Though troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
There's one thing secures us, whatever betide,
His promise assures us, the Lord will provide."

The conviction that the direction of God is seen in all the events of life, does not diminish our obligation so to use them, as to exhibit a good, healthful influence upon the whole tenor of our life. It rather increases our responsibility. A sound thinker has said: "Two things are stated with equal clearness in the Word of God: sovereignty and responsibility. They seem opposed to each other, but I adore in silence. I see that man must be accountable, or he could not be judged. I am no less satisfied, that if he be not secured by Divine appointment, no one can be saved."

The great "use of adversity" then seems to be, that it forms a connecting tie between ourselves and the mighty Disposer of events. If sorrows tend to keep our hearts in the love of God, surely they are sweeter in their influence than all that earth can give without it. A close observer will perceive an obvious connection between events and their results, as truly governed by laws as that which shows the relation between cause and effect; though the eye of science may not have exposed their penetralia, and tested them by mathematical calculation. In these cases faith is the connecting link; and the humble spirit rejoices in the assurance, that hereafter all which now appears obscure will be explained.

"His Providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf and every stroke,
Fulfill some vast design."

L'AMIE.

SPIRIT-WHISPERINGS.

BY RISTA.

KNIGER not, ye earth-born dreamers
Round the shrine of fancied joy;
Nought is there but gild and glitter,—
Frailty clinging to a toy.

Here, ye never quench your longings,
Ne'er suppress the hidden fire;
Never reach the heart's deep fountains,
Gushing forth from soul's desire.

'Tis no tale of Fancy's weaving,
Strung by golden tissued threads;
That this life has earnest breathing,
Floating round from mystic realms;

Deeper still than proud imaginings,
Often cast from favored scenes;
Truer, too, than glory's beamings
Are these upward flickering gleams.

What is earth with all her treasures,
To one ray of future light;
Where enshrined her gayest pleasures,
Lost amid this vision bright?

Yonder is each life unfolded,
Page by page in tracings deep;
Yonder every impress molded,—
All revived—no more shall sleep.

Who would know the infant visions,
Who, the range of childish thought;
Did no future's deep disclosures,
Light the shade that time has wrought.

Ah! ye deep'ning mystic glances,
How ye loose the fettered soul;
Every beam my hope enhances,—
Turn Desire for there's your goal.

Youth, proud youth, enrobed in brightness,
Are there joys that equal thine?
And thy soul-impassioned wishes,
Will they meet a fitting shrine?

Oh! ye castle-builders, listen,
Know ye where a fountain lies?
Where sweet youth fore'er is lasting,—
Where fond hope and joy revives?

Tell us if life be inviting,
Past the youth we worship now;
Will the skies with smiles be brightened
Still when age has marked your brow?

And will thought still melt in music,
Still be young and free to rove?
Will the heart still draw around it,
Links that e'er are strong through love?

Whisper on! my spirit whisper,
Dreams like these are flitting fast;
Soon thy hopes—thy ardent wishes
Bear their shadows of the past.

FLORIDA, August 1, 1857.

LIZZIE TALLMAN.

BY, MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

"There are thousands now
Such women, but convention beats them down;
It is but bringing up; no more than that."

"Henceforth, wherever thou may'st roam,
My blessing, like a line of light,
Is on the waters day and night,
And like a beacon guides thee home."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

IN the dim old forest that skirts the Canadian shore of Lake Erie, stood the solitary cabin of a hunter. Above it and around it the thick drooping branches swayed about each other, and braided their long arms so closely together that the sunshine scarce dimpled the open doorway of his hut, where a brown-cheeked girl sat with folded arms watching a tiny boat, through a narrow opening in the trees, as it rose and fell upon the silvery distance of restless waters. It was no uncommon sight, but some strange, half-dreamy spell was upon her, and her large brown eyes betokened a fanciful, rather than a curious interest in the far-off misty sail. It was a right regal day—one that cheats the overladen of their cares, and sends the spirit upward from its dreary toil, to sun itself in visions of the glorious Hereafter. Gorgeous Autumn had trailed his purple garments into the brown young winter, and toyed with its foliage of russet and gold, which clung so lingeringly and lovingly to the half denuded branch. The falling leaves were waltzing and coquetting in the fresh wind, and seemed in their frolicking chase to forget that the clouds were weaving a snow-shroud over them.

Lizzie Tallman's hands were still folded, when, an hour later, one of those sudden storms that come so closely upon such a day burst upon the water. The boat had scarcely moved from the position where Lizzie saw it first. There was no moving of oars when the wild storm struck the slender shallop, and hurried it toward the shore. The watching girl stirred not, save that her arms and hands grew rigid with the tightening

of the muscle, and the change in the velvety hazel eyes to a keen brilliancy much darker than their dreamy hue. Not once did the heavy lashes fall over them—not one word parted her closely compressed lips; but still as a statue, save the deep rising and falling of her bosom, hidden by the costume peculiar to the Canadian Indians. She had Saxon blood in her veins, but her mother's home was sunny Provence; and just such eyes as Lizzie's had warmed the cold blood of Edward Tallman, who relinquished home and friends for the love that looked out from their circean depths. He left his cold-hearted English kin, who refused their benediction upon his too easily won wife, and came to America. The love which he expected would brave any fate with him, grew exacting and complaining in the new home, and finally wore itself out of the heart of the husband, to spend its strength in selfish and useless repinings.

A year had scarcely passed, when he found himself with a helpless babe upon his bosom, and a little mound of his own smoothing under a tree near the door of his cabin. Whatever of remorse at his want of forbearance toward his wife lingered in his heart, took the form of tenderness for his child; and she grew beside him, and in his strong, warm heart, till his lonely life became not only tolerable but almost happy. He had educated her after his own fancy. To read and re-read the old authors he brought to be companions of his solitary home, had been their greatest pleasure; but to express their thoughts in conversation was a rare thing, and the use of a pen was unknown to the lonely girl. What use was that to her in her solitude? She could aim her rifle with an unerring hand, and ride her pony for days unwearied by the side of her father. To take her canoe out upon the water and let it rock hither and thither at the will of the waves, and fold her arms to dream, was the keenest enjoyment she ever

felt. She could swim from point to point of the outstretching headlands without feeling the least fatigue; but when her busy thoughts turned inward upon her own soul, and tried to comprehend the strange longings for other and higher human sympathies, her weakness lay heavily upon her, and her head bowed upon her bosom like a conquered spirit. Little save the excitement of a hunt, or a trial of oars upon the lake had chanced to stir the sleeping energies within her.

But the storm was now moaning around her, and the white foam rose higher and higher upon the shore, hiding at times the lone sail upon its heaving waters. She had been two days alone; for her father was visiting one of the inland villages to procure additions to their winter stores, and another day would probably pass before she could expect to see his face. Her eyes grew brighter and brighter until their gleam was almost wild, when she started to her feet and exclaimed, "Why don't the madmen reef their sail?"

Two or three bounds, and she stood upon a rock against which the waves were angrily dashing. A strange shadow fell upon her face, when she saw the only occupant of the boat sitting as she had done a moment before, with folded hands and a still paler face, looking toward the shore. She threw her hands aloft to get his eye, and pointed him to the rocks against which his little craft was speeding with alarming rapidity; but no sign was given back to the eager girl, and she cast off her heavy broadcloth tunic as if instinctively preparing to save one who would not save himself, and calmly waited for the moment he should strike the rock.

An instant more and the young man leaped from his place, and the current carried him landward, while his frail craft struck the projecting crag upon the side opposite the one from which he sprang, and dashed it in fragments. Lizzie saw the figure borne toward shore only to sink beneath the sur-

face, and the wave that held him receded again. Down from the rock she plunged, and battled with the angry waters till she held the dark wet locks of the drowning man closely in her hand, and then, with an effort and self-forgetfulness which would have given the crown of a hero to a man, this young girl gained the shore. She laid the exhausted man upon the grassy slope, and bringing from the cabin such remedies as she had, parted the still lips, and saw them quiver and give forth signs of life to her hopeful ministrations.

Scarce had the large drops of rain began to fall when the echo of her name betokened her father's return. One call from the shore rang above the tempest, and a rapid stride from the cabin brought the strange occupant of the forest to their side. He gave a quick look into the eyes of his daughter, and then raising the still figure, bore him into the cabin. A warm fire brought back the frightened life to his eyes, and motion to his almost silent heart. Lizzie had given up her position at the stranger's side, and when Mr. Tallman saw the danger was over, he turned to his child, whose arms were again folded over her bosom, and her head drooping above them. He placed his dark rough hand beneath her chin, and raising her face so that her eyes were full upon his, said:

"Lizzie, my child—"

"I'm not a child, father," and a strange smile came to her face.

"Lizzie, my daughter, did you ever see that man before?"

"No, father."

"Never?"

"Never."

He raised her face a little more, and then stooped his lips to hers, and returned to the restless figure by the fire.

The voice came back to the sufferer before morning, and he told them his name was Paul Richmond. He said that he was the only survivor of a sailing party of young persons

who had left Detroit the day previous, and had been capsized by a squall, but that he, being unable to swim, had clung to the boat, and been once driven ashore on a small island which was uninhabited; he had righted his boat and tried to gain the main shore, but grief for his companions, and long exposure had made him so weak, that in a momentary unconsciousness he had lost his oars, and then in despair let his sail take him whither it would.

Lizzie never revealed her part in this fearful adventure even to her father, and Paul Richmond's proud spirit was saved the humility of thanking a *girl* for his life. He looked upon the forest maiden with an eye of pity, and a heart of tenderness for her lonely and almost friendless condition.

The storm hushed itself in the heavy snows which grew upward and upward, till the trees dabbled their arms in its crystals, and threw them up into the clear cold sunshine only to fall in diamonds upon the still clinging leaves. To go forth was impossible, and Mr. Tallman was only too glad to entertain one who could tell him of the great world, whose throbbing heart now pulsated with no loving memories of him. Paul found a strange satisfaction in filling the eager ears of the listening girl with his own great thoughts, and comprehensive views of the true and holy in human capabilities. He related the great and noble deeds of the every-day life of the earnest-hearted,—told of uncrowned martyrs and unrecognized heroes. He filled her soul with delicious reveries, as his deep, rich voice repeated the wondrous creations of the poet, with their dreams and realities. He told her of one with eyes dark as her own, weeping because she thought him lost to her earthly gaze forever. He told her of the great love that stirred his soul to higher aspirations and untiring devotions to the sacred duties of life.

How Lizzie's spirit grew in such companionship! How strong her

heart became, as he told her of a better life where the soul is not chained to an earthly tenement! How every trivial act was better done for his presence! Tell me not that woman's friendship with man may not ennoble both. I know that my story is spoiled for a great proportion of my readers, because Lizzie Tallman does not fall in love with Paul Richmond. How could she? She would have as soon wedded an angel with his wings plumed for Paradise as he, and yet her whole life took its inspiration from him. She blessed in her heart of hearts the woman who was to be his equal—his companion in life. True, the sunshine of the cabin went with him when he went forth, and when his lips touched her brown cheek at parting, she felt like one consecrated to a better life, although it was to be on that lonely shore.

Mr. Tallman had begun to grow restless, lest the interesting stranger should bear with him the happiness of his child; but when he saw how his home grew more and more beautiful under the hand of the once dreamy girl, his old cheerfulness came back to him, and he tried to make amends to the child for the lonely life they led.

A year passed away, and disease visited Lizzie's father. Hope died out of his heart from the first day he lay down upon his pillow, but his child, his only beloved one, how could he leave her alone? There was one—a hunter like himself, who lived a mile or two down the shore, whose honest, fearless heart had pleased him in the days of his strength, and to him his thoughts wandered as his only resource, for he knew that Phillip Germaine would treat his daughter with all the kindness his rough nature comprehended. He knew, too, that Phillip's eyes loved to follow Lizzie's lithe figure through the trees, and he had seen them flash fire when Lizzie's rifle brought down a deer, both their own had failed to reach; and seem better pleased than when his own hand

had done the deed. The first time Phillip came, the sick man took his hand in both his own, and with all his fatherly love in his soul, said :

"I shall die — and Lizzie —"

"Give her to me, Edward Tallman, and I'll never forget she was the last gift of a dying friend."

"Bless you, Phillip Germaine. Lizzie, come here. You know that I must die. You know that you will be alone, and I should rest easier if I knew that Phillip held a warmer place in your heart, than even your poor father does. May I leave your hand in his own, Lizzie?"

She had not looked toward either of them, but her eyes were gazing through the opening in the trees far out on the lake. No word uttered she, but after a moment's silence, she felt her hand laid in a strong, warm clasp, and a drop — was it a tear? — fall upon it. A minute of silence, and she drew away her hand and went down to the shore and held communion with the murmuring waters. What thoughts she had, what strong resolves to meet life's duties whatever they might be with an earnest spirit, was never told to mortal ears by the whispering waves, but when Phillip followed her and sat down on the moss by her side as he had never done before, she looked up into his face with an expression which said, "Whenever and wherever I am called I am ready to begin life."

A shadow lay upon her now, and he thought it was grief for her father, but 't will never pass till her spirit goes out into the sunshine of the great Beyond. Phillip brought the missionary which lived a long way down the shore, to see the dying man, and before he left, Phillip and Lizzie were man and wife, with but this stipulation, that she should be unclaimed as long as her father needed her care.

"He died and was buried," is the summing up of many a life, and so it was with the misanthrope, Edward Tallman. A woman's love for the conventional pleasures, rather than

the truer ones, made him what he was, and the same could be written of many, very many more. Oh! woman, woman! how little ye do with a will which rises above the world's opinion, or makes ye what ye might be — ministers of good.

Years passed away, and a larger cabin occupies the spot we left in our story. The trees are cut away from one side of it, and the little hillocks where the corn was grown betoken a busier life. Within the doors, children large and small are busied with one or another of the domestic productions of such a home, and such a place. The father is hunting as usual, but the heavy storm has kept the frail ones at home. The mother, with her large, dark eyes grown softer by the fountains of maternal affection beneath them, is gazing out again upon the waters and the quivering masts they bore. Memory is busy, and she thanks God for the only visitant that ever came over the tide to their humble home, and for a moment she looks about upon her children to see if the great thoughts she gathered, hoarded for them then, will make them as it did her, strong to do whatever her hands found.

Her eyes went back to the foaming lake, and as the distant masts bent to the wind, her young strength of limb came back again, and the same rock where she stood years before was under her feet in a moment. On, and on came the plunging vessel, with no hand to guide its almost arrowy flight. Shivering men stood clinging to the rigging, whose faces were white with despair.

"God help them and me," was all the deep voice on the rock uttered, but there was a resolve on the lip, and expression in the eye which betokened no sinking back to a woman's boasted timidity. The brig has struck, and the night is coming down upon them! The woman flung her loose garments aside, and as one after another wrestled with the waves, her arm brought them to the shore in

safety. Other ones of her new neighbors stood beside her now, and her voice gave them the courage to brave the storm with her, and save the dying men, till all were safe save one. He, the white-haired man, stood calmly on a portion of the wreck, watching his comrades in the hands of their rescuer reach the shore in safety. Who knows if his prayer did not shield the woman on that wild night?

She saw him, and her soul recognized her girlish evangel! How her eyes flashed out their determination as she exclaimed, "To save him, O God, is all I ask of Thee!" He saw her arm waving him to leap in, and as if her soul had telegraphed to his upon the mystic threads of spirit companionship, he obeyed, and her hand laid him the second time upon the slope before her door.

There was not much to say: a few tears — manly tributes of gratitude — a look of remembrance, and a promise to meet hereafter, they parted; he to bear the memory of one woman true to her holy plan and mission — true to her ministrations about the altar of home, and all unskilled in the *weaknesses* of fashionable women's lives, yet with a great heart which braved the wildest storm, and plunged undaunted where few of the sterner sex would dare to venture.

The world heard it, and wrote her name among its greatest heroines. It lauded her, and she accepted its laudations for her children's sake; but down, down in her soul's inner temple she shrines remembrances which are more precious to such a spirit as hers, than all the benisons of admiring thousands, or the testimonials of kings. The teachings of Paul Richmond had been a life-long blessing — what other need had she?

Remember, ye who drink deep at the fountain of wisdom, that there are thirsty souls, to whom one drop given in love will sweeten life's whole goblet of the waters of Marah.

A SCRIPTURE SCENE.

BY MRS. A. C. JUDSON.

'T WAS in a grave-yard — there were mounds of earth,
Sepulchral stones, and monuments, that bore
Inscriptions of the dead. Shadows were there
From cypress, yew, and lonely sycamore;
Deep, solemn shadows, whether in the day,
Or by the moon's pale light; 'twas the abode
Of silence most profound.

There stood a group
Of weeping ones around a new-made grave;
Two lovely sisters, clad in mourning weeds
Bewailed a brother, whom they truly loved
With all the tenderness of woman's heart.
Alas! how lone, and sad, and sorrowful!
Yet still they had a Friend on whom they looked
With trustful hope, inspired alone by grace;
They knew and felt that He possessed a power
High as the throne of heaven, and a faint dawn
Of some bright vision seemed e'en then to inspire
Their hearts with solace.

They drew near the grave,
Whereon was laid a stone. He gave command,
And it was borne away. The voice of prayer
From that pure, holy One arose on high,
And faith triumphant entered in the veil,
Drawing the arm of th' Eternal down.
A voice then pierced the silence of the tomb,
"Come forth!" in tones like the archangel's trumpet.

The dead awoken'd — he arose — came forth,
Clad in the grave's habiliments — the same,
The very same who once had bless'd their sight;

There now he stood — that brother well beloved,
In life and health again; and when unbound
Could greet those sisters with a fond embrace,
And with them go to gladden yet their home
That had for days been clothed in dismal pall.

Amazing power! that can unlock the tomb,
And send the life-blood glowing warm through veins
That had been frozen — wondrous skill, indeed!

Yet Jesus has it, and has boldly said:
"I am the Resurrection and the Life."
All in their graves shall hear that solemn voice,
And come forth from their lone sepulchral homes,
The righteous shining in immortal youth,
As stars in brilliancy, to die no more.

BESSIE MASON.

BY MISS MARY J. CROSMAN.

THE widow Mason lived in a small, brown house at the foot of a hill, whose gently sloping bank was studied with maples of half a century's growth. East of the house lay the garden, through which ran a bright stream of water, inhabited by numberless shiners and speckled ace; while beside the stream stood a large willow, whose drooping branches sheltered a rustic bench at its trunk.

Mrs. Mason had four children; the eldest were boys, and by dint of labor and close management she had finished paying for her farm, and had in view another piece of land to be added thereto, "when the boys got bigger." The girls had their share in the labors appointed, and though it was only by little savings that their efforts were measured, they were none the less wearisome. Lucinda, or Cinda as she was generally called, had received in addition to her mother's name the transmission of her spirit to a good degree, and though two years younger than Betsy, she was always more successful in her management and daily duties. Betsy had a love for the willow tree, for the music of the brook, and golden sunsets seen from the brow of the hill. When allowed an hour of leisure, she was sure to resort to her shaded seat with knitting-work and Sabbath-school book, forgetful of weariness or care till reminded by a voice from the house.

Mrs. Mason had no eye for beauty, but was a rigid utilitarian both in theory and practice; no day was so peaceful and dreamy that she would not have turned the world into a hurried work-shop. Had Mr. Mason lived, Betsy would have enjoyed that sympathy and love which her nature craved. But he was called away early, and Mrs. Mason said that there was "nothing for sorrow like keeping the hands busy;" so, on the whole, she managed to shed very few tears. She thought it was very fortunate for

her and the children that she could control her feelings so well, and her philosophy was so broad and her mental acumen so shallow, that she wondered the children could miss their father so much.

Betsy and Cinda differed in their tastes whenever the question of "profit or pleasure" was involved between them; but as Betsy's preferences were considered profitless and unreal, they were generally set aside for Cinda's wiser suggestions. Though one spring, when Mrs. Mason gave them each a garden-bed, and Cinda set hers all out to the kind of onion that brought the highest price in market, Betsy persisted in reserving a part of hers for some choice flower-seeds a neighbor had given her. The flowers grew finely beside their fragrant neighbors, notwithstanding the many denunciations which were pronounced against them.

On the afternoon of a pleasant day, when in their full beauty, a carriage halted at the gate, and a gentleman came in to know if he could purchase some of those flowers in the garden.

"Oh, yes!" said the widow; "I'll call Betsy; they're her'n."

The lady in the carriage was fatigued from a long ride, and came in to rest. Cinda brought some pears of a delicious flavor, and Betsy, in the mean time, gathered a bouquet, to which several unseen corners had contributed largely.

Upon a road so little traveled, the event of the afternoon was quite important, and was duly discussed at the supper-table. Each one expressed his opinion of the travelers, the widow being sure "that if they were rich they was mighty foolish to throw away their money for posies."

It was long that night before Betsy could shut her eyes against the visions that fitted before her, but the next day they had all fled, and the only traces left behind were a dull headache, and stronger yearnings for something beyond and above what she possessed. But there were no

idlers in Mrs. Mason's house, and she hastened from one piece of work to another, as if her mind had been there also.

As the autumn advanced, Betsy had leave to attend the village school during the winter term, as her brother John had offered to pay her tuition. She toiled on rapidly with this new hope before her, though its realization brought many little unthought-of annoyances: her home-made flannel seemed coarser, her shoes heavier, and her hands larger than ever before. Nevertheless, if her homeward walk was sometimes sad, it was oftener joyous, for she had won the friendship of her teacher, and proved herself an apt scholar in whatever she undertook.

Another summer came bringing its usual routine of labor to the inmates of the little farm-house. One day in harvest time, Betsy had gone to her wheel after dinner, when Cinda made the announcement that they were going to have company, for she had "dropped her dish-cloth twice." For once her prophecy proved true. Before the sun went down, her uncle John Mason and family had come from their home, thirty miles distant, to make their annual visit at "sister Lucinda's."

Mr. Mason was a village pastor, of benevolent, open-hearted nature, always aiming to benefit those around him spiritually or otherwise. His wife, too, was so kind and lady-like, so winning in her manners, that Betsy especially was always delighted with their visits. The next day when Mr. Mason and his wife were alone, he said to her confidentially:

"I'm resolved to have a plain talk with Lucinda. She is out of debt, and has money besides, yet she is doing neither herself nor family justice; her motto is, work, work, for the sole purpose of getting rich. Poor brother Henry; I have sometimes thought it was a kind providence that his last illness was brief; God grant that my pledge to look after his children may

never be forgotten. But, to come back to the present; look about you, Mary; there is scarcely a line of reading in the house, excepting an almanac, or a borrowed newspaper; see, too, how she spends her Sabbaths, walking about to see if things are in order, and recruiting a little for Monday's service. Don't you think we could do something for Bessie? she is at the right age now, and has naturally the best intellect among them; though John would have made a fair scholar, to have commenced younger. Peter, however, and Cinda, as they call her, seem contented with their sphere."

"I'll tell you, husband; how would it answer for Betsy to come out and stay with me awhile? If you should have a few pupils, she could enter some of the classes, and I could teach her, too, myself; perhaps she could assist me some about the children, or take off a little care in some other way; but you must do the talking, and I'm glad you have so much faith," she added, with a smile which bespoke doubt on her own part.

The pastor read another version of "the parable of the sower" in the leaf of humanity before him; for there had been seed sown upon the widow Mason's heart, which should have already brought forth fruit, some thirty and some sixty fold.

By the garden-fence the next day, Mrs. Mason was enjoying an agricultural tete-a-tete with her brother-in-law, pointing out various fields, and their probable income, referring to advanced prices, new plans, etc., her manner growing more animated as the vision of net profit enlarged and brightened in the autumnal distance.

"Yes, yes, sister," interrupted Mr. Mason, "you are doing fairly in this respect; but I want to find a little fault—you know I always was frank;" and then, with earnestness beaming from his eye, he told her of the three-fold nature and its varied wants, charging her in his kind manner, of fettering the moral and intellectual,

and bestowing her highest care upon that which would perish first.

Mrs. Mason tried to prove at first that she stood on Scriptural ground, her position being, "Whatever thy hands find to do, do it with all thy might."

"And is this all the article in your creed?" asked her brother, remembering the comprehensive volume from which she had drawn but one idea.

"Why, no; there's another passage—'Be ye diligent in business,' or something like that."

The minister could but smile at the illustrations of the wise man's teachings before him. At last, however, his point was partially gained, for Betsy had the promise of coming after the fall's work was done, to spend the winter in his family.

Early winter found another inmate at the parsonage. Surrounded by new influences, Bessie, as her aunt called her, was fast adding to her stock of mental knowledge. Her manners were being molded by another pattern, and her blue eyes never sparkled brighter beneath their long lashes.

It is a gladsome thing to know that our feet are firmly placed on the stepping-stone that leads upward, and though the way is sometimes toilsome, and the acme of our hopes far distant, yet it still gives joy.

The spring-time dawned, bringing its luxuriant wealth of sunlight and foliage to beautify the earth. At the close of a summer's afternoon, as Bessie sat under the portico framing a wreath of early flowers for the brow of little Cora, she looked up at the sound of wheels, and saw a home-like load making a curvature for her uncle's gate. There were her mother, and Cinda, and John, the former looking anxiously at Bessie with her keen eyes, for she "expected to find her spilt."

The next morning saw the widow stir early, gathering together Bessie's clothes, and making other arrangements for a speedy departure, as the

business at home was so pressing. Bessie was a little sad-hearted, but aunt Mary was to correspond with her, giving advice relative to her studies, and in due time press the invitation for her return.

"When Bessie gets a little older there will be no trouble," said Mr. Mason to his wife, as the wagon drove away, "for then she can teach some, and Lucinda will not feel that her time is wholly lost."

At home Bessie returned to her old routine of duties, happier than ever before. She was ambitious and sprightly, and so cheerful and willing that her mother noted the change with surprise, but could not appreciate the moving spring, or understand what sweetened her toil. Bessie's flowers now brought her new enjoyment, for by the aid of her aunt's botany she could classify and arrange as well as love and admire them; then she was to gather and press for an herbarium, to be made at a future time.

The next winter Bessie returned to her uncle's, resuming her studies, taking lessons in painting, etc.; and the ensuing summer she taught a juvenile class of pupils, still boarding at the parsonage.

* * * * *

Six years in their passing have brought about many changes, that, had they been wrought in a night, would have seemed a marvel; but coming about with a slow and sure progress, modifying instead of suddenly transforming, their advent had been less conspicuous.

Widow Mason is the same angular-featured, far-seeing woman, but her heart is larger, and her ambition higher than ever before — though the inclination of the tree still shows which way the twig was bent.

Peter married and left home; so his mother concluded she had land enough for the present, and instead of purchasing more, had built a snug, tidy house, which nestled like a white dove

under the spreading trees of grove and lawn.

Cinda was a tall, slim girl, an enlarged edition of her mother both in heart and head. She had a fine voice for singing, which, through Bessie's influence had been well cared for.

John, the favorite brother, now worked the farm, and was ready to assist Bessie in many ways; nor was she forgetful of his comfort, as many a tempting lunch and glass of summer beverage, which she had carried to the field where he worked would testify; besides, she ministered to the mental as well as the physical, in numberless happy ways.

Bessie was now a young lady of twenty; she was of medium height, fair complexion, regular features, and dark, brown hair. Her appearance was, really prepossessing—at least, so a young engraver in the village thought. Her warm heart had gathered within its sphere a choice selection of friends, who justly appreciated her love and virtues. She had plans of self-improvement, of charities and industry, while her pets and flowers could not be denied their care.

There was one drop in Bessie Mason's cup which had a sweetness peculiar to itself—it was that by perseverance and self-exertion she had attained her pleasant, useful position, and had still higher hopes, and nobler aims to be realized, under the auspices of a kind Providence.

INCREASE IN THE COST OF LIVING.

THE decision of the leading hotel-keepers of New York to raise the price of board foreshadows a small social revolution. Of all the consumers of edible commodities the hotel-keepers are the largest, and consequently the first to feel a fluctuation in their market price. But their interest is so plainly identified with the cause of cheap living, that it may be taken for granted they would not

throw impediments in the way of the extension of their business, by an increase in the price of board, were it at all possible to thrive without it. The inference is obvious; the expense of living is twenty per cent. higher than it was three years ago, when the present hotel rates were established.

It becomes us, as sensible people, and not wedded to this or that intractable theory, to give some sober thought to a phenomenon which is vital to four out of every five families. An increase of twenty per cent. in the cost of living means a prodigious amount of suffering and privation among the poor. It involves retrenchment among a large class of persons with fixed incomes, who have been accustomed to conveniences which must now be dispensed with. It implies, for instance, an alteration in the plans of many fathers respecting the education of their children.

The period which elapsed between 1842 and 1851 was one of the happiest and best in the history of this country. Thanks to the shock of 1837, caution and moderation were the rule of commerce, and a prudent economy the maxim of social life. The country did a sound, profitable trade; and individuals, as a rule, lived within their incomes. After 1851, when the yield of California gold became tolerably certain, the rapid rise of fortunes effected a change. Men whose highest aspirations had never exceeded the acquisition of a modest competency, found themselves on the high road to the rank of millionaires, and the public at large shared their sanguine hopes, often without sharing their prospects. A capacity to export fifty millions per annum in bullion enabled the country to import fifty millions more of foreign dry goods and luxuries. The sudden influx of population in California opened a new and immensely profitable market for the Atlantic states. What with these two causes—increased production of money, and increased

demand for produce — the profits of trade were vastly enlarged, and every kind of enterprise received a startling impetus. Building was prosecuted on a princely scale. Railroads were laid out and constructed with a large profusion, of which the world had seen no previous example. Manufacturers, industry, internal communication, agriculture, were all developed as if by hot-house pressure. The country has made more progress, as a whole, since 1850 than in any twenty-five years before that date.

This is the bright side of the medal. Let us look at the reverse. Sudden fortunes and speedy gains bred rash expenditure and thoughtless extravagance. Families which were esteemed liberal with an expenditure of three thousand dollars, before 1850, now spend ten thousand dollars without compunction. People in "our best society" can not live under twenty thousand dollars a year. How much of this goes for silks, satins, fine wines, yachts, costly furniture, idle days at Saratoga, and such waste, every reader can estimate for himself. Hence a general wastefulness, stretching from the apex to the base of society, and a morbid demand for commodities which ought never to be needed in a community like ours.

But there is another point to be considered. Within the last seven years over six hundred millions of dollars in gold have been added to the currency of the world, partly by California and partly by Australia. Economists differ widely in their estimate of the currency of the world; perhaps a majority of the most reliable among them admit that the amount of gold added since 1850 is equal to one-fourth the total amount previously in circulation. Now as gold has been adopted, by common consent, as a measure of value, it follows that if you increase the quantity of gold in use, every commodity which is usually exchanged for gold must increase in value in proportion. If land is worth five dollars an acre when the

quantity of dollars in existence is \$2,000,000,000, it will be worth six dollars and twenty-five cents when the quantity becomes \$2,500,000,000; and so on with houses, rents, labor, bread-stuffs, groceries, and every thing merchantable. We have said that twenty-five per cent. has been added to the quantity of circulating gold since 1850; it follows that the price of every thing that is exchanged for gold is, or ought to be, twenty-five per cent. higher now than it was before 1850.

There are those who pass over this branch of the subject, and dwell wholly on the prevailing extravagance and expansion of public and private credit to account for the present increase in the cost of living. These reasoners expect a financial revolution, similar in character to that of 1837, to set all straight, and bring matters to their old level. The facts hardly bear out this view. Until the production of merchantable commodities has increased so largely as to balance the increase in the medium of exchange, prices can not fall to their old level. If the production of gold falls off, the value of the metal will rise, and that of its representatives in merchandise will fall. Undue expansion in the shape of State, railway, banking, and mercantile credits, will rectify itself by individual collapses. Rash speculation in real estate corrects itself every few years. Extravagance breeds individual ruin. But so long as California and Australia continues to add a hundred millions a year to the circulating medium of the world, we have no faith that any local or temporary revulsion will make living permanently cheaper. — *Harper's Weekly*.

INDUSTRY.— Industry will make a purse, and frugality will give you strings to it. This purse will cost you nothing. Draw the strings as frugality directs, and you will always find a useful penny at the bottom.

HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE.

BY MRS. C. A. HALBERT.

THE first imperative claim which duty makes upon the mother and mistress of a family is to provide for the *material* wants of those over whom she presides. Reason as she may on the superior elevation and value of the *souls* of her children, and the comparative worthlessness of their perishable bodies, she is made to feel by long and patient waiting on their feeble infancy, when intelligence has scarcely begun to work, that God attaches great dignity to the frail tabernacle which holds an immortal spirit. It would seem as if He who joined mind and matter together in such matchless fashion that no human alchemy can separate them—who bade the bodily pulse throb with each quickening thought, would teach us thereby not to divorce in our presumption what He by his Divine chemistry has joined together.

Could we behold that beautiful vision which once brightened Paradise—a *perfect human being*, spotless of all hereditary taint or debasement, perfect in feature, form, gait, and every physical attribute, unperverted in appetites, and gladly obedient to all the laws of health, how devoutly should we join in the benediction which Jehovah pronounced upon the crowning work of creation! Who, looking upon such a creature, as he moved about in the rejoicing exercise of all his powers, would not turn in dismay to the pallid, misshapen, stunted men and women who now people our earth? What a gulf between Milton's "Adam" and ourselves! Who knows but the "wise men" of coming ages may have to "search diligently" the generations of the sons of men, to make sure that the crest and arms of Eden's lord are really theirs?

Here then—and it is the grandest of all material aims—is what every mother to whom God has committed an immortal trust, should propose to herself: to build up for that child a

perfectly sound and vigorous body; to eradicate from its constitution any of those hereditary stains which one generation so cruelly bequeaths to the next, and put it in the best possible physical state for a long and joyful life. Doubtless she owes her child vastly higher duties than those of nurse and health guardian, but these, as they are first in the order of time, should run parallel with all others through the whole term of parental protection. The wise mother will not limit her watchfulness to the first years of childhood. It is not enough to say to the careless daughter who would expose herself to the night air or damp ground without sufficient protection, "My child, you will one day be sorry for this." It is her duty to see, by authority, if needful, that she is *not* sorry.

But how shall she who stands sponsor in such a fearful manner for the physical well-being of her offspring, assure herself that her most anxious efforts will be crowned with success. How shall she who has not herself been taught the way, nor made to walk in it, guide the footsteps of the little pilgrim who clings to her hand? Many a woman enters upon maternity without as much study or preparation as she bestows on a new style of fancy work. She seems to think the management of children comes by intuition, and receives into her arms that exquisite and crowning wonder of Heaven's mechanism—that little waiting bundle of nerves and muscles, of wants and sensibilities, as if it were a clock or automaton. When she discovers that it is so frail that a sunbeam may smite it into blindness, or a breath of wind may puff out its feeble life, she begins to feel that some tuition was needful before assuming such a charge; that it demanded of her something beyond the dowry of fine linen, and the show of rare and curious needle-work on which her loving hands had wrought for so many months. Is there not to the expectant mother a beautiful

intention in that long period in which she waits her appointed time? As, day by day, she drops down the perilous and returnless current, and the world grows dim behind her, she should not suffer her restless thoughts always to hover like birds of omen over the solemn hour of great expectancy, when the cup of life may drop suddenly from her lips, or fill with a new and richer wine.

In the silence of her retirement, other thoughts than forebodings, other cares than the preparation of a costly wardrobe should occupy her. How priceless those quiet hours might be made, not only in schooling the spirit for its immortal trust, but in learning how to take care of an infant, and how to initiate it into the rough world of smiting cold and blinding sunlight. Let her, as she must answer at the great day not only for the care of the soul, but also the body of her child, study the anatomy of its little frame, its life-movements, its relations to the outer world — to heat, air, light, and food, how it should be dressed, bathed, and handled; in short, how it may be most soundly and perfectly developed.

By a thoughtful study of the *principles* which govern health, she will be able to form stable opinions of her own. When little emergencies arise, as they often do in the infancy of every child, she will not be tossed by every wind, or run to each neighbor for advice, nor accept without question the dictum of every "experienced nurse" who prescribes her infallible nostrums. Who like the young mother needs to possess her soul in great *quietness and knowledge*, lest in her anxiety and self-distress she sway from one confident adviser to another, and the wondrous little mechanism which God made so fair and so frail, is spoiled by too much meddling.

But knowledge is needed in the kitchen as well as the nursery. The whole culinary art rests on chemistry. With its twin sister, physiology, it tells us how to select our food, how

to cook it, when, and in what manner to eat it. They show us how to warm and ventilate our apartments, economize our fuel, illuminate our rooms, store our larders, choose and cleanse our garments. Evidently, then, the study of these sciences has a direct bearing on household comfort, health, and economy; and if any one should understand their application, it should be the mistress of a family. She may study the nebular hypothesis and the theory of the earth's crust if she chooses. Nobody will quarrel with her for reading Plato. But she can dispense with these, however enlarging and refining in their influence, without any detriment to the physical well-being of her household. If she must limit her attainments, let her not begin with these which have the most direct practical aim.

Does the task of self-education seem difficult, especially to her whose path in life has lain remote from the pleasant fields of knowledge? Let her remember that it is the *resolve* that is hardest — the breaking up of old, indolent habits of mind, and starting on a new, untrodden track. Let her once set to work with energy and resolution, and it is astonishing how soon the way will brighten before her. Old trains of school associations will join their dis severed links; definitions and principles seemingly buried in forgetfulness will come up as stepping-stones in her path, and, she who commenced the "pursuit after knowledge" as an irksome, enforced task, will proceed with cheerful alacrity. But because she has diverged from the beaten track of her sex, let her not nourish illusions. It is only now and then by rare circumstance or peculiar endowment, that a Somerville and Caroline Herschel attain scientific eminence. What infatuation pitiable as that of the mother using the poor crumbs of science she may pick up for no higher purpose than to feed her own ignoble vanity! It is the *end* she

proposes—to make home a fitter place for the pupillage of immortal beings, that dignifies her studies.

Does some weary daughter of toil complain, "Pleasant talk this for her who sits in her easy chair, while her babe is dandled on the lap of a nurse; preach to her—let her study and experiment. As for me, the kitchen is my dwelling-place. I bake, wash, and scrub, as my mother taught me, ignorant whether it be the hardest or easiest way. I have neither time nor heart for books and study. Work, work, work, early and late, waking and dreaming, is the burden of my thoughts. I have had my little illusions and aspirations, but they left me long ago. If I can see my sons and daughters growing up in virtue and honesty, if I can rear them without any great and overwhelming mistake, I shall be content, and gladly lay my weary bones in the grave."

Excellent sister, we see your difficulty, we feel your burden. It is not for you, who rise with the day, and toil all through it for your little flock, finding scarcely a "resting time" in which to tend the youngest nursing, who sit down at night when the last is hushed to sleep to patch yawning rents which careless frolickers have made at play—it is not for you as you fold the last little garment, to open with sore and weary hands the most instructive volume, unless it be to lay leaves of Divine Healing on your throbbing brow. But perhaps as you walk the endless treadmill of domestic toil, you will bethink you of some way in which your duties can be simplified, and your burden lightened—some hour claimed neither by home, husband, nor children, but sacrificed to the false and unchristian demands of society. Seize that hour, good woman; hold it fast; hide it from the world; devote it to rest, thought, and elevation; make it the "secret place," under the shadow of whose greenness you walk serene and unruffled all the day; and if your table is set more simply for the loss

of that hour, and your children are more plainly clad, you will gain a control over your own spirit, and an influence over the group who take their laws from a mother's face, which will make a dinner of herbs savory.

It is evident that the majority of women, as society is, can not find much time for continuous study; what they acquire must be cursory, plain and practical. They need a peculiar system of helps. A suitable manual of science for their use, free as possible from technicalities, setting forth the principles of household processes clearly and concisely, with their applications in detail, should be given them before they are rated for their ignorance. She must be penetrating indeed who could gain from her school chemistry any knowledge as to the best manner of preparing meats and vegetables, the proper use of alkalies and soaps, and the nature and properties of the most common articles of daily use. Text-books are emphatically *elementary* works, and keep very carefully within their prescribed limits.

Professor Youmans, perceiving this difficulty, has presented to his countrywomen a compendium of scientific information, which should forever shut the mouths of all complainers. The "Handbook of Household Science" is just what it claims on its title-page to be, "a popular account of heat, light, air, aliment and cleansing, in their scientific principles, and domestic applications." This is, we believe, the first complete and successful attempt to *popularize* the sciences in the best sense, by bringing a knowledge and application of them into daily domestic use. Its author has drawn together from the various sources which a scholar has at command, a mass of facts and rules of living, which, were we obliged to search out and deduce ourselves, we might well exclaim, "this is labor! this is sore travail!" But here knowledge is "made easy," and insinuated

with a gentle force into our lips. Chemistry, to the novice, a most ill-favored and formidable science, is stripped of its terrors, and brought within the easy comprehension of every intelligent and fairly educated woman.

It is long since we have welcomed a book with so much hope and satisfaction as this. We have read it with very pleasant auguries for the *homes* of our land, and should rejoice to see every housekeeper walking by its light, and ordering her affairs according to its principles. It is not a book to be shut up within the close doors of a library, but to lie on the nursery table, within convenient reach, or, coverbound, to descend to the kitchen and take its place on the same shelf with the "Cook Book." And if, good housewife, it sometimes puts on airs, and jostles its venerable neighbor, do not turn it out of the house, but courteously solicit its reasons for this seeming rudeness, and we are much mistaken if it does not convince you that the ancient lawgiver of the culinary art is getting into his dotage.

"Household Science" is not a book of extreme views. It advocates no peculiar system of diatetics or hygiene. It does not frame a stern decalogue of diet, with its "permissings and forbiddings," and its awful maledictions on all transgressors, but it goes out into the gardens and fields, to the flocks and the herds, selects of every sort in the wide range of God's bounty, subjects all to the sure test of chemical analysis, notes their constituents, which best strengthen the bones, or round the muscles, or vitalize the blood, and leaves to the judgment of each to choose from the generous store. We are glad to see that on the subject of food, its properties, composition, and effects, the "Hand-Book" is especially full; for, decry its importance as some narrowly-educated people do, it is and will be one of the great *civilizing* we had almost said — *Christianizing* agencies of the races.

Is it not strange that we who plume ourselves in our practicalness — who are persuaded that we live in the very culmination of time, and look back with such a grand pity on the old torch-litages, should still, in our systematic education, clutch so nervously at the skirts of former generations? Shall our daughters especially, whose minds are *forced* into bloom like the tulips of a florist, who have so few years for study, be compelled still to swallow their bit of logic, or munch their dry crust of metaphysics, to the *exclusion* or *very imperfect mastery* of those studies which they can bring into use every day of their life? Will our grandchildren, judging us from a still more enlightened age, hold us guiltless if we give them mothers who shall repeat all the mistakes and reproduce all the errors from which we so cruelly suffer?

If schools do not give our children a practical education, we are not to sit down with folded hands to sigh over it, for the duty we delegated to the teacher is not discharged but thrown back upon us. With such an assistant as Prof. Youmans has provided, the task of adding these homely domestic lessons which the preceptor has neglected in his too great haste "to finish," need not be so very difficult. But, much as mothers and daughters *might* accomplish in this way, our observation does not give us much faith in what they will do. Very few families are so systematic that plans for study are thoroughly and perseveringly carried out.

We have more hope of progress in the school than in the home. If the edition of "Household Science," prepared with questions as a text-book, could be introduced into our academies and female seminaries, and the higher classes of our public schools, to succeed the chemistry and physiology, it would be one of the most practical advances in education made within the century. Our readers will thank us for quoting one or two earnest paragraphs on the subject of popular

instruction from Prof. Youman's eloquent and suggestive introduction :

"A rational and comprehensive plan of education for all classes, which shall be based upon man's intrinsic and essential wants, and promptly avail itself of every new view and discovery in science to enlighten him in his daily relations and duties, is the urgent demand of the time. Nor can it be always evaded. We are not to trundle round forever in the old ruts of thought, clinging with blind fatuity to crude schemes of instruction, which belong, where they originated, with the by-gone ages. He who has surrendered his life to the inanities of an extinct and exploded mythology, but who remains a stranger to God's administration of the living universe ; who can skillfully rattle the skeletons of dead languages, but to whom the page of nature is as a sealed book, and her voices as an unknown tongue, is not always to be plumed with the super-eminent designation of 'educated.'

"There are many things, unquestionably, which it would be desirable to study ; but opportunity is brief, and capacity limited, and the acquisition of one thing involves the exclusion of another. We can not learn every thing. The question of the relative rank of various kinds of knowledge, what shall be held of primary importance, and what subordinate, is urgent and serious. As life and health are the first of all blessings, to maintain them is the first of *all* duties, and to understand their conditions, the first of mental requirements. Shall the thousand matters of more distant and curious concernment be suffered to hold precedence of the solemn verities of being which are woven into the con-texture of familiar life ? The physical agencies which perpetually surround and act upon and within us, heat, light, air, and aliment, are liable to perversion through ignorance, so as to produce suffering, disease, and death ; or they are capable through knowl-

edge, of promoting health, strength, and enjoyment. What higher warrant can be asked that their laws and effects shall become subjects of general and earnest study ? "

(To be concluded.)

HOW TO SCENT FLOWERS.

EVERY day man is extending his empire over external nature. The flowers, more especially, spring at his bidding in forms and colors so much richer and more beautiful than the original type, that he might almost boast them for his own. He has now gone a step further ; he has acquired the art of imparting odor to the most scentless — thus constraining those beautiful things to delight the sense of smell as well as sight. A florist of Aricia has made completely successful experiments of this kind, in heaping over the roots of flowers an odoriferous compost, and thus producing the required scent. By means, for instance, of a decoction of roses, he has given to the rhododendron the perfect odor of a rose. To insure success, however, the seeds themselves of the plant to which it is desired to impart fragrance should be acted upon. Let them be immersed for two or three days in any essence that may be preferred, and then thoroughly dry them in the shade, and shortly after sow them. But if it is required to substitute one scent for another natural to the plant, it is necessary to double or triple the quantity of the essence ; and besides preparing the seed, it will be well to modify the nutritive substance. In order to retain the perfume, it will be necessary to repeat the moistening with the odorous substance several days during the spring-season for two or three consecutive years. Fragrance may be given at the will of the horticulturalist to any plant or tree, by boring a hole from one side of the stem to the other, or through the roots, and introducing the odoriferous ingredients into the hole.

A STRANGE FAMILY.

Oh mickle is the powerful grace that lies
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities;
 For naught so vile that on the earth doth live,
 But to the earth some special good doth give;
 Nor aught so good but strained from that fair use,
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse;
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
 And vice sometimes, by action dignified;
 Within the infant rind of this weak flower
 Poison hath residence and medicine power;
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part,
 Being tasted slays all senses with the heart.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

THERE was once a time when every one who paid attention to the forms of vegetable life which cover hill and dale with such profusion, acted solely under the belief that each plant contained a remedy for some particular disease. Although we can now afford to smile at the strange properties which these old herbalists consequently attributed to plants entirely undeserving of the honor; although we do not believe with Gerard that "when the weasel is to fight with the serpent, she armeth herself by eating rue against his might," or that "rosemary giveth speech unto them that are possessed of the dumb palsy;" yet it is not the less true that there are groups of plants distinguished by powers as wonderful as the fables of the twilight of scientific knowledge. Some of these remind us of the awful phenomenon occasionally revealed to us in history, of a family pre-eminent in crime and cruelty, whose career is one dark story of lust and murder, and whose name survives in the hatred and abhorrence of posterity. Others again, the friends and benefactors of mankind, have satisfied the hunger or quenched the thirst of grateful nations through all time. It is, however, to a family that comes under both these classes — one that at the same time is prolific in poisons, and supplies part of the daily food of millions — that we would at present direct the attention of those who feel an interest in the wonders of creation. And we doubt whether any division of the vegetable world could be selected which would be found more replete with interest.

Science has given to a well-defined

class the name of *Solanaceæ*, or nightshade worts, from the solanum or nightshade, one of its members; and it states, as a general characteristic, the energy of the narcotic principle residing in the juices of the roots, leaves, and fruits, though of course subject to modifications in each species. The only representatives of the *Solanaceæ* native to England, are poisonous in a fatal degree; but as they present no peculiarities in the mode of operation, it will be sufficient simply to name them as useful to the student in giving him an idea of the characteristics of the whole order.

The first plant, however, over which we would wish to linger is one of the atropas, which has been rendered celebrated by the strange superstitions of which it has been the object. We allude to the mandrake. This flower is indigenous on the shores of the Mediterranean; it presents to our view a tuft of dark shining leaves a foot long, and a flower of a dull white, veined delicately with violet, succeeded by a round ruddy fruit of a pleasant odor. But the remarkable part of the mandrake lies under ground. The root, which is often four or five feet long, is of a reddish color, and as it usually divides half way down into two or three branches, sometimes assumes a singular likeness to the human body. The fruit of the plant was supposed to be useful in case of barrenness. Allusion is made to this in the story of Jacob; and the same idea still prevails in Greece. In the middle ages this vegetable mimicry of the human form gave rise to singular superstitions, no doubt increased by the highly colored narratives of pilgrims and crusaders. By these accounts, a kind of animal life is attributed to the mandrake; shrieks of pain were elicited from it by violence; madness fell upon any who heard those weird cries; and certain death awaited the man bold enough to pull it by the roots. It was also pretended by the quacks who sold the roots, that they were charms

against all mischief; and to enhance their value, they declared that they grew only under gibbets from the flesh of the criminals which fell thence to the ground. It is but justice, however, to the Elizabethan age, to state that Dr. Turner wrote at some length to expose these errors, and said that he had himself dug up roots without receiving harm or hearing any noises. Modern science recognizes the mandrake as a dangerous narcotic plant; which is, however, useful as an anodyne, when administered with care by an experienced hand. The fruit is said to be exhilarating, and to be a favorite food of the Arabs.

When we consider the next plant to which we shall devote any space, we shall be struck by the wonderful provisions of an all-wise Creator for the sustenance of those dependant upon his bounty. Whoever looks cursorily at the potato, and remarks its dark leaves, its dull lurid flowers, and its fetid smell, recalling to his mind the wild night-shade of our hedges, would at once pronounce that the herb was dangerous, and certainly unfit for food. His judgment would not deceive him, as the plant is really highly poisonous; and it is only under a modified form that a portion of it becomes so valuable as food as almost to rival the produce of the cereals. It is very generally supposed that the tuber, which we eat, is a deposit of fecula or nourishing matter in the fibers of the root; this, however, is a mistake, as it really is an underground branch in a changed and swollen state. We shall be convinced of this when we consider that the so-called eyes of the potato are true buds, which, upon the tuber being buried in the earth, in favorable conditions of warmth and moisture, are developed into branches; and this, indeed, is the familiar way in which the gardener propagates the plant. This very useful vegetable came originally from America, but it is uncertain from what part. It has been found growing wild on the moun-

tains of Chili, and recently on the peaks of Mexico; but it was from Virginia that Sir Walter Raleigh introduced it into England. Its range of cultivation is very great, extending from Iceland to the tropics; it must be remembered, however, that in the latter regions it requires high position, and flourishes only when about ten thousand feet above the level of the sea.

Nor is the potato the only member of this class that appears upon our table; although we can only name a few condiments and esculents of less importance. Such are the capsicum, which furnishes a piquant fruit familiar to us in the form of Cayenne pepper; the tomato or love-apple, which is associated forever with the imperishable memory of Mr. Pickwick and the great marriage case; the egg-apple, the long purple fruit of which is daily seen in the markets of Paris, and forms a favorite dish of the Anglo-Indian.

Very different, however, from these tempting acids to the palate is the fruit of the apples of Sodom, so famous for their fair outward show and their rotten core. This favorite of the poets grows abundantly on the desert shores of the Red Sea; it has rough, divided leaves, hard purple flowers, and a smooth golden shining fruit, the flesh of which is at first firm and of a bitter taste, but afterward decays into the dry, ash-like substance which disappoints the expectant traveler.

We shall notice only one more member of this interesting family, the history of which furnishes us with one of the most extraordinary instances of the imitative faculty in man ever exhibited. Without entering into the vexed question of the effects of tobacco upon the habits and manners of an age, we may observe, that its adoption as an indulgence was in direct violation of the usual law of progress. The habit of smoking its leaves, instead of having first prevailed among civilized nations, and

so extended to the more barbarous, has, on the contrary, been borrowed from the actual savage, and from thence extended to the most exalted ranks of the most refined society. Great doubt rests upon its native country; but it is certain that the Americans first applied it in the way so well known now; they themselves called the plant *petun* and *yati*, but Europeans have adopted the name from their clay-pipe (*tobacco*.) It is a popular superstition that Sir Walter Raleigh first introduced it into England; but Camden gives the palm of priority to Mr. Ralph Lane, while others contend for the claims of Sir F. Drake. It is well known what opposition it met with at the hands of government, and how, nevertheless, in an incredibly short time it spread over the whole world.

This is but a glance at a truly strange vegetable family; but to many of our readers it may be a suggestive one, and to many more it will recall the quaint, but fine verses of Cowley:

If we could open and inbend our eye,
We all like Moses, should espy,
E'en in a bush, the radiant Deity,

THE HERDSMAN OF TEKOA.

AMOS, the herdsman and seer of Tekoa, came down from the mountains toward Samaria, and went among the people prophesying. And, though he reproached Israel for their sins and their servility, the people heard him gladly; for he spoke with authority, power and grace, representing stern and severe truths by lovely images of simple, pastoral life; and the people kept his sayings in their hearts.

Then Amazia, the priest of Bethel, went to Amos the herdsman, for he thought in his heart, "Amos shall teach me the poetry of his psalms, that I may speak like him, and gain the hearts of the people." And the priest of Bethel thought soon to excel the simple herdsman of Tekoa in the wisdom of the seer. But Amazia was not a priest after the heart of the

Lord, but a priest of the golden calves, who flattered the king Jeroboam, and deceived the people that he might fulfill his own lusts. And he resolved to deceive the people still more; therefore he went to Amos and said:

"Who art thou, that thou speakest thus in wondrous words and the multitude heareth thee?"

Amos answered and said, "I am a herdsman of Tekoa."

Then Amazia said, "How did thy father teach thy heart, or in what school of the prophets hast thou learned the art of the seer?"

The herdsman Amos answered and said, "I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet. I have spent the days of my youth in keeping the flocks of my father, and gathering mulberries."

Then Amazia was astonished, and asked, "Who was it then that gave thee the power to see visions, and taught thee to speak such sprightly words?"

Amos answered and said, "The spirit of the Lord."

And Amazia asked, "Tell me in what temple did He reveal himself unto thee?"

Amos answered and said, "In His sanctuary upon the mountains of Tekoa, which reach unto the ends of the world."

Then Amazia was wroth and said, "Thou speakest dark sayings; I do not understand thee."

Amos answered and said, "The spirit comprehendeth the things of the spirit."

But Amazia did not understand the words of Amos the herdsman and seer, for the spirit of God was not in him. And he went to the king and said:

"Amos causeth men to rebel against thee; his sayings will destroy the land."

Thus said Amazia, for he comprehended not the Spirit which dwelt in Amos. And Amos returned to the mountains.

KRUMMACHER.

MOTHER, AT THE GARDEN-GATE.

BY MISS M. A. RIPLEY.

'T was a bright, glad summer day
On the fair hill-side,
And high hopes were leaping up,—
Soon, full soon they died.
I was young and fearless,
When she bade me wait,—
When she took my small white hand,
At the garden-gate.

Pressed she many a fervent kiss
On my flushing brow,
But I turned my eyes away —
Tears began to flow.
I had left my homestead,
Sought a sailor's fate,
And she stood to see me go,
At the garden-gate.

"My brave boy! the ocean
Soon will be your home;
May no dark temptation
O'er your pathway come!
Let the wine-cup never
Shadow your proud fate!"
And my mother wept there,
At the garden-gate.

I have trode the main deck,
I have climbed the mast,
I have fought the rushing waves —
Braved the tempest blast.
And beneath sore burdens,
Wearily I've sate,
But I saw my mother
At the garden-gate;—

And the memory saved me,
When the bright wine foamed,
Whether on the waters,
Or on land I roamed.
Now my locks are snow-white,
For the grave I wait,
Oh, my mother! watch for me
At the Heavenly gate!

FORTY YEARS — A BIRTHDAY LYRIC.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

HARK! the clanging, clanging bell
From the cycles of the earth,
With its oft repeated knell,
Tells again thine hour of birth;
From the dusty paths of life,
Where thy pilgrim walk must be,
From the fever and the strife,
Turn to-day, and rest with me.
Many a once joy-freighted dream,
Lies behind thee, wrecked and bare;
Time hath laid his silver gleam,
Mid the darkness of thy hair,

See the faded garlands strewed
O'er the pathway thou hast trode;
Oh! what countless hopes and fears,
In the lapse of forty years.

For these visions passed so soon,
Dreams of life's gay matin time;
Thou'st the strength of manhood's noon,
All the beauty of its prime.
And from 'mid the day-dreams bright,
That have faded on thy way,
Thou hast gathered beams of light
Round thy coming life to play;
Thou hast reared two temples fair,
For thyself proud honor's dome,
And for us who claim thy care,
Even this priceless shrine of home.
He who wins such gifts of love,—
Hearts below, and hopes above,
Knoweth more of smiles, than tears,
In the lapse of forty years.

Since thy childhood's rounded hand,
Culled life's blossoms by the sea,
Traced its lessons on the sand,
That are lessons still to thee;
And the ocean, stretching broad,
From this world's shore to the sky,
Led thine early thoughts to God,
Taught them of eternity.
Thou hast wandered far, where strong
Hewers in the mine of thought,
Heedless of the giddy throng,
On Time's mighty temple wrought;
And thy hand, with power bedight,
Still hath battled for the right,
Striving 'mid the hopes and fears,
That have thronged these forty years.

THE CHILD AND BIRD.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A CHILD was wildly weeping
While rosy morning fled,
She came to feed her darling bird,
Her darling bird was dead!

Yes, there it lay recumbent,
Shut eye, and open beak,—
In vain its golden plumes she smoothed,
And preas'd them to her cheek.

Alas! poor sobbing mourner,
Slight cause to us it seems,
For such a whelming grief to flow
In agouizing streams:—

Yet, as we journey onward,
With added strength to bear
The smiting of those gauds that cheer
Our pilgrimage of care,—

Oft from our walls suspended
And bath'd in sorrow's tide,
Is here and there an empty cage
Where our heart's birdlings died.

HARTFORD, Sept. 22, 1857.

A TALE OF TWO TUBS ;

OR, THE WAY I BECAME ACQUAINTED
WITH MY SISTER EMILY.

BY MRS. H. E. G. ARRY.

MY father, all honor to his memory, was a small country parson. Not small in stature by any means, for he stood higher in his boots than almost any man in our neighborhood. Neither was he small in talent ; — those of his relatives who stood better with the world than he, used to say that he had talent enough to do credit to any city pulpit that could be named, if he had only possessed the requisite tact to obtain and keep such a position. But tact was a thing in which he was sadly deficient. In spite of all his friends could do in the way of assisting him to desirable situations, he never managed to stay long in a place where there were influential people who expected to receive sugar-plums at the hands of their pastor.

It was a very injudicious thing of him, as all of his relatives agreed, when, on the very first Sabbath morning after his eligible settlement in G. . . , he returned the kindly patronizing nod of Mrs. Deacon Hunt with a cool bow, such as he was very much accustomed to bestow upon such mere bundles of silks and laces, and immediately after answered the low-dropt courtesy of Polly the washer-woman with a hearty shake of the hand, and stood talking full five minutes in the vestibule with her about her son John, and her winter prospects, and then finished up his thoughtlessness by showing her into her pew, which was the third one from the door. To be sure he was still talking with Polly when he turned to enter the church, and, arrived at the pew door, it was a very easy matter for him to open it for her ; but, acquainted with the world as I am at my time of life, I can't help acknowledging that it was a very injudicious thing. Especially, as Mrs. Deacon Hunt had that morning put on all those flounces, and the new lemon-

colored gloves and embroidered pocket-handkerchief, in order to impress the new pastor with her social and spiritual superiority over Mrs. Deacon Landerdale.

Deacon Hunt's people were never friends of ours from that moment, and my father's settlement in G. . . was a short one, as many of his previous settlements had been. Those who expected to have their prejudices satisfied in all respects would soon become satisfied that their present pastor would never do this for them, and then the tent of our household would be raised again, and we would take up our pilgrimage to some unknown quarter of the world's wilderness.

"John Milton has been throwing his bread and butter under his feet again," aunt Ruth would say in her blunt, off-hand manner whenever one of these removes took place ; for aunt Ruth felt a kindly interest in the bread and butter that her brother John Milton obtained. She was his maiden sister, and being ten years his senior, had been used to spread his bread and butter and tie his pinafores in the days of his boyhood, and had thus obtained an undoubted right to speak her mind in all his affairs.

John Milton Hill was my father's cognomen, but though a namesake of the great poet he was not much of a poet himself, unless it were in the dreamy way he had of looking at the good things of this life and its provisions for the future. In the midst of his calm philosophical and theological speculations there rarely seemed to enter the idea that a family could not breakfast on a "dish of fog" as well as any other dish on a cold, misty morning in November. But mother was a most notable manager, and her keen eye was ever on the alert to secure us against the calamities which this want of foresight in my father would otherwise have occasioned.

Each place of our sojourn indeed seemed more desert-like than the last, with more of hot suns and simoons, and less of the vegetation that sustains

life, until at length we found a permanent location among the sand-hills of the small fishing town at T. . . . A dreary place it looked to us when we first went there, with its patches of moss-grown pine shrubs and huckleberry bushes, and the long reaches of ocean over which the white-winged ships went flitting in the distance. But we soon learned to love even the monotony of these clean white sands and boundless sea views. There was a quaintness and peculiarity about the people, as if, from long familiarity they had grown into a resemblance to the few objects that nature had placed about them. Very excellent people they were in their stern, unbending Puritanism, and the parish afforded many examples of that earnest, unpretending piety, which had so attracted my father in the case of Polly the washer-woman.

I doubt, indeed, if my good father ever enjoyed life better than he did in his parish by the sea, where his study was so quiet through the long summer afternoons, while the male part of his congregation had all "gone down to the sea in ships," and their wives were all busy with their own households in their pleasant white homes behind the corn. It was a kind of quiet that suited his studious mind, and if his people trod the path of duty with no falling out by the way, either among themselves or with him, it mattered little in his opinion whether the fish we had to fry were all clams or not. But we had no occasion to complain of the ills of fortune. For the family of one of the Socratic school of practical philosophers we fared remarkably well.

My mother had a small income of her own, which, knowing the emergencies that might occur in a household like ours, she was accustomed to dispense sparingly, and which was thus always on hand to supply a real want. Moreover, my father was a great favorite among his relatives, and though they railed much at his improvidence, they spared no pains in

their efforts to make him easy in the midst of it.

It was another peculiarity of this town where we had found a home, that the corn-fields everywhere bordered the road in front of the house. Low patches of corn and pumpkins they were, and the corn, where it was flourishing, yielded a single small ear to the stalk. Behind these were the dooryards, with sand-reared hollyhocks, and poppies, and faint ramicles of love-lies-bleeding, while still beyond the low houses were guiltless of dirt, but quaint and Puritanic in their style as were their owners. These peculiarities of the people to whom my father ministered had a wide renown. People were in the habit of looking upon them as differing in some way from the rest of the world, though few perhaps could have defined their exact point of difference. Their religious notions were rigid, and perhaps somewhat out of date, as well as their style of dress. Their rendering of the English language inclined to the nasal, and people abroad were even accustomed to mention the name of the town with an abbreviation of the nostrils. It was, taken for all in all, rather an undesirable place to "hail from," as the sailors say. When the boys in their Sunday jackets went up to town for a Fourth of July, or other holiday, the very parrots in the streets would call after them, "*fish-y*." The obloquy which Nazareth bore among the ancient Jews, had settled upon our place, and there were few people who would have believed that "any good" could come from among us.

Pauline was the name by which I was christened — a good name enough when called Pauline, but somewhat parrot-like when shortened into Polly, by which appellation my uncle James used to torture me, and still worse when called *Peli-n-ey*, with a long i, as I was christened by the school-teacher when I first entered the place, and of course as I was thus called at school, the name was soon borne into all parts

of the place, and from being the Polly Hill, with which bugbear of a name my uncle tried to frighten me, I became Pe-li-ney Hill to all who knew me in T. . . .

"Do n't call me Pe-li-ney," said I one day angrily to one of my school-mates, for I did not possess enough graces of the spirit to be patient under such a misnomer.

"What shall I call you then?" she asked with a drawl; "Paw-leen? I can't twist my mouth so. School-ma'am calls you Pe-li-ney. I guess she knows!"

And because the school-ma'am knew, I am to be still shined among the people of T. . . . under this delightful cognomen.

"Polly Hill, indeed!" said the aristocratic Mrs. Holley of T. . . ., when she heard that her brother, Weimar Wells, was engaged to me, "Polly Hill of Taunton—a pretty thing to bring among us. I always knew that Weimar would be taken in by some low person, but this is worse than I thought even he would do."

But you know Wiemar writes that her name is Pauline," said the more quiet Mrs. Revere, her second sister, "and the Mortons had cousins up from Taunton last month—they told them of Weimar's engagement, and called her Pe-li-ney, you know."

"Those horrid cousins—yes! I suppose that is as near as her people know how to pronounce the name. A country parson's family in Taunton. Just think of it. Of course Wiemar will have to marry the whole family, if he marries her. He shall never bring any of them here." And Mrs. Holly tossed her head with an indignant flourish at my poor unconscious self.

But I knew nothing of all this until after my marriage. If I had, I doubt if I should ever have had the pleasure of introducing myself to you, dear reader, as Mrs. Wiemar Wells. The truth was, that Wiemar had not made my acquaintance in Taunton, but while I was visiting at an uncle's in New

York. And with all the show of taste that my mother had been able to gather about our home, in spite of the prejudices of the people, I can not help thinking that it was not a very attractive setting in which to show off the charms of a young lady.

"Attracted by a pretty face," my husband's lady sisters had decided, in the absence of all other attractions. But, alas! I was not even pretty. Wiemar, however, did not undecieve them on this point. In fact I believe he insisted—but no matter about that, he had just as much spirit as Mrs. Holley herself, and when that lady informed him that he should never bring any of the pastor's family among his relatives in B. . . ., he assured her that he never would; and he kept his promise, as you will see.

"Now, why don't you take me to visit your relatives? I have shown you to all mine;" I said to my husband when we were about returning from our wedding trip.

"Because," said he playfully, "don't the Scripture say that a man should leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife?" But there was a look of embarrassment about him that increased my suspicion that there was something wrong. I considered it quite time that I should understand the whole matter, so I did not let him rest until he had told me all about it, and shown me his sister's letter.

"Why have you never told me this before," said I indignantly, when I had read it.

"Because," said he, "when you are trying to ensnare a rabbit, it is never best to do any thing that you are sure will frighten him beyond your reach."

"But," said I, and "but," was all I said, for I was vexed, and I dropt my face into my handkerchief and did what the weak ones of my sex always do when they are vexed—took a good cry.

CHAPTER II.

The years swept over our home very pleasantly, without any help from Wiemar's relatives; and before half a score of them were gone, I found myself somewhat depressed in health and spirits from long confinement in the midst of my domestic duties. Wiemar insisted that I should go up to the Water Cure at C. . . , and recruit awhile. It was hard to leave the peachy cheeks and sunny eyes — excuse me, reader, if you are not a parent — at home, but Wiemar had said it, and I went.

They say a great deal about the fountains, and the fish-ponds, and the delightful wood-walks that adorn the fine grounds belonging to the establishment, but of the lame and deformed people that you meet suddenly in some pleasant, shady surprise — the wan invalids that you see carried on cots from one bath to another — the insane woman who throws up her sash and leaps out upon the piazza beside you, glaring with the return of her crazy fit — the asthma that whizzes at your elbow, or the cancer that sits opposite you at the breakfast table, — these are things they do not advertise.

Unless the current in your veins is unusually genial and glowing, it is hard to overcome the chill it gets sometimes, so as to wish them a cheerful good-morning, and breathe, as you should, a devout thank-offering that such pleasant surroundings have been furnished for the unfortunate. We had need to be social in the wards where we were located, in order to keep our memory from brooding over the flood of disease and death that surged about us, and though we seldom took the trouble to ascertain each others names and residences, yet the numbers over our doors and the faces that belonged to each, grew very familiar to us. Various were the masquerades that we performed, passing up and down the halls in costume day after day. There was many a quaint variety too, in the costumes we as-

sumed, but the one we most affected was that of the tall, blanketed squaw, with tangled ribbons of hair upon her shoulders.

One day, I had wandered forest-ward by myself, and stepping upon what seemed a rustic seat from the foot of a tree I walked forward and found myself directly at its termination, among the branches of a deformed oak-tree that grew down on the side of the bluff beneath me. The foliage and the green dress I wore concealed me from observation, and I sat down upon the camel's hump into which the top of the tree had grown, probably because "somebody trod upon it when it was little," and gave myself up to the enjoyment of the balmy atmosphere, and the music that the birds poured through the leaves above, and the flowers uttered from their censers underneath. The little lake or fish-pond on which the invalids went sailing in a thimble was visible through the foliage, and a home-made raft, with a lame man at one pole, and a one-sided boy at the other, was already on the water. There were one or two fishers on the shore, and now and then a gunner with rifle and shooting-jacket went past in search of the unfortunate chipmucks and blue-birds that chanced to stray into the region; — sporting they called it, I believe. Well, people can give such names as they choose to the things they do. And perhaps, after all, their fishing-rods and fire-arms, were only the excuse they offered to society, for their dalliance with the wood-nymphs — their way of poetizing with an apology.

I had a different way of doing it, and what with the delightful morning and the profuse showering from which I had just come, I grew elevated in spirit upon my camel-backed tree — as much as one of the nine muses might have been, when seated on the back of a veritable Pegasus. A plash in the direction of the fish-pond, however, soon aroused me from my dreams, and looking through the foliage, I beheld the round man — who had grown into a shape very much like that of the tree

on which I was sitting, and — but, dear reader, don't think that I can describe to you the occurrence that followed, with such a combination of comicalities as made my ears ring with smothered laughter; for those who made an acquaintance with the swampy bottom of the fish-pond that day, came back from the excursion alive, and may be still sufficiently awake to the things of this world to number themselves among my readers. So, of course, a public exhibition of the picture that is still impressed upon my memory would hardly do. Besides, the incident, like the famous poem of Dr. Holmes that made such havoc among the vest buttons, was really too ludicrous to print. I did not, however, hesitate, when I returned, to mention to my ward-mates that I had been an eye-witness of the affair, and I believe my doing so, was the cause of Dr. S. . . . hurrying up stairs so rapidly to see if Number Twelve had broken out into one of her crazy fits again.

When I had taken breath from the first splash of my afternoon bath that day, I heard a strange voice from the tub beside me say, "There was an accident at the fish-pond this morning I understand."

Our sitsbaths, by the way, were veritable wash-tubs, the numbers of which agreed with the numbers of our rooms. Number Four, the room next mine, had been vacant since my arrival, its occupants having gone home for a visit, but now I saw by a glance at the adjoining tub that Number Four had returned. There was no distinction of rank among us; we sat alike arrayed from head to foot, in snow-white blankets, and the haughtiest head assumed the most delightful dishabille. Therefore I only saw in looking at Number Four that she was a portly, genial-looking woman, the lines about whose face might have made a very readable volume for the student of human nature, while the general result which I gathered at the moment was one which attracted rather than repelled me.

"Oh, yes!" said Number Three, to whom the last remark had been addressed. "Number Six can tell you all about that. She was an eye-witness." And Number Three gave a smothered laugh from beneath the towel with which Nurse Wall was scouring her hair.

"What are you all laughing about?" asked Number Four, looking curiously at me, for I answered to the title of Number Six.

"An accident is hardly the thing to excite our laughter," said I, as civilly as I could.

There was another outburst from the tub in which Number Three was stationed, and several voices exclaimed:

"Tell her about it; you must. It is quite too good to lose."

"How can I tell about drowning people when I am drowning myself?" I asked, ducking my head to avoid the bucket of water that Nurse Peck was hurling at some unfortunate.

But the matter was insisted upon, and with what good-nature I possessed I endeavored to give Number Four a realizing sense of the accident that had befallen the fish-pond that morning. Where I failed in giving the best light to any part of the picture, I found her skillful to touch it off in the right colors, insomuch that I could not help thinking it a pity that one with such an eye to the beauty of a thing should have lost the sight of it.

From that time we were fast friends. I had never approved of sudden friendships, but for some reason or other this one seemed excusable to me. We had been accustomed to feast upon the same authors, we admired the same songs, and read the same papers. We ate one another's confections, walked over the wood walks together, wrote secretly to our husbands each about the other, and talked, out of our bath-tubs, side by side, for a half hour twice a day.

When this friendship was about a week old, I received a *consignment* of fine fruits from my husband, with

which I made myself for the time the good spirit of the ward, as was the custom. They disappeared rapidly under the levy so many hungry people could lay upon them, but the morning after their arrival I spread out a little repast in my room, and sent a formal note of invitation to Number Four to come in after our forenoon bath, and enjoy it with me.

"Where does your husband obtain such fine fruit as he sends you?" she asked of me when we were once more tubbed in the bath-room. "I have been unable to find any thing equal to it in market."

"We raise them upon our own place," I replied. "My husband is quite an amateur. I seldom find as fine fruit anywhere as we have at home."

"But how do you manage it?" she asked. "We have done our best with the fruit on our place in the country, but our gardener never sends us any thing equal to this."

"My husband attends to it himself," I replied; "and when he is busy, I often go out with my pruning-knife and trowel, and see that the sun has free access to the fruit, or the rain to the roots. There is nothing like having such matters under your own eye."

"Very well; you partly invited me home with you the other day, and I shall be quite sure to accept the invitation. I am anxious to try those strawberries you were speaking of yesterday, and see if your way of sealing is better than mine."

"Oh," I replied, in the same strain which she had adopted, "I don't intend to open those strawberries until winter. I can't think of offering you any of those if you go home with me."

"I can draw a cork as well as any one," she said laughing. "There's no fear but I shall get a taste of the strawberries if I go with you. But you have never told me where your home is," she added; "you must

have a better climate than ours to ripen such fruit as you give us."

"I live in M. . .," I replied.

"Do you indeed?" I have a brother there," she said carelessly.

"Ah!" said I, "what is his name? — I know most of the people there."

"His name is Wells," said she; "I have not seen him in a long time, but he is well-known in the place."

"Indeed!" said I gravely; "I know of no family of the name in M. . . except our own."

"You must know him," she answered, as if she had noticed only a part of what I said. "He was in the Legislature last winter. He married beneath us, and we never meet, but I watch his progress in the world. Wiemar is his first name — Wiemar Wells."

"Yes, ma'am!" said I, rising up like a pillar of cloud beneath my blanket, while the glow which the bath had infused into my veins cooled out very rapidly. "I do know him well. I am Mrs. Wiemar Wells."

How quick she turned the chiseled marble of her face toward me, and glared at me with her great round eyes.

"Is it possible!" said she in clear cut tones, as if the words had been carved out of solid ice. She was just being *finished* at the hand of the nurse, and there was the dignity of a monarch in the way in which she folded her blanket round her as she spoke. "And I," she said, setting the last foot, which was now slipped, sharply against the floor, "am Mrs. Melancthon Holley."

Horror of horrors! Mrs. Melancthon Holley! My new friend was Mrs. Melancthon Holley, the terror of my married life. How did the feet of Mrs. Melancthon Holley go snapping against the matting down the hall until the door of Number Four closed in and shut her from the astonished gaze which I was pouring after her. And how did my own feet follow over the matting, with their

tread of offended dignity, until the walls of Number Six inclosed me and my towering anger. I sat down upon the narrow bed with my eyes wide open. There was the repast I had prepared for her—there were the books from which I had promised to read to her; the pitcher of cream I had taken such pains to get stood mockingly up in the midst, with a napkin over it, as if it enjoyed my excitement. I had a mind to throw the whole repast out of the window—only there *was* a relishing look about those peaches that made me think I might get over my anger by-and-by, so as to enjoy them.

While I was thus considering, a chambermaid tapped at the door and handed me a card upon which was written, in dainty letters, the name of my haughty sister-in-law. I took it with a gruff assent, and looked at it with dignified indignation, wondering what it might mean. But its appearance was followed by the lady herself, who came toward me with her usual smile and said:

"Do you still extend to Mrs. Holley the invitation to lunch that you sent to Number Four this morning?"

"It is beneath you, madam," I exclaimed. "I submit to no condescension—I never was born to be patronized."

"Well, I won't patronize you," she said, sitting down in the chair she was accustomed to take in my room. "But I do n't know as we ought to be the less friends because we happen to be sisters-in-law."

"I think, ma'am, that to you there will be a good deal of difference between Number Six at the Water Cure, and Polly Hill of Taunton," said I, repellantly.

"I am prepared to bear somewhat of this from you as the aggrieved one," said she, "and am quite ready to make the first advances, as I was the first aggressor. People may be mistaken. We ought to forgive them when we find them ready to acknow-

ledge the mistake on discovering it. Shall we be friends, or foes?"

"Friends with all my heart," I replied as, with the last trace of anger gone, I grasped the hand she offered me,—for she had risen and approached the bed where I was sitting.

Number Four went home with me, and there was no little surprise in my husband's face, when he found, under the numerical title with which I had introduced her, at his own door his sister Emily. But it was a surprise mingled with the keenest pleasure. The cloud which had hung over our domestic happiness had disappeared, and he was united with his own family once more.

Some years after, when I was traveling with my sister Emily, a passage in an old note-book of hers, which lay open upon the table in her room, attracted my attention. It read thus: "MEM: Never adopt the prejudices of other people without examining their grounds for yourself."

"What is this?" I asked, seeing that the date was that of the day on which we were made known to each other.

"Oh," said she, looking over my shoulder, "it's the lesson I learned out of those tubs at C. . . ."

CHANCE.

WHAT can be more foolish than to think that all this rare fabric of heaven and earth could come together by chance, when all the skill of art is not able to make an oyster? To see rare effects and no cause, and motion without a mover, a circle without a centre, and time without eternity, a second without a first, are things so against philosophy and natural reason, that he must needs be a weakling in understanding who does not assent to them. The thing formed says that nothing formed it; that that which is made *is*, and that which made it *is not*. This folly is infinite.

Jeremy Taylor.

EVENINGS AT HOME.

BY COUSIN THINKER.

DURING the long and dreary evenings so common to the month of November, when all without wears a gloomy and dismal aspect, and the members of the family are most likely to convene within doors, how pleasantly and profitably might the hours be made to flit around the fire-side. What more favorable opportunity than the present to sow in the hearts of the children the *love of home*? This does not devolve particularly upon the maternal or paternal head of the household, but the son, and also the daughter, should take an equal interest in this meritorious object.

And yet, alas! in how many homes are these golden hours made to pass unprofitably, and even at times to drag heavily. How sad to reflect that in such families the son steals too often from the loving gaze of his mother, to associate with his street companions. This is the commencement of that well-beaten path, which eventually ends in disgrace or the state-prison. Ah, mother! could you but fully realize this, how tenderly would you draw around your boy the arms of maternal love, and win him from the vice and misery of the street to your little parlor, and tell him gently of his fault, and by loving words and kind actions endeavor to reclaim him. When will mothers' eyes be opened to this great national evil?

To-night, dear reader, while the hoarse wind whistles through the half-stripped branches of the tall popular-trees, follow me in fancy to a pleasanter scene—a picture well fit to adorn an artist's canvas.

A glance around at the health-glowing and smiling faces of the inmates of Mr. W....'s cosy little parlor on S.... street, shows a lov-

ing and happy family. "Blow on, ye winds, blow on!" whistle and frolic as much as you choose around the old homestead—we have happy hearts within.

The mother—that light and joy of every home, without whose cheerful presence no household is complete, graces the center of the group. Forgetting self, and ever endeavoring to make her family happier, she is now reading to the little ones an interesting sketch from a juvenile story-book. On the right is seated Mr. W...., whose arms enfold Eddie and Matilda, the youngest of the company. Their father's knee is the favorite seat for these little ones, and the only contest between them is, who shall have the first kiss, when he draws his easy chair to the blazing grate after tea.

Mr. W.... is one of those men who has the love of his family at heart, and upon no account absents himself from them in the evening unless it is absolutely necessary. This was the happiest part of the day to him, when he exchanged his boots for a pair of nice comfortable slippers, and supporting the little ones with each arm, would sing them some familiar school-day song, or listen to their prattle, as they related some pleasing incident in their own childish way, so that he found but little time to attend to the older members of the family.

Matilda, the youngest of the two, or Tillie, as she is called, is the pet of the household. She is a loving creature; and, had you seen her two plump cheeks, you would have longed to impress a kiss upon them, or have drawn your fingers lightly through her flaxen curls, as they hung in ringlets round her laughing face. Upon her lap lays softly her little favorite, a handsome kitten, which *purs* out its pleasure at being fondled so carefully by Tillie. Toward this species of quadrupeds "papa" never had the warmest feelings, liking them better the greater distance they were from

him; but he bore this trial bravely, yet it was only for Tillie's sake. Tillie liked this little favorite dearly; and from the peculiar black spot on the bridge of its nose, while the rest of its body was white, with the exception of a glossy black patch on its back, she endowed it with the name of "Black-nose."

Eddie, the occupant of the other side, is a bright little fellow of six, two years Tillie's senior. He is tired, poor fellow, very tired, with too much frolicking among the fallen, seared leaves of the shade-trees in the front yard. As he sat upon his father's knee he dozed, and ere his mother had been reading five minutes, was fast asleep, nodding his head hither and thither, at which Tillie could not refrain from expressing her admiration in a joyous laughter.

On the left of the mother is seated Susan, that affectionate daughter, who, by thoughtful actions and smiling countenance, adds a more cheerful cast to their circle. She is a loving and kind-hearted girl, ever lightening her mother's cares as opportunity affords, and doing many little things for the children. Occasionally she copies a *brief* for her father, he being a lawyer, and to-night she is engaged in crocheting a pair of mittens for little Eddie, to be presented to him on his seventh birthday.

Her brother John at her side, a lad of fourteen, has been puzzling his brains over some *tough* algebraic questions, as he chooses to style them. With "hard work" he has succeeded in finding the correct answers to all the problems but one, to which solution he *can't* get the desired result. Susie, seeing his trouble, kindly volunteers to aid him; and, dropping her work, takes the algebra and slate, and writes out the solution. Arriving at the required answer, she hands it back to him, which brings from his lips a hearty "Thank you, sister! you do so many little favors for me, I feel sure that I can never fully repay you;" and

putting his slate and book on the bureau, he draws his chair closer to the fire, while his father and mother each carry Eddie and Tillie to their sleeping apartment.

While the fire grows low in the grate, and the lamp burns with a dimmer light, we will bid "Good-night" to this HAPPY FAMILY, while we look in upon the household of their neighbor, Mr. C. . . .

* * * * *

What a marked contrast to the cheerful and loving family of Mr. W. . . . Here we have no beaming countenances to bid us welcome, save that of a sleeping boy on the sofa—the only inmate of the room—and his happy, childish face, as he lays in quiet slumber, draws us softly to his side. Where are Mr. and Mrs. C. . . ., and Nellie, and her brother Henry?

Mr. C. . . ., who is a merchant, upon taking tea hastened back to the store, one of his clerks being ill. He is a man of a very nervous temperament, and can hardly endure baby-music—now that the little one is teething. Besides, he would have a greater love for home, if Mrs. C. . . .'s "spats" with the servants did not occur so often, and occasionally the children have to bear with her quick temper, when they have committed any misdemeanor. "Everybody has his faults," she would argue sometimes, when her husband found occasion to reason with her on this very unharmonious embarrassment in their domestic circle. "Believe me, dear Henry," she would continue, "I will try and concentrate all my energies to overcome my quick temper, although it becomes harder that it is an hereditary transmission." Mr. C. . . ., although he oftentimes found opportunity, yet he never interfered in his wife's affairs with the servants, but left her to sway her authority in this respect as her own mind dictated.

On the evening in question, Mrs. C. . . . had a little controversy with Betsy, one of the servants, and left

the house in a rage, to pass a more sociable hour with a prim and unique neighbor, Mrs. A. . . . Before leaving, however, she gave strict order to put Orrin to bed precisely at eight o'clock, and also to replenish the fire occasionally, so that the room might be comfortable for Mr. C. . . . when he came from the store.

An hour passed, and none of Mrs. C. . . .'s directions had been attended to. The coals in the stove were sunk—low in the ashes, and the room grew chilly. Orrin still slept on the sofa, with no covering save his ordinary clothing; and although the frequent cough from the little sleeper struck hoarsely upon the girl's ear, yet she chatted on with her fellow-servant in the kitchen. The clock pealing the hour of nine sounds upon her ear, and rouses her dormant thoughts, and hastening to the parlor she was about building a fire when her mistress entered.

What was Mrs. C. . . .'s astonishment to find her loved boy asleep, and exposed to the chilling air of the room. Sparing no time, with speedy steps she hastened to the kitchen, and finding warm water in readiness on the cook-stove, she procured a vessel, and returned to the parlor. Removing Orrin's shoes and stockings, Mrs. C. . . . plumped his feet into it; and giving a warm drink of bone-set tea in order to make him sweat, she put on his night-clothes and carried him up to his little bed. Descending to the parlor, she met her husband, who, upon being made acquainted with the facts, told Betsy they could conveniently dispense with her services, and requested her to "pack up" in the morning as soon as convenient.

To-night, their daughter Nellie is at Prof. P. . . .'s fifth annual ball—the first of the season. Nellie is not thoughtful of her health at all times—not by any means. Although a cold and blustering evening, yet she dressed in the *fashionable* style of the ball-room; and throwing a veil over her head—she dare not wear a *bon-*

net, oh, no! it would disarrange her carefully dressed hair, over which she had spent three-quarters of an hour at the mirror—she stepped into the carriage in readiness at the hall-door. Her mother thinks her education finished, and it would seem she was of the opinion that next to the head the heels were to be cultivated. And Nellie coincides with her mother that dancing is a good exercise; besides, she thinks it gives a graceful carriage to her person. How little do you reflect, dear mother, of the many vicious characters that frequent the ball-room, and who may tarnish the heart of your fair daughter.

Henry, a boy of sixteen, thought he might advantageously "pass away" a pleasant evening at a grand concert which comes off to-night. He is a great hand for music and hilarity, and patronizes most of the minstrel companies that come to the city. He is seldom at home in the evening; and although his footfall in the hall disturbs his mother's slumbers often at midnight,—yet still she looks on, and says but little. His father reprimands him severely sometimes for his recklessness, and lectures him often upon absenting himself from home evenings, yet it does not get groundwork in his son's heart, and he continues in his careless course.

Mother, do you look upon all this and say nothing? Will you let these priceless moments pass by without exertion? Up, and be doing dear mother, as you regard the part your boy will play on this stage of action, ere it is too late. Throw around him the endearing influences of a *happy home*—imprint with the finger of love indelibly on his heart, that the family circle is the only place for *true enjoyment*.

We would stop here, but permit us to drop a word by way of conclusion. Kind parent, you have a home—it must be either a *happy* or an *unhappy* one. If it bears the stamp of the latter, as you value the future prosperity of your children, set yourself to bring

about a reform. If the former, you will be rewarded with a golden harvest; and if the kind Father permits your gray hairs to look upon the households of your matured children, they will surely call you "blessed."

BUFFALO, Oct. 5, 1857.

A RETROSPECTION.

BY M. A. RIPLEY.

WE were all three married within the same week. I can scarcely realize that it is ten years since, as I sit here in my study, with piles of old sermons upon the table yonder, and new ones scattered upon the desk before me,—though these same accumulations of MSS. might serve as reminders of the fact. But I feel as young—my soul feels even younger than ten years ago, for I have gained higher ideas of humanity; and with every noble thought added to my store, every noble emotion struggling in my heart, I seem to get a fresher baptism, which, although it may not flush my brow with the light of an immortal youth, as truly gives it to my spirit, as if it were perceptible upon my countenance. Yes! it is ten years ago! Out in the garden are frolicking boys who answer to my name; while in the graveyard—behind the simple church in which I strive to teach my flock the lessons I myself learn, silently, and I trust humbly, is a little grave, and at its head a stone which bears the name of our baby-girl. These things are like mile-stones upon the traveler's path, which, by telling him the number of miles he has accomplished, leads him to think of the nearness of his journey's end.

Edward, Henry, and myself, graduated from college at the same time. We had been fast friends during the course, and had entrusted our heart affairs to each other; and the consequence of it all was, that we were married the same week. And it is of the different fortunes which have

marked our paths, that I am writing. I would not have you, from the story of our intimacy, imagine that our tastes were similar in many respects. They were very dissimilar; and perhaps that is the reason we attracted each other. They were as distinct as were the inclinations which led one to the medical profession, another to the counting-room, and myself to the preacher's desk. I am not as rich as is the physician, who stands at the head of his profession in the city; my name is not as widely known, nor is it likely to be; yet I have endeavored to minister to the inner longings of the souls around me. I have no fame of which to be proud, but the children in the Sabbath school always smile to see me enter. I have no hoarded gold, as has the merchant, but I desire and search after that wisdom which is "better than gold." And to-day, I thank God that he has cast my lines in pleasant places; that, though there has been bitterness thrown into my cup, I have been enabled to drain it, and still be thankful.

Edward's father was a merchant, and he very naturally and easily adopted that calling. But I always regretted that, in doing so, he threw aside his really fine tastes, imagining that bank-books and ledgers had nothing in common with them. He was an earnest thinker, an energetic and honest man; he demanded too much in a moral way from those with whom he came in contact; he expected too much nobility of spirit, for he judged others by himself, and he was disappointed. And when he married, I imagine he was somewhat won by the beauty of the lady; and when he looked for the refined gold of a pure character, he was again disappointed—oh, how sorely! But I will copy a letter I received from him four years after his marriage:

"DEAR A. . . :—I have been thinking over old times this afternoon; our college days, when we were striving for college honors; and the calm

hours of evening, when we forgot to study, when our thoughts "dipped into the future" and we wondered what the coming years would reveal of good or ill for us; when, like war-horses, our restless spirits fairly longed for the strife, which surges about the crowds which throng the avenues of life! I can bring back and experience again

"The wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult
of my life."

And I am disheartened when I *feel* that disappointment, and that only, has awaited me where I have most desired to realize my wishes. True, I have heaped up gold; and this thought but reminds me of the utter poverty which is in my soul.

"You saw my wife but once after our marriage; and it is of her I am going to write. My engagement was a sudden affair, and the term of it, though sufficiently long, was spent by her at school in a distant city. I regretted at the time, and shall ever continue to do so, that there was so little opportunity of judging of her character. It might have saved us untold misery, had we become acquainted with each other. We never were, until after our marriage. I know I loved her; I believed she loved me until she forced me to be-think otherwise; and I was willing to bear with her, for she was young, and to lead her, as I was myself striving to do, to reach a higher point of excellence.

"But her mind was undisciplined; she was unable, as well as unwilling to reason; and her fondness for dissipation had been unrestrained. I soon found, that although the world called us married, there was no possibility that we should ever be truly, spiritually wedded. I loved her; but I could look down into the depths of my soul, and see link after link severed, till finally the golden chain of affection was but a mass of dim fragments.

"I should have borne all her un-

feminine conduct; I should have hidden my bitter woe in my own breast; but the world knew better than I did, the extent of my shame. And, when having been absent a short time, I returned to my hearthstone to find it deserted by her who should have been its light and warmth, you will not wonder that my heart should be full of gloom, of despair. It is hard to drink of such a cup; to see the richest blossoms of life so blighted; but it must be borne, I must smooth my brow when the world looks on, and, if I must give way, do it in secret."

Edward still stands at his desk; still passes to and fro among the hurrying money-loving frequenters of the market; but I know his heaps of yellow gold, are dross beside the family love which blesses my home. I pity him as I think of him.

And Henry! He was handsome and talented. And the Professor's daughter, high-bred and aristocratic as she was, felt honored when she was called by his name. They were a brilliant pair. And Henry commenced a successful practice, and fortune smiled upon him. He was very luxurious in his tastes, and his home showed this — I never saw a more elegant residence. There was a lavish expenditure combined with faultless taste. The grounds were extensive, and here and there among the green shrubbery flashed fountains; here was a stainless statue, there an antique vase with its crown of flowers. Within were rare collections of pictures, coins, foreign curiosities, books, with whatever might administer to the comfort of the body. Was he entirely fortunate? Alas! the seeds of disease were sown, and already the pale face and bent form of his wife, warned him of the coming blow. The cloud was no "bigger than a man's hand." He saw that it bore within its bosom the whirlwind. Had he sown the wind? Again I quote the words I find in a letter.

"Last Sabbath, while the sun seemed dissolving into a liquid sea

which flooded all the west; while the oncoming twilight was just revealing its purple glory in the east, we gave to one who has been the guiding star of my manhood, a burial place with her fathers. The hour was chosen by her, while she calmly waited the word which would free her white spirit from its enshrouding clay; and it seemed to me most holy. While I stood by her grave, long after the others had left, I could not forbear looking back over my life, and asking the meaning of this mystery which had so clouded my home, so broken in upon my busy career. And when I left the grave, this tangled mystery was solved.

"I had striven all my life for wealth and fame; I wished them for myself; I wished them for those I loved; I was prouder in giving honor and station to my wife, than I should have been in receiving a crown from a monarch. I believe I have a natural aversion to receiving, I greatly prefer giving. And in obtaining the prizes which this world offers to its votaries, I had suffered many of the nobler qualities of the soul to become tarnished. My whole spiritual nature—my inner life was fast becoming stagnant; and this angel—Death—had troubled these waters. I trust I left that grave a more solemn man; that the diseased, spiritually as well as physically, may find a friend in me; and that what seemed to me a blight upon my life, may be but the pruning, the cutting-off of barren branches, which shall add health and beauty to the vine."

Should I not be glad when I look upon my home, bright beyond the hue of my early dreams—bright, because the young heart which gave itself to my keeping, had been blessed of God, and kept "unspotted from the world;" full of bliss because this same true heart has been kept in life! Surely, I thank God humbly, that the gifts bestowed upon me, have been household treasures; that about my hearth, cluster the graces of Love,

Faith, and. Charity; that, although one of our lambs wanders beside the crystal streams of Paradise, our love goes with her, so that she seems ever near us; that our faith lifts the veil of separation, and sees her as she is borne up the glowing hills of Heaven by the Great Shepherd.

The ten years of my married life seem longer than when I began my story. I have almost lived them over again this afternoon; and to-morrow is the Sabbath, and my sermon is scarcely half-written.

ANGER—ITS EFFECTS.

ANGER is a deadly foe to human happiness. Persons under the dominion of this passion, can not be permanently happy. It is impossible in the nature of things. Being extremely sensitive, they take offense at causes the most trivial, often merely imaginary. Hence the mind is perpetually in a state of excitement and perturbation.

Anger is injurious to health. Such is the sympathy between the body and the mind, that disease, if not actually induced, is materially aggravated by those convulsions of passion to which many people are subject.

But it is in the family circle that this habit of mind is most to be deprecated. Instead of being limited to its immediate unhappy victim, its influence extends to many. Ill-tempered parents complain of the badness of their children, and wonder that, with all their efforts to train them properly, they are so unsuccessful in their discipline. The secret of their failure they have never learned, and probably few of them ever will learn. They do not understand the art of *self-government*; yet without this knowledge, they can not properly govern others. They seldom appear with a smiling or cheerful countenance, but are most of the time ill-humored and fretful, often violently angry. They note the slightest faults in their children, and

promptly endeavor to correct them ; but, acting under sudden excitement and angry feeling, their labor is worse than lost. Whether reproof or the rod be resorted to, the correction is administered in anger, and without deliberation or judgment.

A single occurrence will illustrate this kind of family government. I recently spent a fortnight with a female friend and relative. A daughter was one day observed making a slight departure from the ordinary mode of preparing a certain dish for dinner.

"What's that for?" asked the mother, somewhat excited

The girl replied that she had seen it done so elsewhere, and thought it an improvement. To this the mother vehemently rejoined, saying that she knew as much about cooking as Mrs. J. . . ., or Mrs. P. . . ., and a little more than her own daughters. A conflict of angry words ensued, in the midst of which the mother's hand was raised in a threatening manner ; but the blow was not inflicted, having been restrained, probably, by my presence. The scene ended in a severe reprimand, on the part of the mother, for the impertinent and abusive language of the daughter to a parent, and a rebuke to the husband and father for not taking sides with her in the contest. The latter, though acting with propriety on this occasion, was himself "subject to like passions," having a few days previously, upon a trifling provocation, struck a young son in the face, and sent him staggering and bleeding to the ground. This conduct appeared the more strange from the fact that these parents have a deep solicitude for their children, and daily pray for them ; but scarcely have they returned from their retirement, before a fresh excitement is raised. Thus things go on, from day to day, without hope of amendment, either in parents or children. Were not these parents blind to the true cause of the unhappy condition of the family, they would see it to be their

first duty to struggle and pray for a conquest over their own passions. If they could acquire the power of self-control, the grand difficulty in their discipline would be removed. Without this power the condition of the family will grow worse and worse.

Most lamentable is the case of such a family. Painful is the thought, that the peace and comfort of so many households should be thus destroyed, when, by a mild and gentle, yet firm and judicious government, so different a result would be produced. If any parents, suffering the consequences of the former kind of government, doubt the efficiency of the latter, I earnestly request them to adopt and rigidly pursue the same for one month, and communicate the result through the columns of *THE HOME*. If they have not occasion to congratulate themselves and their families on a great improvement of their condition, I will confess that I overrated the power of soft words, and a kind and gentle administration.

BIANTHA.

SELF CULTURE.

IT is our business to cultivate in our minds, to rear to the utmost vigor and maturity, every sort of generous and honest feeling that belongs to our nature. To bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the commonwealth ; and as patriots, not to forget we are gentlemen. To cultivate friendships, and not to incur enmities. To model our principles to our duties and situation. To be fully persuaded that all virtue which is impracticable is spurious ; and rather to run the risk of falling into faults in a course which leads us to act with effect and energy than to loiter out our days without blame and without use. He trespasses against his duty who sleeps upon his watch, as well as he that goes over to his enemy.—*Burke*.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

BOOKS—WRITTEN AND LIVING, AND
HOW TO READ THEM.

IT is not by any means certain that those who are the greatest students of printed books are learning the best lessons that the world can offer them. Indeed, where books are studied to the neglect of those lessons of inner life that write themselves on our own hearts and those of others, they are studied with a sad waste of time, and with a loss of that knowledge which it is most important for us to know. In the study of printed books we obtain only that which some one else has learned of life and its surroundings, and if, in so doing, we turn away from the texts which Providence proffers us, from our own daily life, we are surely learning the wrong lesson. Providence has appointed that those peculiar trials and temptations—those special blessings and enjoyments in the midst of which we are severally called to live, shall teach us just the lesson which he wishes us to learn. These daily lessons therefore are the A, B, C of all other knowledge—the foundation on which we build. And as our characters are formed from the improvement or neglect of these simple lessons that so many overlook—this spelling-book in which each day is a new leaf to us, in which we learn the orthography of that language which is to us the key of all right knowledge, we can not but see that the superstructure we build thereon will be frail or firm, according to the frailty or firmness of that foundation.

If we shut our eyes to this spelling-book of life, and are blind to the little practical texts which it contains, we may read volume after volume, either of Nature's book of beauty, or of human books of art, and we shall find that, however sweetly it may sound,—flowing in measure that is very like a song, it is still all Greek to us. We may think we understand it, but we understand nothing practical: we have not learned that from it which is of value for us to know. We have dug in the gold mine with a false test, and extracted only the silver, while the gold was concealed from us. We have ap-

plied the cog of mental power to the wrong wheel, and the machinery which it was intended to move is all ajar, liable to work nothing but destruction, where it was intended to bear us safely amid the surging waters.

There are those who seem always to choose to be blind to the lessons of daily experience, and who thus make the teachings of nature and the lessons that might be learned from the experience of others, a confusion of tongues, which is as much a hindrance to the completion of their tower of knowledge as was the confusion at Babel to the efforts of the men of old.

So many people start in the world with the assumption that they are perfect—that there is nothing for them to learn in these simple lessons of practical life—holding themselves quite too infallible ever to admit that they have been in error. Other people may be sadly in the wrong, but not they—oh no! not they. The follies of the rest of the world look all the darker, because they are themselves such bright exceptions to the general rule.

We are poor students in those branches of knowledge which we suppose ourselves already to understand. Those beautiful but hard-earned texts that teach us how to live are a sealed book to those who deny their need of these lessons which they pick up out of the dust, from the path of their pilgrimage, and though they may gather to themselves any amount of far-fetched knowledge, though they may be dreamers and call themselves poets, yet the poetry that attracts them is like the music of a tin-whistle, compared with the harmony in the midst of which they live who have begun at the foundation of all knowledge, and appropriated every thing which they have obtained to the perfection of their own lives. These blind sentimentalists, who shut out from their knowledge all practical life, are forever complaining that the blind world does not understand them—would, alas, they could understand themselves. But their knowledge—their characters, are a thing about which there is no harmony, no connection,

and of course they are things which no one can understand. There is no beauty in that life which does not fit itself to those things to which it is appointed. Beauty without fitness is impossible, and the fitness of a life is shown in the manner in which it adapts itself to that which is practically useful, which obtains, and creates good.

He is the true poet who reads books, after having first obtained the key of language in the careful study of human life; he sees all things with eyes that have been anointed, and speaks of them with lips that have kissed the coals of the altar. He reads the living and the written books that are about him, intent to gather that which shall add to the completeness of his own life, and bring his mental and spiritual powers into more perfect harmony with each other. Each block which he hews carefully from the mine where his mind toils is a unique and fitting part of the temple of knowledge he is building, of which the whole points heavenward. Where the different things we read are jarring and discordant, we may be sure that we have read that which is false, or have not read it right. For all knowledge comes from God, and that which comes from God is harmonious and not discordant. The song with which the mind that has gathered such knowledge accompanies itself on its life-journey is a strong, deep symphony, and not a whine—such as the sentimentalist is accustomed to utter.

These delicate sons and daughters of genius, who think that the world is too cold for them, would not find it nearly so cold if they did not keep themselves in hot water so much that they can not bear a healthy atmosphere. They do not endeavor to make the knowledge they gain harmonize with their lives, and fret so much at the want of harmony that their spirits are always heated almost to the boiling point, and the world is a very uncomfortable place for them. And all added items of knowledge will only make them the more restless and uncomfortable, so long as they do not open their eyes to read the book of nature and of art aright, drawing from them a harmony of love and life. They ought to learn of reading in its largest sense, that which Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* learned of prayer:

"He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

"A stock raiser in Fayette county, Ky., lost eight colts one season, four of them thorough breeds, and four of them common, scrub stock. He amputated the legs of all of them, and boiled off the flesh, cleaning the bones thoroughly, to learn by examination, what difference in respect to bone there was between pure blooded and common ones. On taking the bones of the thorough breeds and holding them up to the light, he noticed that they were almost transparent, as much so as white horn. He tried the same experiment with the bones of the inferior stock. They were opaque, and transmitted light no more than Buffalo horn. He then tested the bones by weight, and found the thorough bred by far the heavier, showing their superior substance and solidity. They were hard and dense as ivory. This is a singular fact."

Singular as this fact is, we think a similar difference of bone and fiber might be found between the "thorough breeds" and the "inferior stock" of all kinds of animals. And the circumstances which cause this difference are under our control. If it is so important to any to understand the physiology of a horse, is it not important to us all to understand the points that regulate human physiology? The happiness of any animal must be the more complete the finer his nature, and the more perfect his organization. And it seems a pity that we should not consider it nearly as well worth our while to study completeness of physical organization in a boy as in a horse.

HINTS FOR THE HEALTH.

SIMPLE REMEDIES.

Cotton wool, wet with sweet oil and paregoric, relieves the ear-ache very soon.

A good quantity of old cheese is the best thing to eat when distressed by eating too much fruit, or oppressed with any kind of food. Physicians have given it in cases of extreme danger.

Honey and milk is very good for worms;

so is strong salt water; likewise powdered sage and molasses taken freely.

For sudden attacks of quincy or croup, bathe the neck with bear's grease, and pour it down the throat. A linen rag soaked in sweet oil, butter, or lard, and sprinkled with yellow Scotch snuff, is said to have performed wonderful cures in cases of croup; it should be placed where the distress is greatest. Goose grease, or any kind of oily grease is as good as bear's oil. Equal parts of camphor, spirits of wine, and hartshorn, well mixed, and rubbed upon the throat, is said to be good for the croup.

Cotton wool and oil are the best things for a burn.

A poultice of wheat bran, or rye bran, and vinegar, very soon takes down the inflammation occasioned by a sprain. Brown paper wet, is healing to a bruise. Dipped in molasses it is said to take down inflammation.

If you happen to cut yourself slightly while cooking, bind on some fine salt; molasses is also good.

Flour boiled thoroughly in milk, so as to make quite a thick porridge, is good food in cases of dysentery. If the flour be browned over the fire before it is used it is more astringent. Astringents are safely used to check *permanent* dysentery, but it is imprudent to stop this disorder suddenly at first; it is better to take physic to remove the cause of the disease. When the bowels cease to be sore and inflamed, if the weakness still continues, these astringents are often useful. Blackberries are very astringent, whether eaten as a fruit, or in a syrup, or a tea made of the roots and leaves. Tea has the same binding qualities; green tea more so than black; therefore it is often steeped in milk, seasoned with nutmeg and loaf-sugar, and a cupful drank, to check *permanent* dysentery. Cork burnt to a charcoal, thoroughly macerated, and mixed with a little loaf sugar and nutmeg, is very efficacious in cases of dysentery and cholera morbus; if nutmeg be wanting, peppermint water may be used.—*Fbugal Housewife*.

RECIPES.

GRAPES PRESERVED IN BUNCHES.—Take full clusters of grapes not fully ripe; trim the stems neatly; make a syrup of a pound

of sugar and a teacup of water for each pound of grapes; make it boiling hot and pour it over them; let them remain for a day or two; then drain off the syrup; boil it again, skim it, and pour it over; after a day or two put grapes and syrup over the fire; boil very gently until they are clear, and the syrup rich; take them up carefully; lay them on plates to become cold; boil the syrup for nearly an hour; skim it; let it now settle; put the grapes in glass jars, and pour the syrup over.

GRAPE JELLY.—Pick your grapes clean, and put them in a stone jar; place the jar in a kettle of water, and let it boil for an hour, or until the grapes begin to dissolve; turn them into a strong muslin or flannel bag, and press out all the juice; put half a pound of sugar to a pint of juice; set it over the fire in a preserving kettle, and let it boil five minutes. Pour it into bowls or glasses, and set it in the sun if convenient, or leave it unsealed for a day or two until it hardens. Cover with papers wet in brandy, or attached to the side of the bowl with the white of an egg.

TO KEEP GRAPES.—Pack them in bran, cover close from the air, and keep in a dry cool place.

ANOTHER YEAR.

OUR publishers feel encouraged by the past year's success, to add new attractions to "THE HOME" for 1858. And while its leading features will be strictly maintained, and its chief aim will continue to be to gather up such knowledge as shall add new beauty to domestic life,—opening constantly to those whose duty it is to make home happy new "loop-holes to let the sunshine in," and giving in its hints for Domestic Economy, the only real cure for the *Hard Times* we shall not fail to improve its external appearance as rapidly as its success will admit.

The next volume will commence with a beautiful steel engraving, and these will continue to be interspersed with wood engravings through the year, each number containing either a fine steel plate, or a nicely printed, full-page wood engraving.

"My Neighbor's Step-Son," a new story by the Editress, will also be continued through the first volume of the year.

THE HOME:

A Monthly for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

VOL. IV.—DECEMBER, 1857.—NO. VI.



HARRIET MARTINEAU.

HARRIET MARTINEAU was born at Norwich, Eng., in 1802. Her family is of French descent, and was driven into exile by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

An unusual attachment existed between her and her elder brother, Rev. James Martineau, and this, with delicate health and partial deafness which precluded the usual enjoyments of childhood, led her early to literary pursuits. How intensely she suffered from the privation of hearing she has most vividly described:

"I have known deafness grow upon a sensitive child, so gradually as never

to bring the moment when her parents felt impelled to seek her confidence; and the moment therefore never arrived. She became gradually borne down in health and spirits by the pressure of her trouble, her springs of pleasure all poisoned, her temper irritated, and rendered morose, her intellectual pride puffed up to an insufferable haughtiness, and her conscience brought by perpetual pain of heart into a state of trembling soreness—all this, without one word ever being offered to her by any person whatever of sympathy or sorrow about her misfortune. Now and

then some one made light of it; now and then some one told her she mismanaged it, and gave advice, which being inapplicable, grated upon her morbid feelings; but no one inquired what she felt, or appeared to suppose that she did feel. Many were anxious to show kindness, and tried to supply some of her privations; but it was too late. She was shut up, and her manner appeared hard and ungracious, while her heart was dissolving in emotions. No one knew when she stole out of the room, exasperated by the earnest talk and merry laugh that she could not share, that she went to bolt herself in her own room, and sob on the bed, or throw herself on her knees to pray for help or death. No one knew of her passionate longing to be alone, while she was, for her good, driven into society; nor how, when by chance alone for an hour or two she wasted the luxury by watching the lapse of the precious minutes.

"And when she grew hard, strict, and even fanatical in her religion, no one suspected that this was because her religion was her all—her soul's strength under agonies of false shame, her wealth under her privations, her refuge in her loneliness; while her mind was so narrow as to require that what religion was to her—her one pursuit and object—it should be to everybody else. In course of years she in great measure retrieved herself, though conscious of irreparable mischief done to her nature. All this while many hearts were aching for her, and the minds of her family were painfully occupied in thinking what could be done for her temper and her happiness. The mistake of reserve was the only thing they are answerable for; a mistake which, however mischievous, was naturally caused by the very pain of their own sympathy first, and the reserve of the sufferer afterward."

Most happy was it for Miss Martineau that she found in authorship an outlet for her exquisitely sensitive

nature. Her first work, a devotional one, was published when she was twenty-one, and was followed soon after by "Christmas Day." It was a great happiness to her when she was able by her pen to relieve her family of her support, and thus assist her father, who had been reduced by business reverses from wealth to comparative poverty.

The young authoress rapidly followed up her first successes. Before she was thirty she had written eight or ten volumes of tales, "Original Hymns," tracts, and three prize essays on theological subjects.

In 1832 Miss Martineau appeared as a political writer, in a series of "Illustrations of Political Economy," "Taxation," "Poor Laws," in which, under the disguise of a story, she sought to infuse into the public mind her own notions of reform. Her object was truly philanthropic, and gave her an American as well as European celebrity.

These publications were followed by her memorable visit to the United States in 1835. We have not yet forgotten with what open-armed hospitality she was entertained here, nor how rank and wealth rivaled each other in doing homage to the distinguished guest. Everywhere her apartments were crowded with visitors, and her tables piled with notes of invitation from one elegant mansion to another.

After an ovation which would have melted the heart or turned the head of any other woman, she went home to dissect and book us. Her reflections were returned to us in two volumes, "Society in America," and "Retrospect of Western Travel," in which she discussed our institutions and manners in a way little flattering to our national vanity. But with all her discourtesy, her ignorance and one-sided prejudice, she told us many wholesome truths, which we had not temper to receive, nor wisdom to put in practice. With the majority of Americans, Miss Martineau is still

considered the synonym of every thing that is harsh, crabbed, and sour in womankind. Her gifted and discriminating friend, Charlotte Brontë, draws a very different picture of her, in a description of a visit to Ambleside :

"I am at Miss Martineau's for a week. Her house is very pleasant, both within and without, arranged at all points with admirable neatness and comfort. Her visitors enjoy the most perfect liberty ; what she claims for herself she allows them. I rise at my own hour, breakfast alone — she is up at five, takes a cold bath, and a walk by starlight, and has finished her breakfast and got to her work by seven o'clock. I pass the morning in the drawing-room — she in her study. At two o'clock we meet — work, talk, and walk together till five, her dinner hour ; spend the evening together, when she converses fluently and abundantly, and with the most complete frankness. I go to my own room soon after ten — she sits up writing letters till twelve.

"She seems exhaustless in strength and spirits, and indefatigable in the faculty of labor. She is a great and a good woman ; of course not without peculiarities, but I have seen none as yet that annoy me. She is both hard and warm-hearted, abrupt and affectionate, liberal and despotic. I believe she is not at all conscious of her own absolutism. When I tell her of it, she denies the charge warmly ; then I laugh at her. I believe she rules Ambleside. Some of the gentry dislike her, but the lower orders have a great regard for her. * * The government of her household is admirably administered. All she does is well done, from the writing of a history down to the quietest female occupation."

Since her American tour Miss Martineau has published several works for children, and two novels, which are characterized by an excellent critic as "full of acute and delicate thought, and elegant description." "Eastern Life :

Past and Present," is one of her most valuable productions, and embodies her observations of Egypt, Palestine, Greece, Syria, and Arabia, during a tour of these countries made in 1846. She has excellent qualities as a traveler, and her opinions are entitled to great weight.

"Household Education," published in 1849, propounds Miss Martineau's theory of domestic training. It is a digest of long and thoughtful observations, and makes us feel that it needed only the more intimate relations of wife and mother to render her one of the most lovely and benignant of her sex.

The last feature in the life of this lady is one which her truest friends and admirers look upon with profound sorrow. A woman among unbelievers — Harriet Martineau, in league with Hume, Gibbon, and Voltaire, to undermine the foundation of our most holy faith, is indeed a humiliating spectacle. In "Letters on Man's Nature and Development," she avows herself without disguise, and takes her place in the deadly ranks of atheism. This, so far as we know, is her present attitude : let us hope that her errors are of the head rather than of the heart — the transient vagaries of an over-speculative mind, and that her splendid powers will yet be enlisted in a nobler work.

IMPROVEMENT.

IF you have great talents, industry will improve them ; if moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiencies. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor ; nothing is ever to be attained without it. Remember, a man's genius is always in the beginning of life as much unknown to himself as to others ; and it is only after frequent trials, attended with success, that he dares think himself equal to the undertakings in which those who have succeeded have fixed the admiration of mankind.

MRS. GRUNDY'S OPINION OF HER ACQUAINTANCE.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

"Not only good and kind,
But strong and elevated is thy mind;
A spirit that with noble pride
Can look superior down
On fortune's smile or frown;
That can, without regret or pain,
To virtue's lowliest duty sacrifice."

LORD LYTLETON.

"The world has won thee, lady, and thy joys
Are placed in trifles, fashions, follies, toys."
CRABBE.

"DO you know, Mrs. Nettleton, I've found out why Mrs. Finch got that new gray raglan to wear this fall, when she had a good black stella?"

"No, I don't; but how did you become acquainted with the important secret?" said the lady addressed, with a half-concealed tone of contempt for the speaker, which the latter lady did not perceive, so much absorbed was she by the important discovery she had made.

"How? Why, by — what do you call it? It's that word they use when animals seem to know things."

"Instinct?"

"Yes! instinct told me so."

"Good authority, Mrs. Grundy."

"The very best, my dear Mrs. Nettleton. And instinct also tells me that she will line that same article of dress, and trim it up, to make people believe that she's got a new cloak this very winter. Dear me! how deceptive some people are! Why, that woman never hires a dressmaker but to fit and baste her dresses, and makes them all herself on the sly, and then goes out into our very best society! It's a shame! She knits all her husband's stockings evenings, when her friends are in to sit with her; but I understand that well enough, she wants to show her hands to good advantage."

"How do you know that, Mrs. Grundy?"

"I might as well say that I found out this by my Betty, who was with her a short time. The girl said that Mr. and Mrs. Finch were a great deal

more merry and chatty when there was no company in, and it was so different where she lived before; for at Mrs. Morgan's, all the pleasant talk was saved up for visitors. So she thought she would find out what amused them so much, and one evening she left the back parlor-door ajar, so she could pass in from the dining-room. At first Mr. Finch was reading from the night's paper out loud, while Mrs. Finch kept on knitting, and looking off her work as if she thought her husband the only man in christendom.

"Well, by-and-by the paper was all read up, so Betty said, and he laid it down and asked her if it did not tire her to keep those needles going all the time, and she answered, 'Not a bit.' He said, 'I'm glad, for it shows your hands so prettily; and I do so love to watch them.' Betty said she thought Mr. Finch very silly to say such things when they had been married seven or eight years, and I must acknowledge I respect Betty's opinion. She is a very sensible girl. Then Mr. Finch went on to tell his wife it was getting cold weather, and did n't she want some money to buy her winter's clothes; and she said no; she had plenty of clothes, and plenty of money for the present. She could drain his purse by-and-by to his entire satisfaction.

"Betty said she was very stingy to her girls — would n't let her have but one gas-burner going at a time evenings, and all the while Betty was in her house, a whole month, Mrs. Finch gave her but one dress, and that was a pink calico, and a spotted linen collar, with a pink edge to match, while I've given the girl two of my silks, and that lace cape I wore last winter to parties sometimes. Mrs. Finch is always trumping up some old body to feed and clothe, and would be glad to take the lead in fashion with her odd notions, but society is too sensible for that, though all the fools ain't dead I'm sorry to say. Then Betty said, Mrs. Finch

went on to tell her husband that she was going to trim her blue silk with velvet up the sides, and get her light brown merino colored darker, and made up with a deep basque, and she should not need any more, with the others she had; and what did the great simpleton of a man do but—I would not believe every one, but Betty is a girl of truth—throw his wife's knitting under the sofa, take her on his knee, and then kiss her under her chin, and say she was worth ten million such women as—who do you think he said? When I tell you you must not wonder at my love for Mrs. Finch. He said me—Mrs. Grundy! I would n't have Grundy know it for the world, for he is always saying something wonderful about her; but one thing he can't say—he can't praise her beauty; and if he knew how she *managed* to look genteel, he could not—yes he would too; he thinks it all right to deceive society in that way. He has not the least respect for gentility, nor his wife either; so I tell him sometimes, and he only grunts. I don't believe matches are made in heaven and never did. I married Mr. Grundy because everybody decided that he had such business tact; and he says he can't tell why he married me. Why do n't you say something, Mrs. Nettleton?"

"For two reasons," the lady answered; "one is, you took no breathing time; and the other, I was thinking of Mrs. Finch. My husband has chanced to converse with her several times in society, and is greatly pleased with her, while I have unfortunately scarcely spoken to her. I told husband, only last night, I would go this very day and call upon her. I am always sure I shall like all who please Mr. Nettleton. She seems to attract people, and—"

"Yes; but they do n't know how she deceives by pretending to be one of us, with her old clothes all fixed over; and then—I would not tell anybody but you—Betty said she knew

that she wrote for the newspapers, for she overheard what one of the publishers said to her about her not using her name; and Mrs. Finch replied that she had rather not be known. Are you going to call *now*, Mrs. Nettleton?"

"Are you sure, Mrs. Grundy?"

"Betty's word is as good as print."

"I promised my husband I would visit her, and I will; but whether I go again depends on the observation I make."

"Let me know, my dear friend, all about it, won't you?"

And so they parted: Mrs. Grundy to speculate on Mrs. Finch's hidden attractions, and Mrs. Nettleton to see if she could fathom the same mystery.

Mrs. Nettleton found Mrs. Finch seated by a work-table, with all the etceteras of sewing, and a small vase of autumnal flowers exquisitely arranged, throwing their beauty over shreds and odd bits of old merino, and ends of velvet ribbon, and Mrs. Finch's hands nimbly plying the needle. She received her new acquaintance cordially, but made no excuse for her occupation, as Mrs. Nettleton expected, according to the usual formula of such occasions. Nothing by way of apology was offered by Mrs. Nettleton for this call, or for not doing so sooner. Nothing was said of unruly servants, the distressing monetary difficulties, or the complaints of husbands over the times, and, what was more remarkable than all, not a syllable was uttered of their neighbors. A voice from the hall called out:

"May I come, mamma?" in the sweetest of childish accents, and the answering "Yes!" opened the door, and in tripped Mrs. Finch's little daughter.

She replied prettily to the visitor's salutation, and began inspecting her mother's occupation. A little dress of plaid merino was nearly completed for the child, over which the little creature was cooing out her admiration.

"An old one of mine," said Mrs. Finch, not at all chagrined at this proof of her economy. "I always select such material as will be of service to my child, as delicate textures are of little use to a domestic, or to the poor, should we give them away. Besides it creates a taste in them for clothing too expensive for their means. Don't you think so, Mrs. Nettleton?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Finch; but won't your intimate friends remember the garment, and accuse you of overthought for your expenditures?"

"I hope so, Mrs. Nettleton, for it's a part of my creed, and religion too, I may add, to waste nothing, and it is needful in these hard times to relieve our husbands of every burden by careful outlays. The world at large may render the verdict its capricious will pleases, it is of no consequence to me, so that the 'still, small voice' whispers 'well done.' My husband has as yet sustained little inconvenience from want of resource. And you agree with me, do you not, in my theory and practice, too?"

"I am sorry I can't answer in the affirmative to both, my dear Mrs. Finch. I believe every word of your theory, but the practice calls for more courage than I possessed when I came in; but I believe your example will give me a little strength. I came out this afternoon to drive away the thoughts of my disappointment because my husband said it would be impossible for him to spare the large sum it required for furs, at the present size and quality. He is a very indulgent husband, and grants my every desire. I was not prepared for denial, and fear I did not meet it very philosophically, or good-naturedly either I must in justice acknowledge."

"Our wants are imaginary, at least the most expensive ones are."

"True, Mrs. Finch, but society's demands are imperative. You smile, but you know it is hard to cast off its rule in any thing."

"I do not find it imperative, and

its rule I heed very little. My husband's admiration of my costume, and the motive that prompted its adoption is sufficient for me."

"Excuse me if I ask a very inquisitive question, but my heart seeks, in its blindness, for light to guide me from the unsatisfying pleasures of dress and display. I am told you write for the public, and does not this serve your cravings for seeing yourself admired in some way?"

"I have no such motive, I assure you. It has been said that woman never seeks fame if she is happy and satisfied; and that may be true, unless she does it to elevate those she loves, and whose name she bears. But believe me, I write because I am happy and satisfied, and desire to give a glimmer of my enjoyment to others, and at least show them the way they may look for the same satisfaction."

"Thank you, Mrs. Finch; and when I comprehend your independence, and stagger in my endeavors to follow the same path, albeit at a long distance behind you, will you give me encouragement also?"

"You won't need it from without, it is all within. But we have had a strange conversation for a first acquaintance. I hope you will pardon me the freedom of my remarks, but there was something in your manner allowed me to say all I pleased."

"Can't we meet often, Mrs. Finch?"

"It would give me pleasure certainly, Mrs. Nettleton."

And so they parted: one to remove traces of her economy from her returning husband's eyes lest he should think she watched the signs of the times too closely for her comfort, and the other to seek the beginning of the path her new friend found so agreeable, and which commended itself so warmly to her sense of right.

Mr. Nettleton came home looking sad, for he expected to meet the dissatisfied face of his petted wife. He was surprised to see her standing on the verandah, waiting for his return, only as she did in her very happiest

moods. Down the steps she ran, and up again by his side after the very fashion which disgusted Mrs. Grundy so much, and which she forgot to mention to her friend in her late interesting communication. Mr. Nettleton was on the *qui vive* to know what extraordinary pleasure had so elated his wife's spirits, and his curiosity came near forming itself into questions, when Mrs. Nettleton remarked that she had been delighted with a call upon a lady he admired, and thought his taste excellent. As she chirped away, she stroked his whiskers very much as Mrs. Finch would have done, but which her fashionable habits had long since caused her to forget.

Her husband forbore inquiries, and listened to as merry a chat that evening as gladdened any anxious business man in that great city. Indeed, he forgot for a longer period his perplexities, than for many a weary day or night before. Not a word was said of the furs, and he began to relax his resolution to live on a smaller outlay, and quite reproached himself for his ill-nature in refusing any thing to so lovely a woman as that same one who was humming and purring at his side, before the cheerful autumn fire.

"Pet," he began, "was n't I a trifle cross at dinner to-day?"

"Not a bit, my dear. Why?"

"Did n't somebody want five hundred dollars for something, and did n't somebody say that somebody must try and be happy without that something?"

"Yes! but what of that?"

"Why, somebody has altered his mind, and if somebody is silly, so all men are who have such wives, to make them forget 'how the money goes.' Here is the amount, my dear."

"Do n't tempt me if you love me," she said, pushing back his hand, to Mr. Nettleton's utter amazement. "I am a better woman since dinner, and those furs would not give me the least pleasure in the world. Believe

me, for I have seen another variety of happiness in Mrs. Finch's parlor to-day. Let me try to be like her."

"What will Mrs. Grundy say?" he replied, for want of something more apropos, forgetting it had been a favorite expression of his wife. She colored, and the tears came up quickly as she said:

"Don't tease me the first day of my reformation, for it is no easy lesson for a silly woman like me to learn."

I suppose it is but justice to say that it was Mr. Nettleton's time to follow the example of the Finch family and kiss his wife.

* * * * *

According to promise of further revelations if there were any, Mrs. Grundy's carriage stopped before Mrs. Nettleton's door at the earliest possible moment society would permit. Glad to find her friend alone, she commenced a modern edition of the *longer* catechism.

"My dear friend, what of yesterday's call? Do tell me all at once; I am dying of curiosity. Does she write for the newspapers? And her husband doing such a handsome business too! She is money-loving and miserly, for all her charities. She admitted as much in an indirect way. Ridiculous! and yet people will call there and invite her to be their equal."

"I should not wonder if some found her their superior, Mrs. Grundy."

"How funny you are sometimes, my dear, and I declare you make me laugh when I feel quite shocked. Did you catch her at any of her efforts to hide her economy?"

"She was making a new dress of hers for Kitty, and it was quite pretty indeed."

"Just as I told you: and she will exhibit that young one the first fair day in the streets, and people who don't see behind the curtain think that she has patronized our most fashionable stores. If you will credit

me, my husband would uphold her in that very thing."

"So would mine, Mrs. Grundy."

"We can sympathize in that particular; my dear, sympathy is so comforting."

"I hope our husbands can't indulge in the last mentioned pleasure," replied Mrs. Nettleton, the sarcasm becoming visible to a less preoccupied person.

"How can we make her less popular with our husbands?"

"Only by imitating her."

"Never!" said the indignant Mrs. Grundy.

"I shall try," returned Mrs. Nettleton, her courage rising.

"Mrs. Nettleton!"

"Mrs. Grundy!"

"Are you sane?"

"I think I am beginning to be."

"I am astonished! Let me go now, and remember that your last remarks were jokes."

"Pray do n't, Mrs. Grundy, for I fear my courage will ebb next time I am upon this subject."

Off rolled the carriage, and Mrs. Nettleton was miserable. She had not reckoned the cost of her avowing a womanly simplicity of taste, and a human, not to say a tender regard for the struggles of her husband in these days of trial. A facetious writer calls women "strange animals," and verily he has come to a very correct conclusion. She could not endure to lose Mrs. Grundy's approbation, although said opinions were laws that might, under the new light that shone upon them, be appealed from on certain occasions.

The afternoon found Mrs. Nettleton so uneasy and miserable, that she resolved to call upon her astonished friend, and to have a talk, in fact give her reasons for the change in her creed and the consequent happiness.

At four o'clock she sat in the parlor of Mrs. Grundy, who no doubt was taking time over Mrs. Nettleton's card to decide how she should meet her. In the adjoining room Miss Ger-

trude Evelina Grundy, called Gerty Grundy for brevity, sat enjoying the society of her dolly. The one-sided colloquy was quite satisfying to the visitor.

"Dolly's got a beau, haint she? Aunt Nelly's little white puppy Jip come to see it this morning, did n't he? Papa said sister Annie's beau was a puppy, and Dolly's got one too, only sister Annie's don't know as much as Dolly's beau, does he, Dolly? We'll have good times, won't we, and she shall have that new white taffeta, a cerise ribbon, and that sweet Bayadere too. Dolly haint got no pa, but she has got a grandpa, and I'll tease him just as mamma and Annie do, and he will give us all we want just to stop our noise, won't he? We can't go to see Mrs. Nettleton any more, and get biscuit and jelly, 'cause mamma says she is a fool, and haint got genteel notions bred in her. Haint it too bad, Dolly, when she has got such good jelly! And ma says she always knew she was vulgar, but did not like to say so till she saw if she could n't make her somebody. Ma says, too, she should n't wonder a bit if her husband got ashamed of her yet, not a bit. Haint you sorry, Dolly, 'bout the jelly? I knew you was, and ma says she should n't wonder if she got to be as low as Mrs. Finch, 'fore long. Mrs. Finch is awful deceitful, ma says. If Kitty is so pretty, all her clothes are old ones, and mamma don't know what the world is coming to, nor we either, do we, Dolly?"

This coutretemps, whether fortunate or otherwise, the writer does not quite know, but it decided Mrs. Nettleton that she had not sufficient leisure to waste it upon affection already forfeited, and she let herself out of the palatial mansion of Mrs. Grundy, to be omitted in the list of invitations to the next grand party given, to show to the whole city that those not present were of little or no consequence to society.

The new friends spent the same

evening together, and neither the Finch or Nettleton family seemed disposed to wear sackcloth. On the contrary, a cheerfulness, hard to be accounted for, possessed them, and did not give the least indications of being less than legion. The spell of refined contentment was contagious, and others followed in the bright wake of sensible pleasures, and ceased to find their highest delight in the contemptible ambition of out-dressing each other.

Mrs. Grundy, of course, found enough who were glad to fill the vacuum, for there are plenty of people in this world who seem to hold themselves in no higher estimation than to occupy space — particularly ladies. I think this last sentence a happy thought, for it has been a difficult problem to decide to what end some were clothed, fed, and I won't say, educated. It has troubled me as much as Mr. Grundy's reason for the selection of a wife.

THE MONITOR — MUSIC.

WE give place to the following article on Music, not because we agree with our correspondent in the result arrived at, or with the action of the Society of Friends with regard to it, but because it is a matter well worth thinking about. Perhaps if the botanical and mineralogical tours proposed were carried to such an excess as music is in some cases, the accompaniments of evil would be quite as bad. The wise will observe moderation in all things; but whatever is in fashion will always be in excess.—ED.

I HAVE known several men who were skillful players on musical instruments. Nearly all of them were of idle habits, and worthless character — showing that music has not that elevating and sublime influence which some claim for it. I have known several girls, commonly called

"young ladies," who had spent two or three years in learning to play on the piano, and they had thus become, as they thought, very "*accomplished*;" yet they could not write a letter in a neat manner, could not express themselves well, nor spell correctly, nor punctuate properly, nor fold and direct a letter neatly. They could neither make good bread, nor mend a coat neatly, and understood very little of household economy. The study of music had contributed largely to destroy their usefulness, and to prevent intellectual improvement.

I have known young people of both sexes, who had a strong passion for music; they resolved to indulge in it, and having acquired some skill, sought such company as appreciated their attainments. This soon led to midnight parties, to the acquaintance of skillful musicians of a low character, to wine drinking, to concerts, to balls, to theaters, to practical infidelity, to ruined morality. The Society of Friends has therefore, with much wisdom, adopted the principle of total abstinence; it has reasoned as temperance men have done, and maintained that, on account of the numerous evils which are very apt to result from a study of music, and the bad influence and bad company to which it often leads, the simplest and easiest remedy is to forego the little good it may sometimes do, and to exclude it from the list of studies and amusements.

Young people want and should have amusements. But far more enduring charms may be found in the pursuit of the natural sciences, in making botanical collections, in studying minerals, in geological tours, in microscopic examinations, in drawing and sketching objects of natural history and landscape, and in the pursuit of astronomy, and the enjoyment of the wonders of the telescope. These improve the intellect and expand the mind, and do not, like music, address themselves merely to animal delights.

There are, at the present time, according to authentic statistics, seven hundred thousand pianos in use in the United States. The cost, at three hundred dollars each, would amount to over two hundred million dollars. This sum would build two hundred thousand school-houses, at an expense of a thousand dollars each; or, it would construct a Pacific railroad; or, it would provide fine libraries of about a thousand volumes each, for two hundred thousand neighborhoods; or, it would provide every human being in the world with a cheap Bible or Testament.

Is it not a wise prohibition which Friends have adopted, of the practice which has led to this enormous extravagance, for a useless, not to say a worse than useless gratification, while so many are suffering for the necessities of life, and are growing up in ignorance and darkness for want of suitable provision to enlighten them? It is now common to find families provided with costly pianos, who, when called upon to assist charitable purposes, "can not afford to;" and the parents "can not" buy for their children useful books, for intellectual and religious instruction.

The attempt has sometimes been made to make studies at school alluring, by largely interspersing music; but as the mind can not be exercised, disciplined, and developed, except by positive exertion and labor, to which there can be no "royal road," the intended assistant is likely only to make an enervated and thoughtless people. I have no doubt that what is called "Church music," has this tendency.

A pious and intelligent Presbyterian minister, assured the writer that it was his conviction that the religious world at large were suffering greatly for want of more of the spirit of Friends' mode of worship in their religious meetings. He thought there was not enough of silent, individual exercise—every thing was done by the minister and the choir, and every moment was occupied either in act-

ing or listening, from the commencement to the close. Yet the incompatibility of the enervating influence of music, and the exercise and discipline of silent worship had not occurred to him. It is questionable whether the two, so opposite in their nature, could ever be advantageously introduced in the same assembly.

The *artificial*, not to say *superficial* influences which are called in to aid religious worship, were strikingly shown some years ago at an extensive revival in a large village in New York. A young woman—a very skillful musician—was leader of the choir, and was waited on by a special deputation of the leading men of the congregation, to secure her regular services; "for," said they, "the Lord's cause can not go on without your help;"—although she made no profession of religion, and even her moral character was not of the highest grade.

AMELIA OPIE'S FAREWELL TO MUSIC.

I have loved thee, oh Music, I have tasted
thy powers,
And have praised thy sweet song that has
robb'd me of hours;
I have said thou could'st quell every feeling
of strife,
And have counted thee ~~one~~ of the blessings
of life:

I have thought that thy anthems of holy de-
light,
Brought the dawns of day 'mid the shad-
ows of night;
That the spirit, oppress'd with unspeakable
grief,
Could at least find one refuge, one certain
relief.

Ah! thou lily-white wand, and thou rose-
bedecked thorn,
Thou betrayest the heart, and then leavest it
to mourn;
For thy comfort is transient, not a boon to
bestow,
From thy high mountain anthems what deep
meanings flow.

Then I'll leave thee, I'll leave thee, I'll bid
thee farewell,
Nor shall reason or conscience hencefor-
ward rebel;

Thou shalt rob me no more of sweet silence
and rest,
For I've proved thee a trap, a seducer at
best.

Yes, thou spirit of darkness transformed
into light,
Thou voluptuous form clothed in raiment of
white;

It is thine when the passions seemed con-
quer'd and fled,
But to raise up and cherish the evils we
dread.

Then go thou where vice haunts the thought-
less and gay,
Where the midnight of folly sends reason
away;
Where the mind draws its pleasures, its sor-
rows from thence,
And the heart pants alone for the raptures of
sense.

But oh, enter thou not where devotion has
trod,
To beguile the soul from its duty to
God;
For the well-spring of life, and the bread of
the day,
It is thine not to give, but to barter
away.

And while sin, open sin leads its thousands
astray,
Tens of thousands are borne by false pleas-
ures away;
Let the Christian in heart then redeemed
and set free,
Never dare to return, oh vain Music, to
thee.

Let us weigh, as in a balance, the
"little good that it may *sometimes*
do," the time spent, and the mil-
lions of dollars expended, while so
many are remaining uninstructed in
usefulness, a burden to themselves
and to community:

"That God sees not as men behold, is true,
Eternal things attract the human view;
But, lo! the Lord surveys the inward parts,
His eye discerns, and he accepts the heart.

I. SAMUEL, XVI.

Christ in his sermon on the mountain fam'd,
The theme of notes or singing never named;
Did not on tunes to please the fancy strike,
Nor instruments of music David like.

AMOS VI.-5.

Yet, He the things that were essential told,
Said: 'All who hear and mind my words,
behold,

Are like a man whose house is on a rock,
That stood the rain, flood, and tempestuous
shock.'

When worshippers on vocal sounds are fixed,
Amusement of the creature will be mixed;
Take thou away the noise of song from me,
I will not hear the viol's melody.

AMOS V.-21.

Tho' this may have of choicest fruit the
signs,
Good notice take, 'All is not gold that
shines.'

R. W.

WILLIE'S DEATH.

BY ISABELLA SHILDEN.

THE painter's task is finished. He has traced
Upon the canvas with unerring hand
The sparkling eye, the pallid brow, and
cheek

Hollow and pale, save where the hectic flush
Too surely heralds the approach of death.

His parents gaze half joyful, half in tears;
'T were sweet to have e'en this when he is
gone.

But Fancy pictures his dear form as 't was
In days long past, when, with a rosy cheek,
A lightsome step, and joyous shout he ran
To meet his father when his work was done.
But Willie's thoughts are sweet and happy
now;

His flowers have not yet lost their charms
for him;
And as within his trembling hand a book
Is placed by his fond father, see him smile;
His cup of earthly happiness seems full.

"And thou, my Willie, thou wilt draw these
flowers

Before they fade. Say, wilt thou not?"
He answers not. Can he have slept so
soon?

"Oh, Willie! Willie!" But they can not
wake

Him from that last long sleep. Without a sigh,
And with a smiling face he passed away.

Oh! then was felt a mother's agony,
As with a bursting heart she sees that Death
Has snatched her only son; and smothered
sobs

Bear painful witness of a father's grief.
But hush! oh, hush! 't were best for him to
go,

When his young heart o'erflowed with happi-
ness.

And we will leave his book and fading
flowers,

Fit emblems of his brief sojourn on earth,
To lie with him beneath the churchyard
green,

For 't were a sin to tear them from his grasp.

WILLSBOROUGH, Sept., 1857.

LETTERS FROM QUIETSID.

VI.

GIRARD, October 20, 1857.

YOU ask, dear M. . . ., why so long a time has elapsed since you heard from me? The simple reason is, that I disapprove of "running accounts," and I found on my ledger a great discrepancy between the debit and credit pages. So, said I to my metallic thought painter, rest awhile; it is unfair that you should work all the time without remuneration. Besides, it is by no means certain but we may be obtrusive. At any rate, the old saw says "all work and no play" is unhealthy, both mentally and physically. Rest awhile; perhaps after a while we may call out a response; and so we did; and the response or inquiry came.

I know this smacks of a business character; perhaps too much to be strictly genteel; but gentility, disconnected with life's necessities, is to me an unlearned lesson. Activity in the sphere assigned us by Providence, is the truest gentility. From the humble pavier to him who guides the helm of state, he is noble, who nobly performs his duties.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

Immediately after man was formed, his Creator brought him to the garden of Eden, which he had planted, and placed him there "to dress and keep it." Hence we infer that labor is an honorable condition, calculated to promote the best interests of man, morally, mentally, and physically. He who ignores it, on the scale of social elevation, greatly mistakes the true honor and dignity of his nature. Constituted as the world is, there must be various kinds of labor, requiring minds of different calibre; but as all are the workmanship of one great Artist, who shall depreciate one and elevate another, with no higher authority than conventional rules, which, like all others, are not

unexceptionables, is there not danger of injustice to one, whose spirit came from the same great Being, who first breathed into man the breath of life, and he became a living soul?

It would be well to look less to the *gentility* of the various occupations of life, and more to the importance which attaches to the performance of the duties belonging to them.

"He who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly — angels could no more."

In the whole range of duties, perhaps, the complete circle of those well-performed, can be found only in the Christian home. Here is Heaven epitomized. In no condition, under no circumstances, are the mandates of duty so varied, so onerous, so complicated, so important, and so inadequately appreciated, as are those of

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Among the rich endowments that have fallen from heaven to earth, perhaps none is so momentous for weal or woe, so fraught with the present "bliss that has survived the Fall," as the establishment of the household. Or, by perversion, it is the most glaring type of the misery which "seized the trembling earth—when nature groaned in muttering thunder; saw the lowering sky weep sad drops, at the completion of the mortal sin original."

In His wisdom and infinite mercy, God "setteth the solitary in families." To parents he says, each time that a new immortal is added to the group, "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give you wages." From the manner in which this command is observed, results the future happiness or wretchedness of all immediately interested; also more remotely, the eternal destiny of numberless households, yet in the distant future.

Perhaps there is no important subject that receives so little attention as that of the influence which every person exerts, no matter how humble, or limited his sphere. The child knows no higher example than that of his

parent, and copies it; not always exactly, but frequently adds such embellishments as he may, from time to time, collect from his street and school associates. Generally the character of these is not very dissimilar to the home example. In the home the tastes originate and are cultivated, and they seek their aliment among congenial objects. If the household example be correct, the young copyist, by a refinement of sentiment which enables him to discriminate, learns to reject with disgust the coarse vulgarity, the profane jest, and the boisterous, annoying mirth of the wicked. Yet he has imbibed the poison. Is it possible to handle pitch without being defiled? his hitherto untainted imagination has received images of impurity, and they are hung upon memory's walls, never to be displaced, till death closes the entrance. He may not yield to their promptings, but the stain is on his heart, and he can never again be what he was before.

What a wonderful power is influence, especially when it is an agent for evil! For more than five centuries, Noah was a preacher of righteousness; for one hundred and twenty years his efforts were energized by the knowledge of the coming catastrophe. Yet, we have reason to suppose, that not *one* listened to the conversion of his soul; as none but his own family were permitted to enter the ark. All who had lived on the earth for more than sixteen centuries, were engulfed in the universal ruin. The great weight of influence, then, is thrown into the scale of the wicked. Hence the conviction that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Who can know it, is a solemn question; for we are sure that He who formed the heart, knows its propensities.

A family of children must be educated. To do this, the parents, anxious to obtain an honorable celebrity through their children, spare not labor or expense "to bring them

through" a respectable scholastic course at boarding-school and college. The usual number of books are looked at, in the requisite number of years; and showy diplomas testify that a certain course has been rambed over. The counting-house ledger exhibits the number of thousands which have been expended in the cause, and the young persons are presented to society, as having "finished their education."

Is this the fact? Have they not yet to learn the first rudiments of living? With an ample purse in hand, they have vied with their associates in the gratification of their tastes. Each year has presented an increased call for additional indulgences, which the fond parents allow, in consideration of the poor things being away from home, and obliged to study so hard.

Little do they realize, that this is a very imperfect preparation for the life-struggles, which strew thickly and thornily the path that must be scaled by all earth's denizens, who strive to reach their goal. Scarcely knowing disappointment but by name, the inviting delights of an untried life beckoning in the bright, distant future, habits and tastes formed upon the enjoyment of their affluent homes, without the least idea of the labors and struggles which others have borne, that they may revel in their present position and future prospects—they commence a career fraught with eternal results, as heedlessly and with as little consideration for its terminus as if they were embarking on a pleasure excursion for a single day.

These are the future heads of households yet to be established, in perpetuation of the *institution* which God himself first formed in Paradise. If the head of *that* household, made in the image of God, with his Maker to instruct in all that was essential for him to know; and all his surroundings designed appliances for his enjoyment; ministering angels for his associates; without a painful memory

of the past, and not a bitter experience to elicit dread for the future; if *he* yielded to blandishments and fell, what may not be feared for the youth taking his first independent step over life's attractive threshold?

Pleasure, with beautiful aspect and full of promise, beckons him on, pointing to gardens redolent with flowers, and sparkling with bright rivulets, allures him within their fascinating inclosures. To his dismay, he finds himself hedged in with thorns; turn as he may, he is lacerated and torn. His only safety is in retracing the deceptive path. Few have the moral courage necessary for this, and the consequence is, remediless ruin. An occasional one, not entirely oblivious to social obligations, determines to begin life anew, and takes the first step in fulfillment of this wise resolve, by taking an helpmate. The probability is, that he will choose one no better qualified for the station than himself. From such a household what is to be expected? New and strange cares bring new necessities and responsibilities, but do not open new avenues to meet the demand. Criminations and recriminations follow; pleasures, independent of home, are eagerly sought and indulged, until misery takes possession of the domestic hearth, accompanied by reproach and shame.

Here is a wrecked household. From its ruins may arise a lofty spirit, struggling with overwhelming difficulties; but conscious of latent power, he seeks and elicits the electric spark of wisdom, guided by its sure and steady, though faintly glimmering ray, he pursues—and pursues in the face of almost insufferable objects, till suddenly, and almost to his own surprise, though observers have long seen him nearing it, he finds himself at the goal for which his most strenuous efforts have been made, himself a crowned victor, having conquered lions which beset his way, and many a time nearly overcame him in the con-

flict. Among all the lessons which have been spread out for his instruction, that of human nature as it exists in real life, has been carefully studied. He sees that nothing is permanently joyous, in a world lying under the ban of God's curse; that the only thing in life worth possessing is a knowledge of duty, and the performance of its mandates his highest glory. He consults the only chart that has been laid down for man, and finds it perfect; he resolves to make it the rule of his faith and practice.

With a spirit strengthened by hard collisions with opposing elements, and encouraged by the cheering revealed voice, he takes his place on life's bustling Flotilla, and manfully breasts the rushing wave, looking to his Heavenly Pilot for support and guidance. Amid his labors and fatigues, there are moments when he longs for sympathy and companionship, such as is found only in woman's love. Well is he aware that upon this event hang momentous consequences. *This* step must not be taken but with great caution. With earnest heart he seeks divine guidance. He is forbidden to yoke himself unequally, and commanded to do *all* in the fear of God. Obedient to the sacred injunction, he seeks a companion of congenial tastes, and Christian principles; one who can sympathize in his cares, and labors, and difficulties, as well as share the products of his labor, in the gratification of her tastes.

This household is established upon the basis of God's word. The first act is to erect a family altar, on which is poured the morning and evening oblation, sending its rich incense of praise and thanksgiving heavenward to Him, who with such offering "is well pleased." Success elicits acknowledgments of God's mercies with thankfulness. Adversity is received as coming from the same hand, either by direction or permission; and he is mainly anxious to secure the blessing which he is

sure comes under this disguise; he knows that in giving, God is supremely good; nor less so, when he denies. Every Christian knows that he must not

"Judge the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face."

Under such influence and guidance the rising generation may be expected to magnify the happy results of faithful training. Such a household is gazed upon by approving angels. Even a heedless world admires the perfect order which reigns and regulates all things there, though they may not care to imitate it.

But even from this stronghold of faith, from causes quite unaccountable, may issue those, who may bring deep, *deep* sorrow and shame to the hearts of pious parents. Well may it be asked, "Who is sufficient for these things?" When the life-roll shall be called, happy, thrice happy they who can appear with their households and say, "Here am I, Lord, and the children that thou hast given me." "Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right. That it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth." "And ye, fathers, provoke not your children to wrath; but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

L'AMIE.

EXPERIENCE IN A HOUSE WITH "MODERN IMPROVEMENTS."

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE following capital article on "Modern Conveniences and First-Class Houses," we transfer from the *Independent*:

There are many persons who suppose that people who live in first-class houses, with all modern improvements, must of course be much puffed up, and that they become quite grand in their own eyes. It is true, sometimes, that fine houses have proud people in them. But we suspect the

same of very poor tenements. We can imagine a pride so reluctant of discipline, and so indocile, as to survive in spite of the experience of a first-class house.

When we moved into a capacious brown-stone dwelling, our better nature, with great simplicity whispered, "Beware of temptation." And with an ignorance quite as simple, we supposed that the thieves of grace would be found lurking in large rooms, at ambush behind cornices reproduced from old Rome, or in stately appearances! How little did we suspect that these were harmless, and that very different elements were to moth our patience.

But let a little preliminary exultation of a new man in a new place be forgiven, ye who are now established! Remember your old household fervor on first setting up, while we recount our economic joy and anticipations of modern conveniences, that would take away all human care, and speed life upon a down-hill path, where it was to be easier to move than to stand still! Every thing was admirable! The attic had within it a tank so large as better to be called a reservoir. Down from it ran the serviceable pipes to every part of the dwelling. Each chamber had its invisible water-maid in the wall, ready to spring the floods upon you by the mere turn of your hand; then the bath-room, with tub, douche, shower, and indeed various and universal squirt — up, down, and promiscuous. The kitchen, too; the tubs with water waiting to leap into them; the long cylinder by the side of the fire, as if the range had its baby wrapped up, and set perpendicular in the corner to nurse. But greatest of all admirations was the furnace. This, too, was interframed with the attic tank, for it was a hot water furnace. For a time this was our peculiar pride. The water flowed down into a system of coiled tubes, which were connected with the boiler surrounding the furnace fire. The idea was, when the water got as hot

as it could well bear, that it should frisk out of one end of the boiler into the pipes, and round through the whole system, and come back into the other end cooled off. Thus a complete arterial system was established; the boiler being the heart, the water the blood, the pipes at the hot end the arteries, and the return pipes at the cool end the veins; the whole inclosed in a brick chamber, from which the air warmed by this liquid heat was given off to the dwelling. It was a day of great glory when we thought the chill in the air required a fire in the furnace. The fact was, we wanted to play with our pet, and were half vexed with the old conservative thermometer, that would not come down and admit that it was cold enough for a fire. However, we do not recollect ever afterward to have been so eager.

In the first place, we never could raise enough heat to change the air in the house more than from cold to chill. We piled in the coal, and watched the thermometer; ran down for coal again, and ran back to watch the thermometer. We brought home coal, exchanged glances over the bill with the consulting partner, and made silent estimates of the expenses of the whole winter, if this was but the beginning. But there was the old red dragon in the cellar devouring coal remorselessly, with his long iron tail, folded and coiled, in the furnace chamber, without heat. Thus, for a series of weeks, we fired off the furnace in the cellar at the thermometer in the parlor, and never hit. But we did accomplish other things. Once the fire was driven so hard that steam began to form and rumble and blow off, very innocently; but the girls did not know that, and took to their heels for fear of being blown up. When the cause was discovered, the remedy was not easy, for the furnace bottom was immovable, and fire could not be let down. But one Joan of Arc assailed the enemy in his own camp, and threw a bucket of water into the fire. This produced several effects; it put

out the fire; it also put out so much gas, steam, and ashes, that the maiden was quite put out also. And more than all, it cracked the boiler. But this we did not know till some time afterward.

There were a few days of comparative rest. The weather was mild out of doors, and cold within. It was soon reported that one of the pipes was stopped up in the chamber, for the water would not flow. The plumber was sent for. He was already well acquainted with the way to the house. He brought upon himself a laugh of ridicule by suggesting that the water had given out in the tank! Water given out? We turned inwardly pale behind the outward red of laughing. We thought we had a pocket-ocean up stairs. Up we marched, climbed up the sides, and peered down to the dirty bottom of an emptied tank! Alas, the whole house was symmetrically connected. Every thing depended upon this tank; the furnace in the cellar, the range in the kitchen, the laundry department, all the washing apparatus of the chambers, the convenient china closet sink, where things were to be washed without going down stairs, the entry closets, and almost every thing else, except the door-bell were made to go by water, and now the universal motive power was gone! A new system of conveniences was now developed. We stationed an Irish engine at the force pump to throw up water into the tank from the street cistern. Blessings be on that cistern in the street. No man knew how deep that was. Like the pond in every village, nobody had ever found bottom.

And so we limped along for a few days. Meanwhile, the furnace having been examined, the secret of all this trouble was detected. The life-blood of the house had been oozing and flowing away through the furnace! How much would it cost to repair it? More money than a hot air furnace would cost, and half more than that! So we determined to clear out the

pet. Alas, (again,) how we fondled the favorite at first, and how contemptuously we kicked at last! It is said that no one is a whole man; we have partial gifts. In our own case, the gift of buying was liberally bestowed, but the talent of selling was withheld, or lay an undeveloped embryo. How to sell the old furnace and to get a new one! There is a great psychological experience there. We aroused ourselves, gave several days to contemplation, laid aside all other cares, ran from furnace to furnace, saw six or eight patterns, each one of which was better than all others, and all of them were able to evolve vast quantities of heat, with an imaginary amount of fuel. But fortune, that had so long persecuted us, did not presume to destroy us yet, and, as a cat with a rat, let us out of its paws for a moment's ease.

But oh, the changing! It was mid winter. The mild weather took this chance to go south, and got in its place the niggardest fellow that ever stood sentinel in Kamtschatka. The cellar was divided from the kitchen in part by this furnace. For two or three weeks they were chiseling the tubes apart, and getting the rubbish out of the way — masons, tenders, iron-men, old iron and new iron, tin pipes, carpenters, and then new air boxes, girls and dinner, the Irishman wheezing at the pump — all mixed in such confusion, that language under the tower of Babel was a euphonious literature in comparison. Sometimes, as we walked out, our good and loving deacons, in a delicate way, would warn us of the danger of being puffed up with the pride of a stylish house!

At length, after nearly six weeks of the coldest weather of the season, the new furnace took charge of the house. Water returned to the attic. The girls no longer dreaded being blown up by the boiler at the range. But the report came up that the sinks were stopped. After investigation, the kitchen floor must be ripped up, the great waste pipe reached by dig-

ging, and laid open. Broken tumblers, plates, and cups stopped up the pipes. Another week for this. Just as we were sitting down to a dangerous peace, we walked to the window one morning to see that our yard had disappeared! The roof of the store on which it was laid had given away, and carried down all the earth, crashing through the four stories to the ground! Just one thing more was needed — that the house itself should slide off bodily and dump itself into the East River. Yet the misfortune was not without comfort. The store was used for grinding drugs. Ten thousand pounds of salts, ipecac, rhubarb, strychnine, and such like delicacies, were hidden beneath a hundred tons of earth — the medicine being, where many people for whom it was destined would have been, buried under ground. For several weeks afterward, I think the bills of mortality improved in the region around.

There were a great number of other things exceedingly convenient in our house. The water-pipe from the roof to the front cistern was carried down *within* the wall to the ground. The bitter cold froze it up. Nobody could get at it. We salted it; we poked hot irons into the tap; we took counsel, and finally let it alone. The cornice leaked, the walls were damp, the ceiling threatened to come off. Our neighbor's pipe discharged so much of its contents on the ground as to saturate the wall in our basement entry; the area overflowed into the cellar; we dug a cess-pool to let it off, and cut through the cistern pipe leading to the kitchen pump. It could not be soldered with water in it, and the cistern must be run dry before that could be fixed. The attic tank gave out again. No water!

"Water, water everywhere,
And not a drop —"

to wash with. Then came on a system of begging. We took the neighborhood in order, and went from house to house, till we exhausted the patience

and the cisterns of every friend within reach. Then we betook ourselves to the street pump, and for two months we and the milkmen subsisted upon that.

There was a grand arrangement of bells at our front door, which seldom failed to make everybody outside mad because they would not ring, or everybody mad inside because they rang so furiously. The contrivance was that two bells should be rung by one wire—a common bell in the servant's entry, and a gong in the upper entry. The bell train was so heavy to draw, that it never operated till the man got mad and pulled with the strength of an ox. But then it went off with such a crash and jingle that one would think a band of music, with all its cymbals, had fallen through the skylight down into the entry. Thus, women, children, and modest men, seldom got in, and sturdy beggars had it all their own way. It was quite edifying to see experiments performed on that bell. A man would first give a modest pull, and then reflect what he was about to say. No one coming, he gave a longer pull, and returned to waiting and meditation.

. A third pull was the preface to stepping back, surveying the windows, looking into the area, when, seeing signs of unquestionable habitation, he returns with flushed face to the bell. Now for it! He pulls as if he held a line by the side of a river, with a thirty pound salmon on it, while all the bells go off, up and down, till the house seemed full of bells. Things are not mended when he finds the gentleman of the house is not at home! We fear that much grace has been lost at that front door.

In the midst of these luxuries of a first-class house, we sometimes would look wistfully out of the window, tempted to envy the unconscious happiness of our two-story neighbors. They had no *conveniences*, and were at peace, while we had all manner of

conveniences, that drove us up and down stairs; now to keep the flood out, and then to bring it in; now to raise a heat, then to keep off a conflagration; so that we were but little better off at home than are those innocently insane people who leave home every summer and go into the country to take care of twenty trunks for two months. But the cruelest thing of all, as we stood at the window, was the pious looks of passers-by, who seemed to say with their eyes, "A man can not expect much grace that lives in such a fine house."

It has certainly been a means of grace to us! Never such a field for patience, such humbling of expectations and high looks. If it would not seem like trifling with serious subjects, when asked how one might attain to perfection, we should advise him to buy a first-class house with modern improvements, and live in it for a year. If that did not fit him for translation, he might well despair of any chance.

Ye who envy us, will you exchange with us? Ye who laugh sarcastically at ministerial luxury, will you lend us your sackcloth, and take our conveniences? But those who do live in houses full of conveniences will, henceforth, be our fast friends. They will say, What if he is an Abolitionist and we Pro-slavery? What if he is radical and we conservative? The poor fellow lives in a first-class house, and is punished enough without our adding to his misfortunes!

Meanwhile, we practice the same charity. We rail no more at Fifth-avenue, and admire what saintly virtue enables so many to carry cheerful faces who live in houses with even more conveniences than ours. We are grateful for our happier lot. Though we are worse off than people in two-story houses, how much better are we placed than if we lived in Fifth-avenue!

We bear our burden patiently, knowing that in the very moment of despair, persons are at the very point

of deliverance. Who knows but that he may have a fire as well as his neighbors? One hour would suffice to set a man free from all his troubles, and permit him to walk the streets at liberty, unharrassed by plumbers, carpenters, tinnerns, glaziers, gas-fixers, carpet-fitters, bell-hangers, and the whole tribe of bell-pullers!

We are now living at peace. We are in a plain two-story country house, without "conveniences." We are recruiting. Nothing gets out of order. We do not wake to hear the water trickling from bursted pipes; we have no chandelier to fall down; the gas never leaks; we are not afraid to use our furniture; our chairs have no linen cloths on; the carpets are without druggets. The children bless the country and a country house, in which they are not always scratching something, or hitting something with shoe, or button, or finger-nails. And we already feel that a few weeks more will so far invigorate us that we shall be able to return for a ten month's life in a *modern house with conveniences*.

EARTH'S SLEEPERS.

BY MISS MARY A. RIPLEY.

From ice-locked regions to the tropic islands,

From the bright orient to the prairied west,

In mossy valleys, and on rock-based highlands,

Oh, Earth! thy children rest!

Weary they sink upon thy throbbing bosom,

When the clay-fetters from their spirits break;

Some sleep in graves, enrobed in leaf and blossom,

Some in the billowy lake.

In the dim forest, where the wild beasts wander

Through the still night-hours watching for their prey,

In the lone vale where silvery streams meander,

They wait the judgment-day.

Some float within the emerald depths of ocean,

Or slumber in its gleaming coral caves,
Forever swaying in the endless motion
That reigns amid the waves.

Some pale cheek lieth on a slimy pillow,
Sea-shells and briny weeds about his head,

While the carousing monsters of the billow,
Are wrestling round his bed.

White brows are shining in the sea's gemmed palace,
Pearls gleam amid wet locks of golden hair;

They drank exultingly of Death's dark chalice,
And won a burial there.

And some within the stainless crystal mountains

That guard like sentinels the northern zone,

Found, when the wintry breath had chilled life's fountains,

A tomb not all unknown.

Within the pyramids of Egypt's desert,
Their desecrated halls, still, cold, and grand,

In dark sarcophagus, huge built and stately,
Sleeps a most royal band.

Within the saintly gloom of old cathedral,
Beneath the dusty arch or pillared dome,
Remembered not, save by historic column,
Dead monarchs find a home.

White ashes lie beneath the lettered tablet,

Beneath the altar hidden by the shrine;
White ashes in white urns are meekly waiting

The resurrection sign.

In the damp aisles of consecrated abbeys,

Whose marble rings no more to knightly tread,

Whose matin songs and vespers are unchanted,

Sleep the monastic dead.

They bore the cross while toiling up the mountain —

A Calvary of suffering — and it lies
On the still heart, which, pains and woes
o'ercoming,
Sought but the Christ-won prize.

So wait in silence all earth's sleeping millions,

In rural vales and in the minster's tomb;
Still wait they for the great millennial morning,

To break death's dreamless gloom.

HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE.

(Concluded.)

BY MRS. C. A. HALBERT.

FROM the vast mass of facts and suggestions for domestic comfort, health, and economy, collected by Prof. Youmans in his new work, we scarcely know what to select for the readers of *THE HOME*, or rather what to omit. We shall endeavor to present those which are the least familiar and most practical, condensing the words of the author or not as is most convenient.

PART I.

Considers the properties and applications of *heat*. Arbuthnot makes a curious suggestion respecting the effect of temperature on language. He thinks the close, jagged utterance of northern nations comes from their reluctance to open their mouths wide in the cold air; hence consonants abound in their speech, while the Greeks and other inhabitants of warm climates select smooth, full vowel sounds, and form a softer tongue.

Although we all know that "heat expands and cold contracts," we do not *practically* make due allowance for the law. Twenty-three pints of water expand into twenty-four on being raised to the boiling point. The seasons greatly affect the bulk of liquors. Spirits will measure five per cent. more in summer than in winter; yet the *weight* of substance is not altered by expansion.

A thermometer, (costing from fifty cents to a dollar and half,) should be bought by every family with its culinary stock, and take the place of *feeling* and *guessing*. The following are a few from a group of facts concerning temperature: Best temperature for a room, 65°—68°. Temperature of warm bath, 110°—120°. Scalding heat, 150°. Baking temperature of the oven, 320°—400°. Heat of common fire, 1000°.

Rough surfaces transmit heat most freely. The radiating power of a

coal blacked surface being represented by 100, that of glass is 90, polished tin, 14, brass, 7, and silver, 3. The best radiators are the poorest substances for containing articles to be kept warm; glass, porcelain, and earthen ware should never be used for such purposes. A polished tea-kettle is slowly raised to the boiling point, but retains its heat for a long time. Brightly burnished stoves and stove-pipes are more ornamental than economical in warming a room.

Dark bodies *absorb* heat better than light bodies; a soil darkened by the application of tan, soot, or some similar substance, will ripen its crops sooner than another not thus treated; and a wall by being blackened will mature grapes or other fruit early.

Air in cooling, deposits a part of its moisture in the form of dew; whatever therefore keeps it in motion so that it will be removed from an object before it has cooled enough to make a deposit, will prevent dew, and frost, or frozen dew. A current of air made to pass through a cellar by means of a fire, smoke, or other means, will retard freezing. Another principle is made available for the same purpose. Water, in freezing, sets free considerable heat. If placed near fruits and vegetables in tubs and pails, it will raise the temperature of the air several degrees, and assist to protect them. Freezing is thus made the means of warming.

The conducting power of building materials is a matter of great importance, and one which is little understood by the mass of people. *Bad conductors* should be sought not only for saving the internal heat in winter, but for excluding the outer heat in summer. Loose, porous substances which confine much fixed air, are best for this end; and when combined with strength and beauty, leave nothing to desire in the walls of our houses. Slate being taken at 100, the conducting power of brick is 60, oak, 34, earth and plaster, 25, plaster and

sand, 18. Soft wood is a poorer conductor than hard, dry than wet, and, universally, the more intimate the union of the particles, the better the conducting power.

Among articles of clothing woolen fabrics are the poorest, and linen the best conductors. The latter, by their great capacity of removing heat, are the most soothing as a dressing for local inflammations. The round form of the fibre also renders it less irritating. The oil cloth feels colder to our feet than the woolen carpet; not because it is lower in temperature, but because it more rapidly conducts the heat from our bodies.

Water has a greater capacity for containing heat than any other substance, that is, it will swallow up and conceal more in ascending from a given lower to a given higher temperature. It is from this reason that it quenches thirst so well, and removes the heat of the mouth, throat, and stomach without being itself uncomfortably warmed.

"Suppose that the water of oceans, lakes, rivers, and that large proportion of it contained in our own bodies, responded to changes of temperature, lost and acquired its heat as promptly as mercury, the thermal varieties would be inconceivably more rapid than now, the slightest changes of weather would send their fatal undulations through all living systems, and the inconstant seas would freeze and thaw with the greatest facility. But now the large amount of heat accumulated in bodies of water during summer is given out at a slow and measured rate, the climate is moderated, and the transitions from heat to cold are gradual and regulated."

Water boiling violently is not a particle hotter than water boiling moderately, and the heat may be at once reduced when the boiling point is attained. This is a hint worth acting upon by cooks, as, thereby, much fuel might be saved. Double kettles, the outer one containing water, and the inner the article to be cooked,

are excellent in boiling articles easily burned. By saturating the water in the outer vessel with salt, several degrees more of heat can be attained.

Heat holds the same relation to living tissue that it does to dead matter, expanding the vessels of the body so that their liquids move more freely, and imparting thus a pleasant sensation which we term warmth. When excessive, its first effect is to excite, and its second to exhaust the system. Evaporation is the body's great defense against undue heat, but this is not without its dangers. "The rush of the circulation to the surface, and the increased transpiration and secretion of the skin are accompanied by a necessary diminution in the activity of some of the internal organs. As the exhalation from the skin rises the secretion from the kidneys and mucus membranes falls. The prevailing maladies of hot climates may be referred to in illustration of the continued heat on the body. Fevers, diarrhea, dysentery, cholera, and liver diseases may be regarded as the special maladies of the burning, equatorial regions."

Wet clothing produces colds, because by rapid evaporation it abstracts large quantities of heat from the body. If it can not be immediately removed, a dry garment should be thrown over it to cut off the external air. The effect of too sudden change from heat to cold is to throw the blood which has been brought to the surface violently back upon the internal organs, thus inducing serious and often fatal disturbance.

Prof. Youmans gives some valuable information concerning the heating properties and economical value of various kinds of fuel. Green wood contains from twenty to fifty per cent. of moisture, all of which must be expelled before, or during the process of combustion. About half of this may be removed by exposure to the air for a year. Green wood is not economical fuel, because a large proportion of its heating power must be used in

evaporating the water; equal weights of all kinds of wood in the *same condition*, (equally dry,) produce equal quantities of heat; and yet it is not safe to buy wood by weight, on account of the very variable amount of moisture. In comparing the heating value of twenty-four varieties of American wood, shell bark hickory stands at the head, and white pine at the foot of the list. Soft wood gives an intenser flame than hard, but is inferior in the second stage of red hot coals. Wood charcoal produces more heat than an equal weight of any other fuel. It is important in order to secure the most heat from wood, to burn it rapidly enough to carry oxidation at once to its highest pitch, viz., the production of carbonic acid and water. The total heat thrown out by a stick burned with a smothered flame is not nearly so great as when combustion is more brisk, besides contaminating the air with most poisonous gases. Air-tight stoves are therefore less economical than is generally supposed; but their unhealthiness is their greatest objection. The carbonic oxide which is produced by a low smoldering fire is far more deadly than carbonic acid, and with a feeble draught this poisonous gas is constantly escaping through the imperfect joints of the stove into the room. Stoves with large surfaces warmed by a small brisk fire are most healthful. Little is gained by lengthening the pipe, but elbows save heat by breaking up the current of interior air at each angle, and projecting its hottest part upon the surface of the pipe.

In the opinion of our author the most healthy and comfortable mode of warming a house is by a combination of the open fireplace with some moderate hot-air arrangement, by which ventilation is secured, and a soft mild atmosphere is diffused through all the apartments. But it is too expensive to be indulged in by the masses of the people. The common belief that hot air, hot water, and steam apparatus are free from risk of fire has been shown

to be fallacious by experiment. Heat not much above the boiling point, long applied, so bakes and chars the wood in contact, that it will ignite without the application of flame, thus a fire be "kindling upon a man's premises for years."

PART II.

Contains interesting facts respecting the nature and relations of colors, productions and management of artificial light, defects of vision, etc., etc. We have room only for a few remarks on the tasteful combination of *colors* particularly interesting to ladies. Dark colors diminish the apparent size of a person, while light colors increase it. In selecting wall paper, the amount of light style and color of furniture are our principal guides. "Among simple colors, light blue, light green and yellow seem fittest for hangings. Yellow is lively, and accords well with dark furniture and brunette complexions, but it hardly appears well with gilding. Light green is favorable to pale skins, deficient in rose, and suits with mahogany furniture. Light blue goes well with mahogany, is excellent with gilding, and improves blond complexions. White and light gray, with velvet patterns the same color as the ground, are well adapted to a wall to be decorated with pictures.

"In selecting a *border*, we should seek for contrast, so that it may appear, as it were, detached from the hangings with which it is associated. If there is a double border, an interior one of flowers and an exterior one, the last must be deep in color and much smaller. Yellow hangings should be bordered with violet and blue mixed with white. Green will take any hue of red as a border. White hangings should have orange and yellow. Gray, uniform hangings admit of borders of all colors, but no strong contrasts of tone; gilt borders do well with these. If the gray be colored, the border should be complementary. The neutral tints of paper, drabs, stones, etc., are particularly appropriate for picture

galleries; they produce good effects in other rooms with well chosen borders and moldings."

In furniture, crimson assorts well with rosewood, but not with mahogany; the latter, with all red-colored woods, trim well with green or green-gray. The carpet should be selected with reference to the other furniture of the room. If mahogany is used, the carpet should not have a predominance of red, scarlet, or orange in it. If the furniture exhibit various and vivid colors, the pattern of the carpet should be simple and sober, as green and black for example; while if the furniture is plain, the carpet may be gay." Picture-frames should not be suffered to distract attention from what they enclose by noticeable splendor of color or ornament.

PART IV.,

Discusses the great subject of *aliment*. All alimentary principles are ranged in two classes: *nitrogenous*, and *non-nitrogenous*; the former, containing albumen, fibrin, casein, and gluten is concerned in building the growth of the system, repairing its wastes, and forming new tissue; the latter, including starch, sugar, gum, oil, and vegetable acids, is the body's *fuel*, and is expended in keeping up the great process of respiration.

Water, the universal solvent, stands in a class by itself. That which falls from the clouds, far from houses, near the close of protracted storms, after the contaminations of the air have been washed out, is the purest which nature provides. It is only surpassed by a distilled water of the chemist, and yet, from its very freedom from mineral agents, it is insipid and unpalatable.

It is a curious fact that slightly alkaline waters, when exposed for a short time to air, light, and warmth, swarm with invisible animal life, while by substituting an acid for an alkali not a trace of living creatures will be found, but a vast growth of microscopic plants will take their

place. It is well understood that in some localities water is poisoned by contact with lead pipes, while in other places it is not perceptibly injured. The difference is in the water; that containing pure carbonic acid, or the bi-carbonates of lime, magnesia, and potash is most liable to become thus poisoned. Common salt also in solution forms a poisonous chloride of lead. The damage can not be determined by the hardness or softness of the water. Its chemical *analysis* alone can ascertain its safety.

Wheat may well be called the *prince* of grains, for it yields more largely than any other *all* the elements of complete nutrition. It is rich both in tissue-forming and heat-producing properties. The excellence of wheaten flour may be measured by the tenacity of its dough, the length to which it may be drawn in a thread, and the extent to which it may be spread in a thin sheet. *Whiteness* is not a sure test of the nutritive value of flour, but rather the reverse showing the absence of the *dark* gluten, so necessary to impart strength to the consumer.

Flour should always be obtained as freshly ground as possible; for experiment shows that when long kept, even in a cool airy situation, it deteriorates, especially in its glutinous qualities. Farina, a preparation from the inner portion of the wheat kernel is much more nutritious than rice, arrow root, or tapioca for invalids and children. Rye is nearly as nutritious as wheat, and contains more sugar, but forms a less adhesive dough. Corn is richest in oil of all the grains, but is not sufficiently glutinous to make an adhesive fermented dough. It is well adapted by its heating property for the dish of northern natives, and is chosen by arctic navigators in preference to what. Oat-meal ranks first in nitrogen, accounting thus for the brawn and muscle of the Scotch peasants, who are fed almost entirely upon it, and suggesting its more extensive use

among the poor of our own land. Rice is richest in starch, and poorest in oil of all the grains. Eaten alone, it is a very insufficient article of diet. Peas afford the most concentrated form of vegetable nourishment; they are selected by travelers as a provision in crossing deserts in preference to the grains. Beans differ from them but little in composition, containing a little more lime, the mineral basis of bone; both beans and peas are too concentrated nourishment to be eaten alone.

Fruits will not compare with grains in nutritive properties, being nearly all water, and are chiefly prized for their delicious flavor. The apple crowns the fruits as wheat does the grains. Says Liebig:

"The importance of apples as food has not hitherto been sufficiently estimated or understood. Besides contributing a large proportion of sugar, mucilage, and other nutritive compounds in the form of food, they contain such a fine combination of vegetable acids, extractive substances, and aromatic principles, with the nutritive matter, as to act powerfully in the capacity of refrigerants, tonics, and antiseptic, and when freely used at the season of ripeness by rural laborers and others, they prevent debility, strengthen digestion, correct the putrefactive tendencies of nitrogenous food, avert scurvy, and probably maintain and strengthen the power of productive labor."

The cabbage, when dried so as to remove its water, contains a great amount of nutriment; it is therefore sought instinctively by the Irish, in the absence of flesh, to mix with their potatoes. In its decaying state it is peculiarly unwholesome, from its nitrogenous and sulphurous compounds, and should be quickly removed from cellars, and the vicinity of houses. The analysis of the potato furnishes about seventy-five per cent. of water and twenty-five of solid matter, mostly starch. In structure it is a net-work of cells, each one containing

small particles of starch floating in a watery fluid. In boiling a good ripe potato the starch will absorb all this liquid, and swell even to bursting; but if the starch be deficient the liquid will remain in excess, and we term it *watery*. Potatoes deteriorate in spring, because the young sprout withdraws the starch for its own nourishment.

The *white of eggs* consists of albumen and water; the yoke is mostly a bright yellow oil, the shell a porous carbonate of lime. The secret of preserving eggs is in excluding the air, which is made to pass freely through the shell to supply the wants of the unhatched chicken. This may be done by coating them with oil, varnish, or gum arabic, and laying them in bran, meal, or similar substances. Milk, the "typical" food of infancy, consists of oil, casein, sugar, salts and water. The relative proportions of butter and casein in the milk of cows is thought to be much affected by their food. Experiments indicate that stall-fed animals yield most butter, while those who graze and select their own food yield most curd; but this interesting question, so important to the dairyman, is not yet fully investigated. Compared with the milk first drawn, the last, or *strippings*, will yield from eight to sixteen times as much cream, the latter being literally the cream of the milk as it lies in the udder of the cow.

"Cow's milk is richer in butter than human milk." Says our author, "That nature, temper, and character are communicated by her milk from the mother to the nursing child, is not an idle prejudice. Not only do bodily circumstances of health affect the Cretic secretion, but conditions of the mind and passions also. A paroxysm of anger may pervert and even poison the fountain of life. And there is no thought more natural than that on the breast of its mother, the infant may imbibe, together with its milk, her nobleness of mind."

The fat of meat is the best, and the muscle or lean part the feeblest of all respirants. Hence, tram-oil, blubber, and tallow candles are delicacies in arctic climes, while they are an abomination to the native of the equator. No wonder that the Esquimaux, whose food is almost wholly burned as fuel in his body, to keep up the unequal strife with the elements, is dwarfed in stature, shrunken in muscle, and feeble in intellect. Pure muscular flesh, divested of all *visible* fat, still contains about eight per cent. of this combustible material.

Whether boiled, baked, or roasted, meat should be raised at once to a brisk heat to coagulate the albumen on the surface, thus forming a crust, and preventing the escape of the interior juices. Slackening the fire then so as to reduce it to a temperature of about one hundred and sixty degrees, the inside of the meat will be steamed in vapor of its own; the thicker the piece the less of its savory contents will escape.

The theory of cooking soups, broths, and stews, is exactly opposite. Here we wish to dissolve out the juices of the flesh; it should therefore be laid in cold water, and gradually raised to the boiling point. Liebig says that the most savory soup that can be made is prepared by putting one pound of lean beef *finely minced* in its own weight of cold water, raising it slowly to boiling, and after boiling it a *few minutes*, straining it through a towel; long boiling injures the soup by coagulating the juices which have been extracted, and should remain dissolved in the water. Truly it is a fine thing to have a chemist for a cook, and we wish Liebig would give us more of his excellent receipts.

The *kind* of water used in cooking is of the first importance. Soft water more readily penetrates substances, and dissolves their soluble parts; it is therefore best for soups, stews, tea, coffee, and all infusions, but its solvent powers are too great for tender, juicy vegetables; their form and

flavor will be best preserved if cooked in hard water, or, if soft, must be used, by the addition of a little salt. Beans, and peas, especially if old, are much more digestible if boiled in soft water.

Without question, the most important of culinary arts is bread-making—to furnish it light, sweet, and wholesome, is the *best* achievement of a cook. We have room for but a very few of our author's extended remarks upon this subject. Mechanical injury destroys yeast. Even a jar, or fall, or simple pressure diminishes its force, so that it should be removed from place to place with great care. The use of hop yeast is not to excite fermentation, but to arrest it when commenced, before the sugar is converted into alcohol, and thence to acid, and also to impart an agreeable flavor. The raising of bread without ferment by the use of certain chemicals, as tartaric acid, cream of tartar, or hydrochloric acid with soda is much advocated at the present day; but as a substitute for yeast bread for daily consumption it can not be commended. In the first place these acids and alkalis are almost never so accurately proportioned by domestic measurement as exactly to neutralize each other—one or the other will remain in excess in the bread; secondly, suppose they are neutralized and disappear, they mostly leave some medicinal salt in their place; and, thirdly, these chemicals are seldom found in a pure state, but are almost universally adulterated with some injurious ingredient. It is well known that bakers employ alum extensively to *bleach* their flour. It is a most pernicious mineral; magnesia is also used for the same purpose, and even *blue vitriol*. Liebig proposes a method of improving the quality of old and inferior flour without the use of any poisonous or medicinal agents, simply by the use of lime water. The receipt is this: "Mix a quarter of a pound of slacked lime in a gallon of very pure, cold, soft water, in

stopped bottles, or vessels kept tight for air; pour off the clear liquid from the top as wanted, and replace by cold water. Use five pints of lime water to every nineteen of flour, adding sufficient common water to mix the bread. In other respects the process is as usual, and the result is that a sweet, beautiful, fine-grained elastic bread is obtained of exquisite taste, which is preferred by all who have eaten it any length of time to any other." American housekeeper, *try it*.

Respecting the choice of culinary vessels, Prof. Yeomans reiterates the oft-repeated warning against the use of brass and copper. Sugar, vinegar, vegetable acids, salt, and all kinds of fat enter into poisonous combination with these metals, and into what preparation of food do not *some* of these ingredients enter. Without the most vigilant care of the mistress of a family, vessels of brass and copper will be used in an improper condition, to the serious detriment of the health of the household; and we therefore wish they were banished from the kitchen; the rust of iron vessels is objectionable but not absolutely poisonous. Utensils of tin and enameled iron ware are pronounced on the whole safest and most wholesome for domestic use.

From the consideration of the general subject of *aliment*, of which we in our limits have not attempted even a partial synopsis, Prof. Yeomans concludes that man was designed for a mixed diet. No one food contains *all* the elements of nutrition and respiration in its due proportions.

"Lean flesh is the most concentrated form of nutriment, is easily digested, and quickly converted again into muscle. Yet, though a most perfect nutriment, it is least fitted to meet the complete demands of the system. It is not a complementary food, like wheat, answering to the double requirements of the body; its deficiency of respiratory matter makes it necessary to consume with it fats and gravies, or else join it with those sub-

stances at the opposite extremity of the scale, rice, potatoes, vegetables, etc., which abound in calorifying matter, but are deficient in the nutrition. On the other hand, if we attempt to live exclusively on rice, potatoes, or vegetables, in order to procure sufficient of the flesh-producing ingredients, we must consume an enormous bulk of respiratory matter, so much more than is needed, as to produce deformity and disorder of the system. It is easy to see, however, by reference to the preceding scale, that we can make such combinations of dietetical articles, as shall compensate for natural deficiencies. Indeed, the due admixture of these different principles of food is a vital and imminent necessity, which, if disregarded, makes itself quickly felt in physiological derangement, so that man's instincts have sufficed to guard him in many cases against broad departure from the proper and healthy course.

"In all countries we notice dietetical adjustments tending to the same physiological end. In the coarsest and crudest diet of barbarous tribes, or the high wrought luxuries of the refined, the same instinctive cravings are ever regarded — the same purpose of nature is always in bias. Potatoes and vegetables, with beef, mutton, and pork, are almost universal combinations. Beans and peas, which are the most highly concentrated vegetable nutriment, are associated with fat pork, in the well-known dishes, 'pork and beans,' 'pork and peas pudding,' and the extreme oiliness of ham or bacon, is corrected by the highly-nutritive egg, 'ham and eggs.' So also milk and eggs are cooked with rice, and butter is added to bread, which is deficient in oily matter."

With this extract we close, leaving our readers to explore for themselves the equally interesting and valuable sections on air, light, and cleansing, and also to go over, in a more satisfactory manner, the portions of which we have sought only to give them an appetizing glimpse.

CHRISTMAS-EVE AT THE GERMAN BLIND ASYLUM.

CHRISTMAS-EVE, as is now well known, is the great day of all the year in Germany; it is the festival looked forward to, and prepared for by all classes, and celebrated in every family, every institution or community. It is, however, with special reference to Christ's appearance upon earth in the form of a child, more particularly regarded as a children's feast; and it is in this light that it assumes its deepest meaning, and acquires its most poetical associations. On the birthday of the Holy Child—the pattern of childish purity, the guardian of childish innocence, and the preacher of child-like humility—all the little ones of His flock are to be made glad; to *feel*, even before they can understand or appreciate it, how intimately His spirit is connected with all their joys. Therefore, wherever children are united, either by the ties of relationship, the claims of education, or the bonds of benevolence, there the tree burns more brightly, the gifts are more numerous and varied, the mirth louder, and the surprise more startling. From the princes and princesses in the palace, down to the pauper-child in the workhouse, every little German heart beats with joyful anticipation at the approach of Christmas-eve.

The images impressed on the mind by this festival remain engraven there for life, and are associated with the tenderest and brightest recollections of childhood. The grown-up son, who has for years been absent from his German home, still recalls the happy scene of former days, whenever Christmas-eve comes round: he contrives, if possible, to send his parents some trifle to swell the amount of surprises, or, at any rate, calculates carefully that his letter of affection and congratulation may arrive on that day. On that day the aged mother thinks of her children scattered abroad in

the world, and not without melancholy dwells on the past, when she assembled them all around the lighted tree, and was the minister of their greatest joys. On that day many a heart that has sought a home in other lands, and is fain to own them a more prosperous abode, longs to be once more amidst the merry groups in his German home, singing German songs, eating German fare, enjoying the cordial hospitality, the unrestrained cheerfulness of German society.

It was not till a few years ago, that I had an opportunity of witnessing this season in all its true German bearings, and became aware how intimately the interest connected with it, pervades every phase of society in Germany. For weeks before Christmas, every housewife is busy planning, calculating, purchasing, not to mention baking and brewing. She has to find out the wants and wishes of husband, children, and servants, and secretly endeavors to provide for their gratification when the great day arrives. The younger members of the family have each their secrets, and have their hands and heads full of fancy-work of different kinds—slippers, collars, cushions, purses, bell-ropes, and the like—all of which *must* be completed before Christmas. Every tradesman knows that his character will suffer if he does not finish the article ordered, and send home the goods on the important day. Every household servant, every laborer's wife would consider it a crying sin to leave one corner of the house unscrubbed, one window uncleaned, for the grand occasion.

Many public institutions, in which active benevolence is busy to supply things domestic poverty denies, afford an interesting spectacle on this day, and might invite a numerous crowd of visitors, were not almost everybody too busy at home to seek amusement abroad. As a stranger, and desirous of seeing the peculiar features of the country, I gladly availed

myself of an opportunity offered me to witness the *Bescheerung* or distribution of Christmas presents at the Blind Asylum. This took place at half-past four o'clock in the afternoon; and as I walked with a friend through the town, we could not but notice the unusual air of business and expectancy that pervaded every countenance we met. There strode a peasant-woman carrying a heavy laden bag and basket, and, moreover, a pretty ornamented stand for tapers laid over her shoulder. Here came a gentleman holding an ill-concealed flower-vase or other ornament for his lady's table. There again walked a poor man, with a small fir-tree in one hand, and some toys just bought at the fair, in the other. On arriving at the asylum, which is situated just outside the town, we were shown into a large hall, containing at one end a few benches for visitors, whilst the greater part was left open for the reception of the inmates of the asylum. Opposite the door stood a tree, not brilliantly illuminated, yet supplying the principal light of the apartment. Along the whole of one side of the hall were arranged narrow tables, completely covered with various articles prepared for the blind children; and at one end stood an organ. Soon after we had taken our seats on one of the benches, the inmates of the asylum were admitted, about forty in number. As they came in, almost all seemed to have sufficient perception of light to be attracted by the lighted tree, and to turn their eyes involuntarily in that direction. No doubt their imaginations had been worked upon by previous description, for many gave signs and gestures of surprise, and even uttered sounds of delight, as they seemed to catch a glimpse of the emblem of the festival. Notwithstanding this excitement, however, they ranged themselves in a perfectly quiet and orderly manner round the organ, the girls on one side, the boys on the other, and conducted themselves with the greatest propriety.

After them came in the director, or head manager of the institution, and took his place at an elevated reading-desk. At a signal given by him, the organ, at which one of the blind youths, were seated, struck up a hymn, joined by the voices of all the children, who performed this and several other pieces, in a very superior manner, not only keeping their parts with perfect correctness, but putting much feeling and spirit into their songs.

The blind are remarked to be often gifted with a fine musical ear, and their voices are also very often rich and mellow, and capable of high cultivation. In this institution, music is regarded as one of the prime levers for improving and civilizing these unfortunate children; and infinite pains are taken to procure them the best instruction, and to make them familiar with the best compositions. The pieces on this occasion, were admirably chosen, being of a solemn yet animated character; there were some short portions of the *Messiah*, and at last, a beautiful fragment of Shiller's *Story of the Bell*—namely, the prayer for peace. Between the songs came a little episode: a little girl dressed in white, and shewing by her whole bearing that she belonged to a different class of society from her companions in misfortune, was brought forward by the director, to whom she clung with affectionate bashfulness, and repeated a pretty little verse in a clear and sweet voice. She did not belong to the asylum, but living in the neighborhood, was sent there at stated times to enjoy some of the instruction, peculiarly adapted to her condition, and in her infantine helplessness, seemed to attract the sympathy and interest of all. I was much struck by the earnest composure evident in the deportment of all the young performers. These poor children, freed from the disturbing influence caused by the sight of new faces and varied objects, seemed wholly engrossed with the task they had in hand, and stood perfectly still, the words and

notes of their songs as present to their mind's eye as if they had been able to read them off from a book. I can not say, however, that their appearance was pleasing, so far as external form is concerned; they are, for the most part, unhappy beings, rescued from filth and misery, whose affliction has arisen out of the neglect of ill treatment of vicious, ignorant, or brutal parents; therefore, their whole aspect often denotes a sickly constitution, and their awkward figures and ungainly movements bear the stamp of a rude origin, whilst their very homely attire is not calculated to add any grace in their exterior. Nevertheless it was highly interesting to see the wonderful effects that music can produce in elevating the mind, and even the expression, and to listen to the clear, soft, and deep tones proceeding from those clumsy forms, and speaking of a soul alive to nobility of sentiment.

The singing having now ceased, the director—a short, plain little man, with a finely developed brow and bright twinkling eyes—read a brief address, suitable for the season, concluding with a prayer; and then, descending from his rostrum, he proceeded, with the aid of the teachers connected with the institution, and a lady who has the superintendence of the domestic department, to lead the children to the table spread for them, and at which a certain space was marked off and numbered for each recipient. Poor things! they could see nothing of the various objects laid out before them; the bright color or the delicate pattern could not attract their attention or gratify their sense; yet they were, I am well assured, at that hour as happy as any children possessing all the power of sight could possibly be. Loud were the shouts of joy, as they spread their hands over their portion of the table, and caught hold of new and unexpected treasures; then was there clapping of hands, beating of breasts, jumping, and merry peals of laughter

whenever a new discovery was made amid the heap.

The gifts had been selected with wonderful discretion and adaptation to the peculiar exigencies of the case. All the other senses were to be gratified, since sight was denied, so there were whistles and fifes, Pan's pipes and drums, bells and Jews-harps for the hearing; scented soap, scent-bottles and bags for the smell; ginger-bread, apples, and nuts, for the taste; smooth round balls and polished marbles, for the touch. Nothing seemed to give more universal pleasure than these last; little boys and great girls seemed alike to delight in rubbing them between their hands, stroking them against their faces, and kissing them with their lips. The musical instruments were immediately put into action, so that the din of varied discordant sounds became quite deafening.

Strange to say, the eatables were regarded with less interest than any other object, and I did not see a single child devouring greedily its cake or sweets. Clothing being provided by the establishment, necessary articles of dress are not distributed at this season; but only little extras, that appear rather in the light of luxuries, were admitted among the Christmas gifts. Warm comforters, muffetees, and gloves, and a pair of elastic garters, fell to many a one's share, and loud were the expressions of joy elicited by their discovery. The elder girls also had collars and neck-ribbons to be worn on state occasions, and showed, by the eager pleasure with which they examined them, that even want of sight does not render the sex insensible to the charms of finery. One girl asked what color her ribbon was; and when I replied that it was blue, "Oh," she exclaimed, "that is my favorite color!" yet she had never had any perception of color. Perhaps she had heard that the heavens are blue, and identified this color with the beauties of that place.

The young children had various toys — ninepins, tops, dolls, etc., and almost every one had a basket of some kind. One end of the long table was set out for a few elderly pensioners who had been admitted for life into the asylum. These also had their share of presents, and showed their satisfaction in a calmer but not less gratifying manner. One old woman was especially delighted with a little tureen or covered basin that had fallen to her lot, and in which, as she told us, she was every day to fetch her dinner from the kitchen. She felt it all over, admired the smoothness of its surface, and the symmetry of its form, and was never tired of taking off and putting on the cover, which fitted so nicely. She had also received a bag, and, in spite of her blindness, did not fail to call upon us to admire the prettiness of the pattern and the harmony of the colors. The director, the teachers, and the lady before mentioned — a most pleasing, active little woman — went about among the party, sympathizing with each, and pointing out the uses and beauties of the various articles, the director especially evincing by his kind and paternal tone, and the different manner in which he addressed himself to different individuals, the warm affectionate interest he felt for all, and the insight he had gained into the character of each. The visitors also were permitted to walk about and inspect every thing, yet the children appeared to feel not the slightest restraint, but gave free vent to their joy in a perfectly natural manner.

When ample time had been allowed them for examining all they had received, they were marshaled out of the room again, laden with their newly acquired riches, which many of them were unable to carry off themselves; and as they walked past him, the director again spoke a word of encouragement or sympathy to each, and many a one stopped to press his hand affectionately, and to say once more how delightful had

been the treat. We offered our thanks and congratulations to this gentleman, who then explained to us the great value he set on this festival as a means of softening and elevating the character of the unfortunate beings committed to his charge, who often came to him in a state of degradation hardly raised above that of the brutes, and required the most careful training to call forth the higher and nobler faculties of their nature. Having heartily wished him further success in his philanthropic labors, we hastened away to the *Bescheerung* awaiting us at home. As we hurried along the now dark streets, it was a pleasure to see the unwonted illumination in most of the houses, in many of which even the little attic windows showed that something was going on in honor of the holy feast.

OCCUPATION.

OCCUPATION! what a glorious thing it is for the human heart. Those who work hard seldom yield themselves entirely up to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows that a little exertion might sweep away into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you, dark and heavy, toil not with the waves — wrestle not with the torrent — rather seek by occupation to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you, into a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers that they may brighten the future — flowers that will become pure and holy, in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty. Grief after all, is but a selfish feeling; and most selfish is he who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion that brings no joy to his fellow men.

A SKETCH FOR THE TIMES; OR,
FAMILY ECONOMY.

BY COUSIN THINKER.

"APPALLING, certainly!" exclaimed Mr. Nelson, as he dropped the evening paper upon his lap which he had been perusing, and looked up into the faces of the group seated around him.

"What, George?" asked his little wife, as she cast a loving glance at him from her work; "more reports of the failures of banking institutions—not an uncommon occurrence now-a-days."

"Yes, Mary, and the report to-night is quite large. All the banks in New York city have suspended, together with those of Boston, Philadelphia, and various other prominent cities. In addition to this, we have telegraphic reports of large mercantile and manufacturing establishments which have failed. In our own city, many of the proprietors of machine shops and other places of business have discharged their 'hands,' for want of means to carry them on."

"This is a sad aspect of affairs truly," replied his wife. "We must undoubtedly look for hard times this winter, when our banks have suspended specie payments, and the mechanics and laborers have been thrown out of employment."

"Right, my wife," resumed Mr. Nelson; "a sad work has indeed been executed during the past week. Every grade of society feels this monetary shock, but it bears heaviest upon the working class—the bone and sinew of the land. By the calculation of one who has given much research to this subject, he estimates that fifteen thousand five hundred and seventeen working-men have been thrown out of employment by this crisis, who belong to twenty of the principal trades."

"Can it be possible, father!" said Jessie, their oldest daughter. "Who would have thought that so large a number have been thrown out of

situations! And the number is constantly on the increase. How ghastly must want stare these persons in the face as they look upon the long winter months before them!"

"Yes, my daughter," said Mr. Nelson. "Provisions are low this season, yet many of these families have little or no money with which to buy. If the heads of these households do not find employment elsewhere, their families will be thrown upon the hands of a charitable public."

"Other families then, who have a sufficiency, should be economical in their expenditures, so as to feed these hungry mouths," said Mrs. Nelson. "Somebody has said, in order to reform a nation, each individual citizen must *first* reform himself. In the position in which our country is now situated, it devolves upon *all* families to be economical in their expenditures, and each member of the household should take an interest therein."

"You have well reasoned, Mary," said Mr. Nelson, with a look of satisfaction at his wife's knowledge on this subject. "Say on—we long to be farther instructed upon this *domestic* topic."

"If this plan had been adopted and carried out during the past few months, much of the distress and suffering consequent upon this money pressure would never have occurred. But it is not too late yet; and if this project could be adopted in every household *now*, what a visible change would transpire, and how much more smoothly would the affairs of a family progress. As 'Charity begins at home,' let each of us cheerfully adopt this motto—*economical in every thing*. Although we are not an extravagant family by any means, and do not follow the dictates of fashion, yet I can not help but think we might be a little more frugal in some things. We would thus have an ample sufficiency to spare, which would gladden the hearts of many a destitute home."

"True, mother," said Jessie, "your scheme is an excellent one, and should be carried into execution in every family. We can exercise our charity in numerous ways. It was only to-day I heard a most pitiful tale from a woman at the gate, whose husband had been thrown out of employment. She showed me bills to the amount of several dollars—the only money they had—on broken banks, and they were almost without the common necessities of life. When I slipped between her thin fingers a silver coin, and replenished her little stock of provisions from the buttery, I could not but think her position was a sorrowful one, as the tears found a channel down her furrowed and wan cheek, in thankfulness for the little favors I bestowed upon her."

"It is not an unusual case, Jessie—would that it were," replied the mother. "And besides observing strict frugality in our domestic affairs, I would suggest that we immediately procure a Family Daybook, in which to keep our expenditures."

"First-rate plan, mother," spoke Charles Nelson, who had been listening to the preceding colloquy with much interest. "I will gladly officiate as book-keeper. Mr. Dicks told me the other day I had progressed much in this study this term, and would soon be able to keep my father's books. I should rather commence on a 'small scale' first, however."

"I agree with you there, my son," said Mr. Nelson. "But what think you upon this, wife—could we with confidence place this responsible duty in Charles' hands?"

"I doubt whether we could make a more favorable selection. In this way Charles can bring his book-keeping into practical execution, and have ample time to attend to it during the long winter evenings. Do you promise to keep the account faithfully, Charles?"

"Yes, mother, I will willingly and cheerfully comply with your request."

"We do then confer upon you the honorary title of Domestic Book-keeper, and prepare yourself to enter upon the duties of the office to-morrow evening."

"I thank you for the title, and trust to merit your confidence in my abilities."

"Now that we have appointed our book-keeper," resumed Mrs. Nelson, "let each one of us consider in what manner we can narrow our personal expenditures. Come, Jessie, you may first lead off by giving your thoughts upon this matter."

"You have many excellent plans in your head, mother," said Jessie, "and those which add materially to our domestic happiness, you do not keep from our ears a single moment. As to this matter of cutting down our expenditures, you have struck upon a vein most suitable for *the times*. In adapting this to myself, I shall willingly forego the pleasure of taking the piano father designed purchasing me. My furs will answer quite well another season. I have an ample supply of dresses and basques, and to-morrow I shall re-trim my bonnet. I know of nothing I shall need at present farther than a thick pair of lady's gaiters."

"You are too liberal for your own comfort, I fear, Jessie," said Mr. Nelson. "The sweet music of your voice is dearer to me far than the harmonious strains of a piano could be, and I shall follow the dictates of your own frank mind as to purchasing the instrument this season."

"Come, Charles," said Mrs. Nelson, "let us know in what respect you can exemplify your frugality."

"I am amply provided for, mother, and shall be satisfied if I have nothing more than the pleasant home we now enjoy. You have taken much pains to repair my overcoat, and other of my winter clothing. Although you promised me a new overcoat for Sunday, yet the old one will answer every purpose. I got a strong pair of boots to-day at the shoemaker's, which is

all I shall ask in the way of shoe-leather. Yesterday I was strongly urged by a friend to purchase a season ticket for the lectures this winter, and I am glad I did not consent, as I find much more pleasure around our fireside, listening to and discussing interesting topics, and engaging in other home amusements, than I should seated in the crowded lecture-room."

"You have well spoken, Charles," said the father. "Your mother is very careful of all our articles of clothing, and does not suffer a rent or a missing button to be seen on our apparel the second day. As to securing lecture-tickets, I may possibly procure a double one for the course, although we might drop this amusement, for the sake of carrying out our plan."

"Does Clara choose to speak upon this subject?" said Mrs. Nelson, as she looked down into the blue eyes of their little one seated by her side. "Does my little pet want a new joint doll or other trinket to add to her collection of playthings?"

"I asks nos'n, ma. My dolly's lost one arm, but it looks jish as well when I puts some cotton in the sleeve. 'ou and pappa gives me all I wants and more too," she added, in her peculiar childish dialect, which brought a smile from the group.

"You sweet little dimple face, I must kiss you for that," said Jessie, as she picked Clara up into her lap, and imprinted a sister's kiss upon the little girl's cheek. "Come, pa," she added, casting a loving glance toward the paternal head, "you can not be exempt from this discussion."

"Yes, yes, pa," interceded Charles; "let us know how you can aid in this matter of family economy?"

"I shall pledge myself to perform my part in this most worthy scheme. Besides advancing frugality at the fireside, I shall also exercise it in my business transactions. You are most loving children, and have denied yourselves many comforts to encourage economy. This object has not been urged on you; you have acted

upon it from the impulses of your generous hearts, and I do not fear but that you will carry your resolutions into execution. Too much care can not be taken in this respect. If the principle of economy had been adopted by households in general, much of the bankruptcy and financial embarrassment which has shocked our country would have been averted. As your mother truly says, it is not too late yet to commence. Let us go forward in the work we have enlisted in to-night, undaunted, that others may take pattern thereby, and fall into the long ranks of Economy and Frugality."

"You have argued well, father," said Jessie, "and we do not fear but that you will perform your part in this new enterprise. Now, mother, it devolves upon you to wind up our animated discussion."

"I doubt whether I can be quite as limited in my expenditures as the rest of you, but at the same time will observe rigid economy. Holding as I do the family purse, you can rest assured it shall be opened only in cases of necessity and benevolence. Upon an article of use or provisions being purchased, it will be my chief object to see that they are not extravagantly used or wasted by the domestics. I fear there is much useless waste in the kitchen. As I have a large supply of dresses of different textures and qualities in the wardrobe, I shall not have occasion to patronize the dry goods merchant for some time. All of us co-operating together for the same end, we can not but bring about a most happy result, and will be a benefit to each of us which will be of lasting effect. In this we are not only happy ourselves, but secure an overplus by economy, to lighten the hearts of those around us. Remember, 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord;' so that we not only add to the happiness of other homes, but also have the approbation of our Heavenly Father."

BUFFALO, Oct. 17, 1857.

WHO THEN, IS READY ?

BY REV. C. STARR BAILEY.

WHO then, is ready ? Who, in this autumn time, when the leaves turn red upon the maple, and the mountain ash blushes in the sun, is ready to lay aside the work of life, and walk up the way of the Life beyond ? Who is ready, when in this time of year we behold the decay of flower and leaf, to lay aside the body with the flower and the leaf, and hail with spiritual joy the Resurrection and the Life ? Who is ready to leave the gold and the profit of trade, and say, "Come sweet spirit, heavenly dove."

Is there a young girl to-day, fresh and lovely in this autumn time, ready to lay aside the hope of the earthly, and go arm in arm with the angel Death through the shadowy passage ; or, a young man ready to embrace the kiss of Death, and go home to where the eternal harmonies fill the soul with the age-lasting life ?

Now is the time to prepare the work of the soul. Now is the time to place ourselves in the battle line of spiritual duty, and put on the whole armor of God ; and then having lived out our days in respect, duty, and honor,—having borne the heat and burden of the day, with God's benediction upon us, we shall quietly and peacefully submit when the angel, Death, appears, and go home to God, attended by the shouting hosts of heaven. And those who come to visit the spot where repose in silence the wasting bones, will point to our tablet with admiring words ; and though many an autumn time shall come, yet never shall our name grow dim as the years pass on.

To die and be forgotten ! Who would wish an end like this ? To live and die, and have no spiritual deeds to proclaim your citizenship, is an end most deplorable indeed. Live to be useful, and even your death will have its voice of significant mention. True greatness lies in the char-

acter that lives when the voice has been silenced. Those are the greatest men, whose memories are greatest when Death shuts out the lamp of life. What if no tablet marks the spot where sleepeth the body, yet shall the bright deeds of our day, and the result in life of our practical Faith prepare an age-lasting monument in the hearts of men, invincible against the assaults of time, and growing brighter as the years pass on. Then spend your time, your money, your life, all that you have, may have or can have, to make your name imperishable ; laying the foundation-stone upon the Christian rock, building up higher and higher in perpetual and increasing beauty, the man and his manhood, until your *last* days are your best days, and the *closing scene* the brightest period of the whole life and journey.

Who then, is ready ? As the leaves fall and the flowers fade, who will put on increasing Faith, and resolve to be stronger and better as the years crowd thickly upon us. Summer has gone. I mourn for the glory of the summer woods ; and the bright eyed flowers that grew by the garden fence, are bright and lovely no more. And how much do we feel in this "melancholy season of the year" that we are growing old ? The tension of life is departing, and "we do fade as the leaf." I look back to boyhood, and see in imagination those golden days ; but they are gone ;—then up into manhood, how many more have gone, how many are going ! Am I ready ? Are you ready ? What spiritual significance in these questions ! Do not then forever be standing at the well of Jacob, but seek Jesus and the Water springing up into everlasting life.

COLUMBUS, N. Y., Oct. 21, 1857.

HE who marries for beauty only is like a buyer of cheap furniture—the varnish that caught the eye will not endure the fireside blaze.

THE RIGHT LIGHT.

BY MRS. H. E. G. ARRY.

"I THOUGHT you had often told me that your sister was a prudent, economical woman," said Mrs. Ross somewhat tartly, as her husband returned to the sitting-room, after looking to the fastenings for the night. "I don't see how a woman who travels in such merino as that, and sports such a dashing gold watch and chain, can be called economical. I never had so fine a merino in my life, and you always say we must travel in something we are not afraid of spoiling."

"I presume my sister agrees with me in this," said Mr. Ross. "If her merino is finer than any you ever had, it has probably lasted longer, and done more service. I know at least that it is the same dress she wore to the White Mountains three years ago, for I was there when she left, and it had already seen some service. She wears a watch and chain to be sure — wears them, not sports them if you will observe, for she makes no display of them as a gambler's wife might be expected to do. They may look dashing to us, but that is because the ladies we are accustomed to see do not wear them, but the reason of that is that they can not afford them, I suppose — not because they consider them too dashing. A watch is almost a necessity to my sister. She is so closely occupied that she is obliged to divide her time very carefully."

"You can never make me believe that any one with such white hands as hers can have very much to do," said Mrs. Ross, not at all mollified by what her husband had said. "She doesn't look as if she touched a bit of work from one year's end to another. If I lived and dressed as she does, you might well complain of me for my extravagance. But I have no patience when you set her up as a model, and lecture me on economy."

"We shall probably never think

alike on this subject, my dear," said Mr. Ross kindly, "and so we must 'agree to differ,' and let the matter pass without quarrelling about it. Mr. Welland often says that his wife laid the foundation of his fortune, and I think she did."

"I suppose that is another hit at me," said his wife; "I have never had any foundation of a fortune to lay — I wish I had. But to have you think that I am extravagant, when we have never been able to do more than make both ends meet comfortably at the close of the year, is quite too much."

"I do not say that you are extravagant, my dear," said Mr. Ross.

"No! I know you didn't say it now, but you used to lecture me endlessly about it when we were first married, and hold up your sister, Mrs. Welland, as a pattern; and I know you think the same thing yet, and it vexes me."

"Don't let it vex you, little wife. I can assure you of a pretty favorable standing in my opinion, and you ought to be satisfied. I should be glad if we got on a little better with the world, but perhaps there is some wise reason why we do not. If we can not see this matter of economizing in the same light, we must see it as we can. It is in little things that the wisest economy is shown, and we must show it in these if we ever wish to possess greater. Mr. Welland's income was less than ours when they first began to lay aside that which has since become a fortune, and my sister had, as well as yourself, full liberty to make the wants of her family come quite up to her husband's income, yet they managed to lay aside some hundreds every year, while we have only contrived, as you say, to make both ends meet. They lived in the city, and we in the country, so you can not but see that there has been a difference somewhere in the internal arrangement."

"And you think that the difference is in my department? I think it's in

the business. It's a great pity if I must be blamed because my husband does not succeed in business."

"Well, so it is, my dear, so it is," said Mr. Ross good-humoredly. "And as we must be up betimes in the morning, I think we had better go to bed and sleep upon it."

Mr. Ross did not *think* on this subject, he knew. He had had in early life a very strong desire to possess a fair share of this world's goods. He had made a close comparison of his income, and his outlays with those of his brother-in-law, whose success he would have been glad to copy. He knew very well where the leak in his affairs was to be found, but he had tried for many years to stop it without success. He was aware that his family used more butter than any other one of the same size in the village—that more webs of cotton and more yards of calico were consumed there, and that the flour barrel and spice box needed to be replenished more frequently than in other meal rooms and pantries. In the early years of his married life he had tried to make his wife see this, but she could not understand, if she dressed her children in calico, while others clothed theirs in delaine or merino, that she was not more economical than they; no matter how short a time the garments lasted. If her husband talked to her about economy, she was sure to buy an abundance of cheap and worthless things, and then spend a great deal in replenishing, at unfavorable times, when their worthlessness was discovered. And finding that he could not change this method of administration without sacrificing his domestic peace, he had long refrained from saying any thing on the subject, wisely considering that peace was better than wealth. But his wife, who was a woman of many virtues as well as some glaring faults, had remembered his frequent references to his sister as a model of domestic management; and now that Mrs. Welland, after many years, had come

for the first time to visit them, the old sore had broken out anew.

Mr. and Mrs. Welland remained for a short visit, and then returned home, leaving their daughter Mary to spend the summer in the country with her cousin Lucilla Ross, who was near her own age. A few days after she had been left with her cousin they were sitting sewing at one of the low parlor windows, when a young man opened the front gate, and came up the walk.

"There comes my parsnip beau," said Lucilla, laughing in such a way that he could scarcely fail to hear.

Mary looked up to see why her cousin had called him "parsnip beau," and saw a light haired young man dressed in farmer's style, who made a somewhat awkward bow to her cousin on entering, blushing meanwhile like a peony, as Lucilla afterward said. But it was quite a manly blush for all that, for if he had not heard the remark just made, he had undoubtedly heard the laugh that accompanied it. He was awkward to be sure, but there was nevertheless a grace that hung about his firm, well-rounded limbs, if he had only dared to let it show itself.

Lucilla turned to find him a chair, concealing the titter still upon her face, and casting at the same time a droll look at her cousin, to whom she had just named him as Mr. Hamilton. Lucilla made a remark or two after he was seated, but not at all in a way to relieve his embarrassment, for she was so evidently bursting with smothered laughter that it could not fail to create awkwardness on all sides if it excited no indignation.

Lucilla had some tact at rhyming, and sometimes scribbled for the village papers, so that she was regarded by some of the village people as quite a prodigy of wisdom for so young a person. During the past winter and spring Charles Hamilton, the son of a well-to-do farmer, who lived at a little distance from the village, had been inclined to show her some attentions

though he had by no means been profuse in them.

Fair Mary Welland, roused by her sympathy for the young man's embarrassment, and thinking that perhaps Lucilla treated him with more than usual coolness on account of the presence of her city cousin, joined in the conversation; and though the few sentences he uttered were brief and confused, for he was evidently suffering from the reception he had met, she could not but notice that he expressed himself with remarkable ease and refinement for one of his external appearance.

Lucilla took the opportunity offered by her cousin's conversation with their guest, to scribble a few lines upon the paper pattern from which she was working, and pass them over to her cousin. Surprised at the rudeness of such an act, Mary's first impulse was to push the paper from her; her second to punish her cousin by reading the lines aloud. But she did a less ill-natured thing than either of these. Glancing down upon the paper as it lay in her lap she read:

"With a poppy blush and a fright-frog stare,
And a shock of swingle tow,
And collar half an acre square,
You have seen my parsnip bean."

And then said gravely, "Your pattern is quite correct," and returned the paper to her cousin.

Rebuked by Mary's manner, Lucilla endeavored to treat their guest with more civility, but he had evidently perceived himself to be the butt of her ridicule, and soon took his leave.

"Why do you call him your parsnip beau?" asked Mary, when he was gone.

"Oh, because he is sweet and whitish," said Lucilla.

"Rather whitish to be sure," said Mary somewhat amused, "but why do you call him sweet?"

"You would think him sweet yourself if you had seen what a nice cake of maple sugar he sent me as a pres-

ent last spring," replied Lucilla laughing.

"That was sweet certainly; I should not have objected to such a present myself. I am very fond of maple sugar."

"Oh! so am I, especially when it comes in ten pound loaves. My only wonder is that he did not set it all around about with some of his mother's glowing hollyhocks."

"Perhaps they did not happen to be in blossom at that season of the year," said Mary, who had noticed some just such discrepancies of fancy in some of her cousin's poems, and thought this would be a good time to hint their incongruity.

"I never thought of that," replied Lucilla, blushing slightly at discovering this blunder in the imagination, upon which she so prided herself. "I trust you admired his bow," she continued. "Do n't you think he would make his fortune as a dancing-master in New York? I might recommend it to him."

"His mamma would not show him to have been used to the most refined society," said Mary. "But mamma often tells me

"That man when smoothest he appears,
Is most to be suspected."

Because they rarely show this remarkable smoothness of manner without having cultivated it as an art, and those who feel a confidence in their own solidity of character are not apt to do this in early life, and they only become polished as they adopt refinement of manner instinctively from the usages of good society. At least that is the way mamma explains it.

"Well, I don't fancy that Charles Hamilton has had much opportunity to adopt a refinement of manner from any society he has ever seen. You ought to see his mother. He's an only son you know, and lives on a big farm out among the peach and apple orchards about a mile from the village. They all three come to church together like a loving family, and he's so attentive to his ma. Always

opens the hymn-book for her, and helps her find her specs. He's such a pattern son. His mother's dresses are not long enough to do much damage among the garden sarcee, and she wears but a small amount of hoops. She is a picture worthy of an artist I assure you. The son they say is literary. I expect it was my verses that attracted him. I am expecting every day to get an original love ditty from him. You shall see it when it comes."

"Thank you!" said Mary. "Perhaps it may be worthy of more attention than you appear to think it, when it does come. I certainly liked what the young man said about that quarrel with the village teacher. He showed some independence in daring to entertain an opinion different from that of the great men of the village, whose word you say is law, but whose opinion in this matter is very likely to be an interested one. It is possible that his mother in her style of dress is independent enough not to follow a foolish fashion. Long dresses and hoops would probably be very much in the way, in garden and dairy. Are you acquainted with her?"

"Not in the least. But if she knows any better than to dress as she does, I think she would show it in some way."

"Then perhaps it is to his mother's want of taste that we may attribute his acre of collar as you call it, and his home-made clothing. He should not allow his taste in dress to overcome his veneration for his mother, if he is, as you say, a pattern son."

"Really, Mary, I believe you have taken quite a fancy to him. I shall pass him over to your keeping. I fancy already that I see him sitting with his red hands and face among the mustachioed beaux in your father's parlor. Would n't he make a figure among them?"

"You are generous, my dear cousin," said Mary. "I should be sorry to rob you of your prize. But as for

the mustachioed beaux in my father's parlor, I assure you they are very rare. Mamma permits me to exchange as few civilities as possible with the whisker-rearing, cigar-smoking, and wine-sipping young men who are so popular now-a-days."

"Permits you, Mary? Are you not old enough to permit yourself? Does your mother have to permit what you do?"

"Certainly she does. She is the mistress of her household, and I hope I shall live under the permission and supervision of my excellent mother this long while yet."

* * * * *

The summer and autumn had passed away, and the time had come for Mary Welland to return home. On the last day of her stay the young people of the village had gone into the woods nutting, at the suggestion of Charles Hamilton, who had grown quite popular among them since their city guest had showed that she considered him worthy of being treated with attention. He was no longer awkward. The knowledge that he was well received in the society where he moved had taken from him the last vestige of that boyish awkwardness that characterized him at first.

"I dare not tell you how dark your going will make the autumn seem to me," said Charles to Mary, as they stood upon the brink of a little cascade which he had offered to show her. "But I could not let you go without thanking you for the good cheer that your presence here has given me. We probably shall not meet again, but I shall be a better man for it all my life."

"Very probably we shall meet again," said Mary.

"I think not," said Charles. "Providence has placed us in different spheres, and — and, it is better that we should not."

"Charles," said Mary, after a few moment's pause, "I wish you would go to school at B. . . Professor Ray there is a friend of ours, and

would take an interest in you. I think you could find no better man to direct your studies."

"Do you wish it?" said Charles in some surprise, while his face flushed redder than the old peony blush that he used to wear. "I have thought some," he added hesitatingly, "of entering the Junior class at A. . . t in the spring. I think I could join them if I studied through the winter. I have read as far as they, and with a little reviewing have no doubt I could keep up with them."

"The Junior class, did you say?" asked Mary.

"Yes! I have thought of it. It would give me less than two years in college, and I think father could spare me that time."

"But when can you have read so much, and who has been your teacher?"

"No one," said Charles; "at least no one since I left the high school over the river three years ago. If a man is determined to do a thing he does not need a teacher."

"I am very much surprised at this," said Mary. "But if you are to study through the winter," she added, "I still wish you would go to B. . . . Professor Ray would be an invaluable assistant to you."

"Thank you!" said Charles, as they turned to join the party they had left. "I will make inquiries about it."

"Oh, Mary! I must laugh at you," said Lucilla Ross, running up to their room after they had returned home. "I was so pleased with the impressive manner in which Charles Hamilton bade you good-by."

"I leave no young person here that I shall be more sorry to part with than Charles Hamilton," said Mary, smoothing out her gloves, and laying them in the box with her collars.

"Well, you *are* a queer girl!" exclaimed Lucilla. "When there are such young men here as Dr. Locke and Mr. Winslow, who are dying for

a look from you, to think that you should not try to captivate any one better than Charles Hamilton."

"I don't think I have tried to captivate any one," said Mary, laughing; "but I could not look for any 'better,' when I think that he is best."

"I declare, there's no accounting for tastes," said Lucilla. "I believe I shall take up with Mr. Winslow. He seems quite charmed with me since he found there was no use looking for a smile from you."

"I don't like Mr. Winslow, and should be very sorry to think that you had taken up with him as you say," said Mary.

"Why don't you like him?" asked Lucilla somewhat pettishly.

"Because, for one thing, I think he dresses too well for his circumstances," said Mary. "And that is sufficient argument against any one."

"Well, it's certain you and I don't see things in the same light," said Lucilla.

* * * * *

It is now the autumn of eighteen hundred and fifty seven, dear reader, and Lucilla has just returned home from the wedding of her cousin, Mary Welland, with the junior partner of her father's firm, Charles Hamilton. Charles had graduated with the highest honors from the college where he studied, and then went to assist the future father-in-law in the accumulating duties of his business. And the sound men that frequent Mr. Welland's parlor, regard Charles Hamilton as one in a thousand, and look with much respect upon the "figure" that he makes among them.

But Lucilla has returned to her village home to mourn over her blighted prospects, and to write heart-broken songs for the country papers. For Carlton Winslow to whom she was to have been married the coming winter, has been sentenced to state-prison for an illegal appropriation of the property of his

employer, in the store where he was engaged as head clerk. And Lucilla bows her head in shame and sorrow over the choice which she had made, because she was not accustomed to look at things in "the right light."

KIND WORDS.

LIKE the perfume of roses, or the dew upon flowers, or the songs of birds, are words spoken in kindness. They cost little, yet avail much. Alice Carey says — and she never uttered a more true or beautiful thought, that "little drops of water brighten the meadows, and little acts of kindness brighten the world." So it is ever; for as the tender spires of the meadowy grass grows stronger and higher under the influence of the cooling summer showers, so does the heart expand and grow, and its nobler qualities develop, under the genial influence of kind actions and kind words.

The psalmist tells us that "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but that grievous words stir up anger." The truthfulness of this we see often proved. Hard words may in many times and cases be necessary, yet at the same time reproof and advice administered in kind and gentle tones, go oftentimes much farther than the hot and hasty words of anger. Such words

"—— have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care;
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer."

Unkind words are more apt to wound than to cure, to stir up than to calm; and instead of effecting good, only serve to awaken the passions, and rankle in the heart. Kind words are to the soul, as the summer showers and sunshine to the flowers. They make it glad and light, and strengthen it to bear up under the common sorrows of life.

There are those who can trace a long and honorable life of happiness

and peace to the influence of some little words uttered in kindness long years before. The words were never forgotten! they warmed and cheered the heart, and the obstacles and difficulties in the path of life seemed to grow fewer and less perplexing. There are those too, who in looking back over a long and wasted life of

"—— restless striving and weary care;
Of visions tinted with morning rays
Vanishing into air,"

can trace its cause to unkind and cruel words. The heart was young and tender when they were spoken; the words embittered it, and a long life of wretchedness and sorrow followed after. Kind words are words fitly spoken, and they, we are told, are like "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

JAMES O. PERCIVAL.

THE WATCHFUL MOTHER.

WE once sent a Sunday-school book by a lady patient of ours as a present to her little daughter. On inquiring afterward how she liked it — "Indeed, doctor, I did not give it to her, as I have not yet had time to read it myself." That mother soon passed away, and doubtless to the better land, and long years have passed away also, but we have never failed to admire that mother's heart as often as the remembrance of her ceaseless vigilance has occurred to us, accompanied with the earnest wish, that all parents should emulate that mother's care.

Up to the age of fifteen at least, and as long after as affection for the parent will prevent the child from doing any thing contrary to the known wishes of father or mother, no book should be read by a child without the parent's permission. Impressions are made for life, for eternity, on the mind, and heart, and memory of childhood — impressions which mold the character for aye, or open up channels of thought which fix the destiny.

Untold mischief has been done to the minds and morals of the young by reading books on Physiology, so

termed, causing apprehensions which have acted as a ceaseless torture to multitudes, until by consultation with honorable physicians, the groundless apprehensions have been removed, which had been excited by plausible falsities and brazen-faced untruths.

Equal care should be exercised as to the religious, moral, and miscellaneous reading of the young. Very few of our daily papers are fit to be read at the family fireside. Certainly not one in a dozen of all city weekly papers, not connected with a daily issue, but is chargeable justly with being made up with the veriest trash, to say nothing of their frequent obscenity, their slang, their spiteful hits at religion, its ministers, its professors, and the Bible itself.

A drop of water will ultimately wear through the solid rock, and drop by drop will empty the ocean, and so is the influence of the repeated exhibition of bits of sarcasm, and infidelity, and profanation, which portions of the press are steadily throwing out. Not only are the minds of the young injuriously affected by these things, but persons of maturity, of intellect, of mental culture, will suffer by them.

It is not long since that the death of Percival the poet, recalled to many memories his early promise, his later failure. How, with a heart, a mind, a culture capable of achieving great things for humanity, his light went down in the night of misanthropy, and almost atheism! What was it that froze the heart and made desolate the whole character of that gifted man? Reading in the spring-time of life the obscenities of "Don Juan," the malignant diatribes, the ranting atheism of Lord Byron. Had other books been placed in the hands of this unfortunate man at that critical period of his life—books which would have cherished the better feelings of his nature, which would have invited out his sympathies toward his brother man, he might have died a Howard or a Harlan Page, about whom sweet

memories will arise for ages to come, instead of dying as he is said to have done, an uncomely oddity, a misanthrope, and an infidel.

PARENTS! *Have a ceaseless eye to what your children read.*

[*Hall's Journal of Health.*]

TO THE LADY WHO SENT ME AN APPLE.

BY ANSON G. CHESTER.

THERE'S danger in the fruit! Sure thou hast read

Of those who first in Paradise were placed—
Where many a gorgeous blossom reared its head,

And many a blooming shrub the garden graced—

How Eve persuaded Adam, to his cost,
How Adam ate the apple and was lost!

O, Woman! Woman! how can we withstand
Thy potent charms and captivating arts?

Our destinies thou holdest in thy hand,
Thou makest very playthings of our hearts;
One smile from thee, and lo! the jocund morn,
One frown from thee, and sullen night comes on.

I take the fruit, and ask not where it grew,
But eat it not, lest greater woes should come
Upon my head than ever Adam knew.

When he was driven from his Eden home,
Because he ate of the forbidden tree,
Eve went with him—thou canst not go with me!

I take the fruit and think from whom it came,
I gaze, in fancy, on thy brow and cheek,
Look in thine eyes, bright with their vestal flame,

• Hear once again thy bashful voice and meek,
And warmer sunshine mingles with my lot;
Was Eve like thee? then Adam blame I not!

FORGIVEN.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

FORGIVEN! How sweetly the word
Comes home to the penitent one!

Tho' long and tho' sadly he erred,
Sweet Mercy has owned him her son;
Forgiven!

Sweet echo of voices in Heaven.

Forgiven! How peaceful he is!

What love is now filling his soul!

Oh! nothing is sweeter than this,
And he blesses God's gentle control;
Forgiven!

Sweet whisper of pardoning Heaven!

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

OUR POSITIONS AND PROPOSITIONS.

ANOTHER rapid year is drawing to its close, and its days, with their sunshine and shadows, are going from about us, even as the autumn leaves fall from the trees that nourished them. We have gathered about us during the year a circle of friends and correspondents, who have written themselves as members of our public "HOME" family, and whose friendship has added sunshine and cheer to that private home where we dwell bodily. And now, having journeyed with you thus far, and come to one of those wayside marks where we must take each other by the hand at parting, or for the continuance of our pilgrimage together, we will pause for a little, while we look back to see what our position for the past has been, and forward at our propositions for the future.

Our wish for the first existence of *THE HOME* and our interest and faith in its vitality, was based upon the opinion that it occupied a ground not heretofore trenched upon, claiming the attention of our o'er-lectured sex, not as mere butterflies of fashion, to whom the texture of a satin, or the pattern on a French, pocket-handkerchief are matters of vital importance, nor as an oppressed race, to whom neither Providence or humanity has assigned a position or a task; but as sane, reasonable, and substantial beings, fit for the daughters, wives, and mothers of a republic — strong enough, like Mount Atlas, to bear the sky upon their shoulders, if they should, providentially, be called upon to do it, and not timid and hysterical, like chicken Little, thinking that the sky is coming down upon them, and thus falling a ready prey to some Fox Lox in the form of a spiritualist, or other mad philosopher, simply because a rose-leaf fell in the garden. There is a good deal of philosophy in some of Mother Goose's melodies, by the way — almost as much as in those old classic fables from which grown children out of the nursery consent to draw so largely.

We are asked often why we do not adorn *THE HOME* with fashion plates or patterns

for embroidery. We can answer at once it is because we have enough of these elsewhere — too many of them. We are flooded with them — they meet us on every side, tempting the young to leave the substantial duties of life for its mere ornaments; to lay aside the stong meat and feed frothily upon the syllabub. If we had nothing else to do but to fill our pages with these, we would sell our new type for old lead, and let this nice box of pens eat themselves out with rust on the top shelf in the library, while we ironed aprons, and rubbed the baby's gums with a thin sixpence to assist his teething. But we fondly imagine that there is some better utterance left for us than this. And we will give the baby the fresh bath and bracing airs of firm health to assist his teething, and tie him in a chair at our knee, to talk philosophy to the pattern of our morning dress, while we write on, until mothers learn to cut their children's wisdom teeth without a silver sixpence, or express an unwillingness to listen to what we have to say.

The finest steel engraving with which we commence the January number is a new feature in *THE HOME*, and these will be interspersed through the year, adding such other improvements as our success allows; but those we offer we aim to have real improvement, and not showy or pretentious ones. We shall give during the coming year a department of Domestic Economy, in which will be found rules for the management of a kitchen, both upon physiological principles and with such frugality as shall suit the unprecedented hardness of the times. This, with the Hints for the Nursery, which will be continued, will furnish for every wife and mother a handbook of the most valuable information that can be obtained on those subjects which pertain most to the physical comfort and well-being of her household. *THE HOME* aims to combine amusement with instruction, and to present pure literature and sound morality in an attractive form. It will thus present a cheerful face whether the skies are dark or bright, such as shall make its visits welcome in every home it enters.

To those of our correspondents who have favored us with interesting communications during the past year, we are truly grateful, and hope they will continue to drop in upon us with their favors.

THE PRESENT TIME.

BEECHER, in a sermon on the money crisis, says:—"Take care of yourselves. In the first place, every man should take care of his body. If your body fails, your energy is gone. It must not fail you. *You want food and sleep.* Sleep is to man's brain what the rain is to our cisterns, with this difference—that our cisterns hold a supply for several days, whereas our brain holds a supply for one day only. Sleep over night is the shower that fills it up. We owe it as a duty to ourselves to see that this central power be not exhausted by sleeplessness. *It is a duty to sleep enough.* A man who can not sleep may as well stop business, and put business in the hands of the doctor. He who broods over red-hot plans will end his days in a lunatic asylum. Both sleep and food are greatly under the control of the will. They must be treated as you treat refractory children who refuse to eat when setting out upon a journey. If they say 'I can't,' you say, 'You shall, you must!' Then, *beware of substituting stimulants for nutriment.* This time is one which will make ten thousand men go down to the drunkard's grave. Do without brandy. Brandy may take you through, but it will be out of the wrong gate. Beware, too, of nervousness. A hot brain is like a new candle put into a hot candlestick. It burns off at one end, and melts off at the other, and is all gone in a moment. *Don't talk too much.* It is wonderful how much a man may talk himself away. Men talk over their troubles going up Broadway—talk them over going over the ferry—talk in their houses. *Meet your friend with a cheerful face.* Do not make a reel of your mind to wind and unwind your business upon every day. Never let business cross the ferry with you. Never let it cross your threshold any more than you would a wolf. Rest yourself at home, leave your business behind you, and change the current of your life every night in the company of your wife and children. If necessary, go home to a

bath. It would do good to bathe every day, some of you. Bathe in music. Try that. If you have no piano, no band of chorded instruments is half so sweet as the voice of an affectionate wife and the prattle of children. Do n't go home to burrow in your bed as an animal burrows in the earth, to hide yourself. If you have been in the habit of riding out, don't sell your horses. Take your ride as you have been accustomed to do—morning, afternoon and evening. Love music. *Find recreation.* Go to the Philharmonic concerts; go and buy tickets to them, if the times are hard; the music will do you good. *Beware of unsociableness.* Now is the time to let the bucket go down to the very bottom of the well of friendship, and let it bring up cooling draughts."

HINTS FOR THE NURSERY.

MANAGEMENT OF A DELICATE OR SCROFULOUS CHILD.—"The inspiration of a pure air is indispensable. Some physicians suppose that vitiated atmosphere alone is sufficient to generate scrofula. Whether this be so or not, there can be no doubt that impure air favors the development of it in those who already possess the predisposition. If the child is born late in the year he had better not be taken out of doors until the following spring, and if the apartments inhabited are well ventilated the confinement will not be injurious. For the future, when the weather will permit, the more the child is in the open air the better. The excellent effect of outdoor life in the country in warm seasons of the year, upon those who already suffer from glandular enlargements, has often been noticed. Exercise should at all times be moderate and stop short of fatigue. Early hours must be observed, and a careful avoidance of vicious and exhausting indulgences. A wisely ordered moral oversight is of infinite importance. * * *

"When the child has got teeth to masticate solid animal food, it must be commenced with caution. At first small in quantity, of the lightest quality, and only on alternate days. Its effects must be watched. If not found to heat and flush the cheeks, and the secretions of the bowels continue healthy and regular, and the child grows and looks well, these are some indications that the

new diet agrees with it. For the future the diet should always be *nourishing* but not *stimulating*.

"Great care should be observed that the clothing is suited to the season of the year, and amply sufficient to protect the child from every sensation of cold or chill; at the same time light in quality, so as not to over-heat and oppress. The neck, arms, and legs must be covered. Their exposure is a frequent source of acute disease, and will invariably be found in a scrofulous child to cause the glandular enlargements so much dreaded. Flannel should always be worn next the skin, of lighter texture in the summer, and always taken off at night.—*Maternal Management*.

RECIPES.

BATTER OR YORKSHIRE PUDDING.—Take a quart of sweet milk, and mix in a large cupful of flour, making the mixture very smooth. Beat four eggs, and strain them into the latter; add a little salt, and mix all well to-

gether; butter your dish or tin, and pour the batter into it. Place the dish before the fire under roasting meat. The pudding when done easily shakes out of the dish into another dish to be carried to the table. It should have a nicely browned appearance. When dressed before the fire, either turn the pudding, or place the dish a short time on the fire to brown the under side.

PEAS PUDDING.—Pick a quart of peas; that is, remove all impurities, or discolored peas, or shells. Tie them loosely in a cloth, leaving plenty of room for the peas to swell. Boil till they are soft, which may be in from two to three hours. Take the pudding from the water, and put it into the basin. Open the cloth and bruise or mash the peas well. Mix in a piece of butter, with pepper and salt. Then tie it up tightly, and put it into the pot again, and boil for about a half an hour. When ready, turn it out of the cloth into a vegetable dish. If properly managed, it will turn out whole.







